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Lafayette and Louis Philippe,

OR,

HISTORY OF THE EVENTS AND THE MEN OF JULY, 1830.

BY B. SARRANS, JUN.

AIDE-DE-CAMP TO LAFAYETTE UNTIL THE 26TH OF DECEMBER, 1830.

Preface to the first American edition.

The following work by M. Sarrans constitutes a portion only of the two octavo volumes which have just appeared in Paris and London. The original is divided into three parts; the first is a biography of Lafayette previous to the date of the late French Revolution, and is a compilation from the *History of America* by Dr. Ramsay, Marshall's *Life of Washington*, &c. This portion we have omitted, its contents being a repetition of what must be familiar to every reader. The second part "*Lafayette and Louis Philippe during the Revolution of 1830*," we have inserted as the most valuable, containing an accurate history of the events it records, with many new details not before made public.

The third division relates to the politics of France, and the struggles of the peaceful war parties since the revolution which hurled Charles X. from the throne, and includes an account of the cases which led to the resignation of the Lafayette ministry. It makes frequent and honourable mention of Lafayette, whom the second portion of the work, now published, follows to the period of his resigning the command of the National Guards. His conduct in that important step is made to appear strictly in accordance with his well known principles. The subsequent events related the work, in which he has not been so prominently gaged, form a distinct period in history, and will be appropriately be the ground work for a future volume, when their result is known—shall we say after the *next* revolution?

The honourable name of Lafayette is intimately interwoven with the history of the United States, whose citizens will rejoice at every event which raises him in the estimation of the world at large. They now have to thank M. Sarrans for his successful efforts to exhibit the hero of three revolutions in his colours.

INTRODUCTION.

I am going to speak of the great men and affairs that we are living amongst, as they were already far remote from our own time.

I shall represent the events such as they have appeared to me, the men such as I have seen them. I shall say nothing but the truth, but I shall speak it without reserve.

However, the nature of the fact which I am about to exhibit, requires that I should early state the sources from which my information has been drawn.

I entreat, then, that on reading the title of my book, its veracity may not hastily be doubted, nor the object of it attributed to those to whom it is not belong.

The fact is, and I confess it at once, that I am guilty of an indiscretion, perhaps will be said, of a breach of confidence. And yet I think my conscience glories in it, as an act worthy of a citizen.

The fact is, that it is chiefly made up of unpublished letters, thoughts privately expressed, made with closed doors; and these letters, the thoughts, these reports, will frequently be found to relate to the two men into whose hands the July Revolution first of all cast the destinies of France. How can it have

been, that documentary matter, of such great importance, should have found its way to me, a humble journalist? A few words respecting my individual position before and after the July revolution, will, I hope, be sufficient to explain this origin.

Honoured, from my youth, with the invaluable friendship of M. de Lafayette, I had long gathered from his lips, or borrowed from his written recollections, notes relative to the most important occurrences and most characteristic features of his long and noble career.

My object was to supply, in some degree, the immense void which the absence of his memoirs will perhaps leave in the annals of our country. For neither the case of his own fame, nor the interests of history, nor the pressing solicitations of his friends, have hitherto induced him to undertake that important task. The clearing up of some points in his political life, which had been either unknown, or known but imperfectly; the rectifying of a few historical errors; were all that our urgent entreaties could ever procure from his active, matter-of-fact, but self-neglecting patriotism.

The notes which I have mentioned were lying unarranged in my portfolio, when the explosion of July placed Lafayette, for the second time, at the head of a great revolution.

That wonderful event increased the frequency and intimacy of the intercourse which the general's kindness had allowed to be established between himself and me; and, to crown all the other marks of his good will, he did me the honour to appoint me his aide-de-camp. The friend and aide-de-camp of Lafayette, from the days of the Hotel-de-Ville down to that of his resignation, it will easily be conceived how much I must have seen and learned. What I saw, and what I learned—such are the materials of my book.

This favour, however, imposed upon me only incidental duties; my vocation as a writer was not altered; my personal views remained the same; and the desire of sketching the character of the great citizen whom I had before my eyes, naturally increased with the new facilities which I found in being thus temporarily placed about his person.

Besides, I perceived that the events which were about to unfold themselves, would become the salient point, the essence of my work. Half a century, and two revolutions, were about, as I then believed, to be summed up in a few weeks; monarchical legitimacy and the sovereignty of the people, slavery and liberty, were once more to be opposed to each other; salutary lessons might be struck out of that conflict; I was a writer by profession; those lessons were to my purpose; I seized them on behalf of my country.

I enriched myself, then, with all the documents the existence of which my incidental functions revealed to me; I loaded my tablets and my memory with all the materials for history which a continual contact with the persons highest in power brought under my observation.

My communications, as the reader of my book will be convinced, extended beyond the circle of the staff of the national guard. Other persons of distinction honoured me with their confidence. Thus, for example, it is to a well known friend of the imperial family that I owe the possession of the correspondence between Prince Joseph and General Lafayette; to an accidental communication, that of three letters from the general to Louis Philippe; and to different members of the cabinet of the 3d of November, the discovery of some private scenes of deep interest.

Thence, and thence only, the knowledge of political transactions which I now communicate to my fellow citizens; looking forward to other periods of leisure, to enable me to offer to their indulgence more lengthened and deeper investigations.

Have I, in all this, abused the confidence of M. de Lafayette, or of any other person? I feel no apprehension of having done so: my book divulges nothing that has been confided to me: I say only what I have seen, read, and heard; neither more nor less.

Can I have been so unfortunate as to displease the general himself by my plain speaking? No, assuredly: for he, whose principle it has been, all his life, to think aloud, and to have no secrets with the people, can be offended only at a falsehood—and I say nothing but the truth.

If, however, contrary to all expectation, these volumes were to give the slightest uneasiness to the man in all France whom I venerate the most, my sorrow would be extreme; yet I should find some consolation in the very consciousness of the sacrifice I should have made to the fulfilment of a duty; for there are duties to which every thing, even the friendship of a great man, ought to be sacrificed.

Furthermore, General Lafayette and some other exalted personages will, perhaps, blame my indiscretion: but their strict honour is my security that they will not contradict any one of the facts concerning them in this work.

One word more. In rapidly traversing the great revolutions which have changed the face of the modern world, in looking back to those stormy and difficult times which accomplished the regeneration of one hemisphere and prepared that of the other, Lafayette has appeared to me as the most exalted and purest personification of the principle of order and liberty. In America as in Europe, in all times, in all places, I have found him erect and respected, wherever liberty has had need of assistance, weakness of support, justice of defence, the laws of devotedness and firmness, and wherever the people have sought to repossess themselves of their primitive sovereignty.

CHAPTER I.

Lafayette at La Grange—Glance at the politics of the restoration—Progress of the counter-revolution—Villèle ministry—Fouquier ministry—Ministry of the 8th of August—Situation of France at the moment of the publication of the ordinances of the 25th of July.

Since 1800, the period of his return to France, Lafayette had passed the greater part of his time on his estate at La Grange, the inheritance of his mother-in-law the Duchess d'Ayen, immolated on the scaffold of the Reign of Terror. The decree which ordained the restitution of the property of condemned persons, had restored to him that wreck of a large patrimony, of which the revolutionary whirlpool had swallowed up all that he had not himself sacrificed to the interests of liberty, which he was always determined to serve with his fortune as well as his life. There, in the bosom of his numerous family, happy in the happiness which his paternal care diffused upon all around him, surrounded with friends, and rich in the blessings of the poor, Lafayette indulged his ruling taste for agriculture, as much a stranger to the Tuileries of the Restoration as he had been to those of the Empire.*

I shall not attempt to describe that ancient residence of La Grange, open to all the unhappy, and at the door of which misfortune never knocked in vain. So many patriots, philanthropists, friends of humanity, of all opinions and all countries, have, like myself, been seated at M. de Lafayette's fireside, that the simplicity, the open-hearted hospitality, the continual but always silent acts of beneficence, the progress of agricultural industry and domestic economy, enjoyed so deliciously in that happy abode, are known to every one: the patriarchal hospitality of La Grange has become proverbial.

I come now to that sudden convulsion of the frame of society, in which we shall see the man of the two worlds showing himself, as he had ever done, no less zealous in defence of order, than ardent in promoting the liberty of his country. But before we follow him in the new career which is opening before him, let us cast a rapid glance upon those events so unforeseen and so momentous as to be beyond all ordinary rules of comparison.

Never had more humiliation and insults inflamed the anger of a people and expanded the feeling of liberty in their breasts. Neither memory nor imagination depicts to me any thing more dishonest, and at the same time absurd, than the fifteen years' reign of those Bourbons whom France had covered with her mercy, and

* Charles X. used often to say, "There are but two men in the revolution, Lafayette and myself, that have remained unshaken in their principles." And, indeed, the revolution of July has afforded a fresh proof of the tenacity of the principles of those two contemporaries. The last words, too, which the fallen king addressed to the captain of the vessel which carried him to England, were, "It is that old republican Lafayette that has done all this." It is, in truth, a characteristic of that incorrigible party, to see nothing but the names of individuals in movements of the popular masses.

beheld once more, without hatred as without love, seated on one of the greatest thrones upon earth. And if it was the first time in the world that, after fifteen years of patience, a nation of thirty-two millions of men, distributed over an extensive territory, diversified in their manners, their desires, their faults, their virtues, and above all in the degrees of a very unequal civilisation, have found themselves united in one unanimous feeling of reprobation, it is but just to say, that never, either, was there seen a sovereign family more solicitous to insult the public reason, and to disclose in itself a nature foreign to the age of its existence. How many old prejudices were revived, how many plots meditated, how many iniquities committed, in that space of fifteen years! So much turpitude and vanity seems really almost superhuman. Let us revert to the period of the first restoration of the Bourbons: what an admirable opening was there for a peaceful and reparative reign!

France, such as Louis XVIII. found it on his return, was no longer that nation, excited by triumph and revolutionary movement, which the year 1793 had left suspended between the sovereignty of the people, which had not yet come into existence, and the monarchical despotism, which existed no longer. The spirit of democratic turbulence had been exhausted by its own violence, republican radicalism had been modified in the rapid movements of popular opinion; and the only feelings that had survived entire the weakness of the Directory, the deceptions of the Consulate, and the glories of the Empire, were, the purified love of the revolution of 1789, the hatred of the excesses of 1793, and a general reprobation of the brilliant yoke of Bonaparte. That fortunate soldier found power at issue with anarchy; and his despotism might, to a certain point, rest itself upon the necessity of terminating that sanguinary struggle. The Restoration had, on the contrary, found liberty at issue with despotism, and all understandings, all interests, at work to return to the principles of 1789, and take their stand upon the constitution of 1791. God forbid that I should seek to reconcile mischievous concessions with any duty as a patriotic writer! Napoleon betrayed the sacred cause of liberty; that is a demonstrated fact. However, it is but just to make allowance for the circumstances, and to say that there were at least these pretexts for his usurpation of the popular sovereignty; there was anarchy to be stifled, order to be restored; there were fears to be set at rest, parties arrayed against each other, and all the elements of civil war, about to be crowded, perhaps, by the ravages of foreign invasion. But in the case of the Bourbons, humbled, the ambition of a few disappointed, were all the obstacles which they had to overcome; while on the other side were the whole moral strength of France, the stream of opinion, and the universal longing for tranquillity after twenty-five years of agitation. What was necessary to be done, in order to adapt liberty to that admirable disposition of the public mind? Nothing more than to espouse sincerely the generous principles of a revolution from which the people had hitherto experienced yet more violence than benefit. But, on the contrary, what *was* done? No sooner were they seated on a throne scarcely yet dry from the blood of Louis XVI., than the family of that prince began to produce factions and public calamities: all the old prejudices, all the interests founded in error, rose up again in all their insolent pretensions; a barefaced progress was commenced towards all the iniquities of the past age; such was the object of all the acts, such the spirit of all the speeches and writings, that marked the brief existence of the first Restoration.

The nature of things brought about the result which plain good sense had clearly foreseen. A skill appeared upon the coasts of Provence; and that throne with its roots of eight centuries, surrounded by a people and an army, crumbled away before a single man, favoured by military glory, but no longer called for by the national assent. I shall not speak of the hundred days' reign. Liberty, a second time disowned by Bonaparte, would no longer range herself under his dictatorship: the nation retired from him; and one day, one unsuccessful conflict, effected against that great captain what three years of reverse and the loss of twenty battles had scarcely been able to do, so long as the nation had lent him any support. Thus perished the fortune of Bonaparte, as will ever perish in France the work of selfishness and ambition.

We come now to a new order of occurrences, of which it is necessary to glance at the most prominent, in order to the understanding of the crisis, which has determined our emancipation. I shall not dwell upon

those first years of sanguinary reaction and terrorism, during which the purest blood of France flowed upon the scaffold. It is but too well known with how many wounds and chains the Bourbons then covered our unfortunate country; and the image of the Most Christian King, like the Saturn of the Carthaginians, devouring his children, is not so soon to be effaced from the memories of Frenchmen. I will only advert to the general features of that extensive plan of counter-revolution to which the ordinances of the 25th of July were only a supplement.

The first blow aimed at the charter of 1814, an imperfect consecration of the principles proclaimed by the Constituent Assembly, was the ordinance by virtue of which Louis XVIII. changed, of his own authority, the primitive conditions of electorship and of eligibility. Thenceforward, each day gave birth to some fresh counter-revolutionary project. First of all, two distinct governments were set up in the state; the one extensible, and designed to exhibit the forms of representative government; the other occult, and acting despotically upon every branch of the administration. However, the counter-revolution was as yet only marching gradually to its object: it was resolved to precipitate it. Then was formed the Ville ministry, for the evident purpose of accomplishing the counter-revolution, by strengthening it with all the energy of seven individuals broadly stigmatised, and devoted to the party.

Then, also, was waged that impious war, which presented to the world the spectacle of a French army engaged in smothering in Spain the first germs of the liberty for which it had itself so long combated. From that instant, the reactionary policy of the Restoration observed no bounds. The ordinance of Andujar was revoked as soon as published. The Revolution had stricken fanaticism to the heart, in compelling the clergy to confine themselves within the precincts of the Scriptures. They were appeased by a law of blood, the law of sacrifice. The Charter had solemnly pronounced that the sale of the national domains was irrevocable: a *milliard* was thrown to the voracity of the emigrants. It guaranteed the liberty of the press: an endeavour was made to abolish it by the *loi d'amour*. The trial by jury was the sole palladium of the life and honour of the citizens; its suppression was attempted by a project of law which took from it the cognizance of the crimes of barter and piracy. Another project of law relating to the schools for medicine and to medical juries, left no doubt of the intention to crush successively all the liberal professions. And some symptoms of independence having been manifested in the Chamber of Peers, in all haste it was overwhelmed with creatures of the Restoration, and with the most servile of the remnant of the senate of the Empire.

Things were at this point when, the counter-revolution being openly avowed, every interest threatened, the indignation of every honest mind roused, and, above all, the cry of public opinion, created apprehensions in the ministry that it could no longer command the majority in the Chambers which it had obtained by means of so many frauds and corruptions. It called together the electoral colleges, from which issued, in spite of all its efforts, the more popular chamber of 1822.

Deicated in the elections, the Restoration turned hypocrite; the Ville administration was dismissed; the king came, at the opening of the session, to stammer out some words about liberty, to promise better things in future; and France, ever unwisely confiding, believed in his promises, forgave, and hoped.

The Martignac administration brought back the ostensible policy of the government into more liberal courses, and it is but just to say, that its first care was to give to the country some of those guarantees which it had long claimed in vain. The electoral law, calculated to repress the ministerial frauds which had so deeply corrupted the purity of the national representation; the law on the liberty of the press, though imperfect, since it abated in this matter the powers of juries; and the ordinances of the 16th of June, against the religious congregations, gave to this session of 1823 a restorative character, and conciliated to the government the influence and support of the nation. The journey to Alsace is in the recollection of every one; during which the population, forgetful of their most just resentment, came and rendered homage for the evils which had ceased to be inflicted upon them. This simple changing of the administration appeared to have restored the nation to the exercise of its rights, and the throne to the affections of the French people. There yet remained many legitimate points to be gained: but the representative government evinced the es-

sential characteristics, and the people were persuaded that these now required only to be developed.

Nothing then appeared easier than to confirm ourselves in the national courses into which the legislature and the ministry had returned. But if the Chambers and the depositaries of authority were sincere, not so was the court. Constantly swayed by one fixed idea, it had only postponed its favourite project of counter-revolution. Suspicious and dissembling, it saw only enemies in the ministers whom the force of circumstances alone had imposed upon it: out of the cabinet, councils prevailed that paralysed their efforts, and rendered their progress undecided and painful. The session of 1829 passed in new trials of strength, in which it was easy to detect the conspiracies which were brewing in secret. The promotion of the Chambers left the field free to the counter-revolution party; and in fact, the deputies had scarcely reached their departments, when the formation of the administration of the 8th of August, prepared long before in the street of the Tuileries, struck all France with amazement. Never had France been so basely betrayed, and as M. de Bérenger has said, "it was reserved for our heroic nation to receive from its king more outrages in one day, than any foreign power had ever dared to offer her."

Nevertheless, in this imminent danger, the country rising into an imposing attitude, indignantly and courageously confronted the impious faction to whose hands its destinies had just been committed. A universal anathema was pronounced against this reviving generation of favourites, mistresses, and flatterers, which had fastened upon power. Then, public opinion reviewed one by one the members of the new administration, and beheld in each the frightful image of the most grievous wounds which had afflicted France during three centuries. And in fact who were these ministers? A Roman pince, (M. de Polignac), brought up in ultramontane manners, and whose pitiable destiny it was to live and die in the practice of conspiracies; the man of the bloody *catechesis*, (M. de la Bourdonnaye); the gentle *préfet*, who, holding from his windows the guillotine prambulating the plains of the Rhone, said that the errors of governments should be buried in the bowels of the earth, (M. Chabrol); the spoiled child of the Congregation, whose incapacity had become proverbial, (M. de Montbel); the promoter of revolut courts, (M. de Courvoisier); traitor, a deserter, whose sword had stigmatised the French name, (M. de Bourmont); and then—a Mangin.

Of such men was the new cabinet composed: in one, hypocrisy and fanaticism; in another, violence; in a third, treason, servility in all, bad faith and hatred of our institutions. Who followed in exact conformity with the men. Every aristocratic passion was let loose; no resentment at was not revived; no senseless hope that was not renewed at this signal.

How much to dream little to hope, from a situation like this! It proved to the country nothing but a frightful future of lodi; for it was evident that despotism was absolute/necessary to men totally incapable of working the machinery of a representative government. In such crisis, inaction had been death: whence a generous salutation seized every citizen. On every side preparations were made for combating to the utmost that contempt of all civilisation, and horror of all liberty, all national improvement, which was the animating soul of the cabinet of the 8th of August. In vain was it that, armed at the crises of indignation which assailed the as on a general calamity, the new ministers hesitated resort at once to arbitrary measures; in vain did they affect unconcernedness amidst the apprehensions which tormented them; in vain did they protest that the nation had nothing to fear: the nation, knowing that its fears were never better grounded, prepared on all sides to defend its menaced rights. An association, tied by a small knot of persons for the purpose of retreating the payment of taxes, spread with prodigious rapidity: the press, assuming its highest functions, went incessant war against the unveiled projects of the government, awakened the apprehension of *coups d'état*, filled all ranks with the presentiment of a great imminent danger. In short, every one who loved liberty prepared for resistance. Nine months passed reiterations and in preparation for attack and defence. But after all, the nation must be encountered face to face; the Chambers were summoned.

Up to this point the faction had worn a mask of patriotism, and distended the nation with its praises; its language was changed: Charles X. came, at the opening of the session, to denounce France as a hotbed

of revolt and sedition; the counter-revolution began to think aloud in the royal speech:—"If culpable expedients are resorted to," said the king, "for the purpose of raising obstacles in the way of my government, which I will not, which I cannot foresee, I shall not want resolution to put them down."

Of all the sessions, none had commenced under such unfavourable auspices. The faction which, after fourteen centuries of continued rebellion against the rights of the people, had passed in obscurity the period of the Republic and that of the Empire, now displayed itself in full life and vigour: it was now no longer a question of fears more or less vague, of reports more or less well founded; the counter-revolution had divulged its secret; and it became evident that henceforward either liberty must put down an insolent oligarchy, or that the oligarchy would extinguish liberty; in one word, it was clear that what the 8th of August administration had begun by fraud, it was preparing to carry by main force.

In the royal speech, so much tainted with hatred and contempt for the rights of the nation, France saw only an additional reason for never treating with enemies whom it was necessary to vanquish, and to persist with her utmost energy of purpose in seeking to drive from her men whom so many plots and so inveterate an aversion to liberty, pointed out, to her consternation, as the most irreconcilable enemies of representative government.

The Chamber of Deputies fully comprehended the danger of the position: it felt that this was not, as was maintained, a personal question, a quarrel amongst individuals; for if, when strong and vigorous institutions have been long established, the administration of public affairs may pass without much risk into perverse or unskillful hands, because it is no longer possible to destroy them, it is not so when organic laws are as yet only a question of right rather than of fact, and when the institutions which are the very life of liberty have yet to be obtained: then the question of things resolves itself into a question of men; and the existence of a bad administration, were it only for one twelvemonth, one month, one day, becomes a public calamity.

The majority of the chamber felt it their duty to lay before the monarch this truth:—"The intervention of the country in public transactions," said they, "renders a constant concurrence of the political views of your government with the wishes of the people, indispensably necessary to the well conducting of the public business. Sire, our loyalty, our devotedness, compel us to declare to you that this concurrence does not exist."

"Between those who ill understand a nation so calm and faithful, and us, who with a profound conviction come to deposit in your bosom the griefs of a whole people, let the superior wisdom of your majesty be judge."^{*}

What answer did the superior wisdom of Charles X. give? That the resolutions announced in the speech from the throne were *immutable*.

From that moment, the symptoms of an approaching crisis succeeded one another with frightful rapidity. The prerogative of the chamber, and soon after, its dissolution; the most criminal employment of all kinds of frauds to vitiate the elections; an extensive and atrocious plot, spreading conflagration through our provinces; a great military enterprise conceived and executed in the sole view of creating a diversion in the public mind favourable to the counter-revolution; the appointing of a commander-in-chief covered with an indelible opprobrium; the expending of enormous sums without the control of the chambers; the return of M. de Peyronnet to the administration, and the appointing of MM. Capelle and Chantelauze, in place of two ministers who had shrunk from the counter-revolutionary projects; the royal proclamation; the adjournment of twenty electoral colleges; the news of the capture of Algiers; the triumphant strains of the administration; the reelection of almost every one of the two hundred and twenty-one; the triumphs of the constitutional opposition in an immense majority of the electoral colleges; the defeat of the ministers; the sending of secret letters for the purpose of collecting together the deputies at Paris, with a view, undoubtedly, to facilitate the securing of their persons; in fine, the publishing of a memorial in which the emigrant faction solicited Charles X. to have recourse to *coups d'état*: such were the events which preceded the ordinances of the 26th of July, the active expression of the purposes of the 8th of August.

The first of these ordinances, a direct attack on the national representation, pronounced the dissolution of

the chamber before it had assembled; the second annulled the existing electoral laws; reduced the number of deputies from four hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty-eight; left to the colleges of *arrondissement* the right only of recommending candidates; abolished the vote by ballot, the intervention of the thirds, and the jurisdiction of the royal courts in matters relating to elections: the third convoked the new colleges for the 6th and 18th of September, and the chambers for the 25th of the same month; finally, the fourth ordinance abrogated the laws which guaranteed the liberty of the press, and revived the provisions of that of the 21st of October, 1814.^{*}

These ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 26th of July.

CHAPTER II.

Effect produced by the Ordinances—Aspect of Paris—Awful calm during the day of the 26th—Conduct of the press—Meeting of the journalists at M. Dupin's—First meeting of the deputies at M. de Laborde—Course of that representative—Acts of M. Perier—Meeting on the 27th at M. Perier's—Conduct, collective and individual, of the deputies at this meeting.

Here commences a new series of occurrences, which brings me back to the principal subject of this work, the conduct of Lafayette and his co-operation in those great events.

Patriots still shudder when they call to mind the first effect produced by the ordinances: it was a gloomy amazement, amounting almost to incredulity. The *Moniteur* had been circulating for several hours: the citizens of the capital had read over and over again the insolent manifesto; and could not yet bring themselves to believe in so much audacity and infatuation. The public places remained open as usual; the inhabitants of Paris were attending to their business; no symptom of insurrection was manifested; in short, the most breathless tranquillity prevailed in that vast city, in the bosom of which the government alone was organising its means of attack and defence.

The periodical press, however, the first object struck by the ordinances, which, by blow upon blow, were breaking up its existence, boldly took refuge in insurrection. Having to choose between slavery and revolt, the opposition journals, with very few exceptions, were faithful to their doctrines. Their proprietors and principal editors met in the first place, but to no purpose, at M. Dupin's the elder; then at the office of the *National*, where was discussed, and, after some strange resistance over which I gladly throw a veil, was adopted, that energetic protest which was to put arms in the hands of the citizens, and determine them to resist oppression.

This courageous protest, printed in contempt of the ordinances, and profusely distributed in spite of the efforts of the satellites of tyranny, produced an electric effect upon the whole population. From that moment, the public opinion recoiling upon itself, astonishment was succeeded by anger and indignation. The interests most immediately attacked made the first explosion. The journeymen printers showed themselves in arms with incredible daring. The scholars of the Polytechnic school heroically headed the revolted citizens; those of the schools of law and medicine marched in their train; and this example raised the whole capital. Every thing was then in motion; every thing was tending to insurrection; a magnificent defence was prepared in a few hours; the soldiers of absolutism presented themselves on the field of battle of the public liberties; the contest commenced to the cry of *Vive la Charte! Vive la Liberté!* Blood began to flow; all hope of conciliation was destroyed; and it was now for victory alone to decide between liberty and despotism.

The struggle between the people and the royal troops had thus commenced on the evening of Tuesday, the 27th of July; and then was raised the true cry of insurrection. But the events of that day, the prelude of the greater ones of the following days, had no result beyond two or three charges of gendarmery and the dispersion of a number of groups of youths and workmen which had gathered together in the Rue Saint-Honoré, the Place Vendôme, and the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. The people were yet only stirring themselves up to the conquest of their liberties, and prelude to the conflicts of the 28th or 29th, to which I shall return, after devoting a few words to the conduct of those deputies who were at Paris on the 26th and 27th of July. A

^{*} By which law a periodical journal could be published without first obtaining the sanction of the government. The ordinance of the 26th of July directed further that the press and types of such journals as contravened this law, should be seized or rendered unseizable.

witness of the facts which I relate, I shall concede nothing to party spirit; and should I happen to make any misstatement, it will be the fault of my memory, never of my will: but my memory, I am convinced, cannot in this case present to me any but faithful and ineffaceable impressions.

The first member of the chamber who ventured to declare himself and risk his head, in the first stage of the struggle, that is to say, at the moment when the insurrection had as yet on its side only the probabilities of defeat, and the scaffold in prospect, was Count Alexandre de Laborde. On the 26th, Monday, that honourable and courageous deputy presented himself among the journalists, and accepted the presidency of that meeting, at which the principle of protestation, and that of resistance to the ordinances, were loudly and publicly decided upon. Not one of my old colleagues but remembers with admiration the answer which he gave to a deputa-tion from the school of law, commissioned to urge upon us the necessity of having recourse to arms. "Gentlemen," said M. de Laborde, "you are right: our country no longer claims from us empty words: unanimous action, vigorous and powerful, can alone save her liberties. Go and tell your comrades that you have found us animated with the same sentiments as yourselves, ready to fulfil the same duties and incur the same dangers. Go, gentlemen; assemble in greater number at ten o'clock to-night; and we will send you word what we shall have resolved upon."

On the breaking up of the meeting of the journalists, at which each one engaged upon his honour to use all the means at his disposal in order to elicit resistance, and make the insurrection general, M. de Laborde called a meeting of the deputies present at Paris, to take place at seven o'clock, at the honourable deputy's own residence. At eight, a few members only had answered the call of honour; amongst whom were Messieurs Bavoux, Daunou, Vassal, Marschal, De Schœnen, Le-fèvre, Bernard, and Villenain. Feeling the urgency of the circumstances, and, perhaps, also tired of waiting in vain for the arrival of his other colleagues, M. de Laborde opened this memorable debate. After representing the disposition of the public mind, and relating what he had seen and heard at the meeting of the journalists, he showed the necessity of an energetic declaration in answer to the ordinances, and warmly urged that the members present should draw it up, as in full sitting, in the name of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Bavoux proposed that the deputies present in the capital should constitute themselves a national assembly: the venerable M. Daunou spoke with noble fervour of the duties which this aggression by oppressive power imposed upon the mandataries of the country; he said, that even the dangers that might attend the fulfilment of those duties, made them only the more imperative and the more sacred; that since the liberty of the tribune was violated, *an appeal to the people* was the only means of public safety that tyranny had left at the disposal of the country's representatives; and that they must use it without hesitation, or forfeit their honour, and betray the confidence and the dearest interests of the nation. M. de Schœnen spoke to the same effect; and said that it was necessary, on this great occasion, to prove themselves capable of laying aside all consideration of self, and, if need were, to cry *To arms!* Such was the opinion of all the members of that meeting; and already, I believe, had M. Villenain received directions to draw it up in the form of a protest, when M. Périer was announced. His ear had just caught M. de Schœnen's concluding words, "to cry *To arms!*" and the strongest anxiety was depicted in his countenance.

"Ah! gentlemen!" said he, "what imprudence are you going to commit? Have you thought well of it? What! constitute yourselves a national assembly! cry to arms!"

But too many legitimate resentments now pursue the memory of the President of the Council, for me not to feel it a part of my historical duty to cast aside the feelings which such recollections revive in my breast. I will not relate the words in which he opposed the noble resistance of his colleagues; I shall merely sum up his opinion. He thought that the chamber was legally dissolved; that the ordinances were only the exercise of a prerogative recognised by the charter; and that, since the publication of the *Moniteur* of the day, there were really no longer any deputies. Supposing that the prerogative asserted by Charles X. was questionable, which he did not admit, he asked where was the judge between the supreme power and the people. He declared that in any case, the Chamber ought to refrain from anticipating events; that to urge to insurrection would

^{*} Address of the two hundred and twenty-one.

be an act of madness on its part; that it was impossible that the king should not come to the resolution of withdrawing the ordinances; and that only in view should the declaration be drawn up, if they persisted in the project of making a declaration at all, which, however, had not his assent. As to the confidence which seemed to be entertained in the power of public opinion, he, M. Périot, did not share it. Accustomed to express itself in a legal manner, that opinion, said he, would never again arm itself with brute force; and if it ventured to do so, it would be vanquished, annihilated; as witness the result of the events of 1820, 1821, and 1827; as witness all the conspiracies which had been attempted and defeated for the last fifteen years. In short, M. Périot thought that wisdom and patriotism required the deputies to wait the course of events, and regulate their conduct according to the results.

During these debates, and on the motion of M. de Laborde, three of the deputies present had gone to the meeting of the journalists, which had been joined by a great many of the Parisian electors. These deputies, viz. MM. de Laborde, Villain, and de Schonen, had found all those worthy citizens animated by the most ardent patriotism, and more than ever determined to oppose a vigorous resistance to the invasions of power. M. de Laborde, fresh from the impressions which he had there received, said warmly to his colleagues, that a longer hesitation on their part would be fatal to liberty, that the victory of the people depended upon the concurrence of the deputies with the citizens who had been the first to devote themselves, and that they ought immediately to repair to the meeting of the journalists. This opinion was combated by M. Périot, who repeated his former arguments against every step tending to any other object than that of bringing back Charles X. into a better course. Despairing, however, of prevailing upon his colleagues to adopt this opinion, he had recourse to a means of hindrance which he found successful. He observed, that there would be levity and impropriety in coming to a determination of that nature without consulting the other deputies then in Paris; and he engaged to call them together to a meeting at his house at a very early hour the next morning. Letters of convocation were accordingly addressed by M. Périot to a number of members of the Chamber. But, no doubt, seeing the constantly increasing irritation of the people, and the hostile preparations which they made during the night and in the morning, M. Périot lost no time in intimating to the deputies that he had convoked, not to attend his invitation of the day before.

Such, during the day of the 26th of July, was the attitude of the deputies present in Paris.

The day of the 27th began under no better auspices. A very small number of deputies again assembled at M. de Laborde's, appointed to reassemble at M. Périot's, at two in the afternoon. This choice of their place of meeting inspired visible uneasiness in some of the members; but the imminency of the dangers which threatened the liberties of the country, was thought powerful enough to restore the tone of M. Périot's patriotism, some little altered for two years past. It was known that the ardour of that deputy's liberalism had been softened down by contact with the royal *gracieuses*; but it was hoped that the tribune of the people would revive in him all the emotion of the dangers of his country, and that Demosthenes' cold would not resist the action of a July sun.

This meeting was preceded by a scene of carnage. A great many young men, attracted into the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg by the rumour of the meeting of the deputies, were there hemmed in, and sabred by two detachments of cavalry. Being obliged to seek refuge in the neighbouring houses, they knocked in vain at the doors of M. Périot's mansion. Caution kept them shut against every one who had not the name of a deputy to send in. A number of those young patriots, severely wounded, were conveyed to the office of the minister for foreign affairs.

Meanwhile, what was passing in the interior of M. Périot's mansion? The deputies, assembled this time very numerously, under the presidency of M. Labey de Pompières, had, from the opening of the sitting, been divided into two opposite camps. The one asserted the constitutionality of the dissolution of the Chamber, advocated the maintenance of the royal power of Charles X., urged the necessity of keeping within the bounds of legality, and simply soliciting the real of the ordinances, by respectful remonstrances grounded on the manifestation of public opinion. The opposite party maintained that the character of deputy had not been destroyed by the ordinance of dissolution; that moreover Charles X., in violating the Charter by all and each of the ordinances,

had stripped himself of the prerogative of dissolving the Chamber at all; and that the deputies remained *ipso facto* invested with all the plenitude of the electoral charge; that it was absurd to invoke legality in favour of a power which had just burst asunder all its ties; and that when the question was, whether France should be free or enslaved, under a representative government or the tyranny of an individual, the safety of the commonwealth was no longer to be found in any thing but the success of an open resistance to oppression.

The former of these two opinions had for its champion M. Dupin; the latter was energetically supported by M. Mauguin. MM. de Laborde, de Puyraveau, Berard, Labey de Pompières, Perail, Milleret, Bortin-de-Vaux, and Villeman, followed on the side of M. Mauguin; the two latter contending, however, that they ought to accompany Charles X. from his ministers, and not confound them in one common reprobation. MM. Sebastiani and Casimir Périot had ranged themselves under the banner of M. Dupin. It is, however, but just to say, that M. Périot declared himself at first only by mute signs, in which it was easy to discover the perplexity which tormented him.

These debates were growing warm on either side, when an unforeseen occurrence interrupted the discussion, and gave it a new turn. A deputation from the electors of the city of Paris requested to be introduced. M. Périot at once beholds the *glaise* of the Bourbons and the popular dagger suspended over the parliamentary heads. "Observe in what a position they are placing us!" exclaimed he. "If we receive the deputation, it will be known at the Tuileries; it will perhaps give provocation there, and who knows what measures may be taken against us! If the deputation is not received, its members will complain; they may go and mix among the people, and in the present exasperated state of men's minds who can answer?"—"Messieurs Dupin and Sebastiani likewise opposed with all their might, the reception of this deputation, which, added to the appointment of a president, said they, converted a mere private meeting into an actual deliberative assembly.

However, the deputation was introduced. It was composed of the most respectable citizens of the capital, who came to declare to the deputies, by the mouths of Messieurs Mérihou and Boulay de la Meurthe, that every tie which attached France to the throne of the Bourbons was broken; that the nation ought not, could not any longer appeal to any thing but insurrection against an authority which had trampled upon every law; and that the people relied upon the courage and patriotism of their representatives. This declaration was succeeded by an absolute silence; the deputation withdrew into a neighbouring apartment, that the deputies might be left to deliberate in full liberty. In the mean time another deputation, consisting of young men, asked to be admitted. M. Périot hastened to them, and conjured them not to persist in a step which he considered as most highly imprudent; he represented to the young men the folly of their efforts against the measures of repression which the government would assuredly not have failed to take; and exhorted them to return within the bounds of legality, and not seek in the streets a victory which they would not find. The young men, fully resolved no longer to rely upon any thing but the energy of the people, withdrew; and M. Périot went back to his colleagues.

The deputies had entered into deliberation—they deliberated at great length—whether it would not be appropriate and prodigiously patriotic to write an epistle to Charles X., supplicating his amnesty to go, kind as change his ministry, and revoke the fatal ordinances. This opinion, advanced by Messieurs Bortin-de-Vaux, Dupin, Sebastiani, Périot, and Villeman, prevailed, without, however, leading to any result. The assembly separated without having done any thing, without having attempted any thing for that heroic people whose blood was already flowing in torrents in the streets of Paris. But I mistake—they did something—for they agreed to meet again the next day, AT NOON, at M. Audry de Puyraveau's, who, on M. Périot's refusing to throw open his mansion a second time for an assembly of the deputies, promptly offered them his house, adding, that they should there be under the safeguard of the people.

The hostilities between the people and the royal troops, began in the evening of the 27th, were renewed on the morning of the 28th, and then the first scene assumed that character of combination and pertinacity which he spoke a warfare on the issue of which would depend the life or death of French liberty. From that moment, also, Lafayette found up his existence inseparably with the

vicissitudes of that struggle. The country was once more about to place itself in the midst of storms, under the agis of the great citizen, whose laurels, gathered in both hemispheres, had ever been those of liberty, courage, and philosophy. As in the early days of the revolution of 1789, as in every period of his long career, we shall find the authority of his name overcoming despotism, and repressing anarchy.

CHAPTER III.

Lafayette's arrival at Paris—His first steps—The resistance of the people becomes general—First meeting of deputies at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau and a long and animated speech of MM. Lafayette, Mauguin, Lafitte, Charles Dupin, Sebastiani, Guizot, Puyraveau, etc.—A deputation sent to the Duke of Ragusa—M. Périot proposes in secret to present Marquis with several millions—First meeting at the house of M. Berard—Decision of the people by almost the whole of the deputies present—Furious combat—Weakness of Messieurs Villeman, Sebastiani, and Bortin-de-Vaux—A fresh meeting of M. Audry de Puyraveau—The number of the patriots deputies is now reduced to eight—Night between the 26th and 27th.

Lafayette was absent from Paris when the ordinances first made their appearance. The *Moniteur* of the 26th reached him at La Grange on the morning of the 27th. His resolution was taken at once: he took post, and probably owed it only to the celerity of his journey, that he was not arrested on the way; for it is impossible that in such a crisis the counter-revolutionary government should not have had its attention fixed on him, whom they styled the *revolution man*. Be that as it might, the first care of Lafayette, in the evening of the 27th, was to offer to the insurgent patriots the support of his name and his person. As early as four o'clock in the morning a deputation of the pupils of the Polytechnic school had assembled at his house, and a few hours later this swarm of young heroes were fighting and dying at the head of the people in every quarter of the capital.

Resistance was making at all points, with various success; some barricades began to be raised, and blood already flowed abundantly, when, conformably to their agreement of the previous evening, the deputies began to assemble at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau. It was mid-day; the sun shone forth in full splendour; the sound of the tocsin, mingled with the report of the cannon, and the echoes of the musketry, announced that the people were aroused; the representatives of France, at least so it was believed, were about to decide the fate of their country; an indescribable feeling of dread and of hope agitated every breast.

An immense crowd of citizens, some variously armed, and others without any arms, choked up the approaches to the house of M. de Puyraveau, endeavouring to meet from the commoner of each of the deputies as they came and before them, how much of courage and devotion for their country possessed each manly heart: Lafayette was greeted with the liveliest acclamations; he was the hope of liberty. He and M. Lafitte were among the first who arrived at the place of meeting. Soon, the deputies took their seats—silence succeeded to individual discussions—they were, at last, about to apply themselves to the preserving of that liberty for which the people had been instinctively fighting and dying during the last six-and-thirty hours.

I shall now retrace my recollections, and relate that which, with my head leaning on the edge of a window-frame, my ear attentively listening, and my eye fixed on that large ground floor apartment, where are debated the destinies of a people, or rather the destinies of all Europe, I saw and heard at that awful moment; I am at the bar of my country; I shall speak without hatred and without fear to that country.

M. Mauguin speaks first. He is the man to confront danger; he is the orator of revolution; nature has made him a tribune of the people. He traced in broad outlines a frightful picture of the situation of Paris; he spoke of the wicked attempts of the court, the resentment of the people, their combats, their successes, their reverses, their fears, and their hopes. "Listen," said he, with enthusiasm, "listen to the roar of the cannon, and the groans of the dying; they reach you even here; it is a great people effecting a revolution which you ought to direct; it is no longer permitted us to hesitate; our place, gentlemen, is between the popular battalions and the phalanxes of despotism; beware of losing time; the royal guard loses none, be assured: once more, I say, this is a revolution which calls upon us to act."

At this word—*revolution*—several of the deputies rose and threatened to retire immediately. It was an explosion of all the fears that had found their way to this assembly. Messieurs Charles Dupin, Sebastiani and Guizot distinguished themselves among the most zealous advocates of legal order. "I protest against every act that goes be-

* History of the Three Days, by M. Marast.

you the bounds of legality," exclaimed M. Dupin.—"What! speak you of resistance?" said M. Sebastiani, with heat and precipitation; "we have only to consider how legal order may be preserved." "The slightest imprudence," added M. Guizot, "would compromise the justice of our cause. Our duty is not, as is asserted, to take part either with or against the people, but to become mediators, to check the popular movement, and convince the king that his ministers have deceived him."

A voice well known to the friends of liberty now made itself heard; it was that of Lafayette, always equally courageous and skilful in bringing back questions to their true basis. "I should be smiling," said he, "if I find it difficult to reconcile *legality* with the *Moniteur* of the day before yesterday, and with the firing for the last two days." Then assuming the calm and solemn tone suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he declared that a revolution certainly was at hand; and proposed the immediate creation of a provisional government; an idea which was adopted subsequently, but which as yet was too decided and patriotic not to be regarded by a good many of his colleagues as at least premature.

At this moment, it was announced that the people had carried the Hotel-de-Ville after a terrible carnage; but the conflict continued; the royal troops received reinforcements, and it was feared that they might again be victorious. This incident, however, seemed to revive the drooping courage of some of the champions of legality. M. Guizot condemning the *respectful* letter proposed to be written to his majesty, Charles X., was willing to incur the risk of a protest of which he read the outline, and in which fidelity to the king was still professed.

This protest was not without its effect. The courageous observation of M. Laffitte, who declared it to be insufficient and below the rightful claims of a people who had already poured out so much of its blood.

M. Périer proposed to send a deputation to the Duke of Ragusa, to obtain from him a truce, during which the deputies might carry their *complaints* to the foot of the throne;* but Lafayette demanded that the deputation should confine itself to ordering Marmont, in the name of the law, and upon his personal responsibility, to put an end to the firing. However, this deputation was appointed; it was composed of MM. Périer, Laffitte, Mauguin, Lobau, and Gerard. Lafayette, visibly indignant at all these delays, whilst the blood of so many citizens was streaming around him, declared to his colleagues that his name was already placed, by the confidence of the people and with his consent, at the head of the insurrection; that he ardently wished his determination should obtain their approbation; but that happen what might, he considered himself as pledged in honour to establish on the following day his head-quarters at Paris.

Thus ended this first sitting; its whole result, a proclamation without energy, without meaning, and which was to be published—ON THE MORROW. It was two o'clock; they adjourned to four at M. Bérard's.

At four o'clock the deputies re-assembled at M. Bérard's. Here my historical task becomes more painful. I have to retracé scenes which it would probably be better to obliterate from our parliamentary annals, but that they must be preserved for the instruction of posterity. My pen shall do its duty. In the short interval of time between the first and second assembling of the deputies on the day of the 28th, affairs had taken another turn. The patriots had been beaten at several points; the Hotel-de-Ville, already twice taken and retaken, had remained, at last, in the power of the royal troops, with whom some brave citizens were again contesting it, but the combatants began to feel discouraged; their energy, for want of proper direction, was becoming exhausted; anxiety was at its highest point, and the defeat of the people generally considered inevitable. Shall I declare it? Scarcely one half of the deputies who had been present at the meeting in the morning, attended at that in the afternoon. The deputation sent to the Duke of Ragusa now reported to the assembly the insolent reply of that cut-throat, who required the submission of the people as a preliminary to any negotiation. This answer excited the indignation of those deputies who were faithful to their country; but it froze with fear the greater number of those gentlemen who, in the midst of the misfortunes of France, thought only how to escape individually the consequences of the ordinance which declared Paris in a state of siege. At this moment was brought in the proclamation agreed upon in the morning, and

which several of the journalists had printed after divesting it of the servile expressions in which fear had clothed it. And here I have fresh weaknesses to record: this protest, so feeble, so unmeaning, was rejected, through the consternation which had seized upon MM. Villemin, Sebastiani, and Bertin-de-Vaux—not one of these gentlemen now dared to entertain it; they withdrew, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of several of their colleagues, who implored them not to abandon their country on the brink of a precipice. At that moment, Lafayette declared, as he had already done in the morning, his firm resolution to throw his life and fortune into the movement; and to establish his head-quarters, at day-break, at the Hotel-de-Ville, or at some other point in possession of the people.

The patriots had now succeeded in regaining possession of the Hotel-de-Ville; the Swiss and the guards had retreated over the bodies which strewed the Place-de-Grève, the quays, and the bridges. The number of the deputies assembled was reduced to ten, when this happy intelligence was brought them. It revived some nearly extinguished patriotism; and even M. Guizot proposed to affix to the proclamation the names of all the deputies, whether absent or present, whose opinions were known to be liberal. This gave rise to fresh protestations on the part of M. Sebastiani, who had again made his appearance; and this dilatory measure might again have been rejected or postponed, but for M. Laffitte, who, with that truly civic disinterestedness and courage for which he is distinguished, cut the question short, by saying, "Let us adopt this proposal, gentlemen: if we are vanquished, they will charge us with falsehood, and prove that we were only eight in number; if we conquer, be assured they will be emulous to acknowledge the signatures."

The declaration was adopted, and subscribed, on presumption of patriotism, with sixty-three parliamentary names, out of the four hundred and thirty which compose the Chamber of Deputies. The name of M. Dupin was inserted at first; but it was erased on M. Mauguin's observing, that it would only be exposing themselves to certain and disagreeable remonstrances.

Another meeting was appointed for eight o'clock in the evening, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau. This meeting reproduced all the proofs of courage and all the symptoms of weakness that had marked those which preceded it. A contest, which will never be effaced from my recollection, was waged between MM. Lafayette, De Laborde, Laffitte, Mauguin, and Audry de Puyraveau, on one side; and Messieurs Sebastiani and Molin on the other. The former demanded that, cutting short all more shameful tergiversations, the deputies now at Paris, clothed in their parliamentary costume, and mounting the tricoloured cockade, should place themselves boldly at the head of the people; the latter ventured again to speak of legal order, of mediation, and of concessions to be obtained from Charles X. This was more than the citizen soul of Lafayette could bear; he rose, and demanded of his colleagues, what post they assigned him in the name of the country; for that he was ready to occupy it on the instant. The seceders had departed; and the patriot deputies, now reduced to five only, but resolved to raise again gloriously the tricoloured flag, separated, after appointing to meet again at five the next morning, at M. Laffitte's: it was then midnight.

What a night was this between the 28th and 29th of July! Not an eye was closed in the great city; all were stirring; all arming or working at the barricades, and as yet the deep silence which reigned in Paris was interrupted only by the dull noise of the tearing up of the pavement, the sighs of the wounded whom some friendly arm was reconveying to the paternal roof, the *qui vivez* of the citizen soldier, or that long "*sentinelle, prenez garde à vous*" which one hundred thousand men, on foot for liberty, passed from one to the other every quarter of an hour. No, the people never appeared under so noble an aspect.

Lafayette devoted this solemn night to the inspection of the barricades, which the instinct and foresight of the people had established at all the threatened points; and before each of these hastily-raised fortifications, he could not help exclaiming in admiration of a combination of military dispositions which would have done honour to the sagacity of Vauban. "Who is it, then," repeated he with transport,—"who is it that has taught them the art of war in one day, in one night?" Between the hours of one and two in the morning, an old man, walking with difficulty, presented himself, supported by two or three persons, before the barricade which closed up the *Rue Cadet*, on the side of that of the *Faubourg Montmartre*. Here passed a scene, of which I borrow

the picturesque recital from a journal (*La Tribune*) which has related it with admirable truth. "Halt," cries the sentinel; "corporal, come and reconnoitre." ('The corporal was a working man.') "You must come to the post, you fellows there; and you shall tell us what keeps you abroad so late." The group walk toward the post. There each of the unknown undergoes an examination. First, a man, well stricken in years, of venerable countenance, and for whose passage it had been necessary to make breaches in two or three of the barricades; then, three other persons, who appeared to be under his orders, as aides-de-camp. All this appeared very suspicious to the commandant, who sharply inquired of the old man. The latter replied to him: "Captain, you see me moved to the very soul at the spectacle which you make me witness, embrace me, and know that I am one of your old comrades!" The commandant hesitated. "It is General Lafayette!" said some one. Every one flew into his arms; but the commandant, resuming all his gravity: "Gentlemen," said he, "*à vous!*"—and immediately all fell into line, and the General reviewed the post, as in the most regular army."

CHAPTER IV.

Combats in the morning of the 29th—Aspect of Paris—Heroism, probity, and humanity of the patriots—Lafayette hemmed in by the royal troops—Meeting at M. Laffitte's—Victory declares for the people—The deputies whom this intelligence converts to the cause of the city—Appearance of M. Laffitte's passion—Some internal details—Lafayette repairs to the Hotel-de-Ville—Picture of this new head-quarters—Insultation of the Municipal Commission—Its first measures—Lafayette's proclamation to the army.

The combat had recommenced at daybreak. Lafayette, in returning to his residence, through the Rue de Surène, was blocked in there for a few minutes by the royalist corps which occupied the church of *La Madeleine*, and kept up a constant fire upon all that presented themselves. The general, however, contrived to escape this danger; and availing himself shortly after of a retrograde movement effected by one of the enemy's posts, he made all speed to M. Laffitte's, whither he was accompanied by his grandsons Jules de Lasterie, M. Audry de Puyraveau, Colonel Carbonel, and Captain (now Colonel) Poque. The cannon and musketry were roaring in all the streets contiguous to that through which Lafayette was passing on foot. It was an affecting circumstance to see the people recognising their leaders in the city of liberty, but saying only in a low voice, "*Vive Lafayette!*" for fear of pointing him out to the soldiers of Charles X., and hastening to open the shop doors, in order that the barricades might not obstruct his passage. Thus through many dangers, and abundant proofs of the popular solicitude for his safety, the general arrived at M. Laffitte's, whither also repaired a number of his colleagues, and various deputations of brave citizens who came to take him and conduct him to the Hotel-de-Ville, recently carried and definitively occupied by the patriots.

I have said that at daybreak the people and the royal troops had, on either side, recommenced hostilities with great fury. In order to understand what is now going to take place at M. Laffitte's, and the new posture in which we shall find the gentlemen of the Chamber putting themselves, it is requisite to call to mind the turn which the military operations have taken in the course of that decisive morning, and even before the assembling of the thirty-five or forty deputies which met at the mansion of their worthy colleague M. Laffitte, at eleven o'clock.

A great number of partial conflicts had been resumed with the dawn; and, with the exception of the Hotel-de-Ville, the approaches of the Place-de-Grève, and the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin, from all which the enemy had been repulsed the day before, the struggle continued during the day of the 28th. There, around the barricades, in the streets, in the houses, under the porches of the churches, every where, were profusely repeated that multitude of acts of heroism, magnanimity, and contempt of death, which had already so distinguished the preceding days. There we find barricades rising, as if by enchantment, behind the soldiers occupied in attacking the barricade which interrupts their progress; there we see women, hurrying from the windows waving the balls which strike them beside their infants' heads; children waving the tricoloured flag amid the volley of grape-shot, and rushing amongst the enemy's squadrons to poniard the horse of the cuirassier whom they cannot reach: I have seen them go gliding under the horses, and find out the lower extremity of the cui-

* My impartiality requires that I should add here, that M. Périer had already proposed in confidence, to offer several millions to Marmont, to draw him over to the cause of the people; he even urged that M. Laffitte, who had had pecuniary transactions with the Duke of Ragusa, should undertake this negotiation.

ness of one of the enemy, and thus kill one of those soldiers cased in steel, the weight of whom alone was sufficient to crush them: I have seen others hook themselves on the stirrup of a gun-arm, and get themselves hacked in that position, while endeavouring to discharge a pocket pistol at his breast.*

And how many instances of generosity and humanity were seen among these miracles of heroism! Who can ever forget the conduct of those excellent females belonging to the lower classes, who either in their houses, or at the corners of the streets, and exposed to the grape shot, hastened to bind up the wounds of the workman struck by a royal bullet, and the soldier who had mutilated a brother or that friend! And then, when fortune had declared in favour of the people, what an affecting sight to behold the number of dwelling houses, churches, and theatres, which the piety of the citizens had transformed into hospitals! Here you would see the moustached, wounded Swiss lying between two beds in which were young patriots who treated him as a friend, and to whom the surgeons afforded the same assistance.

However, after a few hours' deadly strife, every probable chance of victory was on the side of the people. Already several battalions of the line had separated from the royal army; the guard and the Swiss alone fought with spirit; but successively driven from the situations they occupied the previous day, in the centre of the capital, they retreated towards the Louvre and the Tuileries. On the other hand, the patriots finding themselves abandoned by the deputies, whose courage they had so often, but so vainly, endeavoured to excite, came to the bold determination, on Wednesday evening, of proclaiming a provisional government, which, by their own private authority, was composed of MM. Lafayette, Gérard, and Choiseul. Some credulous citizens having presented themselves at the Hotel-de-Ville, to hold a communication with this fictitious power, the sentinels repulsed them with these words: *No one must pass; the provisional government are in conference.* This government, which, in reality, only existed in the imagination of a few patriots, produced upon the public mind the most beneficial effect. Whole companies of the national guard made their appearance, in uniform, with arms and drums at their head; the people, emboldened by these rallying signs, and now being convinced that they were no longer abandoned to themselves, rushed with confidence upon the forces of despotism; the popular attack assumed regularly on all sides, numerous columns formed, and marched to attack the enemy, under the command of the students of the Polytechnic school, generals of twenty, as a citizen poet has appropriately termed them; in short the Parisians rushed on to the combat as to a certain victory; the event was no longer doubtful.

Such was the situation of affairs on the 29th, at eleven o'clock in the morning. At that hour the meeting appointed at M. Lafayette's took place; and it may be easily conceived that it was more numerous attended than those of the preceding days. The reflections of the night had operated wonders on the minds of many; such or such a deputy, who the preceding day was a determined *legislative*, now returned with feelings of indignation, and pierced to the quick by the horrible obsequy which the Bourbons manifested in spilling the blood of their subjects: the act was atrocious! Thus successively appeared M. M. Sebastiani, Bérin-de-Vaux, Gérard, Dupont, the elder Guizot, and many other of the champions of the *respectful complaints* (*doléances respectueuses*), the revocation of ordinances, and legality at any cost.

From daybreak, or rather from the commencement of the night, M. Lafayette's hotel had become the rallying point of the patriots, the centre at which all the contradictory and confused intelligence of the events passing in different parts of Paris arrived, and whence the few

measures taken were communicated in different directions. It was a surprising sight to behold those magnificent apartments filled with riches, those tables covered with plate, the chest containing millions, a crowd continually renewed of strangers, workmen, soldiers, rich and poor, moving about in the midst of all this, day and night, and at a moment when society appeared in a state of dissolution; yet not a crown piece, nor a tea spoon, was carried away by men who could have done so, with perfect impunity. Even without a coat or shoes, worn out with fatigue, trembling with anger, the sold and the liberty asked for cartridges, for orders, for commanders, and sometimes for a morsel of bread; but they saw neither the gold nor the other precious objects scattered on all sides, seeming to tempt their heroic poverty. Once again, the people, the true people, those of the barricades, never appeared to such advantage.

It was also at M. Lafayette's that the patriots of the departments nearest to the capital had proceeded, to ask instructions, which the honourable deputy issued in this abridged form: *Urge to insurrection, and, if need be, come to the assistance of Paris.* Such were, for instance, those received by the mayor of Rouen, who, on the first intelligence of the ordinances, had come to offer to the capital the aid of the patriotic city over which he presided. This brave citizen immediately set off, accompanied by the honorable M. Carel, to *insurrectionize* the city of Rouen, the inhabitants of which had manifested, on this occasion, so prompt, so noble, and so determined a spirit. The dispatches intercepted by the patriots, the demands for safe-conducts and passports made by the foreign ambassadors, were also addressed to M. Lafayette, to whose house some prisoners belonging to the royal troops had been brought. Of this number, among others, were three staff-officers, MM. Roux, de Seran, and another, who, grateful for the hospitality which had been granted them, and for the care which had been taken to spare their lives, acknowledged to their host that at the very moment they had fallen into the hands of the Parisians, the staff were deliberating upon what measures should be taken to send two hundred soldiers, in the disguise of working men, to seize upon M. Lafayette, and bring him to the foot of the column of the Place Vendôme, where he was to be instantly shot. After remaining forty-eight hours in the dwelling of the man they had condemned to death, these expeditionary judges were pressed to leave, by means of which they were enabled to leave his mansion and mix unobserved among the crowd.

It was in the midst of this tumult that the meeting of the 29th took place, at which thirty-eight or forty deputies were present. M. Lafayette presided, and having explained the situation of the insurrectionary movements, insisted upon the necessity of giving them a proper direction; he then requested M. Mauguin to express his opinion. The latter spoke with the same patriotism, the same energy which he had shown on the preceding days, and concluded with saying, that as the deputies had remained behind the people, they must now at least endeavour to overtake them by organising without delay a provisional government. A great number of citizens continually arriving from the Hotel-de-Ville, pressed for this measure, which was necessary to prevent the wheel of fortune from again turning; but there still were timid persons who hesitated. At length Lafayette arrived, and having offered to accept the command of all the military forces, the question was set at rest. I must also state, that General Gérard immediately declared, that from this moment, he should be happy to serve under the orders of Lafayette: it was agreed that the direction of the active operations should be immediately confided to him.

Lafayette requested that a civil commission, composed of deputies, should be formed, but he declined the honour of naming them himself. His colleagues then appointed MM. Mauguin, Lafayette, de Schonen, Audry du Puyraveau, Lobau, and Casimir Perier, as Municipal Commissioners, entrusted with the direction of general affairs.

The Louvre and the Tuileries had just been carried, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the guard and the Swiss, and prodigies of valour on the side of the people. This people, still the same, walked as conquerors, through the palace of kings, and then, at M. Lafayette's, at the Hotel-de-Ville, at Saint Cloud, in every place, it was as a Spartan army in the palace of Xerxes. As the price of their victory this people only wished to place a corpse upon the throne of Charles X; not the smallest article was abstracted from this splendid habitation. At another point, the fifth and fifty-third regiments of the line, pro-

ceeded by the entreaties of one of M. Lafayette's brothers, who had the boldness to throw himself into the midst of the soldiers, had just detached themselves from the royal troops and returned to their barracks, on condition of keeping their arms, and that they should not be compelled to fight against their comrades.

The combat no longer continued except against the guard and the Swiss, who were retreating in every direction, when this meeting of the 29th terminated; it was then that M. Lafayette, honoured with the confidence of the people and the approbation of his colleagues, proceeded to the Hotel-de-Ville. This march, half triumphal, half warlike, presented a superb spectacle. Imagine an immense crowd of citizens armed, or without arms, pressing to their breasts the veteran of liberty; the mingled shouts of *Vive la nation! Vive Lafayette!* the noise of numerous partial combats which were still taking place at the barricades, in the streets, in the houses; hear the acclamations of a people abandoned for three days to their own direction, and now seeing a generalissimo who reminds them of fifty years of combats in favour of liberty; five hundred thousand men, women, and children lining the streets, leaning from the windows, standing upon the roofs, waving their handkerchiefs, and making the capital resound with shouts of happiness and hope; imagine all this, and you will have but a faint idea of the popular excitement which greeted the passage of Lafayette.

When the procession, slowly advancing in the midst of these dense crowds, had arrived in the Rue aux Fers, a shower of tricoloured ribbons entirely covered the party that surrounded Lafayette. The general immediately mounted the three colours, and all those who could obtain a portion of the patriotic gift followed his example. At the Grève, the people presented some wounded persons to Lafayette, and he pressed them to his bosom. Having, at length, arrived at the Hotel-de-Ville, where he was received by General Dubourg, who had taken possession, and by Colonel Zimmer, who had already organised a staff, his first care was to hoist the tricoloured flag upon the tower of that ancient edifice, and the following proclamation was placed upon the walls of the capital:—

"My dear fellow-citizens and brave comrades, "The confidence of the people of Paris calls me once more to the command of the public force. With joy and gratitude I have accepted the power that has been entrusted to me, and now as in 1793, I feel myself strong in the approbation of my honourable colleagues, now assembled in Paris. I shall make no profession of faith; my opinions are known. The conduct of the Parisian population, during these last days of trial, renders me more than ever proud of being at its head.

"Liberty shall triumph, or we will perish together.

"Vive la liberté! Vive la patrie!

"LAFAYETTE."

Lafayette was now within the walls of that same Hotel-de-Ville, where, forty years before, another generation had placed him at the head of the revolution of 1789. Some one wishing to show him the way: "I know all about the place," he said, with a smile, and continued to ascend the great staircase. What a picture these new head-quarters of liberty presented! What mighty recollections were intermingled with others yet more grand! Those immense halls, filled with crowds of citizens, of every class, of every age; those combatants, intoxicated by victory, interesting by their wounds; those hangings covered with fleur-de-lis, coolly torn to pieces; the bust of Louis XVII. thrown upon the floor; that of Charles X. dashed to atoms; those citizen soldiers arriving from all sides to announce the defeat of the enemies of liberty, the carrying of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the barracks of Babylon, bringing the colours and dragging along the cannon which they had forcibly taken from the soldiers of Charles X.; orders dictated in haste, and despatched in every direction, to pursue and harass the royalists in their retreat; those guards with naked arms; military posts forming at every point: the Place de Grève covered with ammunition wagons and broken arms; the whole Polytechnic school in battle array; elsewhere pious hands already digging the grave of the heroes of liberty; in short, this compound of a popular tumult and a real battle against experienced troops and generals, resolving itself into a multitude of attacks of posts and partial successes: all this, rendered vivid and animated by the consciousness of a great triumph, presented a spectacle worthy the pen of a Tacitus or a Salust.

The commission arrived at the Hotel-de-Ville, and occupied themselves about the most pressing wants of the service, while Generals Gérard and Fajol were in-

* It was a boy of sixteen, armed with a double-barrelled gun and a pair of pistols, that first opened the gates of the Louvre to the people.

Another boy of the same age, a pupil of the Orphan Hospital, Pierre Charles Petit-Père, was the first to scale, in spite of the fire of the royal guards and the Swiss, another of the iron gates of the Louvre.

Near him another young man, of eighteen, named Charles Bonaparte, a brother of the Republic, in the department of the Ardennes, climbed upon the colonnade, armed with pistols without loading (for his powder was expended) to plant there the tricolour.

Five Swiss guards pursued him, and wounded him with their bayonets, but did not succeed in killing him.

The loss of the royal troops could never be exactly estimated. That of the patriots amounted to about six thousand; of whom from a thousand to twelve hundred were killed, and the rest wounded.

speaking the different points of defence, as a general and decisive attack from the enemy was still expected. And such, indeed, was the intention of the court, whose columns began to move, and they only abandoned this new attack on observing the measures taken by the people to give them a warm reception. In the night between Thursday and Friday, the bivouacs of the people were again disturbed by the appearance of some troops; but fighting had ceased in Paris; and hostilities were only continued, and that but faintly, in the Bois de Boulogne and on the line of retreat of the royal troops, which were concentrating at Saint-Cloud.

One of the first cares of Lafayette was then to address a proclamation to the army, in order to tranquillise it respecting the feelings entertained towards it by the nation.

Thus ended the active operations within the circuit of the capital. I now return to the Hotel-de-Ville.

CHAPTER V.

The Orleanist party.—M. La Fayette is at Saint-Cloud.—His efforts during three years to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne.—His secret communications with Neully, on the night of Tuesday and on the following days.—The Duke of Orleans passes the night in a summer house in his park to avoid being murdered.—Arrival of the envoys of Charles X. at the Hotel-de-Ville and at La Fayette's meeting.—In what manner they are received.—The Friday meeting at M. La Fayette's residence of some peers.—The deputies assemble at the Palais-Bourbon.—They invite the Duke of Orleans to become Lieutenant-general.—He does not accept their offer until after privately consulting Fructos Talleyrand.—Anecdote.

The only real government was at the Hotel-de-Ville, the only lever which could work, the only authority that possessed the confidence of the people, the only one that could settle society, shaken to its very foundation. The combat was over, and it was now only necessary to consolidate the victory, were the victors robbed of its fruits? My readers will decide; I do not determine; I relate events.

But, in order to understand subsequent occurrences, it is indispensable to return for a moment to the preceding days.

On the first appearance of the ordinances, some persons devoted for many years to the interests of the House of Orleans, had conceived the project of overturning the elder branch by means of the younger, and all their actions during the three days' struggle tended to that result. This termination was more particularly the ruling view of M. La Fayette. The Duke of Orleans was at Neully, between the court, which committed an error in not summoning him to Saint Cloud, and Paris, to the inspection of which he was a complete stranger. As early as Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, M. La Fayette, who had only arrived a few hours before, sent for the secretary of the Duchesse of Orleans, M. Oudart, desired him to proceed to Neully to inform the prince of the meeting of the deputies which was to take place at noon, in the house of M. Armand de Puyraudeau, and to supply the royal highness to be on his guard against the attempts of assassins. This overture, which undoubtedly did not confine itself to simply prudential advice, was made on the Wednesday morning, at a time when nothing had yet been decided: his highness reflected, but gave only slight utterance to his thoughts. The Duke of Orleans, however, was alive to the tender solicitude of M. La Fayette, and merely through condescension to his banker, he put himself to the inconvenience of passing a whole night in a summer house (kiosque) in a retired part of his park, and around which vigilant and faithful friends were watching. On the Thursday morning, M. La Fayette again sent M. Oudart to Neully; his advice was of a more pressing nature; he informed the prince of what had taken place at the meetings of the previous day, of the exasperation of the people against the elder branch, of the development of events, of the momentous state of affairs, and the necessity that the Duke of Orleans should make up his mind, within twenty-four hours, either to wear a crown, or receive a passport.

It is said, that he said, that his royal highness no longer hesitated, but convinced himself this time in such a manner as to convince his partisans of his determination to make the very cruel sacrifices they required of his patriotism; in fine, the die was cast, and the Duke of Orleans condemned himself to place upon his citizen head that crown of thorns to which, as every one knows, he had never raised his ambition. Thus M. La Fayette, who had exchanged several messages with the Duke of Orleans in the course of Wednesday and on the Thursday morning, had already adroitly prepared the minds of the deputies and some members of the provisional government in favour of the lieutenantancy-general of the Duke of Orleans, at the time when Lafayette and the municipal commission established themselves in the Hotel-de-Ville.

While the military chiefs were taking measures to consolidate the victory gained by the people alone, and the municipal commission and the commissaries charged with the different departments were recognising the general service, a small portion of the Chamber of Deputies, assembled at M. La Fayette's, was occupied in settling the new order of things. A deputation composed of MM. d'Argout, Semoville, and Vitrolles, had presented itself at the Hotel-de-Ville, to treat in the name of Charles X. and announce to the commission the revocation of the ordinances and the appointment of a new ministry, of which MM. Casimir Perier and Gérard formed a part. These envoys were introduced to the municipal commission, and Lafayette was requested to be present. The answer was not delayed: the people had fought to the cry of *Down with the Bourbons!* it was now too late; those Bourbons had ceased to reign. This is what M. La Fayette, Audry de Puyraudeau, and Mauguin declared in a formal manner to the ambassadors from Saint Cloud, in the presence of M. Perier, who remained silent. The royal commissioners were going to retire, when M. de Semoville, having addressed Lafayette, the latter asked him if the Bourbons had adopted the tricoloured cockade; and upon his answering that it was an impossibility, the general replied, that if they felt any reluctance they might dispense with so doing, as it was now too late; or that all was over.

On the following day, M. de Sussy, bearing a letter from M. de Mortemart, Charles the Tenth's newly appointed prime minister, together with the revocation of the ordinances, found Lafayette surrounded by his officers and crowd of citizens. "We may put ourselves quite at ease," said he to M. de Sussy, "I am here with my friends, from whom I have no secrets;" and opening the packet, the contents of which he read aloud: "Well," said he to the people, "what answer shall we give?" "No more transactions with them," was the cry on all sides! "You hear," continued Lafayette; "it is too late." Shortly after, a flag a truce in the patriot cause, who had been sent to the regiments that defended the court, had returned to say, that the commander of the royal troops at the bridge of Saint Cloud, complained that no explanation had been entered into since the revocation of the ordinances, and demanded a categorical answer. Lafayette instantly sent him back with a note couched in these terms:

"I am asked for an explicit answer respecting the situation of the royal family since its last attack upon the public liberty, and the victory of the Parisian people; I will give it frankly; it is, that all reconciliation is impossible, and that the royal family has ceased to reign."

"LAFAYETTE."

Seeing that their proposals had been resolutely rejected by the men of the Hotel-de-Ville, the commissioners of Charles X. had hoped to meet with a more favourable reception at M. La Fayette's. On the 9th, at ten o'clock in the evening, M. d'Argout had presented himself to the members of the Chamber who were assembled at that house of that deputy, and had declared to them, that he came in the name of the king, his master, to announce them the revocation of the ordinances, and the formation of a ministry composed of persons well known and acceptable to the country; that things being now brought back to the state whence the violation of the charter had forced them, Charles X. did not doubt that the national representation would mediate, in order to place the people again under his authority. The answer of M. La Fayette was as peremptory as that of Lafayette at the Hotel-de-Ville had been: "War has settled the affair," said he, to M. d'Argout; "Charles X. is no longer king of France." M. d'Argout withdrew after in vain insisting upon the guarantees of inviolability with which, in his opinion, the constitutional order still environed the king's person. A few minutes after, M. Forbin-Janson, came to announce that his brother-in-law, the Duke de Mortemart, requested a safe-conduct in order to appear before the meeting of deputies. This demand was complied with, and M. La Fayette alone remained charged to answer the overtures of the new president of the council of Charles the Tenth's ministers; but M. de Mortemart did not make his appearance.

From this moment, the cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was irrevocably lost, not only by the will of the people, but moreover by the fact that the determination of the two centres of action that had taken possession of the Hotel-de-Ville and directed the movement, the definitive expulsion of the Lafayette meeting agreed, but not so as regarded the form of the reigning family, but not so as regarded the form of government hereafter to be adopted, nor as to the new dynasty to be elected. These vital questions were warmly

debated at the Hotel-de-Ville, while, at M. La Fayette's, the deputies were almost unanimous for choosing the Duke of Orleans, or rather for proclaiming that choice, already prepared by the efforts and secret manoeuvres of the honourable banker.

Before I return to Lafayette and to the municipal commission, I must relate what had taken place at M. La Fayette's, in the interest of Louis Philippe. Already, on the Friday, at a very early hour, several intimate friends, such as MM. Thiers, Lareguy, and Mignet, had repaired to his house to concert measures to ensure the success of this grand intrigue. It was there, even before the wishes of the deputies had been consulted, that a proclamation was drawn up, calling the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenantancy-general; there also the most proper means were determined upon to induce the influential journals to enter into this combination. This little *comité* of a new kind only left the saloons of M. La Fayette, in order to work upon a meeting of patriots assembled at the restaurant, Lointin's, and in which the general opinion that prevailed was, that as the people alone had conquered, the people ought to be consulted in all important matters.

About ten o'clock, almost all the deputies present in Paris assembled at M. La Fayette's; some peers also repaired thither; among them was the Duke de Broglie, who spoke at great length upon the excited feelings of the people, and the dangers of a republic. These dangers, intentionally exaggerated by M. Dupin, produced general anxiety, of which M. La Fayette skillfully took advantage, in order to propose the election of the Duke of Orleans, as the only means of settling uncertainties, and arresting the torrent. This opinion expressed for the first time in an official manner, produced some astonishment, and met with opposition; but M. Dupin supported it with so much eloquence and energy, that from this moment it became evident that the measure which had the appearance of being merely deliberated upon, was nothing less than a plan already settled between the prince and a party at the head of which M. La Fayette had placed himself. Nevertheless, much indecision still prevailed, and the discussion was becoming more animated, when the dexterous champion of the house of Orleans observed, in a solemn manner, that the proper place for the deputies of France, reconstituting the government of a great empire, was the Palais-Bourbon, and not the cabinet of a private individual. This advice prevailed; it was settled that in two hours they should meet in their ordinary place of sitting, and the Orleanists took advantage of this interval to redouble their efforts and bribes.

However on the opening of this memorable sitting, opinions appeared more divided than ever; every system, with the exception of a republic, found partisans; they spoke, by turns, of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Broglie, the Duke of Angoulême, and even of Charles X., who, incredible as it may seem, still had an evident majority in his favour. It was at this decisive moment that M. Sebastiani was heard to exclaim, speaking of the tricoloured flag that had been hoisted at the Hotel-de-Ville: "The only national flag at this time is the white flag!"

It was also upon this occasion that M. de Sussy, unsuccessful at the Hotel-de-Ville, came to present to the Chamber the revocation of the ordinances and the formation of a new ministry, insisting, but to no purpose, as it may be supposed, upon M. La Fayette's delivering these appointments to those for whom they were intended. The principal object of this meeting was to pass the declaration which was to call the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenantancy-general of the kingdom. A committee had been appointed to present a report to the Chamber upon this important measure, and they had added to their number several members of the Chamber of Peers, among whom was the Duke de Broglie. A warm discussion arose in this committee, composed of deputies and peers, as to the principle upon which the throne was to be declared vacant; the peers and some deputies insisted upon the absolute necessity of taking as an exclusive basis the abdication of Charles X., and the renunciation of the Duke of Angoulême.

The agitation prevailed without as well as within the Chamber. New machinations, darkly preparing, were rumoured about, in order to make the Chamber postpone its decision; it was asserted that an important personage, recently raised by Charles X. to the presidency of the council of ministers, had been met upon the road to Saint Cloud; and indeed this report had been confirmed at the Hotel-de-Ville, by different patriots, upon whose depositions a warrant was issued against M. Cassimir Perier. Whatever may be the truth of this circumstance, general uneasiness prevailed, when the President of the Chamber, M. La Fayette, in-

formed of what was taking place in the Commission, and yielding to the public impatience, sent a secretary to invite them to repair immediately to the meeting, informing them that if they deferred any longer, the deputies would commence the deliberations without them. This bold and skilful measure put an end to the importunities of the legitimists, and to the uncertainty of the apprehensive. The proclamation was determined upon, exactly as it appeared in the *Moniteur* of the following day.

M. de Mortemart, with whom an appointment had been made to repair to the Chamber, did not come. The parliamentary mind was, however, so much disposed to *Carlism*, that it may be inferred, had this diplomatist been present, he could still have drawn a majority into a determination that would have destroyed forever the Chamber or the revolution. The address, however, of the deputies, calling the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, was signed, and the victory remained to that prince.

A deputation was appointed to present this message to the Duke of Orleans. It repaired to the Palais-Royal about eight o'clock in the evening: the prince was still at Neuilly. The deputation wrote to him, informing him of the mission with which they were entrusted, and communicating to him the decision which the deputies had just come to. His royal highness immediately proceeded on foot to Paris, where he arrived at eleven o'clock, accompanied by Colonel Berthois, now aide-de-camp to his majesty. At eight o'clock the following morning, the deputation were informed that the prince was ready to receive them. At nine they were admitted into his presence. They were M. Gallot, M. Sébastiani, Benjamin Delessert, Duchaffan, and Mathieu Dumas.

I must call the attention of my readers to all the circumstances of this interview, because they are of undeniable authenticity, and of a nature to throw a strong light upon subsequent events.

M. Bérard addressed him, and developed, at full length, the motives of general interest as concerned the nation, and of private interest with regard to the prince, which, according to the orator, made it imperative on the Duke of Orleans to accept the reins of government, under the provisional title of Lieutenant-general of the Kingdom.

M. Sébastiani maintained a different opinion, and taking for his argument the respect due to legitimacy, the precarious state of affairs, and the possible event of the return of the royal family, he asserted that the Duke of Orleans ought to decline, without hesitation, the offer that was made him. M. Benjamin Delessert, adopting the opinion of M. Bérard, whose arguments he enforced by entreaties, conjured the prince to save France from the anarchy and civil war with which she was threatened, and his own family from the imminent ruin which his refusal would not fail to produce. Never had M. Delessert spoken with so much conviction and persuasion.

Hesitating, and evidently overpowered by fear and by hope, the Duke of Orleans spoke, at great length, of his family connections with Charles X. He wound up his speech by saying, that he could come to no determination until he had consulted a person who was not at hand; and his royal highness went into his cabinet, where M. Dupin already was, and whither M. Sébastiani was soon summoned. Who was this personage by whose great wisdom the destinies of France were to be saved? It was M. de Talleyrand.

Accordingly, M. Sébastiani repaired secretly to the ex-grand-chamberlain of Charles X., become, as is here seen, the sovereign arbiter of the July revolution. There also he found a brave admiral, of whose royalist sentiments there was no doubt, but whose heart, nevertheless, bled at the sufferings of his country. M. Sébastiani presented the declaration of the deputies to M. de Talleyrand, who answered, "It is well; it must be accepted;" and the Duke of Orleans accepted accordingly. These facts, I repeat it, are here given with rigorous exactness.

Now, let these early private understandings be considered in conjunction with the motives which afterwards determined M. Lafitte to resign; and a key, will, perhaps, be found to many things over which there has hitherto hung an impenetrable mystery.* At all events, after an interval of three quarters of an hour, the Duke

of Orleans, attended by Messieurs Sébastiani and Dupin, returned to the deputation, and declared that he accepted the lieutenant-general.

CHAPTER VI.

Repugnance of the Hotel de-Ville to the nomination of the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenant-general—Lafayette's advice upon this occasion—His wish that the primary assemblies should be convened—His reasons for not proclaiming a republic—For rejecting Henry V. with a regency, which was offered him—For rejecting Napoleon II.—Correspondence between Joseph Bonaparte and Lafayette.

And now what was taking place at the Hotel-de-Ville? There, the men who had just made the revolution, and particularly the young men, who still had arms in their hands, loudly demanded a republic, with Lafayette for its president. Numerous bodies of patriots pressed him to seize upon power before the intrigue, which they saw at work, should have laid hold upon it. But, although touched with gratitude, Lafayette nevertheless persisted in his adherence to those principles of disinterestedness which had been the rule of his political life; he repelled in an affectionate but determined manner the solicitations which met him on all sides. I even remember that amidst the throngs which successively surrounded him, and the contradictory offers that were made him, some men, less republican than the worthy general, came and said to him, "Well, if we must have a king, why not you?" "I will answer you," returned Lafayette, "in the words of the Marshal de Saxe, when it was proposed to him to become a member of the French academy—'That would sit as well upon me as a ring upon a cat's paw.'"

Lafayette's explicit wish, that which he had repeatedly expressed, was for the appointment of a provisional government until the primary assemblies should have been convened, agreeably to the form indicated by the Constituent Assembly, and the nation should have declared its will as to the form of government it considered suitable for it, and as to the dynasty to be founded—in the event, be it well understood, that that will should be pronounced in favour of the monarchical system. But such was not the opinion of the deputies; and it must here be borne in mind that they represented eighty thousand of the most respectable class of citizens in the country, and that the fixed principles of Lafayette imposed the obligation upon him to bow with deference before this national representation, however incomplete and vicious it might otherwise appear in his eyes; neither ought the electoral events which had preceded by a few days only the revolution of July, to be overlooked.

The press, the patriotic societies, all the liberals in short, had united and directed their efforts towards one end, and the re-elected two hundred and twenty-one who had voted the address. The fate of France seemed to depend on this result; and to attain it, these principle-men had in some sort been deified, without, however, overrating the intrinsic civism of a great many of them: it was an urgent necessity of the time; but this necessity had acquired for the re-elected an unlimited confidence, the feeling of which powerfully swayed the public mind at the moment the ordinances appeared. The whole of France was then in a manner under the spell of the enthusiasm excited by the election proceedings. Now, the two hundred and twenty-one, themselves the objects of that enthusiasm, which was still at its height, would have neither the provisional government nor the primitive assemblies called for by the wishes of Lafayette.

What was to be done? was he to disavow the authority, at least the moral authority, of the Chamber, and come to a rupture with it? But, in the general disposition of men's minds, would not this have exposed him to quarrel with the greater number of the departments, and to see perhaps the revolution limited to Paris? Reject to-day, as unworthy, these very men who but yesterday had been borne triumphantly on the shield of liberty as her firmest supporters! In acting thus, who would not have dreaded to appear as insulting the national understanding, as separating the cause of the provinces from that of the capital, and as provoking a civil war which might then have smothered the revolution in its cradle?

These paramount considerations the patriots too frequently lose sight of, when, judging from after events, and without recurring to original circumstances, they blame Lafayette for having remained faithful to his political creed, in not forcibly overcoming the resistance of a Chamber in which, in the absence of all other na-

tional representation, he beheld the chosen of the people. A minister of Charles X. had asked for a monarchical bill of September. Well then! to have trampled on the will of the Chamber of Deputies, in the crisis into which the country had been so unexpectedly plunged, would have been considered by France as a republican 25th of July. And who, at the time, would not have shrunk from the possible consequences of a national reaction? Doubtless, the people had been robbed of the fruits of their victory by intrigue; but that intrigue was clothed in the senatorial gown, and it was not for the sword of Lafayette to attack it in the very sanctuary of the national representation.

Besides, it is true, that, considering the lieutenant-general of the Duke of Orleans as merely a form of government essentially provisional, this choice was more satisfactory to Lafayette than any other. Indeed, when interrogated as early as the Friday morning, by the friends of his royal highness, he had told them that, without knowing much of that prince, he esteemed his personal character, and the simplicity of his manners; that he had witnessed his ardent patriotism in his youth; that he had found him a man of great industry and sagacity; that these considerations sufficed to induce him to offer no opposition to his being entrusted with the lieutenant-general.

Independently of this arrangement, there were three other alternatives; a republic; Henry V. with a regency; and Napoleon II. or a regency in his name. These three systems had each its partisans, and here it is proper to reply with candour to the reproaches with which they have all assailed Lafayette.

It is certain, and Louis Philippe himself then acknowledged it, that the republic, which engrosses all the affections of Lafayette, was essentially the best form of government to be adopted. But, in the circumstances of the country, was it possible to overlook the force of the painful impression which the word republic had left in France, and the dread which that name still inspired in the contemporaries of the reign of terror, and in the sons of the numerous victims who had perished under it? The sound recollections of every man of the day saw, doubtless without error, but they thought they saw already a revival of those revolutionary tribunals, in which counsel were forbidden to defend, and in which a jury, self-styled republican, composed of thirty, forty, and then of sixty, judicial murderers, made the guillotine stream with blood, amidst cries of *Vive la Liberté!* and sent indiscriminately to the scaffold all that was conspicuous for merit, for talents, for services performed, or even for beauty; for beauty itself was then a title to proscriptions. The republican marriages of Nantes were not forgotten; the horrors of famine, bankruptcy, the maximum, the mutual denunciations, the confiscations, and those frightful days, when terrorism, in a state of madness, had established it as a principle of government, that the tree of liberty ought to be watered with blood, and that money must be coined on the *Place de la Révolution*. These reminiscences of an epoch too near our own times, terrified many minds, which reflected not that almost all these horrors were committed by the counter-revolutionists, and at the instigation of foreigners, to pollute the sacred names of liberty and of the republic, and to be remembered, too, that even under the Republic, when brought back to better principles by the constitution of the year III., and likewise under the Directory, France had still groaned under many acts of violence, dilapidations, and corruptions; and that, in short, the country had been reduced to consider the transaction of the 18th Brumaire as the only means of preventing the return of jacobin terrorism. Such, it must be confessed with pain, were the events which, giving rise to a prejudice as ridiculous as it was unjust, and to a lamentable confounding of the Republic with the excesses to which it had served as a pretext, had left in men's breasts a decided aversion for that denomination of government. It was useless to urge that it, in ancient times, and more recently in France, in Venice, and in Genoa, the term republic had denoted ideas of terror, and even of slavery, it was quite otherwise when applied to the American states, where, on the contrary, it expresses principles, and establishes facts, diametrically opposed to these so much reproached. But the prejudice was not the least prevalent; and it is undeniable, that with the exception of a very few old republicans, and of a great many young men, who, though enamoured of that form of government, had not yet perceived very settled notions as to the democratic arrange-

* This was the term given to the d'Ornans of Nantes, which consisted in binding together a man and a woman, and then precipitating them into the waves, by means of a vessel with a valve in its bottom.

ments that would suit them—it is, I say, undeniable, that with few exceptions beyond these, the proclaiming of a republic would have given rise to almost universal alarm and opposition in France. And again, would the army have been as favourably disposed for a republic, as for a prince raised to the throne by the voice of the Chamber of Deputies? I think not.

Next came to be considered Henry V., with a regency. Placed as I was, fortunately, about Lafayette's person, and honoured with his confidence in these trying moments, I can affirm that to the last instant, and even while the deputies were deliberating on the lieutenant-general, proposals were made him on that subject; and that the regency was repeatedly offered to him. But it was evident the Carlist party, both clergy and nobility, sought in this arrangement a truce only, as a medium through which to return again to another state of things. Besides, the principle of legitimacy would have ill accorded with republican institutions: the answer of Lafayette was as it ought to be.

And finally, there was a third alternative, which consisted in calling to the throne Napoleon II., or constituting a regency in the name of that young Austrian prince.

On this subject I cannot better unfold the motives that swayed Lafayette, than by producing the letter which he wrote to the Count de Surville, Joseph Bonaparte, in answer to an overture which that prince made him on behalf of his nephew. I ask pardon of the noble general for having availed myself of my situation about his person, to copy these important documents; which, however, I should have abstained from publishing, if the letter to which his was in reply had not been inserted in an American journal, by the special care of Prince Joseph himself. At all events, I offer these papers to the partisans of the Napoleon dynasty, as the apology for the conduct observed by Lafayette in regard to them, and as the expression of his individual sentiments towards that imperial family, between whom and himself there has always existed, and still exists, an interchange of kindnesses. But how was it to be expected that he, who in the course of a long life had sacrificed his dearest affections to his political duties, should in this instance allow private considerations to outweigh that which he deemed necessary for securing the liberty and happiness of France! [Here follows the correspondence which has already appeared in almost every newspaper in the Union.]

CHAPTER VII.

Lafayette takes two great measures.—The Hotel-de-Ville and the Chamber of Deputies, on the 2d of August.—Lafayette insists that everything shall remain in a provisional state.—Order of the day.—Visit of the Duke of Orleans to the Hotel-de-Ville.—Opposition to the Lieutenant-general.—Lafayette's efforts to appease this opposition.—The popular throne and the republican institutions.—Charles X. seeks to retire into La Vendée.—Expedition to Rambouillet.

Lafayette waited until the representatives of the country should take that first step, in the name of the people, which none but they had a right to take. His accession to power, however, was marked by two great measures, which France would most certainly not have obtained either from the government or the legislature, had they been submitted to their decisions. He hastened to proclaim, in a solemn manner, and as an absolute preliminary to any further arrangement, the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, which Napoleon and the Bourbons had placed, for thirty years, among the number of political chimeras, and even of wicked intentions. He laid down as a principle, and carried into effect, the arming of the whole nation, town and country, themselves appointing their officers; a principle which dated from 1789, but which the despotism of the last thirty-two years had also rejected as the most dangerous of institutions, the most incompatible with public order and the maintenance of power. The reception which the announcing of such doctrines had encountered in the Chamber whenever Lafayette ventured to profess them, had made him feel the necessity of establishing them as a right, and putting them in action before either the Chamber, or king, could have an opportunity of combating or modifying them. And, indeed, who can now doubt, had these two capital institutions been methodically submitted to the king's council, or to the deliberation of the legislature, but that they would have been mutilated? Is it not, above all, evident that a *projet* to compose the national guard of all the citizens, and to invest it with the right of choosing its own officers, would have been, without remorse, thrown out by passing to the order of the day? This is so true, that Lafayette often had to contend for the preservation of the principle

which he had put in vigour, and that, upon one occasion, a short time after the first days of the revolution, he was obliged to contradict, by an order of the day, a publication of the government which tended to reduce the arming of the national guards to towns containing three thousand or more inhabitants.

I now return to what took place on the 2d of August, in the Chamber of Deputies and at the Hotel-de-Ville.

The members present in Paris had raised the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenant-general of the kingdom. A deputation of the Chamber repaired to the Hotel-de-Ville, to inform Lafayette of this legislative decision, to which he did not hesitate giving his assent, expressing, however, his perfect conviction that all that had taken place must only be provisional, and that nothing was yet definitive but the victory and sovereignty of the people. This opinion was distinctly repeated in an order of the day which he published on the 2d of August, and in which he said:

"In the glorious crisis in which Parisian energy has reconquered our rights, all yet remains provisional; there is nothing definitive but the sovereignty of those national rights and the eternal remembrance of the grand work of the people."

The proposal of the lieutenant-general had been transmitted to the Duke of Orleans on the Friday evening. The prince, on his return the same day to the Palais-Royal, hastened to send and compliment the Hotel-de-Ville and General Lafayette. On the Saturday morning he caused his visit to be announced to him.

Meanwhile the nomination of the Duke of Orleans had met with a strong opposition among the combatants of July. No complaints were made against this prince; but his being a Bourbon was a circumstance invincibly repugnant to the majority of the citizens who had shed their blood during the three days. This name excited painful recollections and a violent irritation, when the lieutenant-general of the kingdom arrived at the Hotel-de-Ville, while he might hear a few shouts of *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* drowned by the cries, a thousand times repeated, of *Vive la Liberte! Vive Lafayette!* This opposition was renewed yet more strongly the moment the prince entered the hall of the throne. Young men still covered with perspiration and dust, answered the cries of *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* uttered by the deputies, with a very significant cry of *Vive Lafayette!* Proclamations which spoke of the prince with eulogy, had been torn down, and the agents who had placarded them had been seized and ill treated by the people. The Place of the Hotel-de-Ville was filled with an immense crowd, among whom a great many were heard to exclaim: *No more Bourbons!* The reception which Lafayette was about to give the lieutenant-general was impatiently expected; all eyes were turned towards these two personages: a deputy, M. Vienne, read the declaration of the Chamber, which excited no sensation; but when Lafayette, holding out his hand to the Duke of Orleans, delivered to him a tricoloured flag, and conducted him to one of the windows of the Hotel-de-Ville, the enthusiasm was renewed, and shouts less infrequent of *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* mingled with universal cries of *Vive Lafayette!* Circumstances, however, were assuming a serious aspect: in the interior of the Hotel-de-Ville, and even under the eyes of the prince, discontent was expressed in unequivocal terms; General Dubourg, (since violently persecuted by the ministry of Louis Philippe,) opening a window and showing the people to His Royal Highness, even went so far as to say: "Monseigneur, you know our wants and our rights; should you forget them, we will bring them to your recollection." In fine, it was to be feared that the people would resume their arms and again take possession of the field of battle.

Then did Lafayette make use of his all-powerful authority with the leaders of the insurrection, and obtain from them a promise that tranquillity should not be disturbed, engaging on his part to obtain from the new powers the guarantees which the revolution had the right to exact, and which he summed up in the words, *a popular throne, surrounded with republican institutions*; that is to say, the adoption of the fundamental doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the abolition of the property qualification for deputies, the most extensive application of the broadest electoral principle to the municipal and communal organisation, the re-establishment of the national guard according to the principles of the constitution of 1791, and the suppression of monopolies contrary to the general interests of commerce and manufactures.

Lafayette, adopting these bases as the expression of his own opinions, went and presented them at the Palais-Royal, whence he returned with the assurance that such

was also the settled opinion of the lieutenant-general. "You know," he had said to the Duke of Orleans, "that I am a republican, and that I consider the constitution of the United States as the most perfect that has ever existed."—"I think as you do," answered the Duke of Orleans; "it is impossible to have passed two years in America without bringing of that opinion; but do you think, in the situation of France, and according to general opinion, that it is proper for us to adopt it?"—"No," answered Lafayette; "what is at present necessary for the French people, is a popular throne surrounded with republican institutions."—"It is exactly so that I understand it," replied the prince.

All that was said upon this occasion by the prince and Lafayette, breathed the same republican opinions on the part of His Royal Highness, whose liberal professions even went beyond the hopes of him by whom he was addressed.

Lafayette hastened to make public the engagement which the lieutenant-general had entered into with him; and to use his own expressions, this engagement, which people will appreciate as they please, finally rolled around us both those who wished not for a monarch, and those who wished for any other except a Bourbon."

It is necessary, in the history of this revolution, here to point out one of the great avocations which must have prevented Lafayette from paying a very strict attention to the first steps of the new government and of the Chamber of Deputies. While, at his head quarters, they were incessantly occupied in restoring order in the capital, and organising extensive means of defence or attack, in the event of a prolonged resistance, the court and the royal army were retreating on Versailles and Rambouillet, where Charles X. had resolved to take up a position and defend himself. From this point the dethroned king hoped to raise La Vendée and the western departments, with which he had already opened a communication. Lafayette, foreseeing this manoeuvre, hastened to form a corps of fifteen or twenty thousand volunteers, the command of which he entrusted to General Pajol, appointed Colonel Jacqueminot head of the staff; with his son George Lafayette as his aide-de-camp. This army, exhibiting so fantastic an appearance in its diversity of costumes and arms, in the number of omnibuses, faeces, cabriolets, and vehicles of every kind, which were to convey them to the field of battle; but at the same time so interesting by its social arrangements; began its march to Versailles, after being reviewed by Lafayette in the Champs-Elysees. The nervous day, a weak advanced guard, commanded by Colonel Poque, had been directed towards this point, in order to follow the enemy's movements, and to claim the crown jewels, which the royal family had carried off. This mission occasioned the exchange of some flags of truce, and it was while acting in this capacity that Colonel Poque, whose sacred character was so shamefully disregarded by a general now in active service,† was fired at by a Swiss platoon; his horse was killed and this brave officer's foot was shattered. In the night after the departure of the patriot army, Lafayette received, at the Hotel-de-Ville, a visit from a general officer, who, having been at Rambouillet at the time when Charles X. was reviewing his troops, had availed himself of the opportunity to collect the most exact particulars respecting the strength of the royal army.

This army still consisted of forty pieces of cannon and twelve thousand effective men, including three fine cavalry regiments. Lafayette was not without uneasiness at the thought that this artillery and cavalry, which he was informed were animated with the very worst spirit, might, in the plains of Rambouillet, attack the patriot forces with advantage, the formation of which had been so spontaneous and so incomplete. He immediately transmitted the accounts he had just received to General Pajol, directing him, in the event of an attack, to repair to the woods, where the volunteers would not fail to recover their superiority. Fortunately, the rapid and bold movement of the Parisian army had overawed the royal family, and the apprehended collision did not take place. The three commissioners from the provisional govern-

* It has been falsely asserted that Lafayette, showing the Duke of Orleans to the people, had said: *Behold the best of republics.* Lafayette has explained his thoughts, and restored the sense of his expressions, in a letter addressed to General Bernard, which the latter inserted in the American journals. He said, speaking of the monarchy of July: *This is what we have been able to make most like a republic; and not, Behold the best of republics.*

† I must state in this place, that when Lafayette ordered that the general who had caused the flag of truce to be fired at should be brought to a court martial, Colonel Poque had the generosity to implore forgiveness for this Vandal, and even urged that his name should not be inserted in the order of the day.

ment, MM. Maison, Odilon-Barrot, and Schonen, arrived at Rambouillet, when it was agreed that the crown jewels should be restored, and that the royal family should withdraw by short stages towards Cherbourg, followed by such troops as chose to accompany them to the frontier.

This day presented an astonishing spectacle. On one side, a perjured king, who, after tearing to pieces the fundamental compact, proclaimed absolute power, caused his fellow countrymen to be fired upon and butchered during three days, ordered the very men in whose power he now found himself to be arrested and shot, was traversing France under the protection of three commissioners, wearing the tricoloured cockade, through a population still trembling with indignation, without, however, any demonstration of resentment, to insult such well deserved misfortune. On another side, fifteen or twenty thousand Parisian volunteers, returning to their homes, without marking their passage by a single excess. Again were to be seen the state carriages covered with gilding, and drawn by eight horses, richly equipped, crowded inside and out with patriots laughing aloud to find themselves seated upon the cushions of royalty, yet even respecting these remains of chastised vanity.

The following is the order of the day published by Lafayette, at the termination of this adventurous expedition:—

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE FIFTH OF AUGUST.

"So many prodigies have marked the last week, that when acts of courage and devotedness are required, we can henceforward be astonished at nothing. The general in chief, however, thinks it his duty to express the public gratitude, and his own, for the promptitude and zeal with which the national guard and the volunteer corps rushed along the road to Rambouillet, to put an end to the last resistance of the ex-royal family. He likewise owes thanks to the brave men of Rouen, Louviers, and Elbeuf, who, coming to fraternise with us, thought they could not better fulfil that object than by joining the expeditionary army under the orders of General Fajol and Colonel Jacquemont.

"In the midst of the services rendered to the country by the Parisian people and the young men of the schools, there is no good citizen who is not penetrated with admiration, with confidence, I will even say with reverence, at the sight of that glorious uniform of the Polytechnic school, which in that critical moment made each individual so powerful for the conquest of liberty, and the preservation of public order. The general in chief requests the students of the Polytechnic school to name one of their comrades to remain with him as one of his aides-de-camp.

"Colonel Poque, aide-de-camp to the general in chief, had been sent four days before by the provisional commission, and by himself, to follow the movement of the royal troops, and fulfil a mission of patriotism and generosity. It was while waiting the return of a flag of truce, that he was fired upon and severely wounded. A strict enquiry will take place respecting this outrage. The general in chief confides himself at this moment to making known the intrepid, able, and generous conduct of Colonel Poque, and rendering justice to young M. Dubois, who evinced, upon that occasion, remarkable ability and courage, as well as to the brave brigadier of cuirassiers, Pradier, and some others, who were near the colonel.

"The brave volunteers who, under the orders of their intrepid chief, Joubert, accomplished so much, during the three grand days, have again distinguished themselves under the orders of the same chief, truly worthy to command them, by their zeal in the expedition to Rambouillet.

"Our brethren in arms from the patriotic town of Havre had also marched to assist us; they yesterday entered the capital to fraternise with us.

"LAFAYETTE."

CHAPTER VIII.

A fresh irritation is manifested in Paris—Opening of the session of 1830—Lafayette saves the Chamber—His moral influence gives umbrage to the new power—He declares against the hereditary prerogative—Particular respecting the Berard Charter—is determined that the vacancy of the throne shall be based upon the abdication of Charles X. and the Dauphin—Private document and curious particulars on that subject.

During the expedition to Rambouillet a fresh irritation was manifested in Paris. The Charter, modified by M. Berard, was known. This bill formed plan of a constitution, remodelled upon the system which had just been destroyed, was far from fulfilling the expectations of the

revolution, as it sanctioned the principal abuses of that system, and repudiated every idea of national consent. There was, moreover, some intention of voting the peerage hereditary; general indignation was manifested among the men of July; treason even was said to exist! It was the 3d of August, the day appointed by the government of Charles X. for the meeting of the Chambers. The deputies attached much importance to the circumstance of opening the *Revolutionary* session upon that day; it was opened in effect, and two sittings took place on the same day. That of the evening had scarcely commenced, when a tumultuous crowd presented itself at the doors of the Chamber, with a manifest intention of dissolving it by force; the exasperation of the young men was renewed with more violence than ever; the members who were entering the hall were assailed with most menacing reproaches; in fine, the tumult had reached its height when Lafayette arrived by the great court, situated at the extremity opposite to the scene of tumult. Finding the Chamber in great agitation, and preparing itself to resist courageously this violation of its liberty, he enquired where the disturbance existed, and presenting himself without delay to the assemblage which was making the air resound with its complaints and its cries:—"Friends," said he to the discontented, "it was my duty to take measures to protect the Chamber of Deputies against any attack directed against its independence; I have not done so, and I have been wrong. But I had not foreseen the violence, after all that has taken place during the revolution, which is exhibited this day. I have no force to oppose to you: but if the liberty of the Chamber is violated, the dishonour will fall upon me who am entrusted with the maintenance of public order. I therefore place my honour in your hands, and I depend entirely upon your friendship to restrain them, that you will peacefully retire." At these words the storm was calmed; and all exclaimed: "We'll let us retire! *Vive Lafayette!*" and the Chamber recovered the independence of its deliberations.

It was not, however, with impunity, that the voice of Lafayette alone could effect, in this critical moment, what all other united influences would have attempted in vain. This power of individual popularity, which was then extolled by high and by low, became the cause of the umbrage and ridiculous jealousy which broke out as soon as the dangers, with which the trial of the ministers menaced the new order of things, had passed away.

Before the public discussion of the new Charter, in the drawing up of which Lafayette had no share, some deputies had been sent for to the Palais-Royal to hear it read. MM. George Lafayette, Victor de Tracy, and Lafayette himself, were present. The reading was hastily gone through, and in order to prevent any observations, great care was taken to pretend that the Chamber was meeting. Lafayette, however, was struck with the ambiguity and unclearness of the article relative to the abolition of the peerage, so strongly insisted upon by the Hotel-de-Ville. The composition was altered in the Chamber itself, on the requisition of some deputies, and in consequence of the severe language made use of by Lafayette from the tribune.

"Gentlemen," said he, "when I come to pronounce an opinion upon which many friends of liberty may differ, I shall not be suspected of being carried away by an ebullition of feeling, or a wish to court popularity, which I have never preferred to my duty. The republican opinions I have manifested at all times, and in the presence of all forms of sovereign power, have not prevented me from defending a constitutional throne; it is thus, gentlemen, that, in the present crisis, it has appeared proper for us to raise another national throne; and I must say, that my best wishes for the prince, the choice of whom now occupies you, have become stronger the more I have known him; but I shall differ from many of you on the question of the hereditary peerage. A disciple of the American school, I have always thought that the legislative body ought to be divided into two chambers, differently organised. But I have never understood how there could be hereditary legislators and judges. Aristocracy, gentlemen, is a bad ingredient in political institutions; I therefore express, as strongly as I can, my wish that the hereditary peerage should be abolished, and, at the same time, I beg my colleagues not to forget, that if I have always been the man of liberty, I have never ceased to be the man of public order."

These words were a death blow to the peerage. It is here the place to speak of the Berard Charter, respecting the origin of which so many conjectures have been formed. I am the more able to give an account of it, as, having been connected with its author, by formerly

writing in the same paper, the *Journal du Commerce*, I was able during the memorable days to enrich my portfolio from the notes which he deposited in his own, and acquaint myself with every particular of his conduct in this affair.

People have been wrong in accusing M. Berard of accepting, upon this occasion, a part ready cast. The first idea of the important measure which he subsequently proposed, was entirely his own, and the following is the exact series of vicissitudes which the Charter experienced before it became the law of the state.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 3d of August, M. Berard, discussing at M. Lafitte's, with MM. Etienne and Cauchois Lemaire, the danger of leaving any longer to ambitious persons the means of agitation, conceived and expressed the idea of putting an end to it, by proposing to the Chamber the formal deposition of Charles X., and the proclamation of the Duke of Orleans, upon conditions so strict and precise that it would be impossible for that prince to break through them. This proposal met with the approbation of the small number of patriots to whom it had just been communicated, and M. Berard returned home in order to draw up the proposition which follows:—

"A solemn compact united the French people to their monarch; that compact has just been broken. The prerogatives to which it had given birth have ceased to exist. The violator of the contract can have no title to demand its performance; Charles X. and his son in vain pretend to transmit a power they no longer possess; that power has been extinguished by the blood of some thousands of victims.

"The act you have just heard read * is a new instance of perfidy. The legal appearance with which it is invested is only a deception. It is a torch of discord they wish to hurl amongst us.

"The enemies of our country bestir themselves in every way; they assume every colour; they affect every opinion. If an anticipated desire of indefinite liberty takes possession of some generous minds, these enemies are eager to turn to advantage a sentiment into which they are incapable of entering. Ultra-royalists present themselves under the appearance of rigid republicans; others affect towards the son of the conqueror of Europe, a hypocritical attachment, which would soon be converted into hatred if it could be in serious contemplation to make him the chief of France.

"The inevitable instability of the present means of government, encourage the promoters of discord; let us put an end to it. A supreme law, that of necessity, has placed arms in the hands of the people of Paris in order to expel oppression. This law has made us adopt as a provisional chief, and as a means of safety, a prince sincerely friendly to constitutional institutions. The same law requires that we should adopt this prince as the definitive chief of our government.

"But whatever confidence we may repose in him, the rights which we are called upon to defend require that we should settle the conditions on which he is to obtain power. Having repeatedly been shamefully deceived, we may be allowed to call for strict guarantees. Our institutions are incomplete, and faulty in many respects; it is our duty to extend their limits and render them more perfect. The prince who is at our head has anticipated our just demands. The principles of several fundamental laws have been proposed by the Chamber and recognised by him. The re-establishment of the national guard with the power to appoint their own officers; the intervention of the citizens in the formation of the departmental and municipal administrations; trially jury for offences of the press; the responsibility of ministers and secondary agents of the administration; the state of the military legally fixed; the re-election of deputies who have accepted office; are already ensured to us. Public opinion, moreover, demands no longer an empty toleration of all religious worship, but their absolute equality in the eye of the law; the expulsion of foreign troops from the national army; the abolition of the nobility, old and new; the proposing of new laws to belong to each of the three powers; the suppression of the double electoral vote; the age and the proper qualification of candidates reduced; in fine, the total reconstitution of the peerage, the fundamental bases of which have been successively vitiated by prevaricating ministers.

"Gentlemen, we are the elected of the people; to us they have entrusted the defence of their interests and the expression of their wants. Their first wants, their

* This project was to have been read at the sitting in which the act of abdication of Charles X. and the renunciation of the Dauphin were communicated to the Chamber.

dearest interests, are liberty and tranquillity. They have coquered liberty from the hands of tyranny; it is for us to ensure them a tranquillity, and we can only do so by giving them a just and stable government. If we were vain to assert that in acting thus, we shall exceed our powers; I would answer this futile objection by the law which I have already invoked, that of imperious and invincible necessity.

"On the faith of a strict and rigorous execution of the conditions just enumerated, which must, beforeshadowed, be stipulated and sworn to by the monarch, I propose to you, gentlemen, to proclaim immediately king of the French, the Prince Lieutenant-general, Philippe d'Orléans."

In the morning of the 4th of August, M. Bérard communicated this proposition to several deputies, amongst whom were MM. Dupont de l'Eure, at that time minister of justice, and Lafitte, who both promised to communicate it to the council. At noon M. Bérard repaired to the Chamber, where, before the opening of the sitting, he thought proper to mention his intentions to a great many of his colleagues, among whom it met with violent opposition. While this was going on, the provisional ministers arrived at the Palais-Bourbon, and assured M. Bérard that his plan had met with the approbation of the council; but that the Duke of Orleans particularly requested him to postpone the proposition, in order to be able to give it a still greater extension to the *advantage of liberty*! They added, that the prince had conceived the thought of immediately applying to the Charter the principles laid down in the proposition of M. Bérard, and that in the evening he would be called to the council, in order to discuss, with the members of the cabinet, the modifications it might be deemed proper to make in it. M. Bérard, however, was not sent for by the ministers, who excused themselves by saying, that the council had first wished to come to an agreement upon some points under discussion, in which they had not yet succeeded, but that he, M. Bérard, should certainly be called to the meeting of the evening. This second promise had the same fate as the first.

On Friday morning, the 5th of August, M. Bérard went to the house of M. Guizot, to whom he complained in bitter terms of the delay that his proposition had experienced and the improper treatment he had met with. It was then that M. Guizot delivered to him with visible embarrassment, a new composition, in the handwriting of the Duke de Broglie, drawn up according to the system of the *doctrinaires*, who had just seized upon power.

The following is the original text of this curious document, which I recommend to the attention of my readers, as typical of the opinion which then swayed and has ever since guided the policy of the men of the Restoration, in whom, in an unlucky moment, the revolution of July had the misfortune to confide.

It is there we must seek for the origin of that monstrous anomaly which M. Guizot soon dared to introduce among our laws, under the curious denomination of *quasi-legitimacy*.

"THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION, &c.

"SEEING THE ACT OF ABDICATION OF HIS MAJESTY CHARLES X., UNDER THE DATE OF THE 2D OF AUGUST LAST, AND THE RENUNCIATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LOUIS-ALEXANDRE, DAUPHIN, OF THE SAME DATE;

"CONSIDERING, MOREOVER, THAT H. M. CHARLES X., AND H. R. LOUIS-ALEXANDRE, DAUPHIN, AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE ELDER BRANCH OF THE ROYAL HOUSE, ARE AT THIS MOMENT LEAVING THE FRENCH TERRITORY;

"DECLARES, THAT THE THRONE IS VACANT, AND THAT IT IS INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY TO PROVIDE FOR THE OCCASION."

The qualification for a deputy at 1000 francs, and the qualification entitling to a vote of 300 francs, were carefully preserved in this *projet*, which, moreover, made no modification in the composition of the Chamber of Peers. M. Guizot had only added, in his own handwriting, the following marginal note: "All appointments and new creations of peers made during the reign of H. M. Charles X. are declared null and void."

But what it is most important to remark in this composition, is the order of ideas in which the two directing ministers had already placed themselves. What did MM. de Broglie and Guizot mean to convey by the "*considerings*?" introduced in their composition? In whose interest had they stipulated the abdication of Charles X., and the renunciation of the Dauphin, if it were not in favour of a third person, a minor? Indeed, the necessity of the abdication and the renunciation

once recognised, the Duke of Bordeaux alone remained of right king of France. So, it was morally impossible to infer from these principles the kingship of Louis Philippe, and, in order not to be struck with the absurdity of this continuation, it was necessary to give credit to the existence of a certain protest published in the English journals, on occasion of the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, put forth again a few weeks before the events of July, and left without contradiction on the part of the Duke of Orleans, to whom it had been attributed. In any case, it was at least evident that the *doctrinaire* ministers wished, even then, to create for Louis Philippe a legitimate monarchy; an intention which sufficiently explains both the conduct of this first ministry, and that of the present cabinet, whose principles are exactly the same.

However, on receiving from the hands of M. Guizot the composition of M. de Broglie, M. Bérard declared that it expressed principles to which he could not subscribe, and announced his intention of modifying them. Time, however, was pressing; it was nine o'clock, and the Chamber were to assemble at noon to receive the communication of his proposition.

It was in this short space of time that he hurried through the compact designed to bind France to the hereditary of the barricades. Meeting M. Guizot at the foot of the tribune, "I have," said he, "altered a good deal of your work." "So much the worse," replied the *doctrinaire*: "you will never be forgiven for it." To every reflecting man, this phrase conveyed the whole system which is now being developed.

I seek not to be the apologist of M. Bérard's production; I have already said that it is only a clumsy assemblage of the most incoherent provisions. However, if on the one hand we reflect with what precipitation he was obliged to finish his composition, and if on the other his first work be compared with the proposition coming from so high a quarter and drawn up by MM. Guizot and de Broglie; if, moreover, the elements of which the Chamber was composed, be taken into consideration; the difficult situation of this honourable deputy will be easily conceived; and to circumstances, rather than to political convictions, the defects of the Charter of 1830 will probably be ascribed.

CHAPTER IX.

Vain expectations.—Lafayette is opposed to the new king's taking the name of Philippe V.—Institution of Louis Philippe.—Why Lafayette accepts the command-in-chief of the national guards.—What he does for the Institution.—Review of the 30th of August, 1830.—It was then for Europe to ask peace, and for France to grant it.

The new charter, in the hurried manner in which it had been got up, was certainly not equal to what the victory demanded, nor at all equal to the expectations that so noble a triumph had raised. The distance was nevertheless great between the new constitution and the old charter—between the republican forms, which were still respected, and the servile forms of a court, which a few days before had weighed heavily upon France. The most ardent friends of the Revolution might still dream of justice, liberty, glory, a throne protecting the rights of the people, an indissoluble compact between the government and the nation. For myself, I confess, I thought that the dreams of my youth were realised; for it was to the sound of the "*Varianes*," and for the "*Marseillaise*," performed under the very portico of the Chamber, that the lieutenant-general had just appeared for the first time in the midst of the national representation; and imagining that a time so long wished for was now at last, I thought I could exclaim with the old man, Simeon, "Nunc dimittit..." Alas!

It had been decided that the throne should be offered to the Duke of Orleans; that the new monarch should take the name of Philippe V. It was the first attempt of the counter-revolution to piece together again that *chaîne des trais* which the barricades had so rudely snapped asunder.

Lafayette opposed this denomination, which he said was unworthy of a republican monarchy, which ought to have nothing in common with the pretensions and barbarian tinsel of the ancient kings of France. Frankness, this time, had the advantage over the *doctrinaire* courtiers, and the Duke of Orleans wrote with his own hand these words in English: *You have gained your point*.

It was a fine spectacle to witness the inthronisation of a king created by the people, entering in the sanctuary of the laws to the sound of the popular hymns of 1792, joined with the patriotic inspirations of 1830; sitting upon a simple *tabouret*, and waiting until the represen-

tatives of the nation should have given him permission to seat himself upon the throne. Who will ever forget it? The people were still then in all the dignity of their power, and never had the relations between the created and the creator been more religiously observed: cries of *Vive le Duc d'Orléans!* and not of *Vive le Roi!* resounded from the benches and other parts of the house: the president of the Chamber, M. Casimir Perier, reading the new Charter to the Duke of Orleans; the prince declaring that he accepted it; the honest Dupont de l'Eure presenting it to him for signature, and receiving his oath; a king standing and speaking to a people who were seated; and that king authorised, at length, to place himself upon the throne, where, for the first time, he is saluted with the title of monarch: such were the last homages paid to the sovereignty of the French people.

When the lieutenant general had arrived at the Hotel-de-Ville, his first care had been to press Lafayette to preserve the functions of commander-in-chief of the national guards of the kingdom. The prince reiterated this request at the moment he ascended the throne, adding that it was the most efficacious method, the only one, perhaps, of consolidating his work. Lafayette, thinking that such circumstances indeed required that this command should remain in his hands, consented to keep it provisionally; although, as I have already said, he had refused it forty years before, as giving to one man an exorbitant and dangerous power.

This is the place to relate the services which Lafayette rendered his country during the short period that he held this vast command. At the name of their general, the national guards arose to life, and formed themselves as by enchantment. All his time was employed, all his anxiety was centred, in this national rearming, without which he always thought there never could exist a guarantee for liberty. A great part of his time was occupied in the immense correspondence which he hastened to establish between his head quarters and the staffs of all the national guards of the kingdom. He attached, in particular, much importance to the creation of a citizen artillery, of which a great many companies were already organised, and in possession of three hundred and fifty pieces, at the time of his resignation. Urged himself to appoint the commanders of the legions, in order to send him a nucleus to their subsequent organisation, yet faithful to the principles of 1791, he hastened to resign those appointments to the choice of the citizens as soon as circumstances permitted it. This right, essentially national, Lafayette afterwards defended against the opinion of the *Commission* who made it a prerogative of the crown; he also maintained at the tribune that the formation of *centonal* battalions ought to be made a general and absolute principle, and not left dependent on the will of the king. Every week Lafayette assembled, at his head quarters, the colonels and the lieutenant colonels of the legions, the artillery, and the cavalry, in order to concert with them not only the means of bringing to perfection the organisation of the citizen army, but also the measures to be taken to maintain public order, and for the best distribution of the service.

His mornings were generally employed in receiving the numerous deputations of the national guards and municipalities of the departments, who flocked to him from all quarters, to pay him their respects and solicit arms, the delivering of which he never failed to create him difficulties and contentions of which no other officers about him could form an idea. However, owing to the unlimited confidence reposed in him by the country, to his assiduous cares, to his patriotic firmness, and perhaps also to the government's fearing to resist him at the moment when the heir to the throne was coming to ask his permission to serve as a private artillery man in the national guard—owing to all this, France already numbered seventeen hundred thousand organised national guards, appointing their own officers, armed, and a great number equipped, full of ardour and patriotism.

Who is there that does not still feel a remaining degree of enthusiasm, in calling to mind the review of the 29th of August, at which sixty thousand national guards, organised, as it were by miracle, perfectly armed and equipped, came to the Champ-de-Mars to receive their colours from the hands of Louis Philippe, who then still thought it an honour to be only their first magistrate? How many guarantees! what glory! what liberty! how much prosperity this magnificent scene promised! Fifty-two battalions or squadrons of citizen soldiers, rivaling in appearance and military precision the old bands of the grand army, and saluted by the acclamations of three hundred thousand spectators, presented a yet more bril-

hiant spectacle than that of the federation of 1790. It was then that Louis Philippe, having thrown himself into the arms of Lafayette, exclaiming, *This I prefer to a coronation at Rheims*, the troops and the people answered these salutations by a thousand shouts of *Vive le Roi! Vive Lafayette!* An interesting and grand union which appeared to have fixed the throne of Louis Philippe upon a rock. And that other review, a few weeks after, exhibited an assemblage of seventy thousand national guards under arms; and then, those twenty thousand men of the department of the Seine-et-Oise, when the king and Lafayette came to inspect at Versailles, all soldiers and citizens, all demanding and inspiring confidence, who can ever forget them? with what certainty could not the throne of July have promised and commanded peace! Peace! it was for the kings of Europe to ask, and for Louis Philippe to grant it.

A fortnight after the fall of a perjured king, who butchered his people, an immense army had risen in favour of liberty, order and independence; and behind those civic phalanxes, one hundred thousand valiant working men, ready to save the country, as they had saved the capital; and in the remaining part of France, three millions of citizens vying with each other in organising themselves against the enemies of our independence, of liberty, and public order. Alas! this day ought to have terminated our long vicissitudes: the name of king had again become popular in France, through a prince who held out his hand to every citizen, and whom all interests hailed as their protector. Yes, on the 29th of August, one month after the expulsion of Charles X., the revolution, commenced forty years before, might have ended in establishing the principle of popular sovereignty and citizen monarchy: but they would not have it so: the revolution is again in labour; the crown and liberty are still fearful of each other; France does not rise in greatness; she is sinking into littleness.

Who, while reading the following documents, would not have believed in an indissoluble alliance between Louis Philippe and Lafayette?

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE 30TH OF AUGUST, 1830.

"The magnificent review of yesterday; the admirable appearance of the citizen army, the rapid formation of which is in harmony with the rapidity of the triumph of liberty; the manner in which the National Guard presented itself under arms and filed off before the king, excited the enthusiasm of the immense population which victory has long designated as the most competent military judges. The presence of our brave wounded men of the grand week, of a number of deputations from our fellow soldiers of the departments, completed the happiness of this memorable day. The general in chief confines himself, at present, in congratulating himself and his comrades of the Parisian national guard upon the superb and patriotic spectacle which it exhibited upon this memorable day. What expressions, moreover, could he find, after those of the speech delivered by the king in presenting us with the colours, and after the letter which he hastens to communicate to his fellow soldiers?"

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE KING WHEN PRESENTING THE COLOURS.

"My dear comrades,

"It is with pleasure that I entrust these colours to you, and it is with great satisfaction I present them to him who was, forty years ago, at the head of your fathers in this same field.

"These colours arose among us with the dawn of liberty; their appearance recalls to me with rapture my younger years. A symbol of the victory over the enemies of the state, let these colours become amongst ourselves the safeguard of public order and liberty! Let these glorious colours, confided to your fidelity, be our rallying-sign!

"*Vive la France!*"

LETTER FROM THE KING TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

"I wish first of all, my dear general, to know how you find yourself after this splendid day, as I fear you must be much fatigued; but I have yet another very strong motive for addressing you; it is, to request that you will become my interpreter with that glorious National Guard, of whom you are the patriarch, and to express to them all the admiration with which it has this day inspired me. Tell them that not only have they surpassed my expectations, but that it is not in my power to express all the joy and the happiness they have made me experience. A witness of the federation of 1790 in this same Champ-de-Mars; a witness, also, of the grand movement of 1792, when I saw our army in Champagne joined by forty-eight battalions which the city of Paris had raised

in three days, and which so eminently contributed to repel the invasion which we had the good fortune to arrest at Valmy; I can make the comparison; and it is with delight I tell you that what I have just seen is very superior to that which I then considered so grand, and which our enemies found so formidable. Have the goodness, also, my dear general, to express to the National Guard how much I was gratified by their demonstrations towards myself, and how deeply they have sunk into my heart.

"Your affectionate,

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

Quantum mutatus ab illo!

CHAPTER X.

Objects that diverted Lafayette's attention from the formation of the king's council—He demands the emancipation of the people of political offences—He presents in the king the individuals condemned for political offences—The conduct of those in power towards these brave men.

The numerous occupations in which such great and rapid events had involved Lafayette, had necessarily diverted his attention from the formation of the king's council. He is even accused, and perhaps justly, of having allowed the power to fall into the hands of the *doctrinaires*, and, in general, of the men of the Restoration. That indifference, which has since become so fatal, is explained by the character of Lafayette, to whom authority was always a burden, and for whom the routine of business had never any attractions. Accustomed to recover his advantages in times of danger, he had always the failing, a very serious one for a statesman, of despising intrigues, and contemning, above all others, those of which he might individually be the object. This unwillingness to attend to petty machinations and cabals, was productive of serious consequences in the sequel of a revolution which had been effected at least as much in opposition to men as to things. With the exception, however, of several names, which were associated with afflicting recollections, it must be confessed that the direction given to public affairs by the first administration of Louis Philippe, presented nothing alarming for the revolution, at least in the then ostensible and avowed policy of that cabinet.

The faction which very soon set itself up as the arbiter of our destinies, had not yet attempted to re-construct the Restoration; it appeared to labour only to find for France a suitable position, some resting point on the new ground upon which the events of July had thrown her.

The revolution of 1830 had likewise itself deranged many interests, thrown many persons out of their place, wounded many vanities; the position was full of dangers; and power, tottering on its feet, sought strength and support at every hand. The experienced patriots, on their side, recollected that our first revolution had committed errors; that the struggle in which it had been engaged had rendered it violent; that it had terrified many, had overshoot its mark, had frequently swept away good along with evil; and had ended with bringing back despotism through the medium of anarchy.

It was necessary to pay regard to this predominant feeling, and at least, before attacking the new government, to wait until it had settled itself and unfolded its system. All the organs of liberal opinions, whatever might be the shades of their doctrines, ranged themselves frankly on the side of an authority emanating from the barricades; and their almost unanimous countenance afforded to the depositaries of power, during the first six months of their administration, is one of the best evidences of the real progress that political intelligence had made amongst us. Then many of the men of July, and it may be said, the greater number of those who had effected the revolution, supported the ministry, though at the same time deploring the dangerous course to which it had abandoned itself. The rare exceptions do not affect the justice of this general observation.

Since that time those men have learnt much—they have been deceived, and experience has condemned them to the condition of declared oppositians; but not before they had set on foot the system of the restoration fearlessly unfolding itself, doing much evil, and contemplating still more. For these reasons, Lafayette likewise abstained at first from attacking the domestic policy of the government of July, which had been done, it might have been a signal for new resistance, and have raised up serious obstacles.

Nevertheless, in the midst of the labours with which the reorganisation of National Guard overwhelmed him, he did not lose sight of some important points upon which it was necessary the government should explain

itself without delay. Amongst them was the finally fixing and recognising the rights of the free people of colour, in our colonies; an important question, which all the efforts of the opposition had never been able to bring to a settlement under the preceding government. Called upon by Lafayette, the minister of marine answered from the tribune, that the new royalty considered all the citizens of our colonies perfectly equal, and that it disclaimed the idea of any species of inferiority or superiority founded on a difference of colour. This was much for the cause of humanity, much also for the patriot who, the first in France, had attempted the gradual emancipation of the slaves, and devoted a considerable portion of his fortune to that philanthropic work.

One of the first cares of Lafayette was likewise to ascertain the intentions of the new authorities with respect to the patriots condemned for political offences during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He saw in the decision which he was endeavouring to draw from the government on the subject of these noble victims, not only an atonement to be made to justice, but a fresh consecration of the principle of resistance to oppression, and to violation of the laws. Therefore, it gave great scandal to the *doctrinaire* faction which had already engrafted itself upon the new-born court of Louis-Philippe, that, on a certain day, when the saloons of the Palais-Royal were crowded with deputations from all parts of France, an aide-de-camp on duty was heard to call out with a loud voice, *The gentlemen condemned for political offences*, and Lafayette, advancing at their head, said to the king; "Here are the political convicts; they are presented to you by an accomplice." The king received them with a most touching affability, and, reminding several of those generous citizens of the persecutions which, to his great regret, they had experienced, he promised them all the most solicitous attention to their interests, and a prompt indemnification for their long sufferings. What have those promises produced? The complaints of those brave men have told it to the country; their misery repeats it every day; repulsed by every administration, exposed to the scorn of the sycophants of every hue that beset the royalty of the barricades, the *condamnés politiques* are dying of hunger, under the eyes of the monarch to whose throne they had served as the stepping-stone. History will have to relate that men who, during fifteen years, had sacrificed their all for their country, found in it for themselves only water and earth, after the glorious Revolution of July. What a monument of the gratitude of kings!

CHAPTER XI.

Influence of the Revolution of July upon the nations of Europe—It resounds in the two hemispheres—Sympathies of England—Two systems of foreign policy divide the patriots—Non intervention as understood by Lafayette—System of the *doctrinaires*—Consequences.

Our Revolution of July was the signal for the most amazing events of all kinds. The nations were thrilled with joy and hope; the despots with fear and rage. The whole world felt itself impelled by an irresistible feeling of liberty.* But of all these phenomena the most remarkable was the accordance of the popular sympathies which burst forth from every quarter in favour of the Parisians. Forgetting every cause of enmity and rivalry with old France, all nations without exception mingled their wishes for the success of the holy cause which had just triumphed at the barricades: it was as one family of nations bound up together, and called upon equally to participate in the advantages of a vast social and political renovation.

In short, the July revolution appeared as a gift to be shared in by the whole human species, and for which the civilised world acknowledged itself deeply indebted to the people most advanced in civilisation. It was an event which exalted our common nature, and elevated the character of every nation. There existed not a tyrant in the world who did not tremble, not a slave who did not feel his fetters lightened, in contemplating France. The English, above all, seemed as if they could set no bounds to their enthusiasm. Whigs, Tories, and radicals, church of England men, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Catholics, rich and poor, every sect and party on the British soil, admired us in the combat, admired

* This great event resounded even in India. At Delhi, the Holy City, the people, as well as the Hindoo and English authorities, celebrated it by a magnificent banquet, in which was invited a French naturalist, M. Jacquemont, who happened then to be in those distant countries. The inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges drinking healths to the men of the barricades, and crying, *Vive Lafayette!* What a subject of meditation for politicians and philosophers!

us after the victory, and prostrated themselves before the people that had been able, in three days, to free themselves from eight centuries of reproach, and to reduce a monarchy sprung from conquest in the infancy of society, to a simple form of government, open to all the improvements of the future.

Who does not remember the numerous deputations that poured in from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to congratulate the great people, and the great citizen they had placed at their head? And what the language held by those freemen? Let us listen for a moment to the orator of the deputation from London, bringing to the Hotel-de-Ville the good wishes and the offerings of that great city. "The imperfect lesson given by our own country," said he, "you have enlarged and completed. The world owes you an immense debt of gratitude. For our parts we acknowledge, and shall endeavour to cause to be acknowledged, that the victory which you have gained is that of human nature, and we are proud of you, who have so nobly established its rights and fulfilled its duties.

"Bravely have you fought the fight of freedom; nobly have you used this victory; we offer you our sincere congratulations. History has few pages of untarnished glory; it has none more brilliant than that of your glorious revolution to hand down to future ages. May patriotism there contemplate its highest duties, and heroism draw thence its sublimest lessons! We wish the liberty which has been established by so splendid a triumph, may be perpetuated among you from age to age; that under its holy auspices the reign of peace and public prosperity may be all-powerful, and that at the foot of their altars we may bury every vestige of jealousy and animosity. We here express our solemn conviction, that the great cause of liberty is the great and common cause of human kind."

The enthusiasm with which the English applauded the courage of the Parisians did not confine itself to these demonstrations; they wished to put forth a more decided act of adhesion to the principles for which the men of July had just fought and conquered. In the offices of all the journals, in the public offices, in all the parishes of the three kingdoms, subscriptions were opened for succouring the wounded and the families of the patriots that had perished in the three great days.

The sensation produced in the United States by the July revolution, was yet more profound than in any other part of the globe. No sooner had the news reached New York of the movements of Paris, and the position of Lafayette, placed at the head of the public force by the will of the people, than that American city gave itself wholly up to the demonstrations of a delicious joy. All the bells were set ringing; all the houses were illuminated and decked with tricoloured flags; and a festival as brilliant, as solemn, as numerously attended, as any of those which had been held to celebrate the triumphs of America herself, was prepared in honour of the victory of Paris. It was the same at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, New Orleans, and through the whole extent of the United States, which hastened to send relief, addresses, and deputations, to the French people, to the National Guard, and to Lafayette. The flag which New Orleans presented on that occasion to the Parisian people, still waves in one of the halls of the Hotel-de-Ville. The whole of those addresses breathed the greatest, the purest admiration for the revolution and the men of July, and expressed the most touching community of feelings and principles.

The enthusiasm of the American government fell no wise short of that of the American people: on the 7th of December, the President of the United States, in his message at the opening of congress, delivered a most splendid eulogy upon the heroism, the wisdom, and the generosity displayed by the French people in that great revolution. In congratulating his fellow-citizens on an event so important to the dearest interests of mankind, he only echoed, he said, the voice of his country. Nothing other could be expected from a people such as the American nation, than the deepest sympathy for the triumph of the sacred principles of liberty, obtained in a manner so worthy of so noble a cause, and crowned by the heroic moderation which had sanctified the revolution. "Notwithstanding the strong assurances," added he, "which the man whom we all so justly love and admire, has given to the world, of his esteem for the character of the new King of the French, a character which, if he sustain it to the end, will ensure to that prince the high renown of a patriot king,—notwithstanding those assurances, it is not in his triumph, but in that of the great principle which has placed him on

the throne, the sovereign authority of the public will, that the people of America rejoice."

Following our example, the thirst for liberty and the love of order were manifested in every part of the continent of Europe. Belgium and Poland first put themselves in action, with a force and with a wisdom, which, until then, had never been evinced by a people in a state of insurrection. Italy, ashamed of her degradation, was plotting in every direction. Germany loudly claimed the fulfilment of engagements entered into for the last fifteen years. Switzerland sought to shake off the yoke of an oligarchy, republican, indeed, but insolent, as all aristocracies are. Spain and Portugal waited only for a friendly hand to open the way for their *resurrection*. In short, the interests of despotism had every where fallen before the interests of the people, and Europe seemed to wait only for a signal from France to recover its full rights, suspended but not lost.

In this state of affairs, what ought to have been the external policy of the Revolution of July? That revolution being consummated, did a European public right still exist? and had not that event destroyed all the systems produced by fifteen years of providence and slavery on the part of the people, of blindness and oppression on the part of kings? In short, had not the moment arrived for Europe to create for itself a new political code, having for its basis, not traditions, but present necessities? History will answer; she will say whether representative government be, or be not, a vast organisation which can only exist when supported by all, and whether, in allowing the debasement of liberty among its natural allies, the government of July has not proclaimed its own degradation, and worked its own ruin. My only task is, not to seek for what ought to have been done, but to relate what has been done.

Immediately after the days of July, two systems of external policy presented themselves for adoption by France, until the development of a future pregnant with so many chances. I must look for the motives of these two systems, both of which the best patriots considered suited, but by different means, to adapt the position of France to the new circumstances in which the revolution had placed her.

A numerous party thought, with reason, that a monarchy produced in three days by the sovereignty of the people, could not long coexist with the old doctrines of legitimacy, which the late revolution had so violently banished in France. This party thought that the moment was decisive for the glory and security of the country; and that the interests, as well as the duties, of a monarchy resting upon an act destructive of the spirit and the letter of the treaties of 1814 and 1815, were evidently, to allow the revolutionary movement to travel over its whole national sphere, to sweep away, as far as the Rhine, the ignominy of those treaties, and from thence to call forth an entire change of the public law of Europe, which was a work of violence, a conglomeration of alliances against nature, and of burdens without compensation, which certainly could bind the oppressed nations only so long as they should want the means of emancipating themselves from it.

As to the faith of treaties, the war party replied, that in political morality, it was a horrible perversion of right, to make them an instrument of oppression and ruin: in proof of this, they cited all the wars which even those who invoked the treaties had undertaken, to get rid of obligations they had imposed upon themselves. What, said they, did Austria care about all the treaties which she concluded with the republic, the consulate, and the empire? In what manner did England observe the treaty of Amiens, Prussia those of Presburg and of Tilsit, and Russia that same treaty of Vienna, which had granted to heroic Poland a semblance of nationality, and some appearance of liberty?

The war party saw no stability for the Revolution of July but in a combination of analogous disturbances, which should destroy all the bonds of patronage and inferiority established by the treaties of 1814 and 1815; treaties by virtue of which Prussia rules from Thionville to Memel, Austria from the Lake of Constance to the gates of Belgrade, and from the Tanaro to the frontiers of Turkey; and which is far more alarming to the civilisation of Europe, by virtue of which a semi-barbarous empire has established itself upon the Oder, from whence it menaces the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine.

In fine, the war party wished that the balance of Europe should be restored, not by the tearing asunder of states, but by a just return to the principle of natural nationality; and it did not think that the monarchy of July was bound to ratify the spoliation of Landau, of Sarre-Louis, of Philippe-ville, of Chambery, of Hum-

guen, &c.; in its opinion France ought to make herself as strong by her alliances as by her own weight; and it bided her allies not in the great powers, but in the states of the second order, which from the war of the Reformation she had taken under her protection; in the Poles, the Belgians, the Swedes, the Danes, the independent members of the Germanic family, the free men of every country. To conclude; this party, recollecting with pride that France had at all times united her cause with that of weak and oppressed nations; that, though Catholic herself, she had undertaken the defence of protestantism; that although an absolute monarchy she had fought for a republican insurrection; demanded loudly that her popular doctrines should now be conveyed to the Rhine, to the Pyrenees, to the other side of the Alps, and that there presenting herself either to assist or arbitrate, she should guarantee to those nations that wished to be free, the right of becoming so, and to those, if such are to be found, who prefer absolute power, the liberty to keep it; for whatever shades of opinion they may individually entertain, the true men of July do no more pretend to the right of contending against the fanaticism of slavery than they admit that of attacking the enthusiasm of liberty.

Such was the first system of external policy which the most ardent friends of the Revolution of 1830 called for with all their wishes. Would it have procured the results they anticipated? I know not; but what I do know is, that the overturning of the most ancient throne in Europe, the unexpected return of England to ideas liberal beyond expectation, the resurrection of Belgium, the wonderful combats of Poland, the convulsions of Italy, the movements in Switzerland, the commotions in Germany, and even the patriotic reminiscences of Spain, seemed to announce that the time had arrived for the complete restoration of French liberty, and for the emancipation of all Europe.

Enthusiasm, however, even that of liberty, has its vicissitudes, human nature its rights, war its chances, and fortune its turns; and upon these turns might depend, in the opinion of a great number of excellent patriots, the fate of France and the coming destinies of Europe. Victory was promised to new-born liberty; but, after all, the revolution might be vanquished; and can one conceive what that legitimacy in its triumph would have brought us back, which even on the brink of destruction so insolently denied even the semblance of liberty?

This apprehension, together with the consideration of the evils and sacrifices which even the most just of wars must necessarily occasion, made it a duty, on the part of many worthy citizens, to find out whether some other means did not exist, besides having recourse to arms, to consolidate the Revolution of July, and secure to the great national bodies which that revolution had aroused, the power of acting with entire freedom. Every body certainly felt, that upon the fate of the Belgian, Polish, and Italian revolutions, the fate of the second French revolution might ultimately depend; but everybody also knew, that in order to enable those nations to accomplish by themselves the great work of their regeneration, it was sufficient, especially in the first impulse of their resurrection, simply to secure to them the free development of their own strength.

Such were the opinions which, in the first days that followed the Revolution of July, gained over to these two systems of war and peace citizens equally devoted to the interests of France and the liberty of Europe: on one side, patriots demanding an attack, sudden, spontaneous, impetuous as the revolution itself; on the other, also patriots who, thinking that sufficient courage had signalled this revolution to make all further bloodshed unnecessary, preferred to the chances of battles a definite, strict, and inflexible system of non-intervention.

Lafayette was of the latter opinion. Was he in the right or in the wrong? Persons may differ upon this question. We may, however, be permitted to believe, that if instead of circumscribing the system of non-intervention to an absurd degree; instead of allowing it to be framed in accordance with every calculation of monarchical iniquity; instead of perverting it, by interpretations the most insolently jesuitical; it had been maintained, and, if necessary, had been defended by an armed force, in all its rigour; such, in short, as it had been approved by Lafayette; Poland, Belgium, and Italy, would now have shaken off the yoke which tramples upon their rights and threatens our own. And that was not a system so unheard of as is pretended. Thirty years before, Fox, Grey, and Erskine, had laid its foundation, in demanding the non-intervention of the powers in the affairs of other countries, and in declaring that such non intervention would be sufficient to make liberty bear

natural fruits, not only in France, but throughout the continent of Europe. Now, that which was already possible in 1792, why should it no longer be so in 1830?

Upon the whole: non-intervention, taking the word in its strictest acceptation; or war, with all its chances, all its consequences; such war, in the first days of the July revolution, the policy of Lafayette, as well as that of some of the members of the first cabinet of Louis Philippe.

There are some facts, which will prove how the crown and its advisers themselves professed to understand that system, so long as their conduct was governed by revolutionary influence. I intentionally select my authorities from a period when the royalty of July had already begun to abjure its principles.

On the 20th of December, the head of the ministry of the 3d of November said from the tribune:—

"France will not permit the principle of non-intervention to be violated; but she will also endeavour to prevent the endangering of peace, if it can be preserved; and if war become unavoidable, it must be proved in the face of the world, that we have only made it because we have been placed between the alternative of war or the abandonment of our principles."

"We shall therefore continue to negotiate, but while negotiating we shall arm."

In a very short time, gentlemen, we shall have, besides our fortresses provisioned and defended, 500,000 men ready for the field, well armed, well organised, well commanded; a million of national guards will support them; and the king, should it be necessary, will place himself at the head of the nation.

"We will march in close order, strong in our good right and the power of our principles. If the tempest should burst at the sight of our three colours, and become our auxiliary, so much the worse for those who shall have unloosed it; we shall not be accountable for it to the world."

Here we see plainly described the system of non-intervention, such as it was accepted by the new dynasty. What was its object? I again let the ministers of this dynasty express themselves.

"The object of the Holy Alliance," said M. Lafitte, "was to stifle, by common efforts, the liberty of the people, wherever it might show itself; the new principle proclaimed by France has necessarily been, to allow liberty to unfold itself in every place where it shall have naturally sprung up. The principle of non-intervention has the two-fold object of making liberty respected every where, without hastening its coming in any place; because it is only good where it is a natural production; because experience has proved that in every country, liberty brought by the foreigner is as fatal a present as despotism itself. No more intervention of any kind—such has been the system of France. It has the advantage of securing our own independence, as well as that of the countries recently emancipated."

However, the proclaiming of a principle is nothing; its application is every thing. Now, to what has the principle of non-intervention been applied by the monarchy of July? Has it been applied to Italy, which the Austrians have enslaved in spite of us, and whence they have only departed, a first step, after erasing that liberty which the King of the French wished to see unfold itself in every place, where it should have naturally sprung up? Has it been applied to Poland? Has it even been applied to Belgium, in the affairs of which the permanent action of the London conference has exercised for eighteen months the most direct of interventions? Assuredly not; for even if the game at soldiers, that we went to play on the banks of the Scheldt, were to be considered as a consequence of the principle of non-intervention, which would be a difficult matter, history would still demand an account of the abandonment of the Poles, who were, with respect to the Czar, in exactly the same situation as the Belgians were towards William. Posterity will say, upon this melancholy subject, that Nicholas dared to insult the royalty of the barricades, and that this first cry of a barbarian froze the courage of the France of July.

If I interrogate my recent recollections, I find in them proofs of a deception, or of a blindness, beyond all comparison. At the opening of the present session, the Crown still guaranteed to the papal territories, a real amnesty, the abolition of confiscation, and positive modifications in the administrative and judicial order. Well! what reality is there in this real amnesty? The prisons of Venice delivering up to the dungeons of Milan the patriots whom France has not been able to carry off from some Austrian pirates; civil war again ravaging the Campagna; the pillaging of Scena, women, children,

and old men murdered by regiments of banditti, under the banners of the Cross, and a tribunal of blood revived from the barbarism of the middle ages. What reality there is in the independence promised to central Italy, consists in the arms and the intrigues of Austria incessantly tending to the dominion of the whole of the peninsula.

Speaking of Belgium, Louis Philippe said, "The fortresses raised in order to overawe France shall be demolished." They are still entire.

"The nationality of Poland shall not perish." Alas! what has become of the nationality of a magnanimous people, whose fate it is to be butchered every quarter of a century through the cowardice of Europe? See that race of heroes delivered up to the sword of its tyrants; the deserts of Siberia peopled with those men to whom posterity will erect altars; the few remains of those brave men asking an hospitality which a timid policy scarcely ventures to grant them; interrogate that quiet of the grave, that silence of death which reigns over the heroic country. . . . Poland is no more—the Russian alone is seated in the dwelling-place of the great people!

Such are the consequences of the abandonment of the principle of non-intervention constantly invoked by Lafayette. Instead of protecting our friends, the royalty of July has permitted their degradation, in contempt of its most solemn promises; instead of providing itself beforehand with means of attack and defence, it awaits the enemy within its walls; and while it is as evident as the sun at noonday, that the absolute monarchies are leaguely together, this royalty, sprung from a revolution, disowns its natural auxiliaries, and finds a pleasure in exchanging all our recollections of glory and power for an abject submission. I know not with what fair name it decorates its policy; but that which is reserved for it by history, I do know.

"But," we are told, "peace is ensured, and soon a general disarmament will crown the system of the Cabinet of the 13th of March, which peace and which disarmament will give a positive contradiction to the preachers of war. Away then with all those uncertainties, all those alternatives of calm and storm, which froze all hearts, and struck France as with an interdict. The fact is certain: it was false that the Revolution of July ought to seek for its triumph in identifying French interests with the interests of every people among whom the volcano had cast the brands of liberty! Behold, those nations who, following our example, had risen to reconquer their country, their name, their customs, their distinguishing features, and laws suited to their nature, are again bending under the yoke: in Poland, a policy of reaction, vindictive and barbarous, has destroyed even the last elements of that nationality which the word of the King of the French had guaranteed in the face of the world; Italy, decimated by a priest, is still a prey to all the calamities of civil war, and of a double non-intervention; Belgium is still in a constrained and false position. New convulsions are preparing in Spain and in Portugal. Switzerland is dismembering itself; every where national independence, personal security, and the progress of civilisation, are menaced; in short, every thing in Europe clashes, without combining; and yet the ratifications of the 24 articles are exchanged, peace is no longer doubtful, the royalty of July has become one of the family of legitimate monarchies, the *juste-milieu* triumphs, and peace will be maintained: such are the practical results of that diplomacy, so inactive, so expecting, so cowardly, which, in the midst of the rapid movements that carry Europe along, seemed, you said, to have struck dumb that noble France of July, which, in your opinion, could only reconquer its acknowledged preponderance by showing itself resolved to brave every peril, and giving to the world a grand idea of its determination and its courage. Well, this idea has been exchanged for a patent of slavery; the manly garment has been stripped off for the swaddling clothes of July which ought to have predominated in every possible situation, the ascendancy of reason armed, of force in the hands of liberty, which she ought to have exercised in the councils of Europe, have been exchanged for the shame and the injury of a royal embrace; yet peace is ensured. What have you still to urge? Take our words for it, and be silent." Thus argue the doctrinaires.

Be it so: the spirit of war is laid; the execution of the twenty-four articles is guaranteed by all the powers; Holland herself is compelled to submit to all the stipulations of this treaty; she recognises King Leopold, and receives the credentials of an ambassador to

her court: Russia withdraws from Poland a part of the regiments that cover its territory; in short, the peace of Europe is definitely settled upon these bases. Let us receive all these circumstances as certain facts, and also admit that a disarming, which the difference of the military systems of Europe will always render decisive, should crown this peace, and fix the different nations of the continent in the precarious, false, and ruinous position, in which they find themselves, as well towards each other, as towards their respective governments. Now, is there a man of sense and foresight who can believe in the duration of this monstrous organisation, and not be convinced that such a state of things is necessarily pregnant with new and approaching convulsions?

This puerile belief, which some superficial but honest observers entertain, with respect to the continuation of this peace, is the result of a serious error, too often countenanced by the false prepossessions of the friends of liberty themselves. After the Revolution of July, the parts have been inverted, by asserting that France stood in need of peace, and that foreign governments wished to make upon her an immediate war; and the government has dexterously cultivated that opinion, in order to take to itself the merit of a difficulty overcome. Hence the arguments drawn from the dismemberment of the army, and from the relative inferiority of our military force; hence, the plantation of all the shameful concessions and all the diplomatic cowardice which imminent necessity has been said to have imposed upon us; hence, in fine, the alleged impossibility of saving Poland and Italy.

However, the plainest common sense is sufficient to dispose of these false arguments. Now, indeed, can it be supposed, after the events of July, that Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Spain, (England was out of the question,) were so blind as to wish to attack France, aroused by an immense revolution, and encircled by nations in a state of insurrection? How was a coalition to be brought together again, already cut asunder by the rising *en masse* of Belgium, Poland, Italy, and some of the German provinces? Was it not evident that before the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees could be threatened, the Holy Alliance must have waited the result of several campaigns upon the Vistula, the Elbe, the Danube, the Po, and the Ebro? And whatever was the state of our affairs, France all the necessary time, had she not, above all, more elements than she required, to organise herself in a formidable manner in the rear of the foreign populations, fighting for a cause that was their own? Is the revolutionary impulse forgotten, which in one month would have thrown upon the frontiers all those classes which the days of July had taken from their occupations? Are the thirty thousand volunteers forgotten with whom, in a fortnight, the city of Paris, alone, had filled up the ranks of the army? In fine, are the triumphs of 1793 forgotten, that were gained with means so inferior to the physical and moral resources which the situation of 1830 afforded? Now, as then, France was a soldier; but now, more than then, she had for her inseparable comrade the people of Europe; and her cause, in the eyes of all, was a revolution free from the terrors and excesses that had perverted the original character of the former one.

It was then, as I have already said, for Europe to ask for peace, and it belonged to us to ascertain if it was our well understood interest to grant it. The most skillful calculation of the policy of the cabinets was to ally the storm which might overwhelm them, while affecting to do us the favour of abstaining from war; the most inconceivable folly of our government has been, to allow the kings to recover from their stupor, the nations to lose their hopes, and to reduce the honour of its diplomacy to avoiding a conflict which its enemies neither wished nor were able to undertake. In short, that the honour of France, her reputation, her promise to the nations, should have been considered as nothing by the royalty of July, I can comprehend: it is not the first time that private interests have prevailed over the great interest of the country. But who can help feeling, that the despots that live in each other's existence, not having all abdicated with Charles X., could not forgive the Revolution of July, but must wait to attack it, until time and our internal disorders should have deprived it of all it possessed that was ardent, ambitious, popular, and formidable to tyranny?

Our statesmen have solicitously brought about this deplorable result; they have reduced France to the state in which the foreigners wished her to be. Fear has deprived these bold men of their experience; selfishness has

concealed their country from their eyes; and the lessons of the past have been lost upon them. Indeed, the contemplation of the past should, at least, have reminded them of the similarity of situation which existed between France under the Directory and France under Louis Philippe. At Campo Formio and at Rastadt, the Directory also made peace with the whole continent, and solemnly renounced all spirit of political proselytism. But what ensued, a year after the conclusion of those treaties? A general war again broke out in Europe. After the battles of Zurich and Marengo, the coalition, more severely wounded, took three years to re-establish itself; but it did so at last, and then again a general war ensued; and history will, perhaps, one day relate, that France fought as necessarily for the principles of 1789 at Austerlitz and at Wagram as at Jemmapes and at Fleurus.

The peace in which the ministry of the 13th of March gloried, a peace quite novel in history, is a contradiction given to the understanding and to the facts of which the whole European policy is composed—all the obligations on one side, and none on the other. Now, what can arise from such a state of things, unless it be, the systems remaining the same as that which has resulted from analogous situations? In short, the coalition, disjointed in its organisation, wounded in its vital principle by the Revolution of July, has taken up again its first position, and a war against France is evidently no longer for our enemies any thing but a question of time and opportunity; the moral power of the revolution once extinguished, it then only becomes for them a game at chess, which probably may not be wanting in new treacheries and purchased triumphs. And if these melancholy forebodings should be realised, what strength, what prudence would be able to secure the direction of events, and ensure a stay for the tottering throne that has silyly courted the storm? Will it not then be necessary to call up the sympathies of July to aid the courage of our soldiers? It will be necessary, let us not doubt; for, with the nation as an auxiliary, another Waterloo would only cost us the loss of a battle, but reduced to an army alone to defend the Revolution, one disastrous combat might cost us an empire. But what shall re-awaken that impulse of the popular masses? The dangers of the country? I think they will. But to confront at present those dangers, I see only a government reduced to wretched shifts, and a throne commanding neither confidence nor respect.

I acknowledge it, my patriotic blood boils at the idea of the *doctrinaires* calling to their assistance the men who bled for liberty. They would dare to do so; for seventeen years of tergiversation have proved that they dare do any thing. But the deep feeling of disaffection and contempt that would burst out among all classes of the nation against them, of what use would it be to the monarchy of the barricades? This is a question of interest for the monarchy to examine beforehand. It would promise to return to better principles, and to more honest men: Louis XVIII. and Bonaparte in 1815, Charles X. in 1830, also promised it: what became of Louis XVIII., Bonaparte, and Charles X.? Yet Bonaparte had glory in his favour; Louis XVIII. and Charles X. had in their favour eight centuries of traditions and recollections. But deprive Louis Philippe of the popular majesty, and he is nothing. Seriously speaking, what authority would a handful of obscure *doctrinaires* possess to uphold the work of the people, if the people withdrew from them? The work of power takes away the Revolution, and to-morrow, you who benefit by that Revolution will not possess a crown piece, nor a soldier.

CHAPTER XII.

Continuation of the preceding.—Notification of the accession of Louis Philippe.—Insolence of the Emperor Nicholas and of the Duke of Modena.—Lafayette in his relations with our diplomacy.—Some of the cabinets send a diplomatist agent to him personally.—His interview with that agent.—His system of non intervention developed.

Such, at the close of the Revolution of 1830, was the general disposition of men's minds relative to the question of peace or war. Already the royalty of the barricades floated in uncertainty between its inclination for a repose without security, without glory, and its apprehensions of a conflict which might carry it away, if it allowed its enemies to be first in the field—on the one side, inaction and the stigma attaching to the treaties of Vienna and Paris, but along with it the expectation of a bill of indemnity and a monarchical adoption; on the other, the fire of insurrection to be kindled throughout the European continent, the chances of war to be run, but also the complete emancipation of France, the re-

newal of all her glories, and the certain extension of freedom to all Europe.

The citizen royalty would not comprehend that, independently of the necessity of entitling itself to the gratitude and esteem of the people, there existed another necessity from which no new dynasty had ever escaped—that of a baptism of glory and blood. Sprung from under the popular cannon, this royalty preferred endeavouring to consolidate itself by slavery to entering boldly into the traditional system of its ancient alliances.

However, leaving apart the question of principles and their propagation, the external policy of this government, debased from its birth, was extremely simple. Properly speaking, what was the question? One of territory. In fact, while France, after carrying her arms into every capital, had seen herself dispossessed even of possessions which she acquired from 1645 to 1789, and for which, be it observed, she had given superabundant compensation, her enemies had immediately extended their territories. Austria, for example, had aggrandised and established herself at the same time in Germany, Poland, Turkey, and Italy; she had acquired great facilities of inland navigation, sea-ports, and a maritime commerce; Prussia, but lately a third-rate power, had rapidly advanced herself to the rank of a preponderating one, by parcels of territory conquered from all the adjoining states, from the Niemen to Thionville; Russia, which could scarcely be said to exist when France was the first power in the world, had extended herself at every point of her immense circumference, and by the necessary consequence of a progressive system of invasion, as well as by the policy of her family alliances, had reduced the West to such a condition that it could only go to war by her impulse, or continue at peace by her permission. I do not speak of England—every one knows how many rich dominions and important military positions she acquired in the European and Asiatic seas, by the treaty which disinherited France. The Ionian Islands, the Isle of France, and the Cape of Good Hope, are among the acquisitions with which British distinterestedness contented itself.

Such then was the relative situation of France towards the foreign powers, when the revolution of July suddenly displaced all the elements of the public law of Europe. Now, reducing the question to the sole interest of France, and leaving apart all community of principles, of wants and sympathies, there still remained for a national government the imperative duty of claiming the frontiers necessary for the defence of the country. Let us no longer hear of the terrors that were still inspired by the convulsions of the Republic and the glorious days of the Empire.

The Republic had not been able to conquer peace for herself except by conquering liberty for others, and her treaties sufficiently attest her justice and imprudent generosity after victory. As to the Empire's making and unmaking kings at the will of a fortunate soldier; it was not France; it was the army of Bonaparte, unfaithful to the Revolution, and returning with all speed to the old monarchical system; and besides, history will perhaps attest, that if the Empire overran Europe, it was called upon to do so by the coalitions dating their origin from 1783.

But liberalism and its propagation apart, it was the business of the government of July to provide for our future security and restore that balance which a degenerate and dastardly power had allowed to be destroyed. In this respect the Revolution of 1830 might become, even in unskillful hands, the guarantee of our national independence. The elected royalty has made of it merely a conclusion like those which disgraced the last ages of the Roman empire. It was not wished, it is said, to endanger the peace of Europe. But you have degraded the existence and the majesty of the Revolution which made you. Your indecision, your cowardice, and your incapacity, have exhausted the courage and patriotic firmness of the nations, stifled the revolutionary impulse in France, and kindled against you the anger of all free men. Well! think you that by those means you have allayed the storm? think you that your illegitimacy is therefore either more or less under the ban of the old monarchies? Yes, for a few months, perhaps a few years; but what are these months, these years, what are you, compared with the existence of France? Behold Poland annihilated; the barrier between barbarism and civilisation broken down; Russia ready to dismember Prussia by seizing upon her Polish territories; and the North at liberty to rush upon the South: behold the fruits of your genius, and venture to calculate how much bloodshed will one day be necessary to snatch mutilated Europe from the hands of the despot who saluted your accessions with an insult.

However, the first measure of external policy taken by the ministry of Louis Philippe, was the notification to foreign courts of the accession of that prince to the throne of France. England was the first to recognise the new king; the adhesion of Austria, of Prussia, and the secondary German states, followed pretty closely that of the cabinet of St. James's; Spain postponed her answer, and published a circular as insulting to the new monarch as to the nation that had chosen him; the petty prince of Modena insolently protested against the *usurpation*; in fine, it was only after repeated delays and strong solicitations, that M. Athalin obtained from the Emperor Nicholas the extraordinary answer which the autocrat condescended to give to the letter, though a very humble one, that had been addressed to him by the King of the French. It will be recollected in what terms this overture was conceived, in which by an incredible forgetfulness of the national dignity, the cabinet of the Palais-Royal gave the appellation of *catastrophe* to the glorious events that had just placed the crown upon the head of the Duke of Orleans. This humiliation received its punishment in the answer of the Czar, which I here insert as the historical document best calculated to show to what degree the monarchy of July has allowed itself to be insulted.

LETTER FROM THE CABINET OF H. M. THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS TO H. M. THE KING OF THE FRENCH, DATED ZARSKOE-SELO, THE 15TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1830.

"I have received from the hands of General Athalin, the letter of which he was the bearer. Events, ever to be deplored, have placed your majesty in a cruel dilemma. You have taken a determination which appeared to you the only one calculated to save France from the greatest calamities, and I will not pronounce upon the considerations by which your majesty has been guided, but I offer my prayers that it may please Divine Providence to bless your intentions and the efforts that you are about to make for the happiness of the French people. In concert with my allies, I receive with pleasure the desire which your majesty has expressed to maintain relations of peace and amity with all the states of Europe, so long as they shall be based upon the existing treaties, and in the firm determination to respect the rights and the obligations, as well as the state of territorial possession, which they have sanctioned. Europe will therein find a security for peace, so necessary to the repose of France herself. Called upon, conjointly with my allies, to cultivate with France, under her government, these conservative relations, I, for my part, shall do so with all the solicitude they require, and with the dispositions of which I am desirous to assure your majesty in return for the sentiments you have expressed to me. I request your majesty at the same time to accept, &c. &c."

"NICHOLAS."

What unworthy language, then, had been employed in the name of France?

Before the battle of Denain, when the fate of his crown depended upon the chances of the day, Louis XIV. wrote to Villars:

"If you are beaten, I will go through Paris with the shameful proposals of our enemies in my hand. And the French nation will follow me; we will bury ourselves together under the ruins of the monarchy."

That king was at last acquainted with his country.

This letter, however, caused much uneasiness at the Palais-Royal. The absence of the appellation of *My Brother*, which had been lavishly used in the autographic notification, was, above all, considered with dread, as a positive denial of the right conferred by the will of the people at the issue of the *catastrophe*. They perceived that they had very probably knelt to the earth to no purpose, and that after all, it would be necessary to have recourse to popular sympathy against the disaffection of the legitimists. They returned, and for a while followed up the idea already adopted (as I will shortly prove), of taking into account the sympathies and antipathies of the nations, and secretly urging the propagation of liberal opinions, while ostensibly the monarchy should continue to decay itself, by blaming every revolution analogous to that from which it had sprung, and by asking mercy for the grand week, and mercy for the great people.

It is necessary, in order to appreciate the men who still direct the policy of France, as well as to understand our present real situation, to follow up with attention all the proofs which establish the duplicity of this policy towards the nations and the kings, towards France and the foreigner. History affords few examples so forcible for the study of *doctrinarisme*.

The Belgic revolution, which Lafayette called the old-

dest daughter of our own, was it may be said, the first touchstone that events applied to the hesitating and dilatory policy of the Palais-Royal. It was particularly with regard to the respective situation of France and Belgium, that the Revolution of July was a touchstone. "Dates of 1814 and 1815. In fact, the creation of a line of fortresses upon the whole southern frontier of Belgium, their inspection entrusted to an English general, the occupation of Luxembourg by the Germanic Confederation, constituted a permanent aggression upon our security, and afforded our natural enemies the means of easily attacking our frontiers. To leave that country in the hands of the foreigners, was abandoning to them the chief means of a sudden advance upon the capital by two important points.

In the presence of these perils, the policy of a Richelieu or of a Pitt would not have hesitated; it would have determined upon one of the three expedients which successively presented themselves to the consideration of the popular royalty. Either Belgium and Luxembourg would have been united to France, as a means of removing the threatened invasion to a greater distance, and neutralizing the political and commercial influence of England in that country; or Belgium, left at liberty to place herself under a neutral and friendly protection, as the Duke of Leuchtenberg would equally have covered the vulnerable side of our frontiers; or, in fine, by the election of the Duke de Nemours to the throne of Belgium, France would directly have obtained the twofold result of ensuring her independence, and relieving a neighbouring people from the yoke of England.

Each of these arrangements was too good for the trembling policy of the *juste-milieu*. From blunder to blunder this debased policy has arrived at that Anglo-Belgie system, the immediate or speedy consequences of which must be; first, the increase of British preponderance, unembarrassed with the obstacles which the mixed state of the duchy of Luxembourg still presented; secondly, Antwerp exclusively devoted to English interests; thirdly, the principal fortresses still standing, and France obliged, in order to enter Belgium, to pass under the English cannon; and fourthly, a new degree of continental power granted to England, and for her commerce a certain means of introducing her contraband goods across our frontiers, a circumstance which must necessarily complete the destruction of our own commerce and manufactures.

Such has been the settlement, to the present time, of Belgic affairs. Sophistry is still at work in favour of this system of peace at any price; but either sound reason is a vain word, or France will speedily bring the union of the 7th of August to a strict account for that original abandonment of her most essential interests. However, if the ministry of the 7th of August misunderstood those great interests, it understood at least, that its existence depended in securing the new state from all foreign intervention, and circumscribing the struggle between Holland and Belgium. Thence the first idea of its system of non-intervention proclaimed at the warm solicitation of Lafayette. The general, still all-powerful, also thought that it was sufficient for France, that Belgium should be independent, free, and at liberty to adopt the constitution that might suit her, in order that our country might find in her a natural and necessary ally. This opinion was adopted by the ministry, and erected into a system by M. Molé, who upon this occasion displayed a firmness and spoke a language worthy of France and of the Revolution. This minister notified to all the powers, and particularly to Holland and to Prussia, that the intervention of a single foreign regiment in the affairs of Belgium, would be a signal for the entrance of fifty thousand French into the territory of that state. This declaration was renewed by Lafayette, on meeting the representatives of the powers at the residence of the minister for foreign affairs, which he left under the conviction that the cabinets of Europe were much more alarmed than we were at the consequences of a war against the men and the doctrines of July.

It is here the place to speak of the external policy of Lafayette, and exhibit him in his direct relations with the patriots of all nations; relations which have furnished matter for so many calumnies and absurd interpretations. But before dwelling upon these particulars, I must explain the general intentions of the system he adopted at the sequel of the events of July, and from which he has never since departed.

In the early part of August, being on duty at General Lafayette's head-quarters, I had the honour of personally introducing to him one of the most distinguished men

in European diplomacy, M. de Humboldt, who came to ask the general in chief, confidentially, what were, under the new circumstances in which France was placed, his principles of policy towards other powers. Lafayette having answered that foreign affairs did not concern him, and that it was to the minister for that department that he must apply, M. de Humboldt declared to him frankly, that he was charged, not only by his own government, but also by several other influential cabinets, to ascertain his personal intentions, and to communicate them. Having been a witness of this important conversation, I can faithfully relate Lafayette's answer, which I hastened to write down word for word.

"As you wish it," said he to M. de Humboldt, "I will think aloud with you. We have made a popular revolution; we have chosen a popular throne; we mean it to be surrounded with republican institutions; we will not allow any body to interfere in our affairs; nor shall we intermeddle in those of our neighbours. If your nations are satisfied with their governments, so much the better for you; if discussions should arise between your nations and yourselves, it is not our business to interfere; but if other nations wish to follow our example, and conquer their liberty, we will not suffer foreign governments to send their counter revolutionary gendarmes among them, and we do not consider Poland and Russia as forming one and the same nation. You understand, that we cannot permit foreigners to attack, among other nations, the vital principle of our existence, that of the national sovereignty; that it is impossible for us to allow nations to be established that would become our allies in case of war with arbitrary governments; that we cannot let you convert peace itself into the first sentence of a manifesto against us, and sanction pretensions that would ultimately authorise you to declare war. We wish to remain at peace with all our neighbours; we have not brought into our revolution any kind of ambition, whatever claims we might advance, whatever revenge we might have to take. But if, notwithstanding our moderation, you form another coalition against us; if you renew what was done at Pillnitz, and has been more or less continued during forty-two years, it will be proved to us that our liberty is incompatible with the existence of your arbitrary diplomacy; if you attempt to enter our territory, it can only be with the intention of enslaving us, perhaps of partitioning us; then it becomes our duty and our right to fight you with the arms of liberty; to stir up your people against you, as far as we possibly can; and if your thrones cannot reconcile themselves to the independence and liberty of France, it will be our interest not to lay down our arms until those thrones shall have been broken and destroyed. If, on the contrary, you leave us alone; if you do not attempt to stifle liberty among neighbouring nations, which would constitute a direct and flagrant hostility against our social existence, you will find no reason to complain either of France or of the Revolution of July."

Lafayette has repeated this declaration of principles in all the speeches he has delivered from the tribune. Thus, on the 28th of January, 1831, he made the following remarkable profession of political faith:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "diplomacy, formerly so obscure, so complicated, will badly become simpler and more popular; the press divulges its mysteries, the tribune passes judgment on them, public opinion modifies them; family calculations and the traditions of cabinets will yield to the interests and desires of nations. In taking part this day with the political conversations of these two sittings, I shall plead neither for war nor for peace; that is not the question; no one calls for war; every body would prefer peace; but I must here lay down some facts; of which we ought to maintain the truth and abide the consequences, for they are identified with French honour and our social existence.

"I have formerly said from this tribune that I could only see in this world two heads of political classification, the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*: I will now say that two principles divide Europe; the sovereign right of the people, and the divine right of kings; on one side, liberty and equality; on the other, despotism and privilege. I know not whether these two principles can live in good neighbourhood; but I know that ours is in a progression, constant, sure, inevitable; that we must be faithful to it in all points and every where, and that any hostility against us will accelerate its triumph.

"Another truth, no less evident, notwithstanding what has been said of the respect due to existing treaties, is, that as our late revolution of July has of right

annulled certain articles of the granted Charter, it has also necessarily annulled certain of the treaties, of the articles of the Congress of Vienna and that of 1815; those, for instance, which secured the throne of France to Louis XVIII. and his family, and united Belgium to Holland. The minister for foreign affairs has just asked us, 'On condition of breaking existing treaties, would you have war?'—Yes, I would answer as to the treaties which I have just mentioned; France has made the same answer; he himself has made it.

"I could speak of other articles of those treaties, incompatible with our liberty and independence, such as the conventions for the delivering up of refugees on the French soil; and be it observed, that those treaties were not made between us and our enemies, but by themselves, who placed one of their own in the Tuileries, to traffic in our honour and our liberties.

"A third point, not less evident, was established by me the other day at this tribune, in the presence and with the assent of all the king's ministers, and particularly of the minister for foreign affairs. I am very certain that not one of them will now contradict the definition which I gave, namely, that whenever any people or country in Europe, wheresoever situated, shall claim its rights, shall seek to exercise its sovereignty, any intervention on the part of the foreign governments to oppose it will be equivalent to a direct and formal declaration of war against France, not only because of our duty to the cause of human nature, but because it is a direct attack upon the principle of our existence, a restoration of the principles of Pillnitz and of the Holy Alliance, the justifying a future invasion of ourselves, an evident purpose of crushing our natural allies in order to come afterwards and destroy the germ of liberty amongst us, who have placed ourselves at the head of European civilization.

"If the deductions from these facts, from these principles, lead to war, we must without doubt abide it, and we shall have, to carry it on, those fifteen hundred thousand national guards, those five hundred thousand soldiers, citizens likewise, of whom the president of the council has spoken to you from this tribune. I return thanks to the minister of war, for the splendid and true picture he has just drawn for us.

"A saying of Mr. Canning's has been quoted to you; it will not be like him, by shutting our eyes, but with our eyes wide open, that we shall exert our strength; and, to remind you of another saying of that minister, on the subject of the patriot auxiliaries he anticipated; that which, on his part, might pass for a trait of vanity, it would, you know, be easy for us, to realize.

"I come now to the affair of Belgium. Gentlemen, our conduct towards her, when our government was scarcely established, was, as you have been told, frank and generous. It was unequivocally declared to the foreign courts that if Russian or any other troops set foot in Belgium, we should enter it immediately. We have recognised its independence. I wish the king's government had stopped there. I should have said to the Belgians:—Do you wish to establish a republic, a nother Switzerland, unencumbered with an aristocracy? We will support you in it. Do you wish to elect an hereditary chief, from among yourselves, from some other country, whichever it may be? It is your own affair; it is for yourselves alone to decide. And if that free choice had fallen on the Duke of Nemours, I would have entreated, I would continue to entreat, the King of the French not to reject it.

"As for a union with France, the question to my mind would not be, what others think of it, but whether the majority of the Belgic people really desire that union; and in the latter case, well ascertained as in my opinion, the king has not the sole right either to accept or to reject such union, I should submit the proposition to each branch of the legislature. And what power would have the right to oppose it? Certainly not those that made the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens. Would they have less affection for Louis Philippe than for Napoleon? Would they fear us less now than they did then? Gentlemen, it would be a great mistake on their part; for our popular throne has not feared to surround itself with a whole nation in arms, appointing its own officers, and our strength is immense.

"A more skilful diplomatist than myself* has so fully explained the situation of Poland, that little is left me to say. It would be strange that the king's government, which has just been defending existing treaties, should not energetically demand the execution

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of one which, by the mere chance, has emanated from the Congress of Vienna, when it sanctions the independence of the kingdom of Poland, when it protects that nation, our most faithful friend, which has shed so much blood far us, and the existence of which forms a barrier against the barbarians of the north. Is not the duty, the honour of the government concerned in demanding with energy the execution of those treaties, the upholding of that barrier?

"Formerly the instinct of the great Frederick had discovered to him the dangers of the partition; he yielded only to the importunities of the Empress of Russia; he told me so himself. Even Austria, and it is no liberal government that I am citing, has frequently felt the same impression, and, if I am correctly informed, it was recently expressed by M. de Metternich, the least liberal of all the Austrians."

"As for England, gentlemen, recently so jealous of Russia, would she feel that jealousy only in favour of the Turks? Do I not see, besides, at the head of the administration of that country, the illustrious men who have so nobly distinguished themselves by their speeches against the partition of Poland? Do I not see there the members of that society, not numerous it is true, but celebrated, whence emanated the best and the most energetic publication in favour of Polish independence?"

"Let us hope then that the government, in fulfilling a sacred duty, will find means to serve effectually the cause of all Europe."

"I am indebted to one of my honourable colleagues * for having afforded me an occasion which I should have feared to create, of announcing from this tribune, that there exists a Polish committee, appointed for the purpose of affording to our brethren of Poland every proof of our sympathy, of sending them all the succours in our power; and I have the honour to acquaint all my colleagues of the Chamber that their donations will be received by us with great pleasure and gratitude."

"It was thus that a Greek committee was formerly established; and, while on this topic, I will express my wish that the government should at length exert itself to fix large and suitable limits to that country, including the island of Candia, the more interesting, as at the moment that the Candioti had armed themselves to complete the expulsion of the Turks, they were stopped by the interference of the maritime powers."

"Yesterday you were told of Portugal: gentlemen, I would wish to think that the king's government exerts itself to cause the name and the colours of France to be respected everywhere. I have been told of insults offered to our flag at Setuvul, of a Frenchman paraded about and beaten in the streets of another town. We have been called villains in an official journal, published under the auspices of the murderer of the Marquis of Loule, the best friend of the king his father."

"At the mention of Portugal, I am indignant that any one should have dared to mix up the name of the sovereignty of the people, with that of the cowardly and cruel tyrant, as he was so properly called by his patron Lord Aberdeen! It is as if the name of republic should be given to the regime of 1793, or that of religion to the Saint Bartholomew massacre! Let no treaty then be made with Don Miguel, but let him be punished; he deserves to be expelled, and he will be."

"...Gentlemen, I have submitted to you some principles which I believe to be true, which it concerns our very existence to maintain, and from which we ought to admit all the deductions."

A month later, he said: "My Belgic diplomacy has always been very simple. To hasten to acknowledge the independence of Belgium, to forbid the entrance of the troops of the neighbouring powers into that country; so much has been done, and well done. To abstain from intermeddling in their institutions, or in their choices, should have been done also. Now that we have entered upon a course of protocols, it remains for the French government to defend the integrity of the territory of the Belgians, so plainly laid down in their representation to the States general, and in the declaration of independence of their provinces."

* M. Dupin, senior.

"Would it not be very inconsistent, gentlemen, that the powers which, with reason, had recognised the separation of Belgium from Holland, should resolve to look upon Russia and Poland as forming one empire, though distinct in so many respects, and declared to be so even by the Congress of Vienna; and not to consider it a manifest violation of the non-intervention principle, that the Russians have entered the Polish territory, notwithstanding all that has been said, not only by the friends of liberty and reason, but which is a very different thing, by the very acts of that congress?"

"As for Italy; in the same way that I did justice to the strong and explicit declaration which the last administration made to the powers bordering on Belgium, I wish to believe that a similar declaration, without weakness or reservation, has been; and I have reason to think that the minister for foreign affairs will not forego this assertion of the principle of non-intervention, nor the praise for which it is a subject."

"I shall only observe, that it is surprising that the Duke of Modena, whom we have known as a bad correspondent, and whom his country has not found to be a good prince, having brought away a prisoner to Mantua, that prisoner, M. Menotti, should be detained in the prisons of a foreign country, as being the only subject remaining to it: and if it were not known what Austrian prisons are, we might judge of them by certain details which have appeared on the present condition of the prisoners at Spielberg."

"But what is not easy to comprehend, gentlemen, in civilised Europe, is the manner in which the neighbours of Poland are conducting themselves towards her. Prussia, for example, has seized upon all the funds of the bank of Warsaw which had been deposited in the bank of Berlin, and which belonged, not to the crown, but to the state and to private individuals; she stops travellers, takes from them their money, and imprisons them; and all these excesses, which remind us of certain forests formerly famous, are committed through the influence of the Russian ambassador, who rules in Berlin. It seems to me that this description of intervention ought to be the subject of diplomatic representations."

In all his conversation with Louis Philippe, and all his discussions with the several members of the cabinet, Lafayette professed loudly and constantly the same principles. Whence, that flood of hatreds and invectives which all the aristocracies of Europe have poured out against him? Here, also, the efforts of the foreign diplomacy, the influence of which determined the conduct which the cabinet of the Palais-Royal pursued towards him, as soon as that cabinet had resolved on effecting its reconciliation with the Holy Alliance, by neutralizing the burst of patriotic spirit in France, and leaving the field open to the policy of the despotic cabinets, against the nations which sought to work out their regeneration after our example. The presence of Lafayette in the councils of the new royalty, his influence in directing the public affairs, his power at the head of the armed nation, made him an object of dread to the absolutists without, as well as to those within; and I have documentary proof that the diplomatists made his removal an indispensable condition of any ulterior transactions with the cabinet of the Palais-Royal.

CHAPTER XIII.

Continuation of the foregoing—Lafayette in his relations with the foreign patriots—The Belgic deputies openly make him overtures—His disclosures respecting Russia and Poland—His relations with the Italian patriots—His letter to them.

It has been just seen that the system of non-intervention, such as Lafayette had defined it, gave at last to Franco an attitude which protected her interests and maintained her reputation. It was, however, easy to perceive that the Palais-Royal had no desire for the

"In respect to the hatred with which the European aristocracies honour Lafayette, Napoleon one day said to him: 'All those people detest me heartily; they detest us all, but, but! that is nothing to the hatred they bear you'; I could never have conceived that such a hatred could go so far!" And Napoleon had the means of knowing well how that matter stood.

consequences of the principle it had proclaimed, and that the glory and the interests of the country had already ceased to be the ruling motives of its policy. Lafayette, alarmed at this tendency to retrograde, placed himself in steady opposition to the narrow selfishness that had so speedily succeeded to the revolutionary enthusiasm and republican sentiments which he, credulous man! had decked with a citizen crown. The spell was too suddenly broken, the mistake was too manifest, the responsibility too great, not to call forth the strongest remonstrances. Lafayette gave vent to them in plain terms, and with all that tone of authority which the sense of his right, and resentment at such unparalleled deception, give to an honest man. His complaints were frequent and severe. "I know only one man," said he one day to Louis Philippe, "who could now drive France to become a republic; and that man is yourself. Continue to repudiate the principle which placed you where you are, and I will answer for it, the republicans, and perhaps the demagogues, could desire no better auxiliary than your majesty." "Have patience," answered the king, upon another occasion, "have patience until such a time, and you shall see." "Until such a time," returned Lafayette, "but are you quite sure that at that time you will still be reigning? For my part, I doubt it."

It will be easily believed that observations such as these were the more impatiently listened to as coming from one who was entitled to utter them; wherefore no time was lost in escaping from the trammels of a troublesome gratitude. Lafayette was slighted by the Palais-Royal, by that Palais-Royal in which, whilst in public a filial love was professed for the veteran of liberty, it was privately said that there were three plagues to be got rid of, Lafayette, Lafitte, and Dupont de l'Eure. From that time it was evident that for the removal of Lafayette only a convenient occasion was awaited; with opportunity arrived; and we shall see presently with what art it had been brought about, with what avidity it was seized upon.

I return to the diplomacy of the early period of the revolution, as it related to Lafayette.

From the very commencement of the insurrection at Brussels, the Belgians had entered into close communication with the friend of Washington. Their deputies came to offer him successively the presidency and the crown: "This at least," they told him, "will be a citizen crown." Lafayette received these high offers with respect and gratitude, but refused the signal honour which was intended him, and recommended to the Belgians to choose, in either case, one of their fellow citizens as the head of their new government. For himself, he thought, he said, that even for the interests of the liberty of other countries his presence was more useful in France than it could be anywhere else.

Lafayette was desirous that Belgium should constitute herself a federative republic, so as to form a sort of northern Switzerland, in close alliance with France, and under her special guarantee. It was thus also that he had ardently wished to see Greece organise itself into an eastern Helvetia; hoping that the moral effect of these two democratic constitutions, and the example of order and public prosperity they would afford, would remove many prejudices, and be productive of salutary modifications in the European notions of society and government.

When, however, it appeared to him evident that the majority of the Belgians were not inclined for a republic, but were decidedly for a republican monarchy on the model of that whose principles had been accepted in France, Lafayette strongly urged that the cabinet of the Palais-Royal should abstain from exercising any influence, either on the constitution, or the choice of a prince, which the Belgians might find it expedient to adopt. In his opinion, the policy of the French government ought to be limited to securing the sovereignty of the Belgic people against the direct interference, the influence, and the intrigues, of foreign powers. After the election of the Duke of Nemours by the Belgian congress, Lafayette declared aloud for the accepting of the crown by that young prince, in the election of whom he saw only, as he said from the tribune, the rightful exer-

cise of the national sovereignty. But all that system, to which the cabinet of the Palais Royal affixed to be wedded, had been suddenly changed by the sending of M. de Talleyrand to England,* the renewal of the Holy Alliance, and the resurrection of the Congress of Vienna, disguised under the name of the *Conference of London*. Still it is certain that the influence of Lafayette ensured to Belgium that primary independence and security which saved its new-born revolution, and enabled the country to exercise a semblance of popular sovereignty.

The concussion of July had been felt in every part of Europe. The name of Lafayette served in a manner as the conductor of the electric shock. It was in that name, it was to the cry of *Vive Lafayette!* that at Dresden, at Brunswick, at Hanover, and many other towns of Germany, the people awoke to liberty. The absolute governments were in consternation; the aristocracies were paralysed.

It was on the 24th of November that the Polish revolution broke out. There, likewise, the name of Lafayette, invoked by the patriots of Warsaw, resounded in all the insurgent provinces. A few months had elapsed since the friend and companion of Kosciuszko, invited to a festival held in commemoration of the birth of that great man, had paid a tribute to the national steadfastness of Poland, and foretold the approaching emancipation of that noble country. When the event had justified his predictions, his name became as a symbol of salvation, by the aid of which Poland summoned her children to arms and to liberty!

Meanwhile, on learning the news of the great events at Paris, the Emperor Nicholas resolved to raise again the standard of the Holy Alliance. War against France was decided upon in the cabinet of Petersburg, which hastened to establish magazines in Poland, and to arrange a plan of operations, in the order of which the Polish regiments were to form the advanced guard of the imperial army.

The Belgic revolution came to supply fresh food to the wrath of the autocrat, and to hasten the measures of combination and of detail which the Russian ministry had already adopted, in contemplation of an approaching and general war. Those measures are attested by the documents found in the portfolio of the Grand-duke Constantine, which he left behind him in his cabinet in the night between the 29th and 30th of November. Among those important papers, of which copies were sent to Lafayette, was found the first letter that Louis Philippe addressed to the Emperor Nicholas, announcing his accession to the throne of France. Lafayette, justly hurt at the term *catastrophe*, which the new king had applied to the revolution of July, was desirous, nevertheless, to keep that letter from the knowledge of the public; but some copies of it having been sent likewise to England, it was published by the London journals, and soon after copied into those of Paris.

Subsequently, however, when the French ministers sought to deny from the tribune the hostile intentions of Russia, and the existence of the warlike preparations which Lafayette had denounced, the latter thought it behooved him to produce the proofs, and communicated to the Chamber some extracts from the important correspondence he held in his possession. It was in the sitting of the 22d of March, that this disclosure took place, which excited in the highest degree the astonishment and indignation of Europe.

The *doctrinaires* have made a great clamour about certain letters which, according to them, the general had written to Poland, previously to the revolution of the 29th of November, to incite that nation to revolt. I can vouch that all that has been said to that effect is totally false, and that these rumours were spread with no other intention than the perfidious one of throwing upon this great patriot the responsibility of the calamities which attended and have followed the defeat of the Poles.

It is the same with the pretended secret correspond-

ence, by means of which it was said that he had stirred up the movements in Italy. This second accusation is as unfounded as the former. Lafayette was a total stranger to the Italian insurrections up to the moment of their breaking out; he had even refused to engage in an extensive plan of conspiracy in which the Duke of Modena had joined, for the purpose, as he said, of freeing Italy from the yoke of Austria and the dominion of the Pope. Solicited by the agents of that petty tyrant, to engage in that conspiracy, and to afford him the support of his influence with the Italian patriots, Lafayette had answered, that he esteemed the duke of Modena too little, ever to consent to have any thing in common with him, under whatever pretext or in whatever interest it might be.

However, when the insurrections of Modena and the Roman states broke forth, Lafayette attached the greatest importance, and took the liveliest interest in, the success of the cause of the Italian patriots.

His first care was to call with earnestness for the immediate formation of a *corps d'armée* on the Alps, to keep the Austrians in check, and thus protect the free development of the popular insurrection; he then demanded that the government should notify the principle of non-intervention to the cabinet of Vienna, and declare its formal resolution to exact the most rigid application of it to the affairs of Italy. And, in effect, notes drawn up in this spirit were addressed to the courts of Vienna, Petersburg, Naples, and Turin, after being first communicated to Lafayette. Then, also, M. Sebastiani declared officially to the Pope's nuncio, that France would never suffer the Austrian arms to aid his holiness in suppressing the patriotic movements of the Legations; and, finally, Marshal Gérard received orders to prepare himself to go and take the command of a *corps d'armée* upon the Alps.

It was on occasion of these several measures, that the king having said to Lafayette, "But how can we reach Italy without passing through the neutral states of the king of Sardinia?" The general replied:—"If that embarrass your majesty in the least, I ask only twelve days to open for you two passages wider than the columns will require. Sir, have the goodness only to inform us which way you desire to pass."

In fact, nothing, at this period, would have been easier than to obtain, not from the court of Sardinia, but from the inhabitants of Savoy, of Piedmont, and of the territory of Genoa, secure passages for a French army that should have been hastening to the succour of Italy. His letter, in answer to that which a deputation of Italian patriots had written to him, to ascertain the real dispositions of the French government in their regard, has been the subject of too many perfidious insinuations, both in and out of the Chambers, for me not to hasten here to insert that historical document. It is as follows:

"To MM. Misley, Fossati, Maroncelli, and Linati.

"Paris, 26th February, 1831.

"Gentlemen,
"I have received with the liveliest gratitude, the letter with which you have honoured my devotion to the cause of universal liberty, and our individual wishes for Italian independence. It is in reading the annals of your fine country, the earliest study of our childhood, that we have all experienced the premature throbbing of our hearts at the recital of peripatetic actions and virtues. Twice, as you observe, that sacred fire shone in Italy. But in the present advancement of political civilization, dismembered of the old alloys of slavery and aristocracy, emanating from the sovereignty of the people, and based on the representative system, now that the imprescriptible rights of men and of societies have been clearly defined; it is the province of your admirable language to proclaim to your intelligent population, the practice to their utmost extent, of the principles of truth and perfect liberty.

"Too long, gentlemen, has Italy been the property of a few families, an object of traffic amongst them, a stage for the intrigues of foreign diplomacy, the sport of deceitful and ever-broken promises. Every friend of human emancipation wishes to see your liberty at length established upon the basis of a perfect independence and nationality.

"It is to the internal and spontaneous movements of your patriotism that the recent revolution is owing, of which the glory in being an ardent admirer. We Frenchmen of the barricades of July have had no part in it, except the merit of having set an example of courage in the combat, of generosity after the victory. We are far from disclaiming that glory; it imposes upon us, in my opinion, towards our brother freemen of other nations,

sentiments and duties more binding than those of an ordinary sympathy.

"But if, on the other hand, it gives us any claim upon your attention, gentlemen, allow me to avail myself of it, to recommend to you that national and truly Italian union, which must ensure the success of your noble efforts, and the independence and prosperity of your fine country.

"You can yourselves afford to your compatriots a sincere testimony of the warm and deep sympathy of the French people towards you. You have had the opportunity of witnessing their admiration of you, their ardent wishes for your success, their longing to see the noble and classic land of Italy conquer and consolidate its liberty and independence. Those who think with me, of the Chamber, and others, especially those whom circumstances relating particularly to Poland have formed into a special committee, share this sentiment in the fullest manner, and have charged me to express it to you.

"As for the constitutional government which directs our internal affairs, I can only refer you to what it has itself proclaimed from the national tribune, and to the assent which it has thrice given in that Chamber, by not objecting, to my definition of the French system of *non-intervention*. I will add, that I have had cognizance of official letters which were in unison with these principles.

"Accept, gentlemen, the expression of my gratitude, my best wishes, my zeal, my attachment, and my profoundest respect.

"LAFAYETTE."

CHAPTER XIV.

Continuation of the foregoing—Lafayette in his relations with Spain—His demands on behalf of that country—The French government resorts to political proselytism—It enlists the Spanish refugees—Louis Philippe furthest them with supplies—Neutralization of M. Guizot, who presided Spanish—That minister puts into his hands a sum of money in doobloons, for the use of General Valde—Practical proofs of all the preceding—Change of system—The government abandons the refugees—First diplomatic capture of Austria—Causes of M. Lafitte's resignation—The king's repugnance to M. Prier—An important decision is kept from the knowledge of the council—Private details respecting the formation of the administration of the 13th of March—Conduct of Lafayette during all these intrigues.

In reviewing the various acts of the foreign policy of Lafayette after the revolution of July, I ought to have commenced by giving an account of his relations with unhappy Spain. It is, in fact, the nation in all Europe, for which he had constantly struggled with the greatest interest and solicitude. Since the impious war of the Restoration against the constitution of the Cortes—above all, since the sacrilegious triumph which French soldiers had the unhappiness to obtain over the liberties of the Spaniards, amidst the applause of the despots of Europe—Lafayette had never ceased to call that crusade a national crime, and to demand for the oppressed nation the reparations that were due to it. In Europe, as in America, he never allowed an opportunity to escape him of branding the name of Ferdinand VII., of avenging the memory of that tyrant's victims, and especially that of the unfortunate Greco. From the inauspicious day of the capitulation of Cadiz, he constituted himself, not only in the tribune, but likewise with the ministers of Charles X., the advocate of the interests of the Spanish refugees, particularly of those who had capitulated at Alicante and Carthagena, and that in spite of the clamours of the Chamber and the vociferations of the absolutist out of it.

Never had any people been so basely deceived; never had tyrant so unblushingly sported with sworn faith, and the rights of humanity: the government of the Restoration had acted treacherously towards the Spanish constitutionalists; but Ferdinand's conduct towards his countrymen was atrocious, hideously perjured and blood stained, notwithstanding that they had been so merciful to the crimes of his whole life. Lafayette made France and the whole world resound with those horrors which for nine years he persisted in holding up to the indignation of every manly heart.

The capitulation of Santana, signed by the Prince of Hohenzollern, expressed, that if the Spanish officers had any property in Spain, the possession of it was secured to them, and that no resident in the place should be molested for political opinions; notwithstanding which, the property of those officers was confiscated, and whoever had manifested the least attachment to the constitution, was thrown into a dungeon or put to death. The capitulation of Granada, signed by General Molitor; that of Barcelona, by Marshal Moncey; and that of Carthagen, by General Bonnemain; stipulated the same guarantees, and yet, the defenders and inhabitants of those several

* The appointment of M. de Talleyrand to the London embassy, is a fact of so much importance, and has had so mischievous an influence upon the results of the revolution of 1830, that the circumstances surrounding it will be interesting to our readers. That appointment, required by the king, was warmly combated in the council by MM. Lafayette, Mole, Dupont de l'Eure, and Guizot. M. Lafayette particularly urged the unsuitability of such a choice; but the intrigues of the despots, and the obstinacy of Louis Philippe's will, prevailed against the opinion of the friends of the revolution: Louis the XVIII's grand chamberlain was sent to London; and it was within a short space he had been labouring. [In another place M. Strauss calls Talleyrand "*Trouverie Personified*."]—Ed.]

† It was in reference to these military demonstrations that Lafayette said one day from the tribune, that the advanced guard had turned round against the main body of the army.

places experienced the same fate as those of Santana. The protocol of the conference held at Port Saint Mary, on the 7th of September, 1822, between General Alava, on the part of the Spanish government, and Generals Bordesoult and Guilleminot, on the part of France, contained the following stipulation:—"It has been agreed, that forty-eight hours after the king of Spain shall find himself at full liberty, he shall issue a proclamation, by which he shall offer to the nation a constitutional government in union with the intelligence of the age, because the interest of France itself requires that the same system of government shall exist in Spain and France."

How were those treaties executed? First came the decree of the 1st of May, 1821, which excepted from all amnesty the leaders of the constitutional army, the authors of the conspiracies at Madrid, the leaders of the revolt of Ocaña, the judges and reporters on all trials in which traitors had been condemned for conspiring against the constitutional system, the commanders of the constitutional guerrillas, the authors of publications and journals that had attacked the Roman catholic and apostolic religion, and finally, whosoever had obeyed the government of the Cortes.

Lafayette never ceased representing those general violations of the treaties concluded under the auspices and with the participation of France, as so many insults offered to our national dignity. He denounced particular cases of a yet more atrocious nature. For instance, a Catalanian, Joseph Pepermorcar, received an amnesty from Ferdinand, in 1823. The letters of pardon expressed that Pepermorcar was free, as well in his person as in his effects. The general in chief commanding in Catalonia, himself sent to this proscribed individual the original act of amnesty, and the unfortunate man, with this document in his possession, re-entered Barcelona; where, two days after his arrival, he was first shot, then hung, and then quartered.

In 1826 Ferdinand VII., having himself repaired to Catalonia, to suppress the formidable insurrection that had just broken out in that province, had granted an amnesty which included, generally, all the insurgents and chiefs of insurgents. Under the protection of that amnesty, dated from Tarragona, the two principal contrivers of the movement, Vidal and Olivier, presented themselves to the king, who not only received them with apparent kindness, but even ordered that three months' pay should be given out of the royal treasury to Vidal and his comrades. Five days after, this same Vidal, and the other chiefs of the insurrection, were arrested, put to death without trial, and a label was attached to the foot of each of those victims, bearing these words—*Hung up by order of the king.*

Lafayette displayed a generous pertinacity in publishing those royal infamies:—"Put back," said he, repeatedly, "put back the Spanish constitutionalists to the same point where your iniquitous war found them, and you may then make as much of neutrality as you please." These were not the only services he rendered the patriots of the Peninsula. He corresponded with the several factions of the national party, who, amidst their unhappy dissensions, were unanimous in their confidence in him. Lafayette had even imposed upon himself, for the success of their cause and for alleviating their individual sufferings, pecuniary sacrifices, disproportionate to his private fortune.

Such were the respective situations of Lafayette and the Spanish patriots, when the revolution of July exploded. It appeared to him that this great event ought to decide the fate of Spain. The moment was decisive to the two countries; Lafayette felt it to be so, and wished to unite the cause of France with that of the neighbouring nation; he thought that, at the same time that it would wipe away a small part of the shame with which the war of 1821 had covered us, a revolution aided by us in Spain, in the spirit of liberty and our principles, would extremely simplify our foreign policy, by relieving us, in case of war, from the necessity of keeping up an army of thirty or forty thousand men on the Pyrenean frontier, to prevent Ferdinand and the Carlist emigrants from exciting counter-revolutionary movements in the south of France. It was a right of self-defence, for which the attitude of the cabinet of Madrid sufficiently indicated the necessity to the new government that was directing the affairs of France. In fact, Ferdinand VII., from the very outset, had positively refused to recognise the revolution of July, and the king who had sprung from it. His prime minister had even gone so far as to address, officially, to all the authorities of the kingdom, a circular most insolent to Louis Philippe, and most hostile to the principles of July. For which reason, the power of the barricades, isolated as yet in its usurpation,

and not even daring to hope for the tardy and ungracious recognition which it has since begged and obtained, had serious thoughts of fomenting abroad revolutions analogous to that on which its own existence depended. In short, the plan of a political proselytism was organised, and secretly put in practice, by the council of Louis Philippe. This, once for all, it is necessary to prove by irrefragable facts, as well for the sake of the morality of governments, as for the edification of nations. Here follow those facts, such as they are established by the documents now lying before me, and which I shall have great pleasure in communicating to the ministers, should they be wanted to refresh their memories.

It has been said, that immediately after the events of July, the Spanish constitutionalists had spontaneously hastened to Paris. This assertion is incorrect. The revolution of July certainly awakened in the breasts of those brave men the sanguine hope of regaining a home. But the greater number of them, confined by their absolute want of means to the places where they had found shelter, left them only at the secret solicitation of the French government. It was thus, for example, that this government invited into France all the Spanish refugees at that time in England. If this were not the case, the ministry of that period would doubtless inform us why Colonel Valdes, Messieurs Linafo, Navarrelle, Inglada, and some other Spanish chiefs known all over Europe for their persevering opposition to the government of Ferdinand VII., having, in the early part of August, 1830, landed at Havre without passports, received them from Paris upon the request of the under-prefect, in order to repair to the Pyrenean frontier; why two hundred refugees of the same nation, landed likewise at the same port, were there formed into detachments, commanded by Spanish officers chosen by themselves, and then forwarded towards Bayonne and Perpignan, with route bills regulating the pay and other allowances, the same as for French troops; and why the march and why the same thing was done at Calais, at Boulogne, and at Paris.

The government shamefully denied these facts in the tribune, and maintained that it had granted the Spanish patriots only passports of poverty. Passports of poverty to go where? Into Spain, to seek, no doubt, in executions, some relief of their misery. A few words will suffice to prove the falsehood of this assertion. From the 1st to the 30th of December, 1830, detachments of thirty to forty Spanish refugees were leaving Paris every day for the Pyrenees, with collective passports, and those passports were delivered, by authority, to a commanding officer, who was commissioned to receive the pay of the whole, and to distribute it among his soldiers. I have before me, for example, the route bill of a detachment of thirty-seven men, which left Paris on the morning of the 7th of December, appointing the halting places, at Arpajon, Etampes, Orleans, Baugency, Blois, Chateauroux, Poitiers, &c.

The fact is, that in the interval of a few hours, the diplomatic injunction to suppress the patriotic attempts of the Spanish constitutionalists, had reached the Palais Royal together with the menacing and insulting recognition by Ferdinand VII., and that, elated at this spurious adoption, the royalty of the barricades did not hesitate for a moment to repay it with an act of perfidy.

All the facts I have just related are strictly correct; the proof of every one of them is in my hands. Nevertheless, the ministry dared unblushingly to deny them. M. Godefray maintained, in the tribune, that if the ministry of which he formed a part, had been *indulgent* to the Spanish patriots, it was because the government gave way at the time to an influence it could hardly resist. Lafayette scorned this mode of insinuation, and declared that he recognised and avowed himself to be the object of the ministerial allusion; but it was easy to perceive, by the constraint with which he spoke, that, aware of some weighty circumstance, he wished to avoid compromising any one but himself in the whole of that affair: that circumstance I shall now state, because it is necessary that France should know it, and because, having passed at the Council and in the presence of eight individuals, it is at this day any thing but a state secret.* It is this: The crown granted one hundred thousand francs towards the success of the expedition of the Spanish constitutionalists; and that sum was converted into two letters of credit of fifty thousand francs each, one of which, on a banker of Marseilles, was given to the unfortunate Torrijos: this is the naked truth.

It is known into how many detestable persecutions

* I must here declare, on my honour, that however pressing my solicitation to M. de Lafayette to confirm to me the truth of this fact, I have never been able to get him to acknowledge it. The general has always, on that point, given an evasive answer.

that protection from the highest quarter has been converted, on the faith of which so many victims hastened to the scaffold. The refugees brutally dispersed; their slightest motions pointed out to the Spanish authorities; the brother of the unfortunate Riego driven from Paris; Torrijos, the aged Lopez de Calderon, the generous Pantoja, and fifty other martyrs of liberty, urged into an ambush, and murdered without trial on the part of Spain, without remonstrance on the part of France which had placed arms in their hands: such were the results of the confidence which these victims had placed in the good faith of the government sprung from the barricades; such, too, is the responsibility that rests on the heads of some men: Machiavelian policy will perhaps absolve them; but so long as humanity shall be any thing more than a vain word, will she not call them to a severe account for so much bloodshed and so many calamities?

The ministry of the 13th of March asserted in the tribune, that the Italian insurrections had broken out without any concurrence on their part. They spoke the truth, in this sense; that they shrunk at the outset from the necessity of openly turning to advantage the political interests which those insurrections had created them in Italy; and that they did not dare to support by their arms the nucleus of partisans, and the public opinion so favourable to France, which had declared themselves among our neighbours on the other side of the Alps. But the ministry lied to France and to the world, when they affirmed that they had been constant strangers to the revolutionary movements of the Italian peninsula, and had promised nothing, guaranteed nothing, to the Italian patriots. In the case of Italy, as in that of Spain, political proselytism, as a system, entered into the calculations of their original policy. A few facts will suffice to demonstrate the truth of this assertion. And let it not be forgotten that these facts are irrefragable:—

That which the new monarchy had done for the Spanish constitutionalists, did likewise, though more timidly, for the Italian refugees. A great number of them were forwarded secretly to Lyons, and to various other points of the Alpine frontier; pecuniary assistance and other means for travelling were afforded them; arms in sufficient quantity were collected, with the full knowledge of the government, at Lyons and Grenoble; a central committee, the whole of whose operations were communicated to the ministry, was established at Lyons, from whence it acted freely and under the effective protection of the local authorities, civil as well as military; in fine, Louis Philippe, having fruitlessly written to the late king of Naples and to his young successor, to engage those princes in an alliance with *new* France, and to grant a constitution to the Neapolitans; and seeing plainly that his good advice would not be listened to, unless favoured by the uneasiness which the patriots of the two Sicilies might occasion their government, General Pepe was requested to present at the Palais-Royal a draught of a constitution, which was forwarded to the Neapolitans. However, as justice is due to every one, I ought to add, that Pepe, having expressed to Louis Philippe his intention of repairing to Naples, the king sent word to that general that he would not advise him to take that step, for he could not answer for the safety of his person.

Lafayette, however, placing little confidence in those private assurances, and wishing to have a public declaration on that point, called three times upon the ministry, for the tribune, and thrice he obtained the official assent of the government to his definition of the system of non-intervention; a definition which left no doubt as to the conduct France would pursue in respect to Italy. Not satisfied yet, with the public approval of the cabinet, Lafayette wished likewise to be assured of that of the king. He therefore went to Louis Philippe, and said to him: "Have you read my speech upon the system of non-intervention, and do you approve of the definition I have given of that system?"—"Assuredly, yes," answered the king. "I have then the assent of Your Majesty?" replied the general—"Most undoubtedly," added the king.

It was during these transactions that the insurrection of Modena broke out, and then that of Bologna. The patriots of central Italy, not having the least doubt of the concurrence of France, but wishing to ascertain to what extent they might rely on her support in certain circumstances, had sent deputies to Paris to assure themselves of the intentions of the new government, in the probable event of an attempt at armed intervention on the part of Austria, in the affairs of Modena and the Legations. These deputies received, in several interviews with the minister for foreign affairs, the formal and reiterated promise that France would never permit the interference of Austria, and that if a single regiment of the emperor's troops passed over the frontier of the duchy of Modena

or of the Papal states, a French army would penetrate at the same moment into Italy. Lafayette, to whom the Italian deputation had likewise applied, and who was more sensible than any one of the depth of the abyss into which a misplaced confidence might precipitate the Italian patriots, repaired to M. Sebastiani, implored him to let him know, on this subject, the intentions of the cabinet, and received from him the same protestations that had been made to the deputation. It was on the faith of these guarantees that the insurrections of Modena and Bologna took place, the issue of which, skillfully directed, might have placed in our hands the whole moral and physical strength of Italy.

Such was the state of things, when the government of Louis Philippe, repelling roughly and indignantly all idea of identification with the Italian patriots, and who the suspicion of any patronage whatever of the proscribed foreigners, sent Lieutenant General Bachelu to Lyons, with orders to dissolve the Italian committee which had been formed there with its approbation, to seize the collections of arms that had been made there with its tacit consent, to disperse the refugees who had gathered on the Alpine frontier, and to paralyse all the insurrectionary measures which it had urged them to take for restoring liberty to their country.

In order to understand properly the whole extent of that shameful abandonment of principle, it is necessary to examine into the real causes which produced it.

Struck with the amazing event of July, the kings of Europe saw their dominions exposed to the irruption of the revolutionary torrent; and, in their first alarm, they awaited, as for the accomplishment of a decree of fate, the concussion with which their thrones were threatened. Events were happening every day to confirm that apprehension. Already Belgium, Switzerland, and Poland had interposed themselves between the French principle of the sovereignty of the people, and the foreign doctrine of legitimacy. Germany itself saw the gathering of the thunder cloud, precursor of the tempest. Every where the warmest sympathy for our revolution was the predominant feeling of the people. In short, it was impossible for the absolute monarchies to think that France would be so inane, as not to avail herself, whatever in other respects might be her moderation, of the embarrasments in the midst of which her enemies had so suddenly been plunged. It was evident to those cabinets that a modification, more or less important, in the treaties of 1815, would be the inevitable consequence of the overthrow of that monarchy, the existence of which those treaties had guaranteed. None foresaw, nor could foresee, that there would be found among us a cabinet capable of condemning the France of July to remain a mere spectator of the events that were going to take place in Europe. In fact, it is one of the prodigies of that period, that a few men should have appeared capable of abandoning the position in which the revolution of July had placed their country, and disregarding the palpable necessity of directing every negotiation in the view of obtaining compensation for the painful sacrifices imposed upon France by the treaty of Paris.

Austria understood very well the logical inferences from that position. It was moved for that power, the preservation of the choicest jewel of her crown, Lombardy, which threatened to follow the example of the insurgent states of central Italy; Piedmont already felt itself disturbed by the rising of Parma; the German troops were scarcely sufficient to restrain the Austro-Italian populations from the lake of Como to the Venetian canals! The cabinet of Vienna saw perfectly well that the presence of a single French flag on the southern declivity of the Alps, would be sufficient to throw all Italy into a flame.

In this state of things, Austria, at the same time that she was marching the flower of her army into Italy, where she expected to fight us, was the first to open negotiations with France, the object of which was to prevent, or at least to postpone, a conflict, upon the issue of which might depend the loss of her possessions in Italy. M. d'Appony presented, at the time, to the cabinet of the Tuileries, a verbal proposition, which M. Sebastiani laid before the council, and the objects of which were:

1st. To allow Austria to occupy immediately the Duchy of Modena, on the ground of the house of Hapsburg's reversionary title to that duchy, after the extinction of the reigning dual family.

2d. To unite in prevailing upon the Italy See to grant a reversionary constitution to the states of the Church.

3d. To consider, jointly and severally, of the means of effecting a general disarming throughout the continent.

This threefold proposal gave rise to warm discussions in the council. The king, who, even before the question relative to the Duchy of Modena had been brought under deliberation, had declared for the occupation of that state, on the ground of the reversionary title above stated, urged anew his opinion in favour of that concession. M. Lafitte warmly opposed it. That minister stated in support of his opinion: 1st. That the succession to the Duchy of Modena was not open; 2d. That even were the reversionary title claimed by Austria actually acquired by that power, the interests of France, and above all, the moral interests of the revolution of July, would oppose invincible barriers to the permission of its exercise.

As for the constitutional institutions to be obtained for Romagna, the President of the council showed the absurdity and impossibility of any such project, so long as the temporal power of the sovereign pontiff should not be separated from his spiritual power. "Only imagine," said he, "a chamber of peers composed of cardinals, and an elective chamber filled with rectors and vicars!" In the disarming proposal, M. Lafitte saw only a *leurre* on the part of Austria; a means for procuring delay, brought forward to paralyse the activity of France, and hurl her into a deceitful security. In short, the president of the council, considering the whole of the Austrian proposal as a deception directed against France and the order of things which had sprung out of the barricades, demanded that a note, based on the reasons he had laid down, should be immediately addressed to the cabinet of Vienna, to notify to it the positive refusal of France to adhere to its proposals, and her resolution to exact, by every means in her power, the rigorous observance of the principle of non-intervention, proclaimed by her as the basis of her foreign policy. Such was likewise the opinion of Lafayette relative to the affairs of Italy, and that opinion he expressed with an earnestness that had the effect of overawing, at least in appearance, the weaknesses which had already conspired to sacrifice the principles and the men of July.

The other members of the cabinet, and the king himself, appeared to be on the side of the advice of MM. Lafitte and Lafayette; and, on the next day, M. Sebastiani read to the council a note drawn up in the spirit of the opinions expressed the day before by the prime minister.

Was this note forwarded to the court of Vienna? We must believe it was. At all events there arose from that moment some very serious surmises of the existence of a secret correspondence between the Palais-Royal and the foreign diplomats, in the minds of the patriot ministers who then formed part of the cabinet of Louis Philippe. M. Lafitte suspected, with pain, that despatches of the first importance, and the results of which might implicate his responsibility, were kept from the knowledge of the council; when a fortuitous circumstance occurred, which changed that suspicion into certainty.

It was a short time after the discussion which I have just related, respecting the affairs of Italy, that is to say, on Tuesday the 5th of March, 1831, that a courier from Vienna had brought to M. Sebastiani a despatch from M. de Metternich, which just notified to him that the Austrian cabinet did not recognise the principle of non-intervention, and that his own firm determination was to interfere, by arms, not only in the states of Parma and Modena, but in all the provinces of Italy to which the insurrection should spread. "Hitherto," M. de Metternich said, "we have allowed France to put forward the principle of non-intervention, but it is time she should learn that we do not mean to recognise it in what concerns Italy. We shall carry our arms whithersoever the insurrection shall extend. If this intervention must lead to war, be it so; let war come. We would rather run all its chances than be exposed to remain in the midst of popular tumults."

"You know," wrote our ambassador, "that hitherto no one had declared more openly for peace than myself; but I am now convinced, that to ward off the dangers which threaten France, it is necessary, without delay, and before the Austrian levies are organised, to be first in the field, and throw an army into Piedmont."

This important despatch reached the minister for foreign affairs on Saturday the 5th of March. A copy, in the handwriting of the son-in-law of M. Sebastiani, was immediately forwarded to the king; and yet, on Tuesday the 7th, no communication of it had been made to the council of ministers. M. Lafitte himself was informed of it only through an indiscretion committed in the office of the *Hôtel des Capucines*. He repaired immediately afterwards to the Palais-Royal, and asked the king if he knew of a despatch from Vienna, that was said to

have arrived at the Foreign Office three days before. The king answered that he did, and on Lafitte's expressing his astonishment, the prince explained that strange silence by the necessity of sometimes guarding against the indiscretions committed in the council. The minister of war came in just at the time. M. Lafitte having put the same question to him as to the king, Marshal Soult answered that he was completely ignorant of that circumstance, and manifested the greatest indignation against M. Sebastiani, whom he called a traitor. Finally, came in the minister for foreign affairs, who, upon being questioned by the president of the council, answered, stammering, that he had certainly received a letter from Marshal Maison, but that that letter was not of great importance, and that, besides, he had not had time to communicate it to his colleagues. However, upon the demand of M. Lafitte, the minister, who had not yet placed the despatch in his portfolio, went to his office to fetch it, and at last laid it before the council. The opinion of the members to whom the existence of that document had been a secret, is, that the king and M. Sebastiani had intended to keep it from their knowledge.

From that moment, and notwithstanding that it was promised that a similar mystification should not be repeated, M. Lafitte determined on retiring. I can affirm that his resignation was owing principally to the opinions which the king entertained upon the foreign policy of France. That prince would have peace at any price, and declared openly, that, whatever in that respect might be the opinion of his council, his own was irrevocable and unalterable.

Nevertheless, Louis Philippe opposed or feigned to oppose with all his might M. Lafitte's intention to retire, by which retirement, said he, his friend would do him more harm than he had done him good by assisting to place the crown upon his head. However, at the end of an audience in which he again laid down his system of government, a system of inaction and progression, diametrically opposed to that in which the king declared his intention to persist, M. Lafitte entreated his majesty to accept his resignation, and earnestly advised him to entrust the presidency of the council to M. Casimir Périer. The king again refused to accept his resignation, and evinced the most unqualified aversion for the successor whom Lafitte had named. Louis Philippe said, at the time, that he had a decided antipathy to M. Casimir Périer's imperious character, to his constant ill health, and even to the colour of his face.*

Notwithstanding all that, M. Lafitte, resolved at any rate to withdraw from a false position, unworthy of his political honesty, convened next day a council of the ministers, which met at the Treasury, and in which, after representing the system pursued until then as destructive to the principles of the revolution of July, to the interests and the honour of France, he again unfolded his notions of government, and called upon his colleagues to choose without delay between the adoption of his system and his immediate resignation. His colleagues were silent; he renewed his question yet more urgently; the same silence ensued; one of them only, M. de Montalivet, answered that, for his part, he was more inclined to conform to the system of M. Périer than to that of M. Lafitte. At those words M. Lafitte declared the sitting ended. This was on the 11th of March; the next day, the 12th, the resignation of the president of the council was tendered for the third time, and accepted by him who, a few days before, had again told him that St. James and St. Philip were moved on earth as they were in heaven.

Such were the circumstances that led to the formation of the ministry of the 13th of March.

Here a question suggests itself, which has given rise to doubts unfavourable to the good faith of the citizen monarchy, but for the solution of which history is as yet only furnished with conjectures. It is asked whether the regret so lavishly expressed for the retirement of M. Lafitte, and the dissolution of his cabinet, were really sincere; or whether, on the contrary, the temporary employment of some patriots in the conducting of the public affairs had not been considered merely a necessity of the moment, and their removal premeditated from the very day of their accession, and prepared by an intrigue of which the circumstances of the 13th of March were only the natural winding up? However readily we may be

* This antipathy to M. Casimir Périer, whether real or affected, was not the only sacrifice that the monarchy of the barricades imposed upon itself in the choice of its ministers. It is well known that in their familiar communications, the king and the prince of Orleans professed to be, at the time, the most fervent contempt for Marshal Soult, and often amused themselves with laughing at the gasconading efforts of that minister to get himself appointed president of the council.

live in the existence of every species of political hypocrisy, one is reluctant to admit such a construction as would prove the throne of the barricades to be nothing but the stage of a mountebank, upon which every thing, even to the effusions of friendship, is a mere farce. I will not, therefore, believe that, in high places, affection, gratitude, reluctance, and tears, have been only acted, but will take all these demonstrations to be true. However, it is a positive fact, which I put without comment to the consciences of my readers, that, before M. Lafayette's accession to the presidency of the council, some one who was labouring to procure the appointment of M. Périer, received from the latter this very significant answer: "*It is in vain; the moment is not yet arrived; Lafayette must go first.*"

I have spoken at some length of the circumstances relative to the ministry of the 3d of November, because they bear the same character of political apostasy as those which led to the removal of Lafayette from public affairs. However, it would be a great mistake to conclude from this coincidence, that an absolute identity of principles existed between the commander in chief of the national guards of the kingdom and the ministry of the 3d of November. In another chapter of this book, I shall prove, on the contrary, that decided differences of opinion upon the most essential points of our internal and external policy often broke out between Lafayette and that cabinet, collectively considered. Thus, for instance, they constantly differed upon the question of the tax paying qualification for electors and deputies, upon the liberty of the press, the security to be given by the proprietors of newspapers, the monopoly of printing, &c. But now that they are confounded in one common reprobation in the eyes of the court, and those intriguers who obstruct its approach, I have thought it better only to make one general mention of the slight which had to be endured by patriots, who differing as to the means, agreed as to the principle; the triumph of the revolution of July; the interest and the honour of France.

In the midst of all the struggles which he had to sustain in the council and at the tribune, to save the honour of France and the liberty of her most natural allies, Lafayette did not forget other interests extremely dear to him, although they were being agitated by a distant struggle. Under the regime that had just perished, he had in vain urged, for ten years, the recognition of the South American states. But the old government, restrained by family considerations, and remaining deaf to the call of the commercial and political interests of France, had allowed England, by the priority of her relations with the new states of that rich hemisphere, to take possession of all the advantages which a similarity of manners, climate, religion, and the experience acquired by our commercial transactions through the medium of old Spain, had opened to us in vain.

Lafayette thought, that France having shaken off the yoke of the Restoration and of the Holy Alliance, should seize upon this moment to make a frank and plain declaration of the independence and the nationality of the old Spanish colonies. Consequently, in the first days of the revolution of July, he ascended the tribune, interrogated M. Molé, and drew from the government an official declaration, that France recognised, as independent states, the different republics of South America; that she was ready to treat with their envoys and to credit her own to their governments. This was a great point in diplomacy, which perhaps would have been still in dispute, had not the man of the two worlds caused it to be decided, more through the power of circumstances than by the men in power. Who, in fact, would now venture to assert that, had Ferdinand VII. required the non-recognition of his old transatlantic possessions, as a condition of his recognising the accession of Louis Philippe, that concession would have been refused him?

Such was Lafayette in his relations with diplomacy, with the patriots of every country, and with the external policy of France, after that Revolution which was to have restored France to the rank and consideration of which the Bourbons had despoiled her.

Brought up in the grand school of revolutions; instructed by the contemplation of the vicissitudes which accompanied the emancipation of America and of the finest country in Europe; by turns an actor and a victim in these tragic performances; Lafayette had acquired, by the experience of half a century, the entire conviction that the most solid security for the liberty of a nation, is the liberty of all those which are contiguous to it; and that, for a revolution to become stable, especially on a continent, it must be defended by a combination of general interests, and of occasions for mutual assistance,

dictating the constant use of the same means against the projects and the pretensions of the same enemies. From these opinions, determined on for fifty years, upon affairs of government, has sprung that unalterable attachment of Lafayette to all those nations who have either conquered or endeavoured to conquer their liberties. Hence that filial love, that unlimited confidence, that religious veneration, which all the patriots of Europe and America testify towards the veteran of the cause of the people.

This almost universal naturalisation of Lafayette is, undoubtedly, an absolute phenomenon in the history of the world. It may be conceived that the man whom all the states of South America, from Chili to the Isle of Palma, have chosen as the arbiter of their destinies; whom North America claims as one of her purest glories; to whom the people of Europe testify the same feelings, in proportion as they wish to be free; it may be conceived, I say, that such a man has an existence apart in the politics of the world, an existence which, to make use of his own expression in a letter to his constituents, he is far from wishing to resign. This patriotic *universal* is an object of terror to the despotism and the aristocracy that weigh so heavily upon the world. But the friends of order and of a wise liberty, can and do only see in it a moral power, which may immensely contribute towards the emancipation of Europe, and the introduction into the code of public law which is now preparing, of true principles of equality, liberty, and order, at the least possible cost of disturbance and suffering.

CHAPTER XV.

Trial of the ministers—This event awakens the expectation of all parties—Apprehensions of the Palais-Royal—The Court places all its hope in Lafayette—Flattery, promises, and protestations, with which he is loaded—With what intention he renews his demand of the abolition of the punishment of death—Disposition of the people's mind—Lafayette to measure the lives of the accused and the independence of the judges—He compromises his popularity—Result of the trial—The danger passed, ingratitude revives.

The divarication of political opinions and views which already separated Lafayette from the men of the 7th of August, was still increasing, when the approaching trial of the ministers gave another colouring to the intentions of the court with respect to the commander-in-chief of the national guards of the kingdom. The most entire confidence, the most affectionate defence, the most filial respect, succeeded, on a sudden, to the suspicions, the umbrage, the jealousy, and the private sarcasms, which had already fallen to the lot of the noble general.

Lafayette was not deceived by these demonstrations; he pitied the feeling that dictated them; and although he very clearly foresaw their termination, he nevertheless persisted in the resolution of performing his duty in every particular; and, if necessary, of sacrificing his popularity for the honour of the revolution of July. Attached to this revolution, even to enthusiasm, his chief aspiration was that it should go down to posterity as the *beau idéal* of popular omnipotence.

To any other than Lafayette, the project of saving a few men, whose hands were steeped in the blood of so many patriots whose graves were scarcely closed, would have been insurmountably difficult; any other popularity than his own would have inevitably perished in the attempt. The names of the ministers whom he wished to save from the vengeance of the people, reminded them of a war unto death, and sworn from all time, against our liberties. These men had been selected by the oligarchy from among the most guilty and the least sympathetic towards France, among the actors and the accomplices in all the counter-revolutionary plots that had been carried on for forty years. They were the promoters of all the intrigues, the performers of all the violences, with which the country had been harassed under the Restoration. In whatever way they were considered, these men, submissive yet despotic, ferocious yet imbecile, the refuse of the emigrants, or the tools of the Empire, had presented a contradiction the most extraordinary by which national probity had ever been insulted. They had, moreover, conceived, meditated, and signed the ordinances; they had caused the capital to be fired upon during three days; twenty thousand families called them to account for the loss of a husband, a father, a son, or a friend, murdered by their orders. And to what class did these victims belong? To that precisely which Lafayette particularly cherished, and by which he was the most sincerely beloved and respected.

Almost the whole of the national guards also demanded against the ministers the most severe application of the law for the punishment of high treason.

On another side, the most opposite parties, the most

irreconcilable passions, the most contradictory expectations, were all centred at the trial of the ministers. This moment was awaited with equal impatience by the Carlists, the Bonapartists, and particularly by the foreign cabinets, all firmly believing that the monarchy of July would not survive this great trial of its stability.

This situation, already so difficult, became still more complicated, by the presence of a number of returned transports, thieves, and malefactors of every kind, who, having derived no profit from the grand week, hoped to find in a new commotion, an ample indemnity for the sacrifices imposed upon them by the sublime popular probity which sanctified the days of July. In fine, it was necessary to add to all these elements of disorder, the secret but very active co-operation of the police, which, after living upon the wages of the Empire and of legitimacy, was inclined to give itself up to any other power that would offer it greater profits and more security for its duration than a throne of yesterday, which nobody expected would last.

As for the republican youth, already so dissatisfied with the crooked march of the new government, it is but justice to say, that whether through a conscientious feeling of legal order, or apprehending a disturbance favourable to the Carlist or Imperial interest, or whether, in fine, their affection for Lafayette was stronger than their resentments, they sacrificed every other consideration to the public tranquillity, and cordially seconded the zeal and the efforts of the national guard.

Meanwhile the capital was a prey to the most dreadful anxiety. At court, at the exchange, in the saloons, in the counting houses, in the warehouses, everywhere, the men, who after the danger, most ardently wished and called for the dismissal of Lafayette, were not the least forward in sounding his praises, and proclaiming him once again, the saviour of his country, and the saviour of the monarchy. The Palais-Royal, which had become the asylum whither all the tremblers of the higher classes had taken refuge during the storm, were in ecstacy, while shaking with fear, before the *unrivalled* man, whose virtues, they said, eclipsed the finest characters of antiquity. Just then, when the name of Lafayette was mentioned, every thing that was loyal, patriotic, and disinterested, was understood. I recollect a few jokes passed by the Prince-Royal at the expense of the pale faces, the grotesque confusion, and the *détremaître* quakings, which his father's palace exhibited. "It was enough to make one die with laughter," said His Royal Highness.

Such was the disposition of men's minds, when the king's council apprised Lafayette that the fullest powers were entrusted to him, and that he was to remain invested with them during the whole time that the trial of the ministers should last. The police of the Palais-Royal, of the Luxembourg, and of the Chamber of Peers, the command of the troops of the line, together with that of the national guard, were exclusively confided to him. Where the duty of Lafayette was clearly traced out, he could not hesitate in his decision. He willingly accepted all the responsibility thus accumulated upon a man of seventy, and took upon himself to ensure the regular course of justice, and the strict execution of its sentence whatever it might be.

The following is the order of the day which he published on this subject: I only give this document as the starting point of the measures which we shall find him taking.

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE 8TH OF DECEMBER, 1830.

The General, commander-in-chief of the National Guards, being ordered by the King to take also the command of the troops of the line that shall be on duty on occasion of the trial of the ministers, gives the following directions:—

"The chief of the staff of the National Guard, and General Fabvier, will make arrangements to carry into effect the measures ordered by the general in chief concerning the removal of the prisoners to the Luxembourg, and the maintenance of public order.

"Generals Fabvier and Carbellon will transmit the orders of the general in chief to the troops, whether of the national guards or the line, as also to Colonel Feistamel, first in command, and to Lieutenant-colonel Lavocat, second in command.

"In the absence of the chief of the general staff, the aides-de-camp G. W. Lafayette and Joubert will fulfil the duties of under-chiefs of the staff, and one of them will remain at the quarters of general staff, with the general in chief, to sign orders.

"From the 14th of this month, and until further orders, the major-generals, colonels, superior officers of the

staff or of the legions, and all the citizens composing the national guard of Paris and its districts, are not, under any pretext, to put off their uniform.

"The national guards forming part of the battalions of reserve in each legion, may attend to their private affairs, on leaving, however, information at their dwellings, where they are to be found in case of their being called for.

"Those who shall be on guard at the Luxembourg, are not to leave their posts without a written permission from the officer first in command. From the same period a chief of battalion shall be on guard at the *chef-lieu* of each *arrondissement*, and shall proceed to execute the orders given by the general staff, or by Generals Fabvier and Carboneau.

"Particular instructions will be sent daily to each chief of a legion or commanding officer."

"LAFAYETTE."

From the time of the arrest of the ministers (which was quite fortuitous, and certainly independent of the will of Louis Philippe, who wished their escape) Lafayette had used every means to save those deeply guilty men from the almost inevitable fate that threatened them. He wished that they should be made the subject of a severe example of national justice; but it was repugnant to his feelings that the people of the barricades, after having been so generous to Charles X., should show themselves vindictive and implacable towards those who carried into effect the counter-revolutionary will of that despot; more especially as these same ministers, who had no protector but himself, were the very men who but lately had ordered him to be arrested and shot. Besides, Lafayette idolised the revolution of July; and the mere idea of seeing it lowered to the system of the scaffold, would, in his opinion, detract from its romantic character, or, as I have already said, from its *beau idéal*.

It was with this intention (openly avowed, notwithstanding the popular irritation which it most of necessity excite among him) that Lafayette, who, besides, had always shown himself opposed to the punishment of death, particularly for political offences, had supported, on the 17th of August, the proposition of M. de Tracy, tending to obtain the immediate abolition of that punishment. Lafayette did not dissimulate that the great approaching trial was an additional motive with him for soliciting the Chamber to adopt the proposition of his honourable friend; for, as he said upon every opportunity, he thought it was of the greatest importance that victims should no longer be sacrificed after the combat. And when his friends observed to him, that his anxiety on behalf of those guilty ministers would render him very unpopular, at a time when the relatives and friends of six thousand victims were calling for justice on the blood that had just been shed, he replied, that "popularity which is the most valuable of treasures, the only one that is worthy of ambition, is, however, like all other treasures, intended to be expended in the promotion of the public welfare and of justice, of the true national interests, such as they appear to the conscience of him who makes use of it."

He had delivered the following speech upon this painful subject, three months previous to the trial of those ministers, who, but eight-and-twenty days before, had pointed him out to the executioners of Charles X.:

"I think that the abolition of the punishment of death is a principle, or rather an isolated opinion, independent of the judicial considerations of which I feel, as he does, the necessity. I will persist in calling for it, as long as the inflexibility of man's judgment shall not have been proved to me. This question, gentlemen, is not a new one: the abolition of the punishment of death has been called for, in all times, by the most respectable publicists. It was called for in the Constituent Assembly by many deputies, of whom I shall only mention three: Adrian Dupont, a most enlightened magistrate; M. de Tracy, the father of my honourable friend the author of the admirable Commentary upon Montesquieu; and the virtuous Larochejaqueault, the truest model of a great and excellent citizen, so lamentably, so basely murdered at Gisors, after the 10th of August. This question at present occupies the senate of the United States. It has been introduced there by the same Edward Livingston who has completed the work commenced by him in the legislature of the state of Louisiana.

"How unfortunate, gentlemen, have the abolition of the punishment of death should not have been adopted by the Constituent Assembly! How much irreparable grief would have been spared us! And what would not the greater number of those even who concurred in those various and multitudinous condemnations have given, a short time after, to redeem, even at the sacrifice of their

blood, the part which they had taken in these sentences? I acknowledge, gentlemen, that since our political storms, I feel an invincible horror of the punishment of death. Our present revolution bears quite a different character from the preceding revolutions. With patriotism and courage we have seen the greatest generosity united. It was worthy of this last revolution to distinguish itself, thus early, by the great act of humanity which my honourable friend has just proposed to you. I vote for its being taken into consideration."

I render homage to the feelings that placed such language in the mouth of him who has been called with reason, the *legat* of the Constituent Assembly; of him, who, forty years before, had joined his voice to the eloquent voice of Dupont, in demanding the suppression of this human immolation. The inviolability of the life of man, has been, at all times, in the eyes of the most enlightened philosophers, the principle upon which all human society rests; and the time is doubtless not far distant when this conservative principle will be established, and momentary utility will give way to eternal justice. As the honourable M. de Tracy has said, "Nothing but what is just and true, can be really productive of beneficial consequences."

Nevertheless, it may be allowable to ask, whether the moment was opportune for submitting this important question to the legislature, when, in order to proceed consequently, it would have been necessary, first of all, to enter upon an entire revision of the penal code, the Draconian severity of which still bears the impress of the most intolerable despotism? In order to save a few great criminals, ought the question to have been treated in this isolated manner, while, in the general opinion, its consideration called for long meditation, profound discussions, and a time of tranquillity?

In fine, the punishment of death being in force at the time the ministers were brought to trial, and when enormous crimes had just been perpetrated against what is dearest to man—liberty; was it not to be feared that, in depriving the law of its strongest sanction, the authority of the national sovereignty might be weakened, and the charge of a partially entirely aristocratic might be incurred? I declare, that, in my opinion, as in that of every conscientious man, the punishment of death ought to have abolished. I also declare, that I never contrived with all my feeble means to save the wholesale murderers employed by Charles X., from the death which the vengeance of the people might have inflicted upon them. I congratulate myself every day more and more that the national justice did not bear heavily upon them. But when I reflect upon the considerations which seemed to justify the making a great example, such as the necessity of binding the cause of the new monarchy to that of the revolution, by a decisive act of retribution, to strike terror into all who might attempt to tread in the footsteps of a felonious cabinet, and to prove to Europe that an impassable abyss separated the revolution from the new order of things; when, above all, I remember the disposition of people's minds, and the violent exclamations which called for the punishment of those signal criminals, and when I see that the axe of the executioner has again fallen upon the necks of the people, as soon as it ceased to be suspended over those of their most implacable enemies; then I cannot forbear saying, that in those most trying circumstances, Lafayette gratuitously staked his immense popularity for the gratifying and exalted object of generosity and humanity. M. de Polignac had set a price upon the head of Lafayette; Lafayette resolved to save the head of M. de Polignac: history will perhaps declare, that this conduct shod the man—the virtuous man, no doubt; but has not virtue also its pride?

However that may be, all Europe had its eyes fixed upon Lafayette. His enemies awaited the event with the strongest hope—his friends in the most painful anxiety: both saw in it the necessary termination of his popularity, and consequently of his political existence. In fact, symptoms of deep dissatisfaction on account of the solicitude he showed in favour of the prisoners at Vincennes, broke out even in the midst of his staff. There, as among the people, the national guards, and the youth of the schools, indignation was manifested at the idea that the instigators of the ordinances of July, the authors of the massacre of seven thousand patriots, should enjoy a scandalous impunity, ere the ashes of their victims were yet cold. A cry of vengeance re-echoed from all sides; and it was only, it must be said, in the hope of obtaining that vengeance from the law, that the people refrained from taking it with their own hands.

"This exasperation of the public mind, well known to Lafayette, which was exaggerated to him by his partisans as well as by his adversaries, only made him still

more determined to withstand the storm, and to procure at any sacrifice, that the law should be respected. He accordingly took every measure which his vast command placed at his disposal, to maintain public tranquillity; to preserve the lives of the accused ministers, and the independence of the high court, which had reconciled itself to passing judgment on its friends.

In 1789, as in 1830, Lafayette, in his efforts to maintain public order, had always acted upon the principle of avoiding sudden and alarming movements, of preventing rather than repressing, of persuading rather than coercing. His system was constantly to stem the torrent of popular tumult by patience and the *vis inertia* of great masses, rather than by those murderous charges and noisy demonstrations, which in general appeared to him only calculated to sow the dangerous seeds of hatred and revenge among the citizens. As he has himself said, that which he feared the most was, to excite the animosity of the working-jackets against the uniforms of the national guards; a consideration all-powerful in his eyes, but which, however, never prevented him from manifesting firmness in the execution of his duty, however rigorous it might be.

This prudence, at once peltic and paternal, was always advantageous to Lafayette. I have frequently had an opportunity of convincing myself that the benevolent zeal of his fellow citizens of every party, procured him information, upon which he took measures that generally anticipated the tardy communications which the police transmitted to his staff. This system of firmness and conciliation was at all times the rule by which he was guided. It will be seen on looking over the journals of the day, that in the most difficult periods of our first revolution, it often happened to him, in order to avoid a collision between the national guard and the people, to throw himself alone in the midst of a tumultuous populace, to quiet them, rescue the victims, and himself deliver up the guilty into the hands of justice."

The doctrines have had the insolence to tax the conduct of Lafayette with weakness and with succumbing to the mob; and this false imputation has not been without its influence upon superficial minds, who proceeded to adopt a given opinion to observing and reflecting for themselves. We are not, therefore, here to be the place to say, that we were, and least of all during his command of 1830, did Lafayette obtain popularity by ill-timed concession. Let the disturbances that necessarily arose in the first ebullition of the revolution of July, be compared with the disturbances occasioned by the reactionary policy of the cabinet of the 13th of March, and let it be candidly declared whether any parallel exists between the relative importance and disastrous consequences of the one and of the other. I do not yet speak of the deplorable conflict that has just filled the streets of Paris with blood: those days of mourning will find in this work a place that was not reserved for them.

As M. Odilon Barrot reminded the present ministers, in speaking of the last events of Lyons; in the early days of the revolution, when the popular agitation was at its height, numerous and formidable assemblages having manifested improper intentions, Lafayette and the prefect of the Seine, men of the revolution and the movement, succeeded in repelling those tumultuous demands with a very different firmness from that which was evinced by the men of the *juste milieu*. There, also, they were in different trades, those men still covered with the dust of the barricade, demanded, with loud cries, an increase of wages; others the demolition of machinery, which they erroneously considered injurious to their interests. Well; let us be kindly informed whether the general in chief, or the first magistrate of the department of the Seine, surrendered, in any of these crises, a single principle of justice and political economy.

I recollect that some time after the trial of the ministers, M. de Montalivet being present, some ardent patriots came to inform Lafayette that a numerous assemblage were proceeding to the triumphal arch of the Tuileries to tear off the trophies of the Trocadero. What

* A circumstance related by M. de Montalivet, in his *Memoirs* (in other respects very partial and inexact, concerning the first revolutionary movements, which were only known to the author, then in retirement at the extremity of Auvergne, through the fatherly correspondence of the great-grandfather of Paris) exhibits the generous anxiety which always characterised the conduct of Lafayette, even towards his enemies. M. de Montalivet relates that at the termination of a very serious trial, the "condemned," namely, a soldier in uniform who appeared to follow him in a more particular manner, he learned, with gratitude, that on all similar occasions, Lafayette ordered the national guards to watch secretly, that the deputies of the *Cité d'Orléans* might not experience any insult on the part of the people, whose irritation they had excited.

was the general in chief's answer? That he detested those impious trophies, as much as any body could; but that it was intended to destroy them in an illegal manner, he would march against the tumultuous assemblage; and the assemblage retired at the voice of Lafayette. It is true, that when the patriots had retired, he strongly urged the minister of the interior to cause those bas-reliefs, detestable monuments of a sacrilegious victory, to be immediately removed. M. de Montalivet promised their immediate demolition: these bubbles, however, of the Restoration, were permitted to remain until after Lafayette's resignation. Another assemblage came to demand their removal, in the presence of the king, of the new general in chief of the national guard, and the commander of the first military division, who were then reviewing four battalions in the court-yard of the Tuilleries.

In the same manner were effaced those dear *fleur-de-lis* for the preservation of which so much anxiety had been manifested. Two popular tumults were requisite, before it was decided upon to remove these emblems from the pediments of the Palais-Royal, and from the panels of the citizens' king; which made Lafayette say, when Louis Philippe was complaining to him of the demands of the people; "You know that I have always wished the removal of those ensigns of Coblenz and of the Restoration; I would have destroyed them much earlier than you have done."

The patriots attached much importance to the removal of the remains of Manuel and Foy to the Pantheon. Six thousand young men, accompanied by a number of national guards, took possession of the busts of those great citizens; and in their generous impatience to pay the debt of their country, they were marching in procession to the temple, when, rushing forward to meet these masses, and representing to them that by such proceedings they were taking the law into their own hands, M. Odilon Barrot prevailed upon them, without difficulty, that the two busts should be deposited in the great hall of the Hotel-de-Ville, until a bill, which he promised to solicit, had legalised the removal of their mortal remains to the Pantheon. And, indeed, the government hastened to ratify the promise of the prefect of the Seine, by appointing a commission, over which Lafayette presided, and composed of Marshal Jourdan, M. de Schoen, Jacqueminot, and Casimir Delavigne. This committee drew up a *projet de loi*, which was agreed to, and presented to the Chamber by M. Guizot. But that was only a compromise with danger, a deception, a cowardly act on the part of the men of the 7th of August, who, after eighteen months' delay, have succeeded in keeping from a sepulchre, on the Palais-Royal, *To the great men, their country grateful*, the remains of those men to whom France incontestably owes the most gratitude. The petty incidents and the miserable intrigues are not forgotten, which but lately compelled the honourable M. de Salvette to withdraw his motion, to avoid new insults to the memory of the defenders of liberty. But, what is not known, and what will probably appear incredible, even at this time so fertile in nonstrosities, is, that the only cause for the *repugnance* falling from so high a quarter upon the remains of Manuel, was the anathema which this great orator had dared to hurl against the elder branch of the Bourbons. There are certain places where they were shocked at the bare idea of seeing a French chamber beneath immortality to a *tribune of the people*, who had dared to proclaim, in the face of the world, that an invincible *repugnance* separated France from the men of Coblenz and of Quiberon. Could the dynasty of the paving stones, in conscience, forgive this insolent contempt for the Lord's anointed?

It is useful to recal these circumstances to the recollection of those champions of order and force, who, for these eighteen months, have represented the men of the people as promoters of disorder and anarchy; poor statesmen who aver that their very unpopularity is owing to their talent for governing, and who affect to know that it is precisely that the active sympathy between the masses and certain men, which enables them more easily to govern by persuasion or by force, the most stormy passions.

"True popularity," as Lafayette has said, "does not consist in doing whatever pleases the multitude, but in the success with which you can persuade them that they ought not to do what is wrong, or in the firmness with which, when requisite, you can prevent them from doing so without losing their affection."

By such marks true popularity is known; not that which has just drenched the streets of Lyons, Grenoble, and Paris with blood; which marches only with the lighted match and the bayonet; which scatters on all sides hatred and revenge, fills the country with conspi-

racies and plots, and divides France into five or six armed factions, in order to live suspended amidst their divisions. This popularity does not belong either to Lafayette or his friends; their is that whose moral power has sufficed during eight months of political storms and convulsions, to settle an empire shaken even to its foundations; to defend French society against the greatest dangers that have ever threatened it; to reserve for the operation of a doubtful law and a suspicious tribunal, the greatest criminals that have called down upon their heads the vengeance of the people, and save, in spite of itself, a monarchy which was hastening to its ruin; and all this, as M. Lafayette has observed, without causing a single individual to put on mourning. Such is, however, the popularity which the *doctrinaires* accuse of incapacity for government. But the waves fluctuate, and ministers likewise: let us have patience.

To return to the trial of the ministers. On the breaking out of the first troubles in Paris after the events of July, Lafayette, admirably seconded by the two prefects of the Seine and the police, and more immediately by the chief of his staff, had made arrangements by which fifteen thousand men of the national guard might at any time be assembled in arms at designated points, the intervening spaces being constantly occupied by troops of the line, equally well distributed by the judicious care of General Fabvier.

These measures to ensure public safety, did not appear to Lafayette sufficient to arrest the torrent which threatened to overflow the capital from all quarters. In fact, there were no longer partial assemblages to be overcome, but an insurrection, the more formidable as its ranks were swelled by the discontented of all parties, and even by a great number of excellent citizens, who, strangers to every faction, only conceived themselves to be moved by a laudable feeling of indignation against the impunity promised to the ministers of Charles X. All men, in short, conscientious or not, joined in the same cry of "Death and Revenge!"

The Luxembourg, the Palais-Royal, the prisons, the public establishments, and private property, might be, and in fact were, equally threatened. The prudence and the activity of the general in chief were proportioned to the multitude and the imminence of the dangers against which he alone had to contend. His first care was to arrange and establish constant communications with the President and the Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, the ministers of war and of the interior, the prefects of the department and of police, Generals Fajol and Fabvier, and the chiefs of the legions of the national guard.

After securing the co-operation of all the citizen militia, and combining their movements with those of the troops of the line; after providing for all contingencies, and dividing the general command of Paris into four principal sections, entrusted to the inspector general and three major generals of the national guard; after particularly providing for the safety of the Palais-Royal, and of the Hotel-de-Ville, Lafayette turned all his solicitude towards the Luxembourg, against which the popular waves were about to dash.

The principal command of this leading point of every attack, was entrusted to Colonel Frissham; and the second command to Lieutenant Colonel Lavecat, who, implicated a few years before in a political trial, had been condemned to death by the Court of Peers, and to whom Lafayette thought it would be granting a noble compensation, to place under the safeguard of his good faith the judges who but recently had sentenced him to death.

When those plans were settled, the ex-ministers were transferred from the castle of Vincennes to the prison of the Luxembourg, in which the generosity of Lafayette had prepared for those great culprits every comfort which could alleviate their misfortune.

The government had wished that their removal should take place in the night. Lafayette, on the contrary, required that it should take place in the day-time; and this confidence was successful; the objects of so much hatred and menace traversed at noon, and without receiving a single insult, the most populous parts of the capital, filled with an irritated but silent multitude.

No one, however, could mistake the thoughts of the people. The death of the ministers was evidently desired and expected; and it was certain that if they consented not to take justice into their own hands, it was only because they had a firm conviction that the Court of Peers, whatever its partiality, would never dare to refuse them the heads of the guilty.

Lafayette understood the necessity of no longer keeping up that delusion, and of preparing the public mind for what he was well aware would be the issue of the

trial. Then, and in spite of the solicitations of the men who really feared, and of those who secretly wished the less of his popularity, he declared, in an order of the day, that whatever the sentence of the high court might be, he would take care that it should be respected.

The following is the document which, summing up the principles of his long political life, attests the abnegation which he always made of himself in the greatest crises of our two revolutions.

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE 19th OF DECEMBER, 1830.

"In the circumstances which different passions and different interests, at the expense of public peace and legal order, endeavour to render critical, the general in chief commences by thanking all the national guards and troops of the line, who, in the services they have performed these few days past, under his orders, have shown by their zeal, their good spirit, and their union, that the cause of liberty has good defenders against anarchy and contempt of the laws. The testimonies of confidence and affection which he has lately experienced while visiting the posts, as well from the troops under arms as from the rest of the citizens, have moved his warmest gratitude. These sentiments are entirely reciprocal.

"The commander in chief, at the beginning of this week, when the glory of the great work appears in danger of being tarnished by disorders and violence, thinks it his duty to remind his fellow-citizens of the principles and experience of his whole life.

"He will not address himself to the counter-revolutionists, to the partisans of the fallen dynasty, to the old servants of all aristocracies and of all despotisms, who, not content with the protection given to them by a generous people, and by the rights of a liberty making no exceptions (the only true liberty), would wish, as in the first Revolution, and at the risk of being themselves its victims, to bring back a third Restoration by disorder, and, under a hypocritical mask, to substitute licentiousness in lieu of liberty, to which it is a mortal enemy, to pollute, by anarchy and murder, our spotless revolution, to encourage our external enemies, to dispel the admiration of the world, and thus to destroy the effects of the example we have given it; the general in chief has never had any thing in common with them.

"Still less does he address himself to those men habituated to crime, ardent for pillage, who may regret that the rapidity and the purity of the victory did not leave them time to execute their wicked projects. Most certainly, under whatever pretext they disguise themselves, they will not mislead a virtuous, laborious, intelligent, people, who, even in the heat of combat, have testified their horror of such excesses and such men.

"But it, among that population itself, there should be found well-intentioned although misled citizens, who might think they were serving justice by committing against her the greatest of crimes, that of ananizing the judges, or taking, as it is said, justice into their own hands; who think they can serve liberty, which is sovereign justice, by employing means which liberty reprobates; who, in short, on account of partial discontents, would desire to destroy their own work, at the risk of whatever might happen; I will remind them that it was thus, at a former period, the French people fell successively into the horrors of an anarchical and sanguinary tyranny, whence proceeded bankruptcy, famine, and the *marquis*; then, through a course of despotism, to the shame of a Restoration imposed upon us by foreigners.

"The confidence, however, of the general in chief in the Parisian people, in the brave and generous conquerors of July, in that energetic youth of whom he glories in being the constant friend, in his dear fellow soldiers of the national guard, has not been for one instant shaken: thus they will always find him, what he was at nineteen years of age, what he was in 1793 and 1830, and what he will continue to be during the few years he may yet have to live: the man of liberty and public order, loving his popularity much more than life, but determined to sacrifice both, rather than fall in any duty, or permit a crime, and deeply persuaded that no end justifies the means which public or private morality disowns.

"He thought at our barricades, that the present government, founded upon the sovereignty of the people, having at its head Louis Philippe the First, was the best arrangement which, under the circumstances of France and of Europe, we could adopt. He thinks so still; and defends the government, not only because he has promised to do so, but also because he has not changed his mind. As to the other combinations of our political

existence, as to the secondary measures of administration, it is in the tribune, it is anywhere except in an order of the day, that he ought to state his opinion. *A popular throne, surrounded by republican institutions;* such was the programme adopted at the Hotel-de-Ville, by a patriot of 1789, become a citizen king. The people, as well as the king, will show themselves faithful to that contract.

"The general in chief, quite certain of being supported by his patriotic fellow citizens, some of them his fellow soldiers, all of them, he ventures to say, his friends, in his devotion to the principles of liberty and public order, which he will never abandon, even should he find himself alone, now depends upon their co-operation for the strict and faithful execution of all their duties."

"LAFAYETTE."

This language raised up against the general in chief all the parties whose expectations it thwarted, or whose passions it irritated. These different parties did not think themselves beaten; and horrible cries for vengeance and death were a prelude to the scenes which were to accompany those memorable debates. Paris was in a state of consternation, as if on the eve of one of those inevitable catastrophes of which it is impossible for mortals to calculate the results.

In the eyes of the people, it seemed possible for the Republic, the Empire, the Restoration, the Convention, Napoleon the Second, Henry V., Charles X., any thing except the establishment of the throne of Louis Philippe, to arise from this chaos.

It was in the midst of this general panic that the trial commenced. The peers themselves were struck with terror; and it was only after long endeavours, and the reiterated assurance given by Lafayette that he would answer for their inviolability with his own head, that our conscript fathers commenced those debates in which their dearest affections were in question.

Lafayette had composed the garrison of the Luxembourg of national guards and troops of the line, between whom he had done all in his power to establish the most perfect harmony. Numerous battalions of the Parisian guard defended all the approaches of the palace; others were on duty at the Louvre, the Palais-Royal, and the Chamber of Deputies, or were stationed at the different points of the capital at which popular assemblages might form themselves with the greatest facility: the legions belonging to the district of Paris occupied, as posts of reserve, the exterior Boulevards; and were connected by posts, at short intervals, with the armed force especially charged to cover the Luxembourg. In fine, numberless patrols were marching in every direction through Paris, for the purpose of dispersing the different assemblages that were continually forming in increasing numbers, with the intention of proceeding towards the Luxembourg. However, in spite of all the precautions which prudence and energy could dictate, immense crowds had formed at every point of the capital; violent tumults broke out; the streets and open places adjacent to the Luxembourg were soon taken possession of by an insurgent populace, which, and a portentous circumstance it was, were not the people of the barricades.

The danger was growing more and more imminent: the dense ranks of the battalions which defended the advanced posts were broken: the people were already attacking the great gate of the palace; horrid cries resounded even in the interior of the tribunal; a few more efforts on the part of the insurgents, and all would have been over; the sanctuary of justice would have been sullied by the blood of the accused, and, perhaps, by that of their judges: the revolution would then have been dishonoured; and God only knows what storms might have fallen upon France!

Lafayette, who, from the commencement of the trial, had established his head-quarters at the Luxembourg, did not hesitate, according to his custom, to leave the protecting ranks of the national guards, and throw himself into the midst of the insurgent crowds; he would not permit any one to follow him, except some of his aides-de-camp, of whom I was one. It vain it was represented to him how rash this step was, inasmuch as the multitude, at whose mercy he was placing himself, did not consist of the men of July. And, indeed, this disorderly assemblage of the most degraded portion of the populace of Paris and of the political factions, had nothing in common with the determined but the honest aspect of the combatants of the barricades. They no longer consisted of those honest working men, with sincere arms, covered with dust, and blackened with gunpowder, fighting for the liberty of their country, but a crowd of thieves, convicted criminals, abandoned characters, and agents of

the police, who are constantly at the service of whomsoever will pay them, whose ignoble features and ragged appearance contrasted at every step with the aristocratic manner and elegant attire of the agents who directed their motions, amongst whom were to be observed several clergymen in disguise. Nevertheless, Lafayette threw himself into the midst of this lawless mob, from whom, however, he received no insult, and who stopped at once at the voice of the very man who had been held up to all their hatred, and who, they were told, wanted to save the lives of the enemies and murderers of the people.

This step, bold even to temerity, saved the Luxembourg. The mob, however, returning to its first impulse, soon recommenced the attack; but the national guard opposed their efforts and their cries for "death!" with so much patience and admirable courage, that the Court of Peers were enabled from that moment to continue their discussions in full security: the furious cries for the death of the ministers, no longer reached them; and the sentence was pronounced without a single drop of blood being shed, or even a single shot pillaged.

It was upon this day of difficulty that Lafayette published the following order of the day:

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE 21ST OF DECEMBER.

"The general in chief cannot find terms adequate to his feelings, to express to his fellow soldiers of the national guard and of the line, his admiration and gratitude for the zeal, firmness, and devotion, which they manifested during the difficult events of yesterday. He knew well that his confidence in their patriotism would be justified on every occasion; but he regrets extremely the fatigue and inconvenience to which they are exposed, he wishes it was in his power to obviate them: but he is only at liberty to praise them. We all equally feel the necessity of defending the capital against murder, levelling and anarchy, of protecting the persons and property of families, of preventing our revolution from being tarnished by crime, and our honour from being compromised. We are all bound, as one man, to execute those sacred duties; and in the midst of the sorrow which the tumults of yesterday have caused him, and those which are threatened to-day, the general in chief experiences much consolation, and a perfect security, in the sentiments which he entertains for his dear and brave comrades in the defence of liberty and public order.

"LAFAYETTE."

The tumults of the day before were indeed renewed on the 21st of December; but anarchy, still powerless, exhausted itself in vain efforts; the law was triumphant.

However, the Palais-Royal, which was still threatened by great danger, thought fit to stimulate anew the zeal of its defenders. The king addressed a letter to the general in chief, which the latter communicated to the national guard in the following order of the day:—

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE 22ND OF DECEMBER.

"Every order of the day, at this crisis, can only repeat the thanks of the general in chief to his dear fellow soldiers; because every day gives them new claims to his public and personal gratitude. Their conduct under present circumstances will be useful to the general cause of liberty and public order. It will show what those institutions are which are founded upon an enlarged and complete confidence in French rights and feelings; it marks out our duties, which we will all fulfil; and the revolution of July, which recalls to the general in chief so many recollections glorious for his dear comrades, so many marks of their affection and confidence towards him, forming amongst us all, men of July, an indissoluble bond, shall remain great and generous.

"The general in chief would wish to particularise all his obligations, but what can he do more satisfactory to the national guard has just been published by this letter which he has just received:

The King's Letter to Lafayette.

"Tuesday Morning, 22d December.

"It is to you, my dear general, that I address myself, in order to transmit to our brave and indefatigable national guard, the expression of my admiration for the zeal and energy which they have shown in maintaining public peace and preventing all disorder.

"But to you, likewise, my dear general, I must return thanks, who have again given us, on those difficult days, an example of courage, patriotism, and respect for the laws, which you have so often manifested during your long and noble career.

"Express, in my name, how much pleasure I experienced in seeing the revival of that fine institution of the national guard of which we had been almost entirely deprived, and which rose again in all its vigour and patriotism, finer and more numerous than ever, as soon as the glorious days of July had broken those shackles by which they had hoped to nullify it. It is this great institution that ensures amongst us the triumph of the sacred cause of liberty, as well by causing our national independence to be respected abroad, as by preserving the authority of the laws from any attack at home. Let us not forget that there is no liberty without law, and that there is no law where any power succeeds in paralysing its action and setting itself above it.

"Such are, my dear general, the sentiments which I beg you to express on my part to the national guard. I rely upon the continuation of their efforts and yours, in order that nothing may disturb that public tranquillity of which Paris and France have so much need, and which it is so essential to maintain.

"Accept at the same time, my dear general, the assurance of the sincere friendship which you know I entertain for you.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

However, almost the whole of the inhabitants of Paris, and of that same citizen guard which had so courageously protected the lives of the ministers from the summary justice of the people, positively expected that the high court would pronounce upon them sentence of death. On the other hand, the enemies of the new order of things, who were acquainted with this disposition of the public mind, and who wished a violent reaction to take place, had, some hours before the pronouncing of the sentence, spread the perfidious report that the peers had sentenced the ministers to capital punishment.

This intelligence, intentionally scattered through every part of Paris, was received with genuine enthusiasm; even those who had expressed the greatest horror at any attempt against the lives of the ministers, or the independence of their judges, assented to the terrible verdict which they believed had been pronounced; but great was the disappointment and indignation of all these men when they heard that the punishment of death had been evaded, and that perpetual imprisonment, if there could be anything perpetual in politics, was the only punishment reserved for the men who, during three long days, had deluged the streets of Paris with blood.

When this sentence was made known, a violent agitation broke out among the battalions of the national guard on duty in the court-yard of the Luxembourg, and they loudly demanded to be immediately relieved. These honest citizens had endured every kind of fatigue and privation, they had braved every menace, and used every effort, to prevent the ministers from being assassinated, and to secure to them all the guarantees of a regular trial; but they had not conceived it possible that the authors of so many massacres and calamities could escape the punishment which the law of the country irremissibly inflicts upon less guilty criminals.

This explosion of discontent, extremely serious, on account of the social position of the men amongst whom it was manifested, might spread to a distance, and occasion incalculable evils. Lafayette, who was still at the Luxembourg, proceeded with all haste to his comrades, and addressed them with feeling and persuasion; and so strong was the affection which bound the national guard to its old general, that at his voice, the anger of those brave citizens was appeased, as if by enchantment.

Meanwhile, it had been necessary to reconduct to Vincennes the prisoners, whose sentence, severe as it was, produced on the public mind the effect of an absolute bill of indemnity. The government had proposed to remove them secretly, in the night which preceded that on which the sentence was pronounced.* Lafayette was not of this opinion: he wished that the ministers should be taken back to Vincennes in the same manner as they had been brought to the Luxembourg, namely, in the day-time, and that their removal should not take place until after the sentence, whatever it might be.

However, the jurisprudence of the Court of Peers not requiring that the accused should be present when the sentence was pronounced, Lafayette effected their removal immediately after the termination of the debates.

For this purpose, he had arranged beforehand with the president, that the accused should be carried back to that part of the palace which served as their prison, as soon as the legal forms permitted; and with the

* It was pronounced at half past ten in the evening.

minister of the interior, that they should be transferred to Vincennes in the most private manner, and as quickly as possible. The execution of this important measure was entrusted by Lafayette to the exclusive care of General Fabvier, who acquitted himself of it with the intelligence and zeal which that worthy officer ever manifested in the discharge of his duty.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The troops of the line and the national guard who defended the Luxembourg, those who were charged to keep order in the interior of the palace, the crowds which besieged all its approaches, every one, except the judges and a few privileged persons, were under the impression produced by the rumour of the sentence of death which was said to have been pronounced against the ministers of Charles X. And, as I have already observed, this sentence had been received with almost universal satisfaction. No one expected the comparative acquittal of the accused, who, themselves, when brought back to their prison, were trembling with the apprehension of falling victims to the popular vengeance, yet more than of their being led to execution.

When Lieutenant-colonel Lavocat came and announced to the condemned, that they were about to be carried back to the castle of Vincennes, the impression produced on them by this intelligence evidently was, that their last hour was approaching; but on Colonel Lavocat's telling them that he would be answerable for their lives, they prepared to follow that officer to the entrance-hall of the palace, where the guard of the prison was waiting for them under arms. Profound anxiety was depicted on the countenance of M. de Polignac; resignation and courage were visible in the calm and expressive features of M. de Peyronnet; the aspect of M. de Chantelauze, was that of a man in the greatest anguish of mind, which he was struggling to overcome; he inspired an indescribable feeling of regret and pity; M. Guernon de Ranville strove to appear indifferent; but he was only resigned. The whole four of them, it must be said, manifested, at this trying moment, the dignity of misfortune, and a determined courage. The act of Lieutenant-colonel Lavocat, delivering up his prisoners to Colonel Feisthamel, who was waiting for them at the head of the national guard on duty in the interior of the prison, may be termed a dramatic scene. What might be the conduct of that guard at the sight of those great criminals who, they thought, had been sentenced to death, and whom they now saw escaping the sword of justice. And if, recollecting the blood of a father, a brother, a son, or a friend, shed by their hands, a single national guard had greeted their passage with a cry of vengeance, what might not have been feared from the exasperation of the thirty or forty thousand infuriated men, who, not more than a hundred paces from thence, had been loudly calling, the last four days, for the death of the ministers? But the conduct of those brave citizens, was that of men of honour; the condemned passed through their ranks, which stood in silent submission to a sentence they did not approve; without a word, a look, or a gesture, that could either wound or alarm them.

In this manner the prisoners arrived at the carriage, surrounded by a detachment of cavalry under the orders of General Fabvier, who had also stationed numerous posts upon the whole road along which they had to pass. Seated in a light calash, by the sides of which General Fabvier and the minister of the interior were galloping, the prisoners were rapidly conveyed to Vincennes; and, if I am not much mistaken, the moment when the drawbridge of that ancient fortress was raised behind them, was the happiest of their whole lives. Be this as it may, no attack, no accident, no tumult took place, during that short but perilous journey.

I have related what happened at the Luxembourg, when the sentence and the removal of the ministers became known at one and the same time. What would have happened had those two circumstances been known a few minutes sooner, it is impossible to say.

On the following day tranquillity prevailed in the capital; and Lafayette, mindful of the great service which the national guards of Paris had just rendered to all France, testified his gratitude to them in a public proclamation.

Order being every where restored, danger over, all fears dissipated, nothing new opposed the manoeuvres of the enemies of the programme of the Hotel-de-Ville, the diplomatic intrigues, every kind of jealousy which, previous to the trial, had pursued a man who had never

designed to take a step or speak a word to defend himself from them, revived with the return of tranquillity; and in the following chapter it will be seen with what indecent ingratitude they proceeded to heap deceptions and disgust upon this saviour, to whom, a few days before, they professed to owe every thing, from the crown itself, even to that respect for order and the law, which can alone give it splendour, value, and durability.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Court, the Chamber of Peers, the Chamber of Deputies, the ministry, and the foreign diplomats, were together against Lafayette—Motives of this conspiracy—Calumnies circulated abroad—The ministry of the third of November shows insincerity towards Lafayette—Proof of the duplicity of that ministry—Exception—Sitting of the 24th of December—Lafayette gives in his resignation—Unpublished letter of Lafayette to the king—The king's answer—Singular excuse—Interview between Lafayette and the king—Their explanations on the system of government—Lafayette persists in tendering his resignation—Another unpublished letter from Lafayette to the king.

The sentence which condemned the ministers of Charles X. to perpetual imprisonment, was delivered on the 21st of December, at half past ten at night. The exasperation of the enemies of the royalty called citizen, was at its height; other disorders, equally serious with those of the three preceding days, broke out on the 22d; and, upon this occasion, all the attacks of the discontented were directed against the Palais-Royal, where consternation and terror prevailed; but these new efforts of powerlessness were again broken by the unshaken firmness of Lafayette, the devotedness of the national guard, and the cordial and decided co-operation of the youth of the public schools.

On the 23d, order was completely restored; and, as I have said just before, nothing now seemed to oppose the development of the machinations which the suspicious jealousy of the court, the intriguing ambition of the *doctrinaires*, and the interested malevolence of the foreign diplomats, had contrived against Lafayette.

This conspiracy of the musty remains of every gentry regime, against the purest and most unalterable patriotism, had been for a long time preparing. Long before, these honest *doctrinaires*, in concert with certain ambassadors, had taken care to publish in some English and German newspapers, that Lafayette was more a king than the king himself, and that Louis Philippe was nothing more, in the hands of the general in chief of the armed nation, than an instrument which the latter made use of to deceive foreign cabinets, until he should have laid the foundations of a vast republic, and implanted throughout all Europe his dear American institutions. The most insidious caricatures were shown to Louis Philippe, representing him with the crown in his hand and Lafayette saying to him, "Sire, pray be contented!" Some deputies even went so far as to affect calling Lafayette, in the saloons, and even in the king's cabinet, the *mayor of the palace*.

The court, on its side, was extremely disposed to attend to these insinuations; indeed they were not necessary to convince its extreme dislike for Lafayette. In fact, although he had professed the sincerest affection towards this family from the time he had become acquainted, as he imagined, with their private life; and although from the simplicity of their domestic manners, he had concluded that they cordially entertained national sentiments; however successful his behaviour to the king, as well as the terms in which he spoke of him in the tribune and every where else; in fine, however sincere the private and public testimonies of affectionate regard lavished upon him by Louis Philippe; it was evident that a court which already meditated the revival of the royal etiquette and antiquated pomp which Lafayette thought were buried for ever, a court canker-eaten by the *juste milieu*, by quasi restoration and quasi-legitimacy, must feel impatient and humiliated under the influence of a citizen whose very presence reminded it incessantly of

* To any one who saw, in the early period of the royalty of July, the family of Louis Philippe, sitting round a work-table, and exhibiting the most paternal, the most filial, and the most simple manners, the delusion of Lafayette will appear quite natural: the spectacle of this palace, then only guarded by the men of July, to whose fidelity the most honourable monarch of a long line entrusted the liberty and the peaceful military which he had placed in the apartments; caused even the Americans to say, that it was exactly the same as at the residence of the President of the United States. What a difference between that confidence, that security, and the distrust and foolish pride which now surround themselves with the worn-out fancies of the Restoration. Who, at that time, would have ventured to predict the restoration of that crowd of gentlemen of the broken hammer, ladies in wretched silks, and of the *circe d'ordonnance*, cup-bearers, and chamberlains; in fine, that herd of valets, that now separate the king from the rest of the nation?

the programme of July, and the republican conditions of the monarchy of the barricades.

The dislike of the Crown was heightened by that of the old European aristocracies, which, during half a century, have professed their abhorrence of Lafayette, as the most persevering enemy of divine right, exclusive privilege, and of all the abuses for the preservation of which cabinets are leagued against the emancipation of the people. After making incredible efforts to destroy him in 1792; after throwing every obstacle in the way of his release from the dungeons of Olmutz, at the end of five years of horrible captivity; after being, in 1815, on the point of finding him at the head of a renewal of the movement of 1789; after witnessing his triumphant journey through America, and enduring the attacks which, during fifteen years, he daily directed against them from the tribune; those aristocracies, becoming more implacable the more he humbled them, again saw him suddenly stationed at the helm of a revolution entirely popular, rejecting any throne but one combined with essentially republican institutions, and himself, at all times a declared republican, giving, from the very outset of that revolution, a high tone to French diplomacy, and making it proclaim the system of non-intervention which was to ensure the emancipation of the nations, and the destruction of the treaties upon which the Holy Alliance rested.

Nothing, therefore, was more natural than that all the old cabinets should unite their efforts to overthrow Lafayette, and neutralise the decisive influence which he was likely to exercise over the new destinies of Europe. For which purpose the diplomatists raked up every precedent, to convince Louis Philippe of the impossibility of any good understanding being established between a cabinet subjected to the guidance of that man, and the old governments towards whom he had manifested the most irreconcilable enmity during forty-five years. They represented that his removal was a concession sufficient to purchase the good-will of the cabinets for the new dynasty, whilst, if that confession were refused, it would be necessary to prepare for all the consequences of the displeasure of the Holy Alliance.

To use the words of an ambassador, fear effected even more than diplomacy had promised itself. The disgrace Lafayette was readily conceded, without reflecting that this scandalous sacrifice would tend to the advantage of the enemies of France without in the least altering the nature of the question, the radical incompatibility between absolute governments and revolutionary monarchies.

On the other hand, as soon as it found itself safe, the Chamber of Peers, whose influence was all-powerful in the new court, beheld in Lafayette only the declared enemy of hereditary right, which had already received from him a mortal blow, and which he would certainly never allow to raise its head again.

And, finally, the *doctrine* portion of the elective chamber, the men of the double vote, the partisans of the dethroned dynasty, all those whom fear, conviction, or attachment to aristocracy, had thrown into the ranks of the *juste milieu*, recollected, with bitterness, that in the revolutionary movement of July, the patriotic solitude of Lafayette had given them no time to declare against the forfeiture of the crown by the ex-royal family, the primary principle of the sovereignty of the people, the arming of the whole nation, appointing its sixty thousand officers, the programme of a popular throne surrounded with republican institutions, and the deliberate, reiterated, and formal adoption of the principles of that programme, by the Duke of Orleans; all proclaimed and consummated before the Chamber had either had the time, or usurped the right, to pervert them.

Independently of this regret, the great majority of the Chamber had felt deeply hurt at the opinion which Lafayette had several times expressed at the Hotel-de-Ville, in favour of a convocation of the Primary Assemblies, and the election of a constituent congress. Besides, the storm once allayed, and public order restored, the existence of a great power, and its supposed rivalry in influence with the royal authority, was calculated to throw into the shade, not only the crowd of the intriguing and the ambitious, which beset the new throne, but even many well-intentioned members of both Chambers. Therefore, that patriotic susceptibility, considered by itself and apart from the distrusts and insults which, as he had himself given cause for its manifestation by publicly declaring, that the post which the circumstances of the time had rendered it imperative upon him to accept, had appeared to him in 1790, and

still appeared to him in 1830, as a bad institution, which ought to last as short a time as possible.

As for the ministry of the 31 of November, it was at no pains to conceal the unbrags it felt at the power with which Lafayette was invested; and notwithstanding the praises which it lavished at the time on the patriotism and good faith of the great citizen, of the illustrious general, it is certain that that administration sighed only for the moment when it might rid itself of his control, which, joined to the all-powerful influence he possessed over the men of July, weighed like a nightmare on the cabinet of that period.

This is a fact, the *strangeness* of which may, perhaps, be weakened by the community of principles which at this day exists between Lafayette and several of the members of the administration of the 3d of November, but which is not the less a fact worthy of a place in history.

Thus, then, the Crown, the two Chambers, the foreign diplomatists, the aristocracy, the king's council, and in general the intriguers of all hues, the parasites of every regime, had combined to exclude Lafayette from any share in the public business, in order, as they themselves said, to have done with the revolution. None, however, had the boldness to grapple openly with that ticklish question. It was even deemed prudent to deck the victim with a fresh civic crown; since on the day before the sacrifice, that is, in the sitting of the 23d of December, M. Dupin, sen. mounted the tribune to propose a vote of thanks to the national guard and its illustrious chief.

The adversaries of the appointment of Lafayette to the chief command, in order to aim the first blows at him, had long resolved to take advantage of the presentation of the law upon the definitive organisation of the national guards of the kingdom. But the discussion of the *project* having commenced in the committee which preceded the trial of the ministers, care was taken that a design which might have led to frightful disasters, should not transpire to the public. To that end, it was determined, in the first commission appointed by the government, in which the Duke de Choiseul presided, that the command in chief of the national guards should be continued in the person of Lafayette, but that it should end with him. This article was read afterwards, in presence of the general, at a meeting of the commission, and of several ministers and generals, specially convened at M. Guizot's, then minister of the interior.

When, however, that project thus prepared by the commission, was laid before the council, they affected to make it the subject of a serious discussion, and to offer some resistance to it. Three members of the cabinet, and the king himself, objected, for example, that the interdicting to the executive the appointing of a new commander in chief, after the death of Lafayette, would be an infringement on the exercise of the prerogative of the crown. Notwithstanding this pretended discussion, in a subsequent meeting composed of two ministers, the commander in chief, and the inspector general, appointed by the king's council to regulate the respective duties of the general and of the ministers of war and of the interior, in every thing relating to the national guards of the kingdom, it was resolved, that M. de Montalivet should repair to the committee of the Chamber of Deputies, to announce to it, that the king's government considered it absolutely necessary that Lafayette should be continued in the chief command of the armed nation. Lafayette, who attached no importance whatever to those personal considerations, and who had, besides, expressly reserved to himself the liberty of resigning as soon as he should think it might do so without risk to the revolution, assented to that arrangement, which appeared to him favourable to the principles of July, already threatened from all sides.

All this, however, was no more than a mean trick. The step which had been agreed upon between the ministers and Lafayette was never taken; and the president of the council, in proposing to the Chamber the simple suppression of the office of generalissimo, assented in the name of the government to a measure which it had undertaken to resist, even while it was being announced to the committee. I confine myself here to saying, that the ministry of the 3d of November consented to the dismissal of Lafayette; for if the proposition it then made for bestowing on that great patriot the nominal title of *honorary commander* was the result of deliberate reflection, it can be viewed only as a downright insult.*

* It was on the 21th of December that this pitiful farce was played in the Chamber of Deputies. Some days before, the honest Dupuy de l'Eure had resolved to give in his resignation, on account of the

That sitting of the 24th of December will be remembered, in which the government and the Chamber presented to the world the example of the blackest ingratitude towards a man, who, a few hours earlier, had risked fifty years of popularity to save them both. Never had there been a more scandalous exhibition in the national tribune. The 50th article of the *project* of the government ran thus: "In the communes, or cantons, in which the national guard shall form several legions, the king may appoint a superior officer; but there can be no appointment of a superior officer of the national guards of a whole department, nor even of a circuit of an under prefect."

That clause virtually involved the dismissal of Lafayette. It was in vain that five amendments were proposed to soften the hideousness of such conduct. Those amendments, presented by MM. de Vauclelles, Jules de Larochefoucauld, Eusèbe Salvette, and Pelet de La Lozère, and all having for their object the exceptional continuance of Lafayette in the command of the national guards of the kingdom, were successively rejected, after being opposed by M. Charles Dupin, who ended a long speech with these remarkable words: "General Lafayette cannot be all his lifetime a living law, unless political law be dead." These words summed up the thoughts of the Court.

As for the ministry, humiliated, as I would fain believe, at the part it was playing on that occasion, it endeavoured to palliate its shame by proposing that the *honorary* command of the national guards should be bestowed by a fresh ordinance, on the founder of the citizen militia. The Chamber declared simply that the office of commander in chief was abolished, or, in other words, that Lafayette was dismissed.

This deliberation took place in the evening of the 24th of December, in the absence of the general in chief, who had been detained at his head quarters on account of the public peace being again threatened. I do not know that this unavoidable absence had entered into the calculations of his adversaries; but it is certain, that the press and the honest men of all parties, saw in this carelessness of the Chamber to decide that important question, without the participation of the party most interested in it, an unbecoming want of respect, which excited, in the highest degree, the public indignation.

The next morning, Lafayette wrote to Louis Philippe the following letter, which a feeling of delicacy towards the king, whose ministers had just concurred in his dismissal, would not allow him to publish at the time†:

"Sir,
"The resolution passed yesterday by the Chamber of Deputies, with the assent of the king's ministers, for the suppression of the office of commander in chief of the national guards, at the very moment the law is going to be put to the vote, expresses already the opinions of two branches of the legislative power, and above all, of that which I have the honour to be a member of. I should consider myself as failing in respect, if I awaited any other formality before tendering to the king, as I now do, my resignation of the powers which his ordinance had conferred upon me. Your majesty knows, and the correspondence of the general staff will prove it, if required, that their exercise has not been so *illusory*, up to this period, as was represented in the tribune. The pa-

tricious conduct of the council. Lafayette, impressed with the hope that his honourable friend might yet be able to effect some little change in the present government, and that the country would have prevailed on to do the same, as well in his quality of minister of justice as in his private capacity; with the reservation that both would retire if the power centred in July persisted in its retrograde system. This explanation was necessary in order to absolve those two patriots from any participation in that *malice* or weakness of which Lafayette was the object on that memorable occasion.

The total want of reflection could alone direct this proposition of the character of an insult towards Lafayette. What value, in fact, was attached to the immense services that Lafayette had just rendered to the country, and to the title, bestowed on him, of commander in chief, was all the reward it deserved? In order to appreciate the value which that ordinance would have in the eyes of Lafayette, it must be compared with the ordinance of the 23d of August, which had invested him with the command in chief. It ran thus: "The (Lafayette) is entrusted with every thing relative to the distribution of the national guards in the *cadres*, in conformity with the territorial division; to the discipline, to the instruction, to the arming of the troops, to the equipping and arming of the national guards; to the execution and transmission of the orders which shall be given him." The third article expressed that "The commander in chief will transmit to the minister of the interior whatever orders he shall have given; and, on the other hand, the minister of the interior will inform the commander in chief of the measures he shall have taken, &c."

Conducting, at that time, a political journal, the author of this work abstained, at the request of General Lafayette, from publishing this correspondence, which the nature of his duty at the head quarters had caused to pass through his hands.

triotic solicitude of your majesty, will supply its place; and, for example, it will be important to dispel by ordinances which the law has left at your discretion, the unbusiness which has been produced by the parcelling out of the rural battalions, and the apprehension of being confined to the frontier towns and those of the coast, that very useful institution, the citizen artillery.

"The president of the council has been so good as to propose to bestow on me the title of honorary commander; he will, himself, be sensible, and your majesty will conceive, that those nominal decorations are suitable neither to the institutions of a free country nor to myself.

"In delivering up, respectfully and gratefully, into the hands of your majesty, the sole ordinance which invests me with authority over the national guards, I have taken measures to prevent the service from suffering by it. General Dumas will take the orders of the minister of the interior; General Caronnel will regulate the service of the capital, until it shall please Your Majesty to appoint another in his place, which he requests may be done.

"I beg your majesty to accept the cordial tribute of my attachment and respect.

"(Signed)

LAFAYETTE."

Who will believe it? On the 25th, at noon, Louis Philippe was yet ignorant of the debates that had taken place the evening before, in the Chamber of Deputies, upon a question which, for two months, had wholly occupied the Court and the Town. Be that as it might, here follows the king's answer:—

"I have this instant received, my dear general, your letter, which has grieved as much as surprised me by the decision you have taken; I have not yet had time to read the journals. The council of ministers meet at one o'clock; I shall then be at liberty; that is to say, between four and five, when I hope to see you, and to persuade you to retract your determination.

"Accept, my dear general, &c.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

Lafayette attended the king's appointment, who received him with the liveliest marks of affection. Louis Philippe seemed inconsolable at what had taken place the day before in the Chamber of Deputies, and above all, on the part which his ministers had unwittingly taken in it, and without any evil intention. "But," added the king, "the *deplorable* article has not yet become law, and I shall be very glad to see it repealed."— "Sir," said Lafayette, "the distrusts of my colleagues, and the dissensions they have pronounced against me, as far as in them lay, impose on my delicacy the duty of not holding any longer an authority which offends them, and the principle of which, notwithstanding its temporary utility, has, besides, been at all times condemned by myself. Moreover, being entirely resolved to prosecute by every means in my power the abolition of the hereditary peerage, it does not become me to await, on the part of the Chamber of Peers, a confirmation which would place it in a species of hostility towards me, or a favourable amendment which would lay me under obligation to it. Besides," added he, "I will candidly confess to your majesty, that in this I find for myself not only a duty, but a fit occasion."—"Explain yourself," said the king.— "Sir," replied Lafayette, "your system of government is no longer mine. It appears to me that public confidence has placed a trust in my hands; I cannot refer you to it in writing; it exists in opinion, in the air perhaps; but in short, the French people, and many patriots of all countries, persuade themselves that where I am there is no risk that liberty will suffer. Now, I see that liberty is menaced, compromised, and I will decide no one. Both at home and abroad, the measures of your government not being such as I consider conducive to the interests of liberty, there would be a want of candour on my part were I to remain longer, like an opaque body, between the people and the executive. When I am removed from the government, every one will know better how the matter stands."

The question being placed upon this ground, the king strove earnestly to combat what he called the prejudices of Lafayette. But neither his manifestations of an unbounded friendship, nor his reiterated offer to revoke the *deplorable* clause, could blind the general to the real state of things; and they had no other effect than to make him repeat to the last moment of that conversation: "Sir, you offer me many personal concessions, but nothing for the public weal; and it is that, and not myself, which is in question."

The king requested twenty-four hours to consider the

questions which had arisen between him and the commander in chief of the national guards. Lafayette assented to that delay, in the hope that it would be employed in mature reflection, and perhaps produce a return to better courses. Vain hope! In that interval the president of the council, the minister of the interior, and some of the principal officers of the national guard, came to repeat to him the assurances of regard, and the offers of reparation, which he had received at the Palais-Royal; but of the guarantees he had claimed for the disregarded principles of the revolution of July, not a word was said. Lafayette answered them as he had answered the king, "Every thing for liberty, nothing for myself."

On the same occasion, the prime minister having depicted a common front to oppose the intentions of Lafayette relative to the forming of a new cabinet, the general replied that if certain patriots, whom he named, or any others of the same way of thinking, should come into power in place of the men whose proceedings appeared to him contrary to the principles and the engagements of July, he should consider that change as the precursor of a better future. He also wrote to that effect to M. Lafitte, who laid his letter before the council, which displaced several of its members in the highest degree.

The pretended exactions of Lafayette went no further. To impose entire silence upon his own susceptibility; to lay aside all self-love; to consent to every insignificant reparation, such as the postponement of the execution of the article of the law which concerned himself; in short, to give way to every thing they desired, in the hope of obtaining under favour of that difficult conjuncture, a better system of government: such, and such only, whatever may have been said of the matter, were the *exorbitant pretensions* of the man who had consented to place the crown upon the head of the new king. But since, whilst overwhelming him with praises and professions of attachment, the disastrous system of a *quasi-Restoration* was underridingly persisted in, it became the duty of Lafayette to satisfy the adversaries of his influence, by divesting himself of a command from which the Chamber and the government had dismissed him five times in a single sitting, and to cease to serve as a cloak to the anti-French combinations which his remaining at the head of the national guards might have hidden from the patriots. When, therefore, the required twenty-four hours had elapsed, without having brought any symptom of a change of system, he wrote to the king:—

"Sunday, 25th December, 1830.

"Sire,
"Your majesty told me yesterday that the subject of our conversation should be concluded this day. I have seen MM. Lafitte and Montalivet; they have spoken to me of the amendment which the president of the council intends to propose. But, sire, you know well that it does not remove the objections which I took the liberty of submitting to you. I mentioned to M. de Montalivet that I looked upon myself as having given in my resignation, and I imagine he will have issued his orders in consequence. However I think it my duty to repeat it to the king, because, General Carbonel and my son having followed my fortune, as likewise the Major General Tracy, it is necessary that orders should be issued for tomorrow's service. Believe me, sire, the duty which I consider I am fulfilling, is more painful to me than I can express; and now, more than ever, it behoves me to join with the tribute of my respect, that of my profound and unalterable attachment.

"LAFAYETTE."

CHAPTER XVII.

It is not true that Lafayette refused the command of the National Guard of Paris—falsehoods of the court and the government on that head. Explanations of Lafayette to the Chamber of Deputies—President of the king—The Palais Royal—Montalivet—Lafayette advised a *coup d'état* and a dictatorship—Explanation of Lafayette with the king upon that subject—The extent of Lafayette's demands—His taking leave of the National Guard—Character of Lafayette.

It was felt necessary to anticipate the dangerous impression which the retirement of Lafayette would unavoidably produce on the public mind. To that end, the court, the ministry, and the *Anti-Fayetteists* of the two chambers, combined to spread abroad, and cause to be believed, two falsehoods: 1st. That the demands made by Lafayette to the king were such that the monarch was left no other alternative than to reject them or to abdicate the throne: 2d. That Lafayette had obstinately refused the command of the national guard of Paris, which had been offered him with the strongest solicitations.

This system of accusation was the more perfidious, as whilst on the one hand it invoked for Louis Philippe the sympathy which a generous nation never withholds from oppressed weakness; it tended on the other to alienate from Lafayette the affection of his comrades of the national guard of Paris, that is, to wound him in the most sensible part.

Fear and bad faith set every engine to work, to invest this fiction with the character of an incontestable fact; and the truly theatrical sentimentality with which they deplored the lamentable obstinacy of Lafayette, is not one of the least characteristic traits of the men who now govern us.

"Sire," said M. de Montalivet, in his report presented to the king on the 26th of December, "General Lafayette has tendered to your majesty his resignation of the office of commander in chief of the national guards of the kingdom. The most earnest solicitations, repeatedly urged, have failed to induce the illustrious general to retract a resolution which deeply afflicts your majesty's heart, and deprives France of the services he might yet render her. The resolution of General Lafayette being irrevocable, we must abandon the hope of seeing him continue in the exercise of the functions of an office in which he will leave imperishable recollections behind him!"

That pathetic report had naturally for its moral, the proposing of Count de Lobau as the successor of Lafayette.

Then came immediately the following proclamation, plentifully distributed, and posted up at every guard-house in the capital:—

"PROCLAMATION OF THE KING.

26th of December.

"Brave National Guards, my dear fellow countrymen, you will partake my regret on learning that General Lafayette has deemed it proper to give in his resignation. I had hoped to see him longer at your head, animating your zeal by his example, and by the recollection of the great services he has rendered to the cause of liberty. His retirement is the more felt by me, as, but a few days ago, the worthy general again took a glorious part in maintaining public order, which you so nobly and so effectually protected during the late agitations. But I leave the consolation to reflect that I have neglected nothing to spare the National Guard that which will cause it the deepest regret, and me the sincerest grief.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

And here I subjoin the terms in which, following up the blow, the president of the council expressed himself in the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies of the 28th of December, that is, thirty-six hours after he had voted the dismissal of Lafayette.

"The illustrious chief of the national guard, who has long contemplated the repetition of that noble step which he took forty years ago, has divested himself of his functions, notwithstanding our solicitations. He wished, as much as in him lay, to imitate the noble example of Washington; he has done only a little earlier that which he said he would do sooner or later. One of our colleagues, whose virtues have thrown around him so much splendour, had likewise formed the intention of laying down his share of power; but he would not do so on the eve of danger; he has done it the day after."

The king, having assembled at the Palais Royal the colonels of all the legions of the national guard of Paris, professed the deepest regret at Lafayette's resignation, all the time, however, complaining of the really excessive demands which he had made to his majesty. But what will appear still more astonishing is, that, confounding, no doubt, the conflicting counsels which were simultaneously given him, the king added, in a tone of displeasure, that monstrous proposals were made him, such as that of expelling the Chambers, and setting up a dictatorship. It must be believed, that chance and confusion only could have thus brought together in one sentence the demands of Lafayette, and a wish for a *coup d'état* and a dictatorship; since, when the general complained to the king of the absurd reports that were spread respecting him: "I should like," answered Louis Philippe, "to see the man who should dare to maintain that I attributed those proposals to you." "Certainly," replied Lafayette, "it is pleasant enough that I should be accused of a desire to invest you with a dictatorship. I who would be found the first in the ranks of the enemies of any constitutional monarch who should take such a fancy."

However, these manoeuvres on the one hand, and these *misunderstandings* on the other, furnished matter

for those false accusations which a restless and cunning spirit of intrigue propagated in the capital and in the departments, in the guardhouse and in the drawing-room, and under favour of which many persons assumed, at court, the merit of a devotedness which had no object.

But what was either true or probable in these imputations? Nothing, certainly; and the most ordinary judgment would suffice to detect the absurdity of the groundwork of that dull comedy.

As for the *imperious demands* of Lafayette, the king had reason to complain of them, if the king considered as an intolerable exaction, the requiring of a speedy return to the principles of the revolution of July, to which he owed his crown, and from which he and his ministers were so evidently departing. Has time proved that those fears were are without foundation?

Finally, in respect to his refusal of the command of the national guard of Paris, one single thing is true, which is, that before accepting that command, the Count de Lobau came to ask Lafayette if he persisted in his resignation. But until then, Lafayette had commanded the national guard of Paris by virtue only of the powers which invested him with the chief command of all the national guards of the kingdom; consequently, that general command being abolished, he could not be asked to retain the command of the capital in particular, under an authority which the decision of the legislature and the concurrence of the government would have virtually put an end to. A new ordinance would have been necessary; and such ordinance was never issued, nor even offered.

But where is the necessity for me to argue upon legal forms, to prove that the government never intended to entrust the command of the capital to Lafayette? Does not that proof appear from the very nature of things? The distrusts and jealousies of the court, the chambers, the courtiers, the ministers, the foreign diplomatists, being the manifest, the sole motives for removing Lafayette; did they not apply above all to the exercise of the power and influence which he derived from the command of one hundred thousand armed citizens of Paris and its environs? And if, on his part, Lafayette had scrupled to deceive France by appearing to identify himself with the policy of the Palais Royal, must he not have been equally fearful of abusing the confidence of the country by exercising the great and imposing command of the capital? Thus the system of the Palais Royal, and that of Lafayette, of themselves, put the offer and refusal of that command out of the question: neither the one nor the other was made.

In resorting to that system of slander and calumny, the court knew so little of Lafayette, as not to venture to rely on the generosity of his character, which would make him regard it as a patriotic duty, to prevent the ill effect his resignation was likely to produce in Paris and in every part of France, from whence he received, in fact, such warm testimonies of regret, affection, and confidence. Nevertheless, far from wishing to make a triumph of his retirement, he took every pains to deaden the explosion of discontent which it might occasion among his numerous friends, and to prevent the resignations which began to be tendered from all quarters. He hastened to issue the following order of the day:—

ORDER OF THE DAY, OF THE 27TH OF DECEMBER, 1830.

"In quitting the command of the national guards of the kingdom, General Lafayette proposes to address to them his thanks and his farewell, but he cannot refrain from seizing the first moment to express to his fellow soldiers of Paris the feelings with which his heart is overflowing. He has the fullest confidence in the sincerity of their attachment and regret. By redoubling, if possible, their punctuality and activity in the service, they will prove it to him more and more. He will know how to appreciate this fresh testimony of their affection and their indissoluble union with him, in their common devotion to liberty and public order. The patriotic foresight of the king has made all the necessary arrangements. It is with his whole soul, and not without emotion, that their old and grateful friend indites these few words to them.

"LAFAYETTE."

Lafayette immediately after presented himself to the king, no longer as commander of 1,700,000 national guards, but as an affectionate citizen full of respect for the person and family of the new monarch.

The court and the town awaited, with the strongest curiosity, the parliamentary explanations which he

should give in the tribune; and, as may be well conceived, his arrival at the Chamber, in the sitting of the 27th of December, caused a great sensation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is customary, in a neighbouring country, that when a citizen retires from the exercise of high functions, he and his colleagues should mutually explain before the representative chamber. Allow me to use that privilege.

"I have always thought that the office of commander in chief of the national guards of the kingdom was incompatible, as a general principle, with the institutions of a constitutional monarchy. Therefore, when three millions of my fellow citizens, in 1790, proposed to confer that office upon me, by the acclamations of their fourteen thousand deputies, on the field of the Federation, I hastened to prevent its possibility, by obtaining from the Constituent Assembly a prohibitory decree. I did not do so when, at the Hotel-de-Ville, the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterwards the king, proposed to me to remain in the exercise of that command. I thought it behoved me to accept it, with the intention of divesting myself of it, earlier in case of peace, later in case of war, as soon as I no longer saw a necessity for its continuance.

"The opinion of the Chamber has anticipated that period; and out of respect to it, I have not waited for the law to be submitted to the other branches of the legislature. It is merely a question of time; but I should feel deeply hurt if it were supposed (and no one, knowing or having read the history of the last fifty-four years, can suppose) that my conduct has been influenced by the slightest personal consideration. I will go further: that opinion expressed by the Chamber, afforded me an opportunity which I needed. The great power with which I was invested gave some umbrage; you have often heard it spoken of, gentlemen. That umbrage prevailed, above all, in the diplomatic circles. That power is now dissolved; I have now only the honour of being your colleague.

"One word more, gentlemen. That resignation, accepted by the king with all his accustomed testimonies of kindness towards me, I should not have given in before the crisis we have just passed through. *My understanding of public order* is now fully satisfied. I own it is not so with *my understanding of liberty*. We all know the programme of the Hotel-de-Ville: *A popular throne surrounded with republican institutions*. It was accepted; but we do not all of us understand it in the same manner; it has not, on all occasions, been understood by the councils of the king as it has by me, who am more impatient than others to see it realised; and to whatever may have been my personal independence in every situation, I feel, in my present situation, more perfectly at liberty to discuss my opinion with you.

"There are points, however, upon which we shall be always united against domestic and foreign adversaries. I think that, in the course taken at the time of the revolution of July, we not only did that which was best, but the only thing it was expedient to do. I think so more than ever, since I have known the monarch whom we have placed upon the throne. In putting off my uniform, I have not laid aside our motto, '*Liberty, public order*.' Besides, how many legs do we possess of expressing our thoughts, of urging our demands! For us, there is the tribune; for every one the press, which has rendered so many services, and the peaceable course of petitioning. This, gentlemen, is what I had occasion to say to my colleagues, who, I hope, will continue to me their esteem and friendship."

In short, owing to the measures taken by Lafayette in order that his retirement might produce the smallest possible inconvenience, every thing would have settled down calmly, if, as he said one day to the king, he had not met, in the performance of that good work, with some auxiliaries upon whom he had not reckoned. Nevertheless, the proprieties of office required that Lafayette should formally take leave of the national guards of the kingdom, and particularly of that of Paris, which he did by addressing to them these two letters:—

GENERAL LAFAYETTE TO THE NATIONAL GUARD OF PARIS.

Paris, 1st January, 1831.

"My dear fellow-soldiers,

"When, at the painful moment of my retirement, I hastened to put you on your guard, not against unexpected incursions, which I leave to your good sense and the rectitude of your own hearts, but against any imprudent manifestations of your friendship towards me. I promised you a farewell letter, which I shall here subjoin. You will find in it, as well as in my speech to the

Chamber, the explanation of my conduct and the expression of my sentiments. I feel it, however, necessary again to address myself specially to you, whose fathers were my friends and companions in 1789; to you, who, during the last five months, have so fully gratified my patriotism, my pride, and my affection.

"In resigning the command in chief to the king, whose ordinance was my sole title to it, I have yielded not only to the wishes expressed in the sitting of the 24th of December, but also to the manifestations of various sorts of jealousies, and of patriotic scruples, not less applicable, considering my personal situation, to the important command of the national guard of Paris, had it been re-established in my behalf, than to the functions with which I had been invested.

"It would have been gratifying to me, my dear comrades, to present to you myself the brotherly congratulations on your conduct in the late crisis, which pour in from all quarters; they shall be transmitted to the excellent general who so well justifies the honourable choice of the king.

"May our programme of July be carried into effect more and more! Such is the wish of France; for, it is as false to say at Paris that the departments are indifferent to liberty, as in the departments that Paris is averse to public order; then the reality of things themselves will not need the passport of any name.

"Accept, all of you, my dear comrades, commanders, officers, subalterns, and privates, the regrets, the affection, and the good wishes of a loving, grateful, and devoted heart, which remains identified with you, and which death alone can separate from you.

"LAFAYETTE."

GENERAL LAFAYETTE TO THE NATIONAL GUARDS OF THE KINGDOM.

"But a short time ago, my dear fellow-soldiers, I was invested with an immense command; now, I am only your old friend, the veteran of the national guard. That twofold title will, to my last moments, form my happiness and my glory. That which I no longer possess found me, in the great week, strong in the unbounded confidence of the people, in the midst of the illustrious barricades at which was raised again that tri-coloured flag, twice the signal of liberty; where, in three days, were decided the present destinies of things and of men in France, the future destinies of Europe. Those functions which I had refused in 1790, I accepted in 1830 from the hands of a prince whom we have appointed to be our king. They were, I think, exercised usefully: seventeen hundred thousand national guards already raised, organised at the voice of their happy chief, are my witnesses. They might, I confess, have still continued to be further useful, during a period of the duration of which I was told I should be the judge, and of which I should have been a severe arbiter. A majority of the deputies my colleagues thought that those functions ought to cease now; and that opinion was expressed, in the same sitting, by the principal organ of the government. Besides, distrust, which I have a right to say the past did not justify, had arisen in several quarters; they were openly manifested, and could not be satisfied except by relinquishment of power *wholly and without any reserve*. And when even the royal intervention in its solicitude, afterwards resorted to every means to continue my services, an instinct of freedom, which has never deceived me in the whole course of my life, suggested to me that I must sacrifice that power, those enjoyments, those constant affections, to the austere duty of contributing to all the consequences of the revolution of 1830.

"My passing authority has not been useless; an immense correspondence confirms this assertion. In fact, if the sublime movement of France in arms has been spontaneous; if, to secure it for ever against the future combinations of every kind of narrow, malevolent, or timid policy, it has been sufficient to place her distinctly, from the outset, under the safeguard of the principles of 1789 and 1791, and, above all, of the vital and universal principle of election; it is not the less true, that a central due to some of my anterior acts, have contributed usefully to regulate, in the absence of the law, the various organisations and wishes, and to remove obstacles raised by the intrigues of the fallen party, who, in too many instances, were suffered to retain the power of doing mischief. I am happy to express my obligations in that respect to the exertions of the inspector general, which have so ably seconded my own.

"I shall not detail all that we have done to organise those admirable town legions, those numerous cantonal

battalions, the mischievous parcelling out of which you have recently witnessed me opposing in vain; to contribute to their instruction, their arming, their equipment, as far as the physical resources at our disposal would allow; to demand, from the commencement, fresh and powerful means to purchase, manufacture, and repair those arms which form at once the patriotic want and the noble cry of the national guards; to assist in the formation of the citizen cavalry, and of that artillery mounting already fifty batteries, and awaiting the numerous additions promised by the war department; a civic innovation teeming with utility, whose high importance has not been sufficiently felt in our legislative discussions; in short, to prepare all that five months more may develop. By these means will be completed that immense organisation, protective of liberty and public order, and whence might issue so many hundreds of thousands of combatants for the safety and the independence of France! Instead of degrading that vast institution, formed without hesitation, without disturbance, by the feeling of a liberal and sympathetic confidence in the national masses, let us rather hasten to regulate our other institutions after such a model!

"How shall I express the delightful emotions of my heart, when, at the end of a few weeks, it was my happy lot to offer to the admiration of the public, to the king, to the foreigners, to enemies as well as friends, that Parisian national guard of which I was so proud; which, during forty years, has been a real family to me, rising up again more brilliant, more numerous than ever, and, shortly after, amounting, with the fine legions of the suburbs, to nearly eighty thousand men in the Champ-de-Mars; emotions which could be surpassed only by the happiness of having recently owed to them the safety of the capital, and the uniform purity of our revolution. If a single department, that of the Seine and Oise, procured me local enjoyments, how much have I not felt on receiving the reports of the miracles of formation, appearance, intelligence, good feeling, in the various portions of our fine country; in seeing myself surrounded every day by those deputations from the whole of France, which brought to the king of her choice a second inauguration, and which, in their affectionate confidence, explaining to me the local grievances and the general uneasiness, constituted me, as you know, the formal interpreter to the government, of the wants which the spirit of the great week required to be satisfied.

"That duty was fulfilled. I have every where, as in the tribune, expressed my ardent, perhaps my impatient wishes, for the complete realisation of the programme tendered while the blood of six thousand citizens was yet smoking; and if I wished that France should, in the shortest time possible, have a representation elected subsequently to the revolution of 1830; if I have said, that in future discussions relative to the other Chamber, I should prefer to its present organisation the principle of an elective presentation of candidates for the approval of the king; if I have scrupled to lend my name to the delaying, or to the omitting of things which I consider necessary; it would be very unjust to convert those opinions into the having called for *coups-d'état* and a dictatorship; which I have no more wished to impose upon others than I would submit to them myself, as history will teach in more than the present passage.

But I prefer repeating what every one must know, Frenchmen of this patrie, foreigners of all countries; that if the constitutional order conquered during the three great days, that if the popular throne raised by our own hands, should ever be threatened, from whatever quarter it might be, the whole nation would rise to defend them.

"At this painful moment of bidding you farewell, which I had not thought so near, I tender to my dear fellow soldiers my gratitude for their friendship, my confidence in their remembrance of me, my wishes for their happiness, my admiration at what they have performed, my anticipation of what they will yet do, my hope that the calculations of intrigue, or the misrepresentations of malevolence, will not prevail against me in their breasts; I offer them, in short, all the sentiments of a tender affection, which will continue to my latest breath.

"LAFAYETTE."

This new order of things did not in the least diminish the moral influence of Lafayette; perhaps even the consideration for him personally was much increased by the disgrace which the offspring of the revolution of July, afterwards its adversaries, had just inflicted on the general's patriotic inflexibility. That species of ostracism restored him to all the dignity of his political life. Indeed, it was in the simple garb of a citizen, that in 1789 he had received Louis XVI., at the head of two hundred

thousand armed patriots; that, nearly forty years after, he had traversed in triumph the twenty-four states of the American Union, reviewing the regular troops and citizen militia which crowded the passage of *the nation's guest*; and that, more recently, he had found himself at the Hotel-de-Ville, at the head of the revolution of 1830. In short, it was not to his office of generalissimo that, during half a century, the confidence and veneration of the nations of America and Europe had been attached.

But, if the personal position of Lafayette remained unaltered by his retirement, it was not the less injurious to the public weal, that the national guard lost in him an object around which all the interests of order and liberty might rally. And as for the throne which, in the delirium of ambition and fear, thought to strengthen itself by getting rid of its influence, what has it then gained by separating itself from him? Where could it find a firmer or more faithful support than in the man who had wedded it to liberty; the only one, too, that was capable of preventing their inevitable divorce, perhaps near at hand, which has been pleading, for seventeen months, at the bar of the nation? Strange fatality which attends our royalties of whatever origin!

But, what is not less curious than the blindness of the monarchy of July, is the difficulty which, were they men of ever so much discernment, the seekers after wealth, title, and influence, must find, to comprehend a character like Lafayette's. The contemning of those sorts of things is beyond the understanding of such people. They perfectly comprehend that a man should be persevering in principle, tenacious in will, confident of results unobscured by the most sagacious; they do not dispute that boldness and coolness which in the course of the longest of political lives, should have all at once placed him on the highest ground of every kind of ambition. But that this dispenser of favours, should not have the resolution to close the hand in which the love and confidence of the people had placed all their possessions, is what the ambitious great, as well as the petty intriguers, cannot understand. A character such as this, is to their minds a perfect anomaly, which they cannot explain, except by attributing to it an inherent want of judgment and energy: they ask their own breasts; and they find that something, they hardly know what, must necessarily be deficient in that political soul which, from being so ardent and so daring, has sunk in their eyes into timidity and weakness; since, after trampling upon the greatest prejudices, it foolishly checks itself through a scruple of conscience. What, in fact, is to be expected from a statesman who thinks and says upon every occasion, that, in *great personal questions*, it is *generally safest to decide against our own interest*? A man who thus places all his glory above vulgar ambitions; who ranks among those ambitions, thrones, presidencies, and conquests; for whom the inferiority of his fellow creatures, the parade of a court, of audiences, and of external splendour, have no attraction; a man of this description, is certainly not in accordance with this age in which he lives.

Thus, for want of a sense to enable them to understand so unusual a character, the *juste milieu* entertain a profound contempt for that singular being, who, placed so often in a situation for satisfying every ambitious appetite, yet has never been able to help turning his back upon fortune, as a child lets its playthings drop from its hands.

Such are the symptoms by which the enemies of Lafayette have discovered the decay of his political faculties, and his incapacity for government. There is, however, another, which they have overlooked, but upon which they might argue with quite as much justice: it is, that *ridiculous monomania* which urges him incessantly to defend the interests of liberty and of the simplest institutions for the public good; it is again, (and here I speak seriously) the fault he has sometimes committed, of indulging too much in the enjoyment of presenting the contrast of a man who, having all in his power, will have nothing for himself.

It remains for me now to exhibit Lafayette in the single character of a deputy, after the revolution of July, that is, during the nineteen months that have followed his dismissal.

Here M. Sarrans closes the second division of his work. From the ensuing pages we have made such extracts, as, while they follow the thread of the history, do not embody the private opinions respecting the late events which enumber the text of the author, who must be considered as a partisan writer. We give his facts

including all that immediately relates to Lafayette and Louis Philippe.

Lafayette and his friends had made numerous efforts to cause the magistracy of Charles X. to be changed, as it was almost entirely composed of counter-revolutionary leaders.

This magistracy however, was defended and preserved by the influence of the Court joined to that of the Restoration party, which had appointed the greater number of the judges, and removed from the tribunals all who were not notoriously royalist. But when the question arose, as to the admission of the *capacités* to the exercise of the electoral right, Lafayette opposed the exclusion of these magistrates, an exclusion which a part of the opposition had committed the error of demanding in a fit of spleen against the majority; which circumstance caused the exclusion of the other *capacités*, and vitiated the electoral law in one of its most essential principles. While this long debate was going forward, his opinion was, that the perfection of political civilisation upon this head, consisted in this; namely, that each person paying taxes should be entitled to a direct vote in electing the representatives, and should not be in any way disturbed in his choice of the trustees of the country. "That which for Europe is still considered as Utopian," said Lafayette, "has been practised for more than fifty years in the United States. There every tax payer is an elector; and among them is to be found the militia man, the member of the national guard, who has paid in the course of the year the personal contribution of one day's service. There no pecuniary qualification for candidates is known; yet every thing goes on without inconvenience and without disturbance. Such is the power of popular information, of civic habits, and national institutions."

In his twofold capacity, as a member of the legislature, and as commander of the national guards of the kingdom, Lafayette had caused to be proclaimed from the tribune, as well as in the cabinet, the system of non-intervention, the equality of the men of colour with other citizens in the eye of the law which governs our colonies, and the recognition of the South American and Mexican republics. In his view, the foreign policy of the July revolution ought to consist in the necessary development of those three primary points. He constantly maintained these principles whenever diplomatic questions occurred in the debates of the Chamber of Deputies. But it was not enough to have procured the adoption of the mere denomination of a system; the more important point was, to guard the system itself against perfidious interpretations, by clearly and precisely defining its letter and its spirit; this was done by Lafayette on two or three decisive occasions. Every one remembers, for instance, that memorable sitting of 16th January, 1831, in which Lamarque, Mangin, and Lafayette, exhibited the nations of Europe arising one after another for liberty; Belgium offering us that belt of fortresses which the Coalition had erected against the France of 1814 and 1815; Poland running the terrible hazards of an insurrection, to avoid marching against us; and, in those momentous circumstances, the government of Louis Philippe sunk in the most inconceivable lethargy, acting as the ministry of Charles X. would have acted, and floundering without courage or resolution in the slough into which its predecessors had precipitated the Restoration. Then it was, that after reminding the Chamber of the consecrated maxim of the congress of Vienna, that "so long as a single revolutionary dynasty should exist, the revolution would not be extinguished; and that the principle of legitimacy must be made every where to prevail; that, *without that, there could be no peace, but only a truce*;" then it was, I say, that the illustrious warrior upon whom the grave has just now closed, so energetically characterised as a *HALT IN THE MIRE*, that peace which the Restoration had allowed to be imposed upon it, and the shameful bequest of which was accepted by the ministers of the citizen king. "France," said Lamarque, "has never forgiven the Bourbons the shame of the treaties of 1815; she would have been gratified to find that the king of her choice felt as she does, and partook her national pride." * * *

In this confusion of principles, it became the bounden duty of Lafayette to bring back things to the true meaning of July, that is, a *popular throne surrounded with republican institutions*; to prove that that was not a throne conferred by the Chamber of the two hundred and twenty-one; and that a sceptre received from the hands of the people, could be maintained only by institu-

tions emanating from the people. In short, it was essential to know, once for all, the extent of the discrepancies between the compact of the Hotel-de-Ville and the system recently avowed by the Palais-Royal.

In addition to this, another subject of vital importance engaged public attention. The approaching dissolution of the Chamber was spoken of. M. Lafitte, president of the council, had even announced from the tribune that he would consult the king upon it. But the majority of the *doctrinaires* wished that the new elections should take place under the authority of the temporary law of the 12th of September, and not under that of the electoral law, the discussion of which was continually postponed. Lafayette deemed it his duty to oppose beforehand that proposition, which might compromise the future fate of France, by prolonging the existence of the tax-paying qualifications at 300 francs for electors and 1000 francs for deputies. * * *

What was the real state of things, nine months after the day when the people, at the price of their blood, had created a monarchy, and thought they had accomplished a revolution?

It is here important to look closely into facts, and observe precisely the situation of affairs at the moment the prorogation was announced.

Nine months, I say, had elapsed since the king of July had sworn to devote his whole life to the triumph of the revolution, to protect the development of liberty, and to watch, with jealous care, over the maintenance of the national honour. Well, theories and opinions apart, what had occurred in that short space of time?

At home: Lafayette divested of his command in chief; the honest Dupont de l'Eure filled with disgust, and obliged to quit the council; the chief magistracy of the capital wrested out of the hands of an upright patriot, and thrown into those of a prefect of the empire; of the laws promised by the charter, some postponed indefinitely, the others vitiated by clauses injuriously restrictive of liberty; an electoral law such that, although the quota of contributions remained almost the only basis of the elective qualification, yet an increase of the taxes gave no means for extending the franchise; an association formed for the purpose of expelling a family which had covered France with wounds and chains, persecuted with fury; a law on the national guard, evincing the most inconceivable distrust of the loyalty of the citizens; the patriotic functionaries, the officers most devoted to the order of things which they had cemented with their blood, every where removed by wholesale, and their places given to the satellites of every gone-by regime.

Abroad: the men who had represented the fallen government, alone sent as ambassadors to foreign courts; the principle of non-intervention, but lately proclaimed with an ostentatious boldness, openly disowned, or subjected to the most perfidious interpretations; a people who had thrown themselves between France and the most powerful of her enemies, the people of Poland, basely sacrificed, without a single friendly demonstration, without one testimony of sympathy, or *sending even a courier*; the Italian states, which the government had urged to rise, delivered up, under our eyes, to foreign occupation, pillage, confiscation, and the vengeance of a few contemptible despots; Belgium repulsed, insulted by our government, and obliged to throw herself into the arms of England; in short, the principles and the interests of the revolution of July neglected and betrayed on every side. * * *

Lafayette had been summoned as a witness on the requisition of the accused petty conspirators. On his entering the court of assize, the prisoners, the barristers, the jury, and the whole audience, rose and saluted the noble general. The point in question was, to prove that an information laid before the staff, of a Bonapartist conspiracy, having for its object to get possession of the guns belonging to the artillery of the national guard, had been the sole reason for the measures of defence which some companies had deemed it proper to take; which measures the accusation imputed to them as a crime. The general proved that this was the real truth; and he also paid a solemn tribute to the patriotism of that brave citizen artillery, against which the government was already exercising all its enmity. When Lafayette withdrew, the prisoners, the jury, and the spectators, rose and bowed afresh.

My readers well know the result of this trial, by which

* It will be recollected, that, in a report presented to the Polish Diet, the minister for foreign affairs of that country complained of not having received any token of sympathy on the part of the French government for the Polish cause, *not even a courier*.

the government gained nothing but the odium of having sought to erect scaffolds.

Lafayette, on whose part nothing certainly had rendered it necessary to make a declaration of principles, made a point of giving his constituents an account, not only of the reasons which had actuated him in his votes upon all the great legislative questions that had occupied the session, but likewise of the opinions and the hopes which had governed his political conduct in the memorable events of July. By conforming to this custom, so consonant to the nature of a constitutional government, Lafayette rendered the country a service so much the more important, as it served better to clear away the mist which the head of the government was anxious to spread over the primitive conditions of its own existence. He was, moreover, setting an example to his colleagues, which, being followed by many of them, called forth those numerous pledges to vote against the hereditary peerage, which were demanded from the new deputies, by nearly the whole of the colleges.

That document is worthy to be preserved for history, not only as a model of candour and propriety, but likewise as the most lucid view that could be taken at that period of the events of July. In it Lafayette said:

"You will ask me, my dear constituents, what was the nature of that programme of the Hotel-de-Ville, so often cited by me, disputed by others, and the fulfilment of which it is my duty to claim.

"After the visit of the new lieutenant general, accompanied by the deputies, to the Hotel-de-Ville, I considered that the popular authority and public confidence with which I was invested, gave me the right and imposed upon me the obligation to come to an explicit understanding, in the name of the people, with the intended king.—'You are aware,' I said to him, 'that I am a republican, and that I look upon the constitution of the United States as the most perfect that has ever existed.'

"I think as you do," replied the Duke of Orleans, 'it is impossible to have passed two years in America and not to be of that opinion; but do you think, in the situation of France, and considering the general opinion, that it is advisable to adopt it?'—'No,' said I, 'what the French people now require is, a popular throne surrounded with republican institutions.'—'It is just so that I understand it,' replied the prince. This mutual agreement, which every one may interpret as he pleases, but which I hastened to publish, had the effect of rallying around us, both those who had no wish for a monarchy, and those who wished to have any other than a Bourbon." * *

The ministry had suggested that the French patriots had given the Poles the *bad advice*, to throw off the yoke of their tyrant. Lafayette repelled that insinuation, which went to establish that petty ambitions had, in reality, been the spring of those great patriotic and national movements which we have seen burst forth in the different parts of Europe, and especially in Poland. "But," said he, "if bad advice was given, it must rather have been that timid advice of which I have often spoken to this Chamber, and which caused the Polish legation to write home, under the dictation of the French government, that in two months affairs would be arranged, and that Poland must hold out until then."

Lafayette conjured the government to repair at least a part of the wrong which it had done to Poland, by instructing its ambassador, at the court of Prussia, to require that the Poles should no longer be arrested and ill-treated, when they asked that they might not return under the regime of the knout, but be free to come and seek amongst us that hospitality which all France offered them.

He also called for a termination of the unhappy condition of Greece, and especially that every effort should be made to free her from the sway of Russia, who, ever since Catherine's time, has been taxing her ingenuity to deceive that unfortunate people. And he concluded with soliciting the sympathy and support of the government for the generous enterprise of the Portuguese, who, at the moment that I write these lines, are fighting to deliver their country from the execrable tyranny of Don Miguel, that worthy brother of the king of Spain: "for," said Lafayette, "there is a fraternity of sentiment in their lives, as well as a kindred between their families."

There was already some rumour of the project which the ministry have now realised, of forcibly sending the Poles to Algiers. Lafayette, feeling the necessity of arming himself beforehand against such an insinuation, availed himself of this rumour to inform the Chamber, that having mentioned the matter to the minister of war, the latter had answered him that the supposition was false, that it was quite absurd, and

that he authorised him to contradict it in the most explicit manner. Well; three months have scarcely elapsed since that ministerial denial; and already a detachment of four hundred Poles, without even being permitted to touch the French shore, have been transported by us to the coast of Africa. And why this new vexation? Because the Prussian ministry have, it is said, acquainted our cabinet, that some Polish soldiers asserted that they were going to France to overthrow Louis Philippe! Such is the incredible pretence for a resolution which M. de Rigny has declared to be irrevocable.

Such was the political conduct of Lafayette, from the day of his dismissal from the command in chief of the national guards of France, down to the close of the last legislative session. I have, however, forgotten to point out one of the most important services which this great citizen has rendered to the principle of equality. I mean the suppression of that article of the penal code of the Empire, which inflicted a fine and imprisonment upon any Frenchman who should of his own authority assume a title of nobility. This suppression, so conformable to the social opinion of Lafayette, ought to be considered as completing the abolition of the privileges of hereditary nobility in France, since each man may henceforward create himself, at pleasure, a duke, marquis, or baron. This of itself is something, until we can have something better.

It will be seen that, while the wavering liberalism of the men of monopoly and the double vote, has given way on every side; while the hearts of so many liberals have failed, to whom France had given credit for civic virtues; the ancient patriotism of Lafayette has remained unshaken, the beacon of liberty, in the midst of that Chamber unnerved by fear or undermined by corruption.

In all the prominent discussions of that long and calamitous session, upon the address, the peerage, the civil list, the budget, the foreign policy insinuating itself throughout, we have seen him, faithful to his principles of half a century, contending inch by inch, and from position to position, against the encroachments of aristocracies, of whatever origin, upon the salutary doctrine of the sovereignty of the people; a doctrine upon which, in his eyes, necessarily depend the wishes, the interests, the wants, the civilisation, the genius, and the greatness of nations; a doctrine, in short, with which he has imbued every great question upon which he has entered, and of which he has left such deep traces in the minds of men, that no human frenzy has power to efface them.

The doors of the Palais-Bourbon were closed. The battle had actually ceased for want of combatants, and our terrified and panting tribesmen of the people had fled to their country houses. The cholera was not there yet. However, during the period of nearly half a century that the revolutionary torrent has been rolling over France, never had any legislative campaign been so fatal to the national interests of every kind, never had any chamber inflicted so many wounds on the country. The wants, the wishes, the interests, the civilisation, the greatness, the aims, and the future of France, all had been stained, withered in the unhallored hands of the *despised*. And, most remarkable circumstance! a standing phenomenon! but eighteen months after the July revolution, the acts of this unique legislature had nothing in them either of the good or of the evil accomplished by former assemblies; its deeds were marked with a character quite peculiar, a character truly wonderful in its kind. * *

The events at Grenoble; the dissolution of the national guards of five or six departments; the prank at Marseilles; the clandestine landing of the Duchess of Berri on the coast of Provence; the culpable connivance, from family considerations, which allowed that attempt to go unpunished; the unobstructed journey of the *Regent* through our southern provinces, from the Mediterranean to the ocean; commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, struggling against insurmountable difficulties; the rising of La Vendée; the nearly accomplished overthrow of the Grey administration; and the disturbance which that event had been on the point of producing in the affairs of France; Poland buried in the silence of the grave, and grass growing in the streets of Warsaw, under the feet of the Cossack's horse; Prussia bringing up her reserves, and concentrating her corps on the banks of the Rhine; in the east, the Austrian battalions overrunning Bavaria, and all the small states of the Germanic confederation in motion; our handful of soldiers shut up in Ancona, and our national flag pitiously furled; the warlike attitude of Holland; the never-ending farce of the London confer-

ence; a conclave of Russian and German generals assembled at Berlin; in short, the whole combination of events which agitate Europe, wounding in every quarter our sympathies and our interests; all these things began to make the most indifferent feel that the cabinet of the Tuileries had, to say the least of it, lost all solicitude for the welfare of France.

Such was the state of things when that man died, who had been considered as the personification of the system of the 13th of March. The principal undertakings of M. Perier, looked upon the funeral of the president of the council as an excellent opportunity for reviving lukewarm affections, and affecting an imposing manifestation of regret for the loss of that minister, and of approbation for the political system of which they had constituted themselves the inheritors. In consequence of which, the national guards were ordered to attend as on duty at this funeral display; and six thousand of the people employed in the different government offices, received orders to put on crape, and to come and pour out their lamentations over the tomb of the great man, on whom, during three days, the treasury journals had been lavishing their official panegyric. Nothing that could excite the curiosity of the idle of a great capital, was neglected by the undertakers of the *juste milieu*; programmes describing the route of the procession, the number and the places of the civil and military bodies which were to accompany it, were distributed profusely in every quarter of Paris; and the fineness of the weather contributed to call out the people to witness this funeral solemnity. But neither the attractions of an imposing spectacle, nor the influence of a cloudless sky after a long winter, could awaken in the breasts of the spectators an enthusiasm which the errors of the illustrious dead had smothered. The people (a select not of those of the government offices) were mute, and seemed indifferent to that pomp, out of which the remains of the cabinet of the 13th of March endeavoured by every means to extract excuses for all the faults, apologies for all the madness of the minister, whom death had just reduced to that nothingness from which, perhaps, it had been better for the honour and the reputation of his country that he had never been raised.

A few days after, an irreparable loss threw the country into consternation, a national loss, an incalculable loss, of which the future will perhaps very soon disclose to us the whole extent. A brave man, who had been prodigal of his blood on twenty fields of battle, whose heart never thrilled but for that France whom he served with honour in all her vicissitudes of fortune; one of the purest ornaments of the tribune and of the army; a deputy, who was as great an orator, as he was a skilful and faithful commander, Lamarque was no more!

Although it had been declared inevitable for several weeks before, this death produced in Paris the effect of a great and sudden calamity. * * *

On Tuesday morning, the 5th of June, the most perfect quiet prevailed in every quarter of the capital, where nothing foreboded the sanguinary scenes which were to terminate this day. The sky was serene, and every thing announced that a fine sun would light up the obscurities of the illustrious dead. From ten o'clock, numerous assemblages of citizens proceeded towards the boulevards and in the direction of the neighbourhood of the house of mourning. These masses were composed of Frenchmen of all classes, and principally of national guards in uniform. The whole capital was affected with a profound feeling of regret, and appeared desirous to pay a last tribute to the mortal remains of a great citizen, who had fallen in the breach in defence of the public liberties. At eleven o'clock, the body of the deceased was placed on a funeral car; and, after some little confusion, inseparable from all ceremonies of this description, it proceeded on its way, drawn by patriots who contended for the honour of bearing such a burden. It was a magnificent spectacle, to see that multitude of Frenchmen and foreigners moving along in one silent mass which exceeded far more than a league, shading the coffin of Lamarque with twenty different banners, and joining in one common feeling of reverence and sorrow in the presence of the mortal remains of that faithful friend of all freedom. The procession moved on to the cries of *Vive la Liberté! Vive Lafayette!*

I shall say little of the incidents which occurred before the procession reached the Place de la Bastille, where Lamarque was to receive the last farewell of his friends. Those incidents are confined to a brutal attack made by some town serjeants, upon a young man who was crying *Vive la Liberté!* and whom they wounded dangerously. Those police agents were, however, saved from the most imminent danger, by the efforts of those

Parisian artillery men who have just been disbanded a second time. The unseasonable obstinacy of M. de Fitz-James, in refusing to take off his hat for a few minutes while one hundred thousand of his fellow citizens were passing, barchaded, under his windows, gave rise also to some manifestations of resentment, which might have become serious had not the noble duke thought better of it. But there is an episode which I must relate, as one of the most remarkable characteristics of this solemnity. I allude to the sudden idea of going to the triumphal column. It has been suggested that this step was premeditated. That is not true; and to be convinced of it, it is sufficient to reflect that, had that project been previously entertained, they would have gone direct from the mansion of the deceased to the Place Vendôme, instead of reaching it by a circuitous route without any reason for doing so. The truth is, that the idea of that ovation occurring all at once, and when the procession was in full march, to some adepts in the honours of the old French school, it was adopted by the deputies who supported the funeral pal; for Marshal Clausel and General Lafayette were seen to take each other by the arm, and following the funeral car, with their heads uncovered, they made the circuit of the column, amid the plaudits of the national guard, who beheld with transport the homage thus rendered to French glory.

From that moment, there appeared to be grounds for dreading that a collision with the people was contemplated by the government. According to custom, whenever the corpse of a military man passes by a military post, the latter is put under arms. Why then, at the approach of the funeral procession of Lamarque, escorted by several detachments of troops of the line, did the post of the staff of the *Place*, including the sentry, retire into the guardhouse? Was not that departure from military usage, that wanton insult to the memory of a French general, calculated to irritate the people, and to excite serious disturbances? Such, indeed, would have been the immediate effect of that insult, if warned by the indignation which began to express itself in threats, the determination had not been taken to pay the honors due to the illustrious deceased. This scene, however, left an impression in the minds of the spectators, and it was evident that little more would suffice to light up one vast flame.

Indignation had already been felt by all ranks, at the brutal measure of confining the pupils of the Polytechnic school within their walls, forbidding those brave youths the satisfaction of offering a last tribute to the military virtues which ought to serve them as a model and guide. From that moment, also, cries of *Vive la Liberté* "Honour to Lamarque!" "Down with the *juste milieu*!" were heard in the procession. But it was observed, that those cries were uttered by men unknown to the friends of liberty, and upon whom the latter in vain endeavoured to impose silence, by representing to them that on this occasion, the love of liberty should be expressed by grief alone.

But nothing yet announced the deplorable catastrophe which was preparing, and, though the route of the procession, as first arranged, could not be strictly observed, it reached the Place de la Bastille without either the rain which fell in torrents, or some vexation occasioned by the attack of the town sergeant, already mentioned, having had the effect of diverting the multitude from the fulfilment of a sacred and patriotic duty. The hearse had crossed the Place de la Bastille; crowds of people were pressing towards the platform, from which several speeches were to be delivered, and to which some national guards and the pupils of the Polytechnic school, flushed with heat, had hastened, and, in defiance of the orders of their commander, had formed themselves around it to protect the corpse, the invalids bearing the military insignia, and the orators who were to speak, from the pressure of the eager multitude.

An imposing stillness reigned among the people; but it was already perceived that some men desirous of creating a disturbance had mingled with them, and were endeavouring to excite them in spite of the efforts of the national guard and Lamarque's friends to put them down. Nevertheless silence appeared to be restored for a while; when Marshal Clausel, in the name of the army, and M. Mangin, in that of the Chamber of Deputies, each delivered a speech which was received with great applause.

M. Pous de l'Hérault, the Polish general Umiński, the nuncio Lelewel, and the Portuguese general Saldanha, being invited to pay a tribute of respect to the defender of their cause, read successively some speeches, which were

received with the strongest demonstrations of satisfaction. Lafayette being requested to speak in his turn, advanced near to the platform, and, in a short extempore speech, called the attention of the people, first to the spot where the Bastille formerly stood—that space, now the sublime monument of the revolution of 1789; then to that numerous assemblage of the people, victors in the great week of 1830. He paid an enthusiastic tribute to the banners, not of the kings, but of the people of Poland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany, which waved over the coffin of Lamarque, and which he called the children of our tri-coloured flag. He finished by entreating the multitude who heard him to retire quietly, and not spend *this patriotic day*. And, as some mention had been made, as already stated, of conveying the corpse of Lamarque to the Pantheon, Lafayette earnestly enjoined the patriots to respect the wishes of the deceased, and the arrangements already made by his family. This exhortation met with a general assent; the deputies retired; and had this mournful ceremony terminated there, a more imposing, a more remarkable protest had never been made against a government and its system.

A concurrence of incidents quite unforeseen came opportunely to save the *juste milieu*.

Among the banners of various colours which, after the manner of England, were displayed in the procession, there were two red flags, which, it may be observed, seems at least to exclude the idea of premeditation. One of those flags, purchased, as is affirmed, during the march of the procession, had no inscription whatsoever. The other bore for its motto, *Liberty or death*; which, in the early period of the revolution, signified only *to live free, or die*; a motto which Louis Philippe, in his character of member of the Jacobin club, must have long borne on the buttons of his coat; but which, afterwards, under the reign of terror, might have been rendered by *Liberty! or I kill thee!*

The *bonnet rouge*, the bloody emblem of the terrorism of 1793, appeared all at once in the midst of Lamarque's funeral, but not before the coffin had reached the Place d'Austerlitz, that is, at the moment of finishing the solemnities. Out of what anarchist's, Carlisle's, or *admiral's* pocket did it issue? That is a point which solicits enquiry, but not contemplated by the declaimers of a state of siege, will soon disclose to France. However that might be, this unfortunate scarecrow, fixed on one of the red flags, was borne for some time amidst the astonished crowd. * * *

Whatever may come of the enquiry now pending in the tribunals, I do not hesitate to affirm that, on the part of the people, those deplorable events bear every mark of a fortuitous encounter, in which, under various impulses, some youths, some working men, and some national guards, engaged, but who, one hour before, had no slightest notion of an insurrection, and who never thought of striking a blow until they were attacked. Now, if it be admitted that of the nine hundred persons, at the utmost, who were engaged in that unhappy conflict, one half, at least, consisted of those whom I have just mentioned, it will be seen to what this vast and formidable plot in behalf of the revolutionary scaffolds of 1793 really amounted; a plot to put down which it was necessary to employ more troops than were on the field of Wagram or Marengo.

The appearance of some troops of dragoons overturning all in their way, had roused the anger of the people and destroyed the effect of Lafayette's exhortations to preserve the peace. Then cries of: *We are attacked! To arms! No more Bourbons! Vive la République!* resounded loudly, and a considerable number of citizens, and of pupils of the Polytechnic school, drew up in line, to form a rampart between the cavalry of the government and the crowd of citizens, men, women, and children, wedged together on the Place de la Bastille. But, while this first squadron was kept in check, another issued upon the Boulevards, no doubt to place the procession between two fires. Then it was that the first shots were exchanged. My readers are acquainted with the results of that first conflict, and the vicissitudes of the two days.

But in the midst of that confusion what had become of Lafayette? He had proceeded towards the spot where his carriage was to wait for him, and not finding it, he and his son got into a hackney coach, from which the people took the horses, and would draw it themselves, notwithstanding the efforts and earnest entreaties of Lafayette to be spared that species of British ovation, for which, in America as in Europe, and at every period of his life, he always evinced a

strong aversion. It was however the only means left for getting out of the crowd, and escaping from the noisy testimonies of affection which were lavished upon him. In the mean time, the combat had commenced at the spot where the coffin was; and a large group of persons had presented themselves at the doors of Lafayette's carriage, uttering cries expressive of the greatest exasperation, and praying the general to allow himself to be conducted to the Hotel-de-Ville. Lafayette was rejecting that proposal, and conjuring those men to keep the peace; when this group, in the midst of which, as it is said, some agents of the police were seen to be very active, was separated by a detachment of dragoons. From that moment the carriage, turning to the right, in order to reach the general's residence, was surrounded only by an assemblage of persons totally unconnected with the conflict, and such as on so many other occasions had gathered together to escort the veteran of the people's cause.

Some cries of *Vive la République!* were intermingled with the cries of *Vive Lafayette!* But it must not be forgotten that police agents would naturally insinuate themselves into that procession, in order to give it another character. Besides, it was natural that those who wished a collision should remain in the Place de la Bastille, where the contest had already commenced. It has been pretended, however, that Lafayette's train attempted to disarm a military post on its way. The fact is, that some voices having called out for the post of La Madeleine to be put under arms, the officer on guard deemed it his duty to wait on the general for his orders, and to offer him an escort; which Lafayette declined, showing him at the same time that he was surrounded by friends, and advising him to return to his post which he did to the great satisfaction of every one. When they reached the general's residence, the good people who had accompanied him retired peaceably, and without the least disturbance having occurred during this long journey, from the Place de la Bastille to the street d'Anjou Saint-Honoré.

Lafayette reached his house at half past six in the evening, afflicted at the deplorable issue of a day which might have ended so well. The resistance to the troops was becoming general, but it was impossible to foresee yet the character which this fresh struggle would assume. Until nine o'clock, the most contradictory reports were brought him; but the only certain fact was that, in the impetuosity of their first impulse, four or five hundred young men, divided into a great many small platoons, had taken possession, in an instant, of all the posts established from the bridge of Austerlitz to the Bank of France. That circumstance proves two things, which explain the issue of those unhappy events: the first, that there was no premeditated plot; for how can the idea be admitted, of such a combination, supported by so small a number? the second, that if a greater number of citizens had taken part in the battle, the result might have been very different.

On the 5th the king had come from the palace of Saint Cloud to the Tuileries, where the council of ministers was sitting constantly, no doubt in expectation of having it announced to them that the obsequies of Lamarque had ended to the satisfaction of every one. It was there that all the measures of suppression were arranged, and thither that the rural battalions came as they passed, to temper their country courage in the embraces of royalty. There it was likewise that MM. Sont and Sebastiani proposed to place Paris in a state of siege, at the time that fortune had not yet declared in favour of the cabinet of the 13th of March, and that the government was really in some danger; a proposal that was indignantly rejected, on the ground that a paternal government ought not to place eight hundred thousand Frenchmen out of the pale of the civil law, and treat its own capital like an enemy's town, except when there is no longer any thing to be feared.

As soon as Lafayette had entered his house, he became an object of the most anxious solicitude. Interest and curiosity crowded his door. His friends and his enemies were the more eager to know what had become of him, as the most contradictory and sinister reports were circulated about him. Here, it was asserted that the insurgents had taken and installed him at the Hotel-de-Ville; there, that his body, pierced with several bayonet wounds, was borne, bleeding, through the streets of Paris, by republicans, calling the people to revenge; in other places, that the government had arrested him, and thrown him into the dungeon of Vincennes.

Nothing of all this was true. Lafayette, best abroad, and no doubt at home, by the scouts of every description of police, was at that moment, as on all great occasions, calm, firm, and prepared for every event. Being placed about his person, I was enabled, once again, to observe the feelings which agitated his mind under these now and trying circumstances. His whole soul was absorbed in grief and indignation; his heart bled at the sight of French blood flowing at the hands of Frenchmen; it heaved at the thought that the breach of faith and the fatal blindness of the government, had called down these fresh calamities, and armed the combatants and the throne of July against each other. But if Lafayette deprecated the faults of the government, he deplored and censured with equal severity the serious criminality and imprudent rashness of the young men who sought that redress of grievances in revolt and violence, for which they should only have looked to time, the laws, and the regular operation of the Chamber and the press.

Meanwhile the conflict was prolonged, the reports of the musketry continued, and the deepest grief was depicted on Lafayette's countenance. Between seven and eight o'clock several patriots, and a considerable number of deputies, came successively and pressed around him, to ask him what could or ought to be done, to put an end to the calamities which desolated the capital, and to those yet greater evils with which it was threatened. But the time was past when the patriotism of Lafayette could interpose effectually between the people and the throne of July. For several months past he had acquired the painful certainty that that throne was no longer accessible to persuasion.

In this state of things, it was agreed that the opposition deputies, then at Paris, should repair in the evening to M. Lafitte's, in order to concert there the measures to be taken for putting a speedy end to the calamities which that day had brought on. The meeting was verbally appointed for nine o'clock; but as all regular means for concerting it were impossible, and, besides, events had taken every one from his home, between twenty and thirty members only could be assembled. They consisted, among others, of MM. Lafitte, Cabot, Lafayette, George Lafayette, Mauguin, &c. &c.

The debate turned upon the most proper means for stopping the effusion of blood, and inducing the victor to make a moderate use of his victory, considering that he had at least a great share in occasioning the conflict. Two expedients were proposed: an address and a deputation to the king. They were each canvassed. Lafayette agreed to neither the one nor the other; first, because he was convinced, he said, by experience, of their total inutility; and secondly, because, if every thing was at an end, as was affirmed, it would ill become the national opposition to take such a step after the event, especially when it was certain that the *députés* deputies had obstructed, for several hours past, all the avenues to the throne. Lafayette spoke also with sorrow and with candour of the little success that had attended his efforts, at the two greatest periods of his existence, to solve the problem of a citizen monarchy based on the sovereignty of the people.

Without having come to any decision upon the subject of the address, the idea was resumed of a deputation, which should be instructed to make verbal representations to Louis Philippe. Lafayette refused to make one in that deputation for two reasons, which he explained with every circumlocution. The first was, the perfect conviction he was under, from the last conversation he had with the king, that the opinions of that prince on the system of government were so fixed, that persuasion, at least coming from him, would no longer have any effect in altering the adopted system; Lafayette's second reason was that, as his presence must remind the king of either the violation or the forgetfulness of a solemn engagement, it behaved him to spare his majesty, and even himself, an interview which bitter recollections would render extremely painful to both.

All these proposals, as I said, were more an interchange of ideas and talk than a regular deliberation. The meeting broke up at midnight, without coming to any decision, but it was settled to meet again the next day at ten o'clock, at M. Lafitte's. I shall make no remark on that adjournment to the next day, at a time when every moment was costing the life of a Frenchman. I have already said that the genius of 1830 had fled; and that the greater part of the men whose courage had then surmounted so many dangers, ap-

peared in 1832 to be the mere shadows of themselves. * * Partial conflicts were continued to a very late period of the night; but the strength of the respective combatants was too greatly disproportioned to render the issue doubtful. Thirty thousand regular troops of all descriptions, fifty thousand national guards, and a formidable train of artillery, assembled under the command of a marshal of France, to subdue seven or eight hundred young men with scarcely any arms, had from daybreak left no longer any chance of success for the insurrection.

Matters were at this point when, on the 6th, at ten in the morning, the opposition deputies repaired again to M. Lafitte's. There were present, Lafayette, George Lafayette, Odilon-Barrot, Mauguin, &c. The sending of an address and a deputation was still agitated. Upon the subject of the two questions of the address and the deputation to the king, Lafayette repeated the arguments he had used on the preceding evening, and then he retired, as did also several of his colleagues, before any determination had been come to. However, the members who remained, decided on adopting the idea of a personal application to the king, and for that purpose appointed MM. Lafitte, Odilon-Barrot, and Arago.

It was four o'clock. Louis Philippe had just returned from riding through some of the streets of Paris. Now, Frenchmen never remain unmoved at seeing a king on horseback inhaling the smoke of gunpowder. The national guard, which had really burnt some priming, and left some dead bodies on the ground, was proud of its first triumph; commerce and property, which had looked upon themselves as delivered over to all the frenzies of jacobinism, and still dreamed of nothing but scaffolds and *bonnets rouges*, were overjoyed at seeing the spectre of 1793 vanquished, and anarchy in fetters. In one word, enthusiasm was on the side of the safety of property; humanity and liberty were silent. Therefore, the royal train, taking its airing to the expiring reports of the musketry, and appearing as the precursor of a calm in the midst of a storm which might have overturned every thing, was received with acclamations. New those acclamations, the real cause of which was not considered, must naturally have produced a feeling of exultation and security, little favourable to the success of the mission of MM. Lafitte, Barrot, and Arago.

These honourable citizens were, however, received with visible satisfaction by the crowd of aides-de-camp and officers on duty, that filled the saloon of the palace, and who appeared more grieved at the blood of their brethren that was spilling, than vain of an inglorious victory: this justice it is gratifying to render them.

The three deputies were introduced immediately into the bed chamber of Louis the XVIII., converted, by the *workmen* of July, into the study of Louis Philippe. The latter presently repaired to it through a door which communicated with the queen's apartments.

The demeanour and countenance of the king were calm, his address easy, indicating not the slightest alarm, and expressing none of those anxieties of mind which circumstances might have justified. His Majesty received the three patriots politely: he told them that he was very glad to see them, that the opposition could have chosen no more moderate and agreeable to him; and after inviting them to be seated, and placing himself before his writing table, he signified his readiness to listen to them.

M. Odilon-Barrot spoke first; and ended with entreating the king to stop the effusion of blood which was yet flowing, and to silence the cannon, the roar of which was then resounding even in his royal residence; to be merciful to the vanquished, and to prevent fresh disturbances, by a prompt and cordial return to the principles upon which the revolution had established the dynasty.

The king answered that, being audaciously attacked by his enemies, he was justified in defending himself; that it was high time to curb revolt, and that he employed cannon only to put it down the quicker; that he had, however, rejected the proposal which had been made him of placing the city of Paris in a state of siege; that as to the pretended engagements at the Hotel-de-Ville, and those republican institutions about which the Opposition made so much noise, he did not know what all that meant; that he had more than fulfilled the promises he had made, and had given France as many and more republican institutions than he had promised her; that the programme of the Hotel-de-Ville had never existed except in the brain of M. La-

fayette, whose incessant demands on that head were evidently the effect of some mistake; that as to the system called that of the 13th of March, it was wrong to ascribe the credit of it to M. Perier, for that system was the king's, it was the effect of his own convictions, the result of his own reflections, and the expression of his notions of policy and government; that he, Louis Philippe, had consented to take the crown only on the conditions indicated by the development of that system, the most conformable to the wishes and the wants of France, and from which he would not deviate, *vere hee en brayé in a morlar*. "And now, gentlemen, added the king, 'the point is, not to utter vague accusations, but to state precisely the complaints you have to make against the Perier system, of which poor Perier was assuredly quite innocent. With what have you to charge that system? Let us hear.'"

M. Arago replied by a rapid and animated statement of the divisions which were tearing France to pieces, and which the policy of the government nourished with an almost scrupulous care; he spoke of his own family divided by political opinions; he cited his brother and his nephew who were perhaps, at that very moment, ready to take each other's life in conflicting ranks; and in order to characterise the situation of things by an example, he adverted to the times of the League, when D'Ailly, under Henry IV., slaughtered his own son in the streets of Paris. M. Arago then spoke of all the public employments being given to the partisans of the fallen regime, the indulgence shown to the Carlist machinations, the bitter persecution of the discarded men and press of July, and the displeasure manifested throughout France, at the apparent impunity enjoyed by the Duchess of Berri.

At these words, Louis Philippe exclaimed that his government had no enemies but the Carlists and republicans; that the prejudices that had been just mentioned to him, were only the result of their contrivances; that he was accused of avarice, he, who had never had any value for money; that his best intentions were misrepresented, to such a degree that, for a long time past, he could read neither the *Typhane* nor the *National*; that his father, who was the best citizen of France, had been calumniated like himself, and urged to give the Revolution a sanguinary pledge which he ought to have refused it; that the exactions of the two revolutions were alike untenable; that he, Louis Philippe, was not obstinate, and that he proved it when, after long resisting, he had committed the error of giving way to popular tumult, by effacing, from the pediments of his palace, and from the armorial bearings of his house, the *fleur-de-lis*, which had, in all times, been borne by his family.

As for the representations relative to the Duchess of Berri, Louis Philippe declared that, if that princess were arrested, justice should take its course; but that, happen what might, his reign should witness no sanguinary drama. At that instant, the report of the cannon of Saint Merry shook the windows of the palace.

On rising, M. Lafitte told the king that he retired filled with the greatest grief; that he supplicated him to compass the enthusiasm his presence had excited formerly, with the effect which it now produced; that that change attested that something was deeply wrong; and that he implored his majesty to ask himself whether a king of France, who needs fifty thousand men to guard him, is really a king of France.

Such, in substance, was that conversation, which will leave deep traces not soon to be effaced. * *

What is to be concluded from all that has gone before? I hasten to declare it. That both system and ministry bear upon their front the marks of decomposition, and the sign of certain death; that Lafayette is still the highest and purest personification of the revolution of July; that he has shared all the vicissitudes of liberty betrayed; and that he will share her triumph, when the episode being terminated, the history shall be resumed.

But what is to be the duration of that episode? That of a situation, which, by its very nature, is doomed to be ephemeral. Destruction dwells in the thoughts of the 8th of August; life and perfectibility, in the immortal principle of the Hotel-de-Ville.

LET US AWAIT THE JUDGMENT OF GOD!

The ensuing number will contain two *tales* by the author of "The Subaltern"—The Gentle Recruit, and Saratoga.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 29, 1833,

NO. 3.

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TO THE READER.

It has recently been remarked, that "the press is like a baker's oven, occupied with working off hot rolls for breakfast." The allusion is more particularly applicable to the periodical press of this country, where in truth "the chief part of all it does is consumed in the day, and it may be that very little is to be stored up." The editor of the "Select Circulating Library" believes he may extend this simile in the present instance, and compare the "Library" to the well concocted loaf, which, while it satisfies the appetite, possesses nutritive properties, at once substantial and digestible, invigorating and durable. He feels induced to make a few remarks respecting the striking difference this periodical presents when compared with others. He means no invidious comparison—each kind has a character of its own, and it is satisfactory to believe that in the main all are working together for the diffusion of knowledge. The taste for reading, however, has increased even in a greater ratio than the immense means in operation for its gratification. For every man who formerly read a book, there are five hundred readers now, and for this increasing demand the old process of production and distribution has been found entirely inadequate.

It is a striking remark of one of our most distinguished statesmen, that our mighty rivers, and the development of the riches they were fitted to convey, may almost be said to have determined both the time and the place of the invention of the steamboat! So in printing; "it too may be said to have come at the bidding of increased curiosity and intelligence." But in taking a survey of the immense territorial expanse of these states, we might ask, what avails a book manufactory in Philadelphia to a reader of Mississippi? For all available purposes of gratifying a literary taste by the early receipt of new books, a Mississippian, till the invention (for we are decided in calling it an invention) of our mode of circulating entire books, was twice as far from Philadelphia or New York as we are from London or Paris—in other words, the delays of land and water carriage, to say nothing of the folder, stitchee, and binder, would effectually debar an inhabitant beyond the Mississippi from the receipt of a new book from this city, at the lowest calculation, for two months! and in the same proportion to any intermediate distance. The demand for books, for which schools and periodicals have paved the way, could no longer submit to these delays, which in literature were as vexatious to the reader, as the polling and warping system of transportation from New Orleans was to the merchant of Louisville or St. Louis. At the bidding of increased curiosity and intelligence, the present mode of publication has been devised, some of the advantages of which it is our present purpose to investigate.

One of the great objects to which the "Library" aspires, is to furnish good books to the body of intelligent and industrious population, "to be received at their homes, and read for instruction and recreation in their hours of leisure. To pour the stream of knowledge into the little channels which lead to every fireside, and by insinuating a taste for what some one has called 'the most innocent and lasting of our pleasures,' to impart a new charm and a new attraction to that congregation of secure and blessed enjoyments which we call HOME."

The same distinguished individual from whom we
NEW SERIES—3

have already quoted, when speaking of the Library Company of Philadelphia, remarks:—"yet with all the additional sources of supply, Franklin's Library has now upwards of eight hundred shareholders—supposing each of the shareholders at all times to have out a volume, and to keep it two weeks, it will be perceived that he will have the reading of twenty-six volumes in the course of the year. The advantage, however, is not limited to the shareholders. There may be two or three in each family who read the books taken from the Library, thus extending its direct use to more than two thousand persons. And certainly nothing can be cheaper. The cost to a shareholder, allowing interest upon the capital invested in a share, is six dollars and forty cents a year; so that for less than two cents a day, a man and his family may be constantly supplied with books. * * There is not the smallest doubt that such a library must have had, and must continue to have, a powerful influence upon the character of the city, and have acted effectively in promoting the diffusion of knowledge."

Following out this idea in relation to the present publication, it will not be deemed irrelevant to make the same calculation respecting the "Select Circulating Library," which for a *cent and a half a day*, postage included, will supply a duodecimo book every week to a man and his family, with this *additional feature*, that, though he may not have access to the same variety, yet when he and his children have read it, it is his own, and may be sent to another family, or sold at the completion of each volume, for what it cost; even probably for more. The number now printed amounts to six thousand, so that when these are all taken by subscribers, the direct use of the edition, on the same calculation, will be extended to eighteen thousand individuals! If our selections are well chosen, conveying information while they serve for recreation, may we not hope for a portion of such patronage as has been extended to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, who have recently announced that of several "parts" or numbers of the "Library of Useful Knowledge," the sale has exceeded fourteen thousand, and of their "Penny Magazine" they state "its sale amounts at present to one hundred and thirty thousand copies per number, and its circulation is still extending?"

"Knowledge is diffused," continues the same gentleman, "through the body of society to an extent hitherto unexampled, and this diffusion is increasing with a rapidity continually accelerated." We claim to be the pioneers of its still further increased diffusion in America, and our press we hope may yet be likened to "a baker's oven, occupied with working off not only rolls for the breakfast" of the reader, but of loaves, the chief part of which will not, like the manna in the wilderness, be corrupted by the light of day, but of which much "is to be stored up" for future use.

Actual experiment on our part has repeatedly tested the difference between the price of a book in the usual form and in this. In one instance we furnished a volume entire to subscribers for *twenty cents*; which cost in London *six dollars*; and in another for *forty cents*. We printed these afterwards in book size—the first is sold at *fifty cents*, and the wholesale price of the other is *one dollar*. Thus we furnish for *five dollars* what costs

* An address delivered at the request of the *Apprentices' Library* Company of Philadelphia, in November 1832, by JOHN SERGEANT, LL. D., President of the Institution.

at even the lowest American price, *twelve dollars and a half*, and we supply it *immediately*, and simultaneously to all the states. With our present arrangements we can put a book in circulation in five or six weeks after it is issued in London. What constitutes this difference in price? The answer we are prepared to give. The cost of margin in books is a considerable item, which is principally saved by us—the cost of the press work too, is trebled by spreading types over a large surface—the binding also, is an expensive item; and the interest and transportation fully make up the difference we have stated above. But are these *all* the advantages? At the conclusion of each half year, the "Library" will form a volume of reference exceeding 416 pages, in a compact form, containing from fifteen to twenty separate and complete works, the cost of binding all of which will very little exceed that of binding one of the various publications of which it will consist.

The editor acknowledges the attention of numerous correspondents from almost every state in the Union, in their various suggestions as to the future books which shall occupy these pages. With every disposition to respect and profit by the remarks he has been favoured with by friends and strangers, he finds it impossible to gratify individual wishes when they clash with the plan he has marked out, to which he has devoted much time, and which will continue to claim his unremitting attention. That plan was fully stated in the original prospectus, and from it he has not found any occasion to deviate; it was, to publish the newest and best books in the various departments of *Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c.*—in short the whole range of popular literature. The editor will not, however, sacrifice at the shrine of *mere novelty* in any of these departments; when a *new* book does not offer of the required character, he will extend his research among the numerous works which he has already written in his reach, besides what may be afforded by his regular importations from Europe; keeping in view to cater for his readers works which have not, by the number of reprints, become familiar to the majority. This field is so ample that he hopes to furnish as *good* matter at least, as is issued from other presses—that it will rarely be the same as has been previously sold by American booksellers, he ventures to believe will prove a decidedly valuable feature in the "Circulating Library," in which the editions are now so large as to make it imperative on him to use due diligence in furnishing good and wholesome aliment.

In conclusion, we must ask from our readers some indulgence, if, in the prosecution of a task not without its difficulties, the tastes of all are not gratified, in every instance, by our selections—hoping, from our increased facilities and resources, generally to suit every palate.

Philadelphia Library Rooms, Jan. 28th, 1833.

* * * The publisher respectfully suggests to his present numerous subscribers who have thus far been pleased with the "Library," that a good word spoken seasonably to their friends might materially aid the interests of the work, and increase the circulation to an extent which will enable him to add every additional valuable feature to the publication which time and experience may suggest. The first thirteen numbers are entirely exhausted, but a new series, No. 1, was commenced with *Sarans' Memoirs*, from which new subscribers may depend on being supplied. The works contemplated to be published are numerous, and of the highest literary character. For the flattering encouragement given to the publication he returns his unfeigned acknowledgments.

The Gentle Recruit.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tip-toe when the day is named!
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day.—KING HENRY V.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Gleig, now the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the "History of the Bible," and of "British India," &c. in the Family Library, is generally understood to have written "The Subaltern," unquestionably the most popular military narrative of the present day. It led the way in showing how military operations might be told, so as at the same time to satisfy the practical soldier, and to interest the professional reader. No man perhaps ever exhibited a happier talent for describing what he had seen—a talent in itself of no mean value, nor of very common occurrence. It need scarcely be added that the present narratives are purely fictitious, as regards the author's personal co-operation in the transactions. The stories are supposed to be told by a body of retired military men, who live together in an establishment or voluntary association, where of course they are glad to see and entertain visitors. On the occasion of a ramble to their neighbourhood, the author meets one of the officers, while enjoying the amusement of fly-fishing, is invited home, and represents himself as having heard the stories at the table of these sociable and communicative veterans. The President called on a junior member for a narrative, and *Major Chakott*, after duly apologising for his want of talent, began the following story of "The Gentle Recruit."—Ed.

CHAPTER I.

I think it was somewhere about the middle of January 1810, when the — regiment occupied the barracks at Braeburn Lees, that the sergeant of the day made his appearance one morning in my quarters, to announce that a young man was waiting in the orderly room for the purpose of being enlisted. As I happened at the moment to be in temporary command of the battalion, and knew that it was kept at home only till its establishment should be complete, you will readily believe that I received this communication with considerable satisfaction, which was the more lively because of the sergeant's reiterated assurances, that to the person and qualifications of the recruit no objection would be offered.

"He is as clever a lad," said the orderly, "as ever placed himself under the king's standard,—tall, erect, well built, and quite genteel,—indeed he looks as if he had been drilled a year or so already; and will, unless appearances be very deceitful, make an extremely smart soldier."

"There was much of promise in this description, and I knew him that gave it too well, to question its verisimilitude; so I hurried off in the firm conviction that a prize was within my grasp, and quite prepared to receive, almost without examination, this aspirant after military distinction into the ranks.

That the sergeant had not overrated the personal qualities of the volunteer, a single glance sufficed to convince me. When I entered the orderly room, I beheld before me a youth, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, whose appearance, manner, and general address, differed totally from those of the class of persons from among whom the ranks of our army are usually filled up. His features were not merely regular, but surpassingly beautiful; his figure tall and slender, but admirably proportioned, seemed a very model of grace and manly elegance, and his air was that of a person accustomed to mix in the best society, if not as a superior, at all events as an equal. His dress, too, though manifestly a disguise, betrayed here and there those trifling attentions to neatness, of which the common people seldom dream. A shabby frock coat, for example, was buttoned over a shirt made of the finest linen, and exceedingly white; a pair of kid gloves cover-

ed his small delicate hands; and his boots were thin, light, and well made,—like those worn, not by agricultural labourers or journeyman artificers, but by gentlemen.—It was impossible, indeed, to examine his entire bearing without coming at once to the conclusion, that he had seen better days, and that to the step which he was about to take, he was impelled by circumstances of no common urgency.

This conviction no sooner flashed across my mind, than the eagerness with which I had resolved to accept of the proffer of his services vanished. It seemed to me, that possibly the youth might have fled from school or college in disguise; that his friends or guardians might, at this very moment, be making a search after him; and hence, that to indulge him might involve not himself only, but others, in lasting misery. I accordingly determined to enquire a little into his circumstances, previous to my examination of him as a recruit; and believing that he would be more easily persuaded to speak out were there no third party present at the conference, I ordered the sergeant to withdraw.

It very soon appeared, that for such a proceeding on my part the young man had not been unprepared. He smiled bitterly as the sergeant closed the door, and drawing himself up to his full height, stood like one ready to answer no more interrogatories than his own judgment might dictate. Nor did the attitude belie his behaviour: to all my questions, as to whence he came, where he was born, who were his connections, why he had chosen the life of a soldier, &c. he replied in one strain, and in one only; in other words, he either gave no answer at all, or his answer was entirely without point. It was of little consequence to any one, he said, who he was; he came from a remote county, and was not disreputably connected; but where that county lay, or who those connections were, he declined to state; in a word, events over which he possessed no control, had rendered him an alien to his family,—he was a solitary being on the face of the earth, and he had determined to enlist, because he knew no other means of earning a subsistence; at all events, none which his feelings would permit him to adopt.

On my continuing to press upon him the necessity of mature deliberation, before he took a step so decided and irrevocable, he replied firmly, but without any thing of insolence in his tone, that his mind had long been made up, and that if I refused to receive him, he must proceed to the next military station, where he made little doubt that the officer would prove less scrupulous. Finding him in this frame of mind, and seeing that the die was cast, I no longer objected to comply with his wishes; I gave him the shilling,—he was examined by the surgeon, and being sworn in, he took his place on the left flank of the line, under the name of John Jackson.

You will readily believe that the peculiarity of the circumstances under which this young man entered the corps, rendered him at once an object of no common interest among all classes. That he was well born, had received a liberal education, and was in many respects ill adapted to the station into which he had thrust himself, no one could for a moment doubt; indeed the whole tenor of his conduct was such as to force the conviction of these truths even upon the most incredulous. It is true, that in all matters of drill and duty he was exceedingly attentive; that on parade the most penetrating eye could detect no blot in his appointments, nor awkwardness in his positions; and that he executed his movements not merely with alertness, but as it seemed, with enthusiastic alacrity. In like manner, his deportment towards his superiors was uniformly correct. Every mark of deference to which their rank entitled them, he scrupulously bestowed; nor was it possible for the most fastidious, in this respect at least, to find fault with him; yet there was on all such occasions an air of reserve or *hauteur* about him, of which he was either wholly unconscious, or which he attempted not to suppress. In touching his cap to an officer for example, or in addressing a sergeant on some point of duty, Jackson always contrived to make the individual saluted aware, that the salute was granted, not to his person, but to his office; whilst of that readiness to ingratiate himself into the good graces of those set over him, which in most cases distinguishes the young soldier, he was totally wanting. So far, indeed, was he from courtship notice, that he sedulously shunned it, never voluntarily coming in the way even of his commanding officer, lest he might be required to perform some office, or execute some commission, not strictly within the line of military duty.

If such was the line of Jackson's conduct towards his superiors, you will not be surprised to learn, that among his fellow privates he appeared still more reserved and

more haughty. Of rudeness or open incivility, in the strict sense of these terms, it is true that he could not fairly be accused; that is to say, he readily answered the salutations of such as spoke to him, and never refused to do to any an act of kindness as often as an opportunity offered; but he shunned the society of his fellow soldiers generally, as far as it was practicable so to do, and made a friend and associate of none. Numerous and frequent were the advances made to him without effect, not only among the private soldiers, but among the non-commissioned officers. The pay-sergeant of his company offered to share his quarters with him; Jackson thanked him for the offer, but declined it,—even the sergeant-major so far forgot the dignity of his station, as to throw out hints of his desire to cultivate the recruit's acquaintance. Jackson took care not openly or contemptuously to spurn the proposed intimacy, but he avoided it.

In this manner, though one of a body of eight hundred men, he lived alone. His walks, when he took any, were by lonely paths and unfrequented lanes. He never entered the town except on duty; indeed he generally confined himself to the barrack yard, or to the fields immediately adjoining. On no occasion was he known to take part in the sports or games pursued by his comrades. Though fleet as a reindeer, races were run day after day without his standing forward as a candidate for the prize; the racket court and cricket field were equally neglected; and of the canten, it was said that he never beheld the interior except on guard, when, being on guard, he formed one of a party sent to clear it. In short, he continued to be what he said he was when he first came among us,—a solitary being, holding no intercourse, nor encouraging any community of feeling with those about him.

Every one who knows of what materials the generality of British regiments are composed, will understand, that a character such as I have just described is not very likely to be a favourite in his corps. The privates, seeing all their efforts to insinuate themselves into his good graces fail, soon began to entertain for Jackson an extreme enmity. The idea that he was by birth a gentleman, which had operated for a short time in his favour, was now entertained as an adequate reason why he should be made the subject of personal hostility; and the nickname of "Gentle Jackson," which had at first been bestowed upon him in joke, was soon employed as an epithet of derision. Rude jokes were practised at his expense. His privacy was wantonly and continually broken in upon; his air, manner of walking, and form of speech were mimicked, and the most ribald conversation was invariably broached as often as he came within hearing. Even the non-commissioned officers were not backward in their efforts to annoy,—or, as they chose to term it, humble the pride of this gentleman. When it came Jackson's turn to cook the dinners, or sweep out the room, the greatest exactness was required, and the most minute failing rigorously rebuked; whilst on more than one occasion, tasks were imposed upon him, such as he was not called upon by his routine of duty to perform. All this the young gentleman bore with extraordinary equanimity and endurance. Of the rude speeches of his comrades he took no notice. When he saw himself dogged or watched, he would retire to his quarters; and the attempts at mimicry in which those about him indulged, he either did not understand, or he despised them. So it was in his dealings with the non-commissioned officers. He performed his tasks with so much diligence, and was always so exact, that the opportunities presented to them of venting their spleen were rare; and when they did vent it in oaths or execrations, he made as if he heard them not. Once, and only once, he ventured to remonstrate against the injustice of their proceedings. Having been ordered on fatigue, when the duty to be discharged happened to be particularly disgusting, he reminded the sergeant who gave the order, that he had taken his turn only the day before. On this, though he certainly would not refuse to do as he was desired, the petty tyrant might rely upon a statement of the case being laid before the commanding officer. Jackson's threat was not thrown away upon the individual to whom it was addressed. The young man escaped an office of which he could not think without loathing; but he made Sergeant Tompkins from that time forth his implacable enemy.

I am sorry to say that it is not among the privates and non-commissioned officers only, that a gentleman in the ranks is apt to be regarded with an eye of disfavour. The habits of military discipline are far from being in accordance with the turn of mind which leads a man in authority to look with forbearance upon the absence of severity in his inferiors; indeed, where there is not scr-

ility,—absolute, unmitigated servility,—in the general manner of a private soldier, some reason, the reverse of favourable to the person affected, rarely fails to be discovered. The soldier who is not ready to fly at the beck of his officer—who appears not to covet the honour of serving him in any capacity and under any circumstances, may too often lay his account with being put down as a sulky and ill-conditioned scoundrel; and however meritorious his conduct may be in matters purely professional, that will hardly make amends for a fault, by which the personal vanity of a superior is wounded. Far be it from me to insinuate that this is always the case; I only affirm that it occurs too frequently, and that it is almost unavoidably occasioned by the nature of those distinctions which military discipline engenders. Be this however as it may, one thing is quite certain, that in the case of Jackson, this disposition began gradually to show itself, and that of those who either did feel, or pretended to feel for his situation when he enlisted, several, before the first month of his service expired, viewed him with distaste.

"An extremely saucy fellow, that gentle recruit of ours," said one. "He will go a mile out of his way at any time to avoid saluting an officer; and when he cannot escape that degradation, one might fancy that he was receiving a mark of recognition from a superior."

"The scoundrel looks always as if he considered himself made of different clay from those about him," said another. "What business has such a fine gentleman in the ranks?"

"I am continually receiving complaints of his ill-mour and pride," remarked the adjutant; "but the fellow is a clean and orderly soldier too; and though they speak against him often enough in general terms, no one seems able or willing to condescend upon particulars."

Thus were men's minds gradually alienated from a youth, to whose charge, as the adjutant justly said, no definite accusation could be laid; till at last there appeared something like a positive wish to catch the offensive individual tripping. Jackson, however, appeared not more proud than cautious. He was scrupulously attentive to every duty; nor was it till after his patience had been tried beyond the power of human endurance, that the shadow of an accusation could be brought against him.

CHAPTER II.

I have said that Jackson, by venturing to remonstrate against an unjust exercise of power on the part of a sergeant, incurred the fullest extent of that person's implacable hostility. It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Tompkins, the irritated official, was pay-sergeant of the company to which Jackson belonged; and of the influence which the pay-sergeant possesses with the captain or officer in command, all who know any thing of the customs of the service must be aware. The whole of that influence was, on the present occasion, excited to impress Jackson's captain with an unfavourable opinion of the recruit. A thousand groundless complaints were made of him, as that he was mutinous, disorderly, unsocial, and impertinent; he was represented as an ardent and dangerous hypocrite—who took every opportunity of poisoning the minds of his comrades, at the same time that he affected to keep aloof from them—and of whom no good could possibly be expected, till his proud spirit should have been thoroughly broken. Captain Fletcher, the individual to whom these reports were carried, chanced to belong to that class of persons whom I have already represented as acknowledging no tolerance for any thing like an independent spirit in an inferior. He it was, indeed, who first took notice of the stiff and formal manner in which Jackson saluted,—a matter which he dwelt on with the greater bitterness, in consequence of a personal slight which he believed himself to have suffered at the hands of the young soldier. Having been pleased with the cleanliness and orderly behaviour of the recruit on duty, Captain Fletcher had communicated to Jackson his desire to employ him as a servant, making the communication with the condescending air of a superior, who confers some prodigious benefit upon a dependent. To his extreme surprise and indignation, Jackson declined the proposed patronage, in a manner which left no doubt on the captain's mind, that he had felt the offer not as an honour, but as an insult. Captain Fletcher could not forget that circumstance; it rankled in his mind like a canker in a wounded limb, and he scarcely took the trouble to disguise his vehement desire of finding a fitting opportunity to chastise the scoundrel for his insolence.

It is hardly necessary to say that Jackson, thus situ-

ated, soon began to feel that in embracing the honourable profession of arms as a private sentinel, he had committed a great and fatal error. He was still the neatest and most intelligent soldier upon parade, yet the morning and evening never passed without his being compelled to submit to reproaches which he was conscious that he did not merit, whilst his hours in quarters became, before long, such as even he, patient as he was, could with difficulty endure. Hitherto the attacks made upon him were merely those of speech and gesture; now, however, that he was known to hold a mean place in his captain's favour, practical jokes were indulged in; his accoutrements were no sooner cleaned, and placed in order for inspection, than some accident or other befall them; and he was compelled to go through the whole process of pipe clay and black ball over and over again. This occurred repeatedly, without his being able to fix the blame upon any individual; and he knew the temper of those about him too well to complain of all or any in general terms. But an opportunity presented itself at last of bringing the matter home to the guilty, and Jackson, who failed in taking adequate advantage of it, through a sudden impulse of passion, which he had ample reason afterwards to lament. Jackson, who had been ordered for guard over night, paid, as is customary, more than usual attention to the finishing of his accoutrements; his belts were white as the drifted snow, his breast-plate shone like the sun at noon-day, and Day himself, even though assisted by his partner Martin, would have failed in adding any thing to the glossy blackness of his pouch and shoes. Every button on his jacket received its full portion of scrubbing, and pack, great-coat, cap, and haversack, had each been duly attended to.

This done, the young man placed them all in their proper situations, and strolled out into the field behind the barrack yard, for the purpose of whiling away the time till tattoo. Whether he had overheard some plot among his comrades, or suspected from other causes that there was a disposition to do him wrong, I cannot say; but he had not sat many minutes in his favourite corner, before he experienced an irresistible inclination to return. He obeyed it, and entering the barrack room, he held a spectacle which stirred up his choler beyond the control of reason. Five or six persons, among whom Sergeant Tompkins stood conspicuous, were in the act of effacing every trace of his evening's industry. His belts were already stained with grease spots, his pouch was dimmed and defaced, and his frock, instead of not escaped the polluting touch of these miscreants. Jackson's temper, which had stood many previous trials, gave way at last. He sprang forward, and confronting the sergeant, while in the act of putting a finishing hand to his unworthy operations, struck him to the ground with one blow of his fist. All was now confusion and uproar. The sergeant rising from the floor, called upon those near to assist in arresting a criminal, who, by this act of desperate mutiny, had incurred the severest penalties of martial law; whilst Jackson, worked up to a pitch of absolute frenzy, dared any man to lay upon him so much as a finger. For a moment, the soldiers lung back,—for there were a wildness and desperation in the young man's eye, which bespoke him utterly reckless of consequences; but it was only for a moment. They rushed in upon him—he made a grasp at his bayonet, but failed in securing it; and then, after a fruitless struggle, which lasted scarcely a second, he was borne to the earth. In the mean while news reached the mess-room that there was a tumult in the men's apartment. The captain of the day, as fortune would have it no other than Fletcher, rushed to the spot, where he arrived just as the men of his company had secured the hands of Jackson, and were preparing to drag him before the commanding officer.

"Captain Fletcher," exclaimed the desperate man, speaking with great rapidity, and under the influence of violent excitement, "I demand justice even from you. Look here, sir! Is it thus that I ought to stand, pinioned and bound—prisoner? Is this the consummation of so many insults and wrongs—insults which I have borne, God knows how patiently—wrongs which I could not bear, yet feel myself a man? I know that you and I entertain no love for one another—I know that I have received no marks of favour at your hands, nor any proof of extraordinary respect from me; but if you be a gentleman, if you feel like a gentleman—nay, nay, if you feel like a man, order these things to be removed. I ask no more than this. Let me be free, that is all, and leave the rest to myself."

Even Fletcher was visibly struck by the energy of the young man's manner, and with a degree of consideration hardly to be expected from him, desired to be made acquainted with the causes of the disturbance. God help

the luckless wretch, who, in any situation of life, stands singly opposed to a crowd; but doubly is he to be pitied, who, whatever the cause of the quarrel may be, fills the humble station of a private sentinel, and incurs the hostility of his comrades. Not one voice, but fifty exclaimed aloud, that Jackson had struck the sergeant. The sergeant himself stepped forward, exhibiting, in an eyebrow swollen and discoloured, corroborating proofs that this serious accusation was well grounded, and Captain Fletcher became in an instant satisfied that one course, and one only, was left for him to pursue. "It mattered not a straw of what nature the provocation given might be. 'To raise a hand against a superior, however slight the difference in rank, is a crime, which, if committed by one under martial law, is necessarily rated at the highest; nor are there any circumstances which, by the administrators of the most rigid of all codes, can be received as a justification. Captain Fletcher's duty was imperative. He ordered the culprit to be conveyed without delay to the black hole, there to be kept in close custody against the day of trial; whilst he himself departed to make a report of the whole transaction in the proper quarter."

It would be no easy matter to recede from the change of manner and temperament which exhibited itself, as soon as these directions were given, in the person of Jackson. His fury, which but a minute ago left little short of madness, suddenly subsided, and in its room came no unmanly weakness, but a cold and contemptuous disdain, as if he felt how absolutely desperate was the plight into which he had rushed, yet set its worst consequences at defiance. Without uttering a syllable of complaint, far less of justification, he calmly and deliberately prepared to follow his conductors; and he smiled with a bitterness which caused his enemy to quail beneath it, upon the sergeant as he passed. "There is something in the sight of a man beset with dangers or misfortunes, who bears himself well under his trials, which the most unfeeling and despotic cannot contemplate without involuntary respect. Seldom has this truth been more forcibly illustrated than it was on the present occasion. The very persons who, but a moment before, had joined so cordially in working Jackson wrong—who, by their clamour, had consigned him to a disgraceful imprisonment, to be followed, no doubt, by a punishment still more severe—exhibited, at once, manifest symptoms of that regret of their behaviour. There was no shout of triumph as "the gentleman" was led out, nor so much as a sentence of opprobrium or insult after him. On the contrary, whilst the majority looked in silence upon the work of their own hands, there were not wanting some who condemned with open mouth, the entire tenor of the affair, and expressed their indignation that a poor fellow should thus fall a victim to the ill-natured levity, to call it by no more serious name, of persons who ought to have known better. Of these speeches, however, Jackson, if he heard them, took no more notice than he would have done of their opposites had they been uttered. He proceeded on between a file of soldiers, who so far felt for his situation as to free his wrists, as soon as the officer's back was turned, from the manacles which had hitherto confined them, till having arrived at the black hole, a sort of dungeon adjoining to the guard-room, the door was opened, and he was thrust in, to find what comfort he could in his own reflections.

In what manner the prisoner passed that night it is, of course, impossible for me to say, because it was spent in solitude and utter darkness; but we may well believe that it was to him a night of no little suffering. He knew enough of military matters to be aware, that he had rendered himself liable to a destiny against which every generous or manly feeling revolts; and that from that terrible punishment nothing short of some fortunate accident, on the occurrence of which he was not justified in counting, could deliver him. Had it been death that awaited him, though no man can look forward to a violent death without horror, still the prospect might have been endured. There is at least nothing degrading in a capital punishment, provided it be inflicted for the breach of a law purely artificial; and the culprit who feels that from moral growth his own conscience acquits him, may meet it without shame. But to be stripped before a crowd of spectators, tied up like a dog to the halberds, and lashed till the arms of his tormentors grow weary with the exercise,—there is something in the contemplation of such a fate which the most philosophic cannot contemplate with composure. That this horrible vision floated continually before the eyes of Jackson, there is no room to doubt; and that upon a mind, constituted as his was, it worked even more than its usual effects, can a little be questioned. But whatever his internal sufferings might be, he gave

no outward proof of their violence at least none of which any report could be made by the sentinel who guarded his prison door. The only symptom of uneasiness, indeed, which he exhibited, showed itself in a restlessness which drove him to pace his prison backwards and forwards,—an exercise which he intermitted not for the space of a minute, from the moment of his arrest, till that of his unlooked for liberation.

In the mean while there was no little commotion among the officers of the regiment, many of whom began to feel their old prepossessions in Jackson's favour return, now that he was involved in a scrape of so serious a nature. A variety of expedients were accordingly proposed, with the view of saving the unfortunate youth from the consequences of a court martial, from which, should his case be brought before it, only one sentence could be expected; but his crime was in itself so flagrant, and to pass it by unnoticed, would prove so destructive of every thing like subordination, that they were all one after another pronounced inadmissible, even by such as leaned most strongly to the side of mercy. Besides all which, the command of the corps had lately passed into the hands of one who knew nothing of the circumstances attending Jackson's enlistment, except by common report, and who, educated in a school of strict and unbending discipline, would not so much as listen to any proposition that had a violation of that principle for its object. Jackson's fate was sealed within an hour after the commission of his offence. Directions were given to the adjutant to warn the customary number of officers for duty on the following day; and the witnesses to the prisoner's violence, as well as to the whole course of the proceedings out of which it arose, were desired to attend. But before these orders could be either acted upon or noted down, an event befell which turned the attention of all into a new channel, and procured for the recruit at least a temporary exemption from a disgrace to which he had resolved not to submit,—at all events not to survive.

We were still seated at the mess table, and the decided steps just specified having been taken, other topics were beginning to be introduced, when an orderly dragoon was seen to ride into the yard, and direct his course towards the colonel's quarters. For some time previously, we had been made aware that our sojourn in England was not destined to be of long continuance. Through more than one indirect channel, we had heard that the order for our immediate embarkation to join Lord Wellington's army was issued; and that a few formalities only were required to be gone through, previous to the arrival of the route. Under these circumstances, the dragoon no sooner made his appearance than there was a simultaneous rush towards the window, accompanied by a general exclamation, that now at last the order so long expected would be received; and in these expectations fate had decreed that we should not be disappointed.

The dragoon was summoned to approach—the colonel took the packet from him: he hastily opened it, and glanced his eye over its contents with manifest satisfaction.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he again folded it up, "I congratulate both you and myself on the fulfilment of all our wishes; we are even more fortunate than the most sanguine could have anticipated; I am instructed here, that the transports destined to receive us are already assembled at Dover, and we march to-morrow morning."

A shout, loud, hearty, and lengthened, followed this announcement. The mess was immediately dissolved; the adjutant was commanded to insert no order in the book, except that which had just arrived from the horse guards; and each individual set off to complete such preparations as he deemed essential to his own profit and future comfort: Jackson and his crime were alike forgotten in the excitement which the news produced, and the calling together of the court martial was overlooked.

Nor did many minutes elapse ere the intelligence, so joyfully received in the circle of officers, made its way among the men. In an instant the parade ground was crowded with soldiers, all eagerly demanding a repetition of details, of which each was as perfectly aware as the individual to whom he applied; till the sound of voices became loud as distant thunder, or the roar of a cataract in the woods; but it was not a sound of unmixed and unmitigated joy, neither were the figures which crowded the arena, those of happy and triumphant beings alone. There were women there—some of them rough and heartless enough, God knows; but others,—young,

pure and gentle,—who read in this glorious announcement, no more than the decree which doomed them to part from all that they held dear upon earth; and there were children too,—infants in their mothers' arms, boys at their fathers' knees,—these chimed in, not with the notes of gladness, but with weeping and bitter lamentation. There may be, and doubtless are, many heart-rending scenes brought forward, even in the progress of ordinary life. It is a sad spectacle to behold the widow and the orphans follow the corpse of their natural protector to the grave, and it is a sorrowful sight to be a witness to the parting embrace between a mother and her only son; but the arrival of the route which marks a regiment for active service before the enemy, is redolent of occurrences, which are exceeded, in power to stir up the pity of the spectator, only by those which attend the commencement of the march itself.

I need not, however, dwell at much length upon this. Of the facts as they generally occur, you are all as well informed by practical experience as myself; and as nothing took place on the present occasion dissimilar to what occurs on others, your own memory or imagination will form a better guide than any comment of mine. Let it suffice, therefore, to state that it was not without great exertion on the part of the officers, that any thing like order was restored; after which, the customary routine of inspection was hastily gone through, and the lots which determined the fate of soldiers' wives, drawn. But by this time, the increasing twilight began to render objects obscure. Every one, therefore, retired to his quarters; and the voice of triumph and lamentation were, before long, equally heard no more.

CHAPTER III.

Whilst these things were going on, the solitude of Jackson's dungeon had been broken in upon by a messenger, who came, not indeed to set him free, but to conduct him, under an escort, to his barrack-room, that he might undergo the usual examination, and be disposed of accordingly. In him, the intelligence which so deeply affected all besides, excited no visible emotion. He followed his conductor in silence; stood in silence to undergo the scrutiny of the inspector, and being commanded to put his kit in order for marching at an early hour on the morrow, he did so without giving utterance to a remark. That done, he permitted himself to be quietly led back again to the place of his confinement, where he spent the remainder of the night, as he had spent its commencement, watchful, restless, and uneasy.

It is not necessary that I should enter into any minute detail of the events which immediately followed. At an early hour on the morrow, the bugle summoned us to our stations, which were assumed amidst the commingling of joy and sorrow usual on such occasions; and the line of march being formed, the band struck up, and the regiment pushed forward. In the rear of the column, a prisoner and surrounded by a guard, moved Jackson. His arms, which he was not permitted to carry, were borne upon one of the baggage wagons, and even his parade jacket and regimental cap were denied him. Yet neither the disguise of a prisoner's dress, nor the galling appendage of manacled wrists, could rob him of that bold and haughty air which he had on all occasions maintained. Even now, indeed, with every external mark of degradation about him, it was impossible to behold him without a sense of involuntary respect. Not a murmur nor complaint passed his lips. With brow erect, and eye unclouded, he stepped forward at the given signal; and he prosecuted his journey in the same silence, and apparent abstraction, which would have distinguished him had he filled his proper station in the column.

It was late in the day before we reached the point of embarkation, and no arrangements having been made for accommodating the troops in the town, some confusion occurred in hurrying them on board. In consequence of this, as well as of an intimation from the commodore, that the wind blew fair and not a moment's delay would be allowed, more than one blunder occurred in apportioning its due share of officers to each transport, nor could any attention be paid to events not immediately connected with present contingencies. A similar cause operated in hindering any order from being issued touching the disposal of the prisoner, who was conducted to the same vessel which the rest of his company occupied; and the commandant being left without authority either to try or release him, he found himself doomed to continue a prisoner till the voyage should be accomplished. From this circumstance, however, it can hardly be said that he suffered any serious inconvenience. As I was

myself the senior officer on board, I took care that none of the rigours of confinement should be imposed upon him; indeed he became from the moment of weighing anchor a prisoner merely in name. On parade occasions alone he appeared with the badge of disgrace about him, because so much was due both to military discipline and to my own character; but he took his turn with the rest in working the ship, was permitted like the rest to walk the deck when he chose, and eat, and slept, and passed his time generally in the same place, and after the same fashion, with his comrades.

We had accomplished perhaps one half of our voyage, without the occurrence of any event deserving of notice, when on a certain occasion, feeling no disposition to sleep, and being oppressed with the excessive heat and confined atmosphere of the cabin, I quitted my cot as the eight bells were tolling, and ascended to the quarter-deck. Nothing could exceed the exquisite beauty of the scene which met me there. The moon shone with full lustre in a sky perfectly cloudless, and tinged, with a long and wavering line of silver, the bosom of the deep. The breeze was just sufficiently powerful to keep the canvases from flapping to the mast, and to give a direction to the tiny waves, which rose and fell like the gentle heavings of a virgin's bosom; whilst the quiet rush of waters as the vessel's bow cut through them, was the only sound that broke in upon the silence of the night. The helmsman stood to his post, motionless as a statue, and the watch lay stretched upon the fore-castle in profound sleep. I alone, indeed, of "the many men so beautiful," appeared to live and move, and have my senses about me; and even I soon became as still, as if there had been infection in the air. I sat down upon the taffrail in a state of delicious lassitude, such as the aspect of things about me was calculated to produce; and I gazed abroad over the sea, with the eye of a happy man, who is so—he scarce knows why, and he cares not wherewith.

I was thus situated, not so much lost in thought as enjoying the blessed absence of all power of thinking, when the light step of some one approaching, as if with caution, broke upon my reverie. I turned round, and beheld Jackson standing at my side. The moonlight falling strongly upon his face at the instant, I saw that his features were agitated, as if some powerful passion were at work within, or that he had struggled hard to subdue such a passion, without having fully succeeded. Startled not more by the peculiar expression of his countenance than by the abruptness of his approach, I involuntarily rose from my seat, and assuming an attitude almost of defence, confronted him. "Jackson," said I, speaking sharply, because without consideration, "what means this? Have you forgotten that you go at large only upon sufferance?—how is it that you break in thus rudely upon the privacy of your commanding officer?"

A bitter and painful smile curled the young man's lip as I uttered these sentences.

"No, sir," replied he, after a momentary pause, "I have not forgotten that I go at large only by sufferance. I have not forgotten that I am sunk to the lowest depth of degradation, so low indeed as to be at the mercy of—but no matter. I had fancied that by you, at least, I was regarded with an eye of favour. I had persuaded myself that you took some interest in the fate of a miserable outcast; and my bosom yearned towards you with a feeling which my judgment hardly approved. I did wrong in giving admission to visions so baseless, and I thank you for restoring me to my senses."

He turned round as he spoke, and was walking away, when, instantly recovering my self-possession, I entreated him to remain.

"You are not mistaken, young man," said I. "I conceived a lively interest in your fate when I first saw you, and that interest continues unabated up to the present moment. If I appeared to treat you harshly on the present occasion, be assured that the tone of my voice belied my feelings. You came upon me suddenly,—I did not dream of your being near; and I acted as most men would have done under such circumstances, by speaking without thinking."

The softened tone of my voice, not less than these few explanatory sentences, produced an instantaneous effect upon Jackson. He stopped short, and looking back towards me, I saw that his eyes swam in tears, which it required no trifling exertion on his part to suppress.

"God bless you, Sir," cried he, in a subdued tone, "I had no right, humbled as I am, to expect any thing of apology or explanation from you; but the spell is broken. When I sought your presence, it was with the firm determination of making you acquainted with every particular in my history. Under what influence I was driven to form that resolution, I cannot tell; but form it

I did: and had you met me thus at first I should have poured out my whole soul before you; but the impulse has departed, and I cannot, if I would, unburthen this bursting heart of its load. At some other moment, perhaps, the spell may return; but now I have no power to speak." He retired as he concluded this sentence; and before I could interpose, either by word or gesture, to stop him, he had descended to his berth.

I need scarcely observe that this adventure, abrupt and fleeting as it was, produced upon me an effect not less lively than any in which, for a long while back, I had taken part. It was evident enough, either that the poor youth laboured under an aberration of intellect,—a supposition to the correctness of which his allusion to the power of impulses and spells gave at least the show of plausibility; or he really was, what he professed to be, the child of a wayward destiny. In either case, he could not fail to be an object of sincere commiseration to every considerate mind; more particularly when regarded in connection with the unhappy scrape into which he had drawn himself. It was with no ordinary violence that I blamed my own want of self-possession, which caused me to check a disposition on the boy's part to speak out; nor could all the continued beauty of the night scene, though aided by my own most strenuous exertions, restore my equanimity. After pacing the quarter-deck, therefore, for some time, not without a faint hope that he might even yet return, I determined to think no more, either of the past or the future, but to leave every thing to chance. Thus reasoning, I made haste to descend to the companion; and in a mood widely different from that which possessed me when I mounted it, I retired to my cot, and succeeded, after tossing about for some time, in falling asleep.

It was but natural, excited as my curiosity, and, let me add, my sympathy had been, that I should from that time forth lay myself out for every opportunity of again conversing with Jackson. With this view, I repeatedly kept the deck, at hours both of the night and day, when my companions had deserted it; and more than once threw myself in the young man's way so as that he could not possibly mistake my meaning. Day after day, however, stole on, and he persisted in the silence which he had hitherto maintained. It seemed, indeed, that he was really the puppet of an influence over which he possessed no control whatever—or rather, that his actions sprang not, like those of other men, from volition, but from fatality; for though he had held out a sort of promise that the time of disclosure might yet come, the fulfilment of that promise appeared not to depend upon his own choice. Not that he resumed the air of cold civility, with which he had formerly treated me not less than others: on the contrary, his salutes were now given with kindness; and more than once he lingered behind me, as if struggling with an inclination which he could not overcome; but the subject on which, above all others, I was most anxious to be instructed, he sedulously avoided, never failing to walk away as often as I referred to it. This line of conduct on his part, though it had no effect in doing away with the sympathy which had been so strongly excited in his favour, taught me to adopt a less unequivocal manner of showing it. I gradually ceased to court his presence, and returned to the habits and mode of acting which I had previously pursued.

To this system I pertinaciously adhered, no change being wrought in consequence of it in the conduct or manner of the recruit, till the joyful cry of "Land on the lee bow!" gave notice that our voyage was drawing fast to its conclusion. The land in question proved to be Cape Orange, the bold and precipitous ridge of which rises like a pillar out of the waters, and is seen for some time before any of the coast adjacent becomes visible. But, the breeze still favouring us, as it had done for the last three days, other and no less attractive objects were speedily discerned, and our voyage henceforth lay along a sea coast fertile, as the most ardent admirer of the picturesque need desire, in interesting prospects. Headland, promontory, and bay, opened and shut upon us as we swept past. In the back ground were seen rough and barren mountains, intersected here and there with lovely green valleys, through which streams of limpid water made their way; whilst convent, hamlet, or solitary shieling, rising from the midst of a grove of myrtle or gum cistus, or occupying some spot more clear and level than the rest, served to remind us that the country, though apparently in no very high state of cultivation, was not deserted. In this manner we continued to coast along, till the Tagus itself lay before us; nor did we drop anchor till a late hour on the 15th of July, about half a mile from the fortress of Belém.

The signal having been made, almost as soon as we entered the river, to prepare for immediate disembarkation, ample opportunity was afforded of arranging our baggage, and we lay down that night in readiness to step on shore as soon as the morning gun should be fired; yet you will easily believe me when I say, that few if any amongst us slept soundly. Though our passage had been made in as short a space of time as is usually required for such voyages, we had nevertheless been long enough at sea to make us heartily tired of the sameness of a sailor's life; and to give to the most ordinary sights and sounds connected with dry land, a character which, seen under other circumstances, they could scarcely have acquired. For my own part, I listened to the hum of voices and the distant rolling of carriages, with a degree of delight such as I had rarely experienced before; whilst the tolling of bells borne off upon the breeze, sounded in my ears like exquisite music. Then there were the thousand lights which mark the proximity of a great city—lights which in Lisbon rise one above the other in tiers, till the loftiest seem to mingle with the stars in the firmament:—upon these I felt as if I should not grow weary of gazing till the return of daylight had extinguished them. Besides, imagination took wing, and carried me forward into scenes, of the nature of which I as yet knew nothing from practical experience. Now, then, my military career was begun. Now at length was I about to set foot upon the land of promise to every British soldier,—the scene where, if laurels were to be gathered at all, they could not fail to be found; and the ideas which rose out of that recollection were at once too vivid, and too complicated, to permit a thought of sleep, during many hours, to obtrude itself. At last, however, nature began to raise her voice against a farther indulgence in such speculations. All the whispers of romance failed in keeping drowsiness at bay; and I made ready, about one o'clock in the morning, to follow the example of my comrades, by descending to the cabin.

I had quitted my favourite station on the poop, and was proceeding towards the companion, when there suddenly stood before me the figure of a man whom, in spite of the almost pitchy darkness, (for the moon had not yet risen) I had no difficulty in recognising as Jackson. His air was that of a person labouring under excessive agitation, and he held a packet in his hand, which he presented to me in a hurried and abrupt manner. "We land to-morrow," said he, speaking in a deep and stifled tone; "and the opportunity which I have sought, God knows how eagerly, will not now be granted. But though I have no power to speak, my mind has been free, and I have written the chief details of my unfortunate story; take it—read it, when a convenient opportunity offers; but remember, as you value your own peace, communicate its contents to no one. Whatever my fate may be, keep the secret inviolable;—betray it, were it even to save my life, and the same destiny which has governed me, will rule over you." He thrust the packet into my hand as he spoke, and before I could so far command myself as to answer him, he had disappeared. I was now quite convinced that the poor youth's mind was unbalanced. I put his manuscript into my pocket, hardly caring whether the opportunity to which he alluded, would ever arrive or not; and pursuing my original intention, descended the ladder, and went to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

The first grey of the morning of the 16th of July, 1810, was just beginning to appear, when the report of an eighteen pounder fired from the flag ship in the Tagus, gave notice that the hour of disembarkation had arrived. It was immediately followed by a rolling of drums, and braying of bugles, taken up from transport to transport throughout the fleet; and in five minutes after, the deck of every vessel was crowded with soldiers, armed, clothed and equipped for immediate service. Nor did any great while elapse, ere a numerous flotilla of boats began to assemble alongside. Into these company after company entered, with as much regard to order as the circumstances of the case would permit; and long before the sun had attained any height in the heavens, the regiment was formed in column of companies along the beach.

It was but natural to suppose that at least a day or two would be granted previous to the commencement of our march up the country, for the double purpose of refreshing the men, enfeebled by a fortnight's confinement, and enabling the officers to provide mules and other animals for the transport of their baggage.

This was, indeed, the more confidently anticipated, because Lord Wellington's well known policy induced

him to spare his young troops, by keeping them as much as possible in the rear, till they became in some degree inured to the climate; but the particular state of affairs at the present juncture was such as to set all ordinary rules at defiance, and to render the bringing up of every disposable man to the scene of action, imperative. I need scarcely remind you, that Massena was now hanging upon the frontier with an army of 70,000 men; that Ciudad Rodrigo was in a state of close siege; and that the British general, with little more than 25,000 British, and about as many half-disciplined Portuguese, could bring no relief to the garrison, being hardly competent to maintain his defensive position upon the Coa. Under these circumstances, the arrival of a fresh battalion was to him a matter of the first moment; and hence every corps which landed was hurried forward into the interior, as rapidly as the strength of the men, and the movements of pressed bullocks, would allow.

Like other regiments which had lately arrived, we were met upon the beach by a peremptory order to pass at once through the capital into the interior, intimation being at the same time conveyed, that such accommodation as the country could afford, and we were likely to need, had already been provided. In consequence of this communication, our heavy baggage, which, as a matter of course, had been brought on shore, was again sent back to the ships, whilst, a few mules being furnished from the commissariat depot at Belém, such lighter articles as could not be dispensed with were packed upon them, not without some confusion and various disappointments to individuals. This done, the word was given to march, and we pushed forward, if not perfectly satisfied, still, upon the whole, in the highest possible order. But the consequence of so much haste was, that of Lisbon I was permitted to see no more than a few of the wretched streets which lead from Belém to the great northern road; that at Seavem we made no greater pause than was absolutely necessary to collect stragglers; and that, passing at the same rate through Buecelos, we arrived in the evening, jaded and hungry, at a town called Alenquer. Here the night was spent in no very comfortable plight; for the lodging was miserable, and the authorities being not over and above disposed to exert themselves in our favour, our rations proved any thing but sufficient; nevertheless, on the morrow the march was resumed with the same rapidity as at first, and for an entire week we were *en route*. Thus, by dint of extraordinary exertions, we contrived to come up with the division to which we were attached, about noon on the 22d,—having accomplished a march of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in something less than seven entire days.

We found the division occupying a line considerably in advance of the main army, with its left resting upon Alameda, its right upon a bend in the Coa, and covered in its rear by the channel of the same river. The outposts, however, extended as far as certain scattered hamlets, half way between Alameda and Villanula; and the state of preparation in which both men and horses were kept, indicated that an attack was hourly expected. As we arrived not in the best order imaginable, the men being foot-sore to the last degree, and the officers sadly distressed for want of baggage, the general, with the consideration for which he was remarkable throughout the army, appointed us to a station better sheltered than that occupied by any other battalion under his command. We took possession of a few cottages not far from a bridge which connected the opposite banks of the river with one another, where we were given to understand, that for some days at least no service on outpost, nor any other harassing duty, would be required at our hands.

In the mean time Jackson, so far from deriving any advantage from the declaration, had only returned, in consequence of it, to the condition of a close prisoner. Though his case had been brought before the commanding officer at the earliest opportunity, such had been the rapidity of our movements, and so excessive the fatigue attendant upon them, that no leisure for investigating it had yet offered, and he followed the column in charge of the rear guard, at once ignorant of his ultimate destiny, and, to all appearance at least, indifferent respecting it. Several fresh attempts were indeed made to obtain for him a free pardon, partly in consequence of the extreme provocation which had led to the commission of his crime, and partly because of the length of time which had seen him in confinement. But our commanding officer, as I have already stated, was one of those who cannot disunite the ideas of manly clemency and blameable imbecility. A rigid disciplinarian, he would allow no circumstances to stand as an excuse for a breach of

the great and fundamental law of subordination; and though punishment might be deferred, it never failed, sooner or later, to overtake the individual who, being under his command and in his power, set that law at defiance. Poor Jackson was doomed to become one in addition to many who received this stern justice at his hands. The remainder of the 22d being granted to see after our own and our men's comforts, a regimental court-martial was ordered to assemble on the morrow; and, as bad luck would have it, (for, under all circumstances, I could not but consider the coincidence as unfortunate,) of the court in question I was nominated president.

At the appointed hour of noon, the court, consisting of four young subalterns, with myself, not at that time a very old man, assembled. We met together in a ruinous shed, one portion of which was set apart as a place of confinement to the disorderly; and the prisoner being summoned, as well as the witnesses against him, the customary oaths were taken, and the process began. There is no denying that a clearer case of mutiny was never brought before the cognizance of a military tribunal. A blow was inflicted by a private sentinel upon his officer,—to that fact twenty persons were prepared to swear; and though the previous provocations were admitted to have been both numerous and galling, these could not for a moment be received as more than a slight extenuation of so serious a crime. Even the prisoner himself attempted no denial, nor offered any excuse for his conduct. When called upon to make his defence, he answered only with a brief declaration that his case needed no apology, for that he had acted upon an impulse which would have driven any other person so situated to a similar course. This was said in a tone of voice as calm and firm as if he had been speaking of matters, the issue of which could not affect him very deeply; and it was all that, by repeated questions, I succeeded in wringing from him. The court having listened to him patiently, and I must confess, not without a considerable share of commiseration, commanded him to withdraw; when, each member being separately required to give judgment, all, one after another, pronounced him—Guilty. Finally, the severest sentence which it was in the power of a regimental court-martial to award, was awarded against him; and he was condemned to receive, at such time and place as the commanding officer should appoint, a punishment of three hundred lashes on his bare back.

Greatly as I felt shocked when this tremendous sentence was pronounced, it was impossible for me, upon any grounds of injustice or cruelty, to lift up my voice against it. My brother officers would have failed in their duty, had they permitted any consideration foreign from the circumstances of the case, as it appeared in evidence before them, to warp their judgment, or direct their finding; and I, as president, should have been equally wanting in mine, had I interfered with the exercise of their legitimate powers, or influenced their decision. Yet it was not without a pang of deep and heartfelt sorrow that I listened to their verdict, and proceeded, as my office required, to record it. Record it, however, I did, without betraying more of outward concern than was exhibited by the rest; and then there remained but one measure to pursue, which we all heartily united in adopting. A recommendation to mercy, expressed in the most forcible terms, was appended to the sentence of condemnation; and something like a hope was excited, that it might prove not wholly useless.

Armed with this important document, and carefully studying, as I went along, every argument which I thought at all likely to affect his mind, I hurried off to the colonel's quarters, where I found engaged, apparently in earnest conversation, with Captain Fletcher. This was an omen so unfavourable, that in spite of my best exertions to prevent it, I found much of the confidence which had animated me by the way, evaporate; yet I determined so show myself not less the strenuous advocate of a youth who appeared to possess no friend in the regiment except myself. My business was no sooner made known, than Captain Fletcher rose to withdraw. God knows,—perhaps I do them wrong,—but I fancied then, and I fancy now, that he threw a significant look over his shoulder, just as he was quitting the apartment, and that it was answered by a look not less significant from the colonel; and the ideas to which the suspicion gave rise, were not very favourable to freedom of speech. Nevertheless, I performed my task; if not as eloquently as I intended, at all events

forcibly and strenuously, though, as it very soon appeared, to little purpose.

"You have a perfect right," Captain Chakot, "said the colonel, 'to lay before me both the sentence and the recommendation of the court; nor do I blame you for using your best eloquence in the prisoner's favour. But it remains for me to decide, how far clemency can be here judiciously exercised; and you may rest satisfied that, in coming to that decision, I shall be guided entirely by my own sense of propriety.'"

He bowed as he uttered these words; and taking the hint as it was intended to be taken, I withdrew, leaving behind me every ray of hope that poor Jackson would escape degradation. I was not deceived in this painful foreboding: in an hour or two after, the sergeant of the day brought the orderly book, as usual, to my quarters; I hastily opened it, and the first announcement which met my eye, was this: "The regiment will parade tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, in heavy marching order, to witness the sentence of a regimental court-martial carried into execution."

I shut the book in indescribable disgust, and feeling incapable of supporting any society, even that of my brother officers, I walked into the open air, without knowing or caring where chance might lead me.

I wandered on for some time, in a state of high and painful excitement, cursing sometimes the extreme severity of my commander's temper, sometimes the bad-heartedness of Fletcher, and not less often the rashness of the young recruit, till I reached, without being aware of it, the edge of the precipitous cliff which on the northern side overhangs the Coa. Arrested thus suddenly in my course, I could not fail to look around; and the scene which opened upon me was sufficient to dispel, at least for the moment, every feeling besides that of intense and speechless admiration. Immediately beneath me ran the river—a brawling and noisy mountain stream; forcing its way through a narrow valley, which was closely hemmed in on either hand by rocks of gigantic dimensions. Over the faces of these were scattered detached clumps of dwarf oak and mountain ash, which, pushing themselves forward from every fissure, gave to the entire valley the appearance of an old forest thinned by time, or perhaps by human industry, but still retaining a considerable share of its pristine character. Around me, again, was an amphitheatre of woody hills, the wood broken in upon here and there by some beeching crag which reared its bald front high above the surrounding foliage; whilst of the residence of man, or proofs of his recent labour and handiwork, not a trace, from the spot which I then occupied, could be discovered. To complete the wild magnificence of the spectacle, the last rays of a setting sun were streaming over a bold ridge, which girdles in the well-known Guarda pass; and the whole wilderness was glowing in the full yellow blaze, which in this climate generally precedes the brief twilight. The effect of all this, bursting upon me, as it did, without any previous warning, was one which up to the present time I have not forgotten. In an instant, every source of care and annoyance ceased to operate; and I stood gazing alone, in the full enjoyment of feelings which such a scene, and such a scene alone, is capable of exciting.

It was now almost for the first time since he put it into my hand, that the recollection of Jackson's packet occurred to me. Blaming myself, I hardly knew why, for my inattention, I thrust my hand into my pocket, and there, sure enough, it was, just as I received it on board of ship. There could not be a more convenient opportunity, nor a place more fitting, for the perusal of a narrative, concerning the nature of which I had already pretty well made up my mind; so, sitting down under an ash, I broke the seal, and began it. As I have faithfully preserved it, and have it still about me, I think it better to read the whole than make any attempt to detail its substance; for though the latter might serve very well the purpose of my present narrative, it could not convey to you any idea of the character or disposition of the writer.

JACKSON'S NARRATIVE.

"By what secret and irresistible influence I am impelled to make a confidant of you, I know not. It is true, that, from the moment when we first met, you have appeared to feel an interest in my favour; nor have I forgotten the kind and generous manner in which you warned me of the consequences of the rash step which I was about to take; neither has your marked delicacy of conduct, since I came as a prisoner immediately under your command escaped my observation. But these things furnish no rational reason why I should disclose

my shame to you; they would rather lead me, were I master of my own actions, to conceal it. I am not, however, master of my own actions. There is a curse upon me—a terrible and deadly curse, which operates at all moments of my sleeping and waking existence,—which has reduced me to what I am—a common soldier,—which has driven me to the commission of a crime, bringing a debasing punishment in its train,—which compels me, in spite of strenuous exertions to the contrary, to stand forward as a witness against myself, and which will never cease to work upon my heart, and to shape out the tenor of my movements, till that heart cease to beat, and these limbs be incapable of motion.

"I am the son, the only son, nay the only child, of a gentleman of proud lineage and considerable fortune, in the north of England. His name it would little interest you to be told; and doomed as I am to be the publisher of my own disgrace, I will not bring disgrace upon others by repeating it. Let it suffice to mention, that the estate to which I was once heir, came into the family at the Conquest, and that it has descended in lineal succession, from father to son, from its first possessor, to him—who does not now hold it.

"Of the manner in which my early years were spent, I entertain but a vague and indistinct recollection. I remember something, indeed, of a lovely and amiable woman, to whom I was taught by those about me to look as my mother. I remember, or rather I fancy that I remember, how she used to take me on her knee, and cover my cheek with kisses, whilst tears rolled down her own; and either memory, or the report of others, when heard, or where repeated, I know not,—presents me with an occasional picture of the same beautiful woman, pining like one broken-hearted, and fading in her youth. Observe, that I do not assert these things as facts; they may be mere illusions of my own disordered fancy; in all probability they are so; yet to me they are at this moment as clear and palpable as the scene of my own arrest on a recent occasion, or our late conference on the quarter deck. Whether they be realities or dreams, is, however, a matter of no moment. My mother died long before I had attained sufficient age to value her good qualities, or to miss her attentions; and I was left, when little more than an infant, to the care of my father.

"I know not how to trust myself in drawing a picture of the only parent whom I have ever known. That he was kind in his manner towards me, I cannot venture to say; at least his kindness was not so displayed as to win upon the attachment of a boy naturally warm-hearted, or to make me forget that I had sometimes seen my mother weep, when he and she and I were alone together. It is true that few days passed, few at least during which he was disengaged, without my seeing him. Occasionally, too, he would bring me a toy; and when I was old enough to ride he gave me a pony, on which I was permitted to scamper wherever I chose, provided only I returned home before dark. Yet was his manner uniformly cold and austere; I cannot recall to my recollection so much as one kiss from his lips; and as to a God bless you!—the expression never escaped him. No, no, no! it was not in blessing that he took the name of God in his mouth;—it was for a far more tremendous and more certain purpose.

"At an age as early as is usual in like cases, I was sent to a preparatory school, from whence I was in due time removed to Eton. Here, in the society of lads of my own standing, several happy years were spent, so happy indeed, that the impression which they have left upon my mind, can be erased only by death. Strange to say, however, the vacations, which brought to others so many anticipations of delight, were always hailed by me with sorrow. I had no home; that is to say, no home which I loved; for though I delighted in field sports, and the means of gratifying that propensity were abundantly within my reach, there was something in the air of—, which invariably chilled me when I drew near it. The truth is, that I did not and could not love my father. I feared him; he was a man to be feared—cold, austere, formal; proud of his family, equally proud of his own attainments; of a temper not irritable, in the ordinary acceptance of that term, yet easily offended, and ignorant how to forgive; such a man even his own son could not love, however much he might reverence, or rather dread him. Besides, my father was one of those whom no arguments, no entreaties, no motives, even of self-interest, could divert from the course which he had once made up his mind to pursue. Let him set his heart upon any object, and the whole world, were it offered in exchange, could not purchase his relinquish-

ment of that object; difficulties, should such occur, only served to goad him to further exertions. Nor was it in essentials only that this unbending temperament displayed itself; it reached even to the most minute details of domestic life: it operated even in his distribution of his own time, and had full influence over my proceedings, which dared not take a direction in the slightest degree at variance from the channel which he had marked out for them. Between my father and myself there was not so much as the pretence of confidence. He never consulted me in any thing, whether relating to myself or others; he never spoke to me of family matters, ancient or modern; and he gave me no encouragement to communicate my feelings to him with the freedom which a son should always experience in the presence of his father. On the contrary, the little intercourse that passed between us was, uniformly distant and chilling,—like that which is sometimes kept up by a guardian towards his ward, provided no ties of blood bind them one to another, but bearing no semblance whatever to that free communion of soul, mind, and feeling, which, if it exist any where, might be expected to exist between a parent and a child.

"In the society of such a man, it was impossible that I could find any enjoyment, and to his society I was, when at home, almost exclusively confined; for the peculiarities of my father's temper were such, that few of his neighbours kept up with him more than a distant or formal acquaintance. Once or twice a year a stately dinner was prepared, at which some half dozen country gentlemen would make their appearance; but these meetings always passed off heavily at the time, and they led to no familiar intercourse afterwards. Indeed, my father was manifestly never loved nor courted by any one. His very servants and tenants avoided him as often as they could; and when that was impossible, they stood before him in undisguised alarm. Whence all this arose I am unable even to conjecture, for of his early history I never heard a syllable; and unless something more extraordinary occurred in his youth than took place since my memory serves, there was certainly no adequate reason for it.

"I had removed from Eton, after going through the regular course, and had kept a few terms at Cambridge, when that event befell upon which the whole of my future fortunes were doomed to turn.

"It was on a beautiful evening in June, that with feelings widely different from those which I could have wished to experience, found myself approaching the place of my nativity. There were no pleasing recollections associated with that lonely and desolate mansion. Its great empty halls and half-furnished apartments, through which the voice of mirth and revelry never echoed, its long passages and dreary corridors, where the sound of a footstep would have startled had it reached the ear, rose with no very agreeable colours before my view; and when I considered that amid this solitude the whole of a tedious summer must be passed, I could not avoid shuddering at the prospect. I was in this mood, when a sudden stopping of the horses induced me to sit forward in the chaise for the purpose of ascertaining the cause. There was no possibility of mistaking the principal objects about me. I recognised at once the beech grove that skirted the park, and the commencement of the long avenue which led up to the mansion; but in minute details a change had occurred, which set all my surmises and calculations at defiance. The lodge, which, when I last entered it, was more than half unroofed and in ruins, presented now the appearance of a neat and comfortable cottage; it was newly thatched, glazed, and whitewashed, and a spot of ground tastefully laid out in cultivation lay behind it. In like manner the pillars and gates had undergone a thorough repair; the palings seemed to have been lately renewed; and the very grass and weeds which used to overgrow the drive, had all disappeared. Instead of the slatternly dame, likewise, by whom I was accustomed to be met here, a pretty country girl, about ten or twelve years old, threw open the gate, and dropped a curtsy as the chaise rolled through, with the grace of one accustomed to the office. I need scarcely say that all this excited in me no little amazement; but if I experienced surprise at the aspect of things in themselves so unimportant, my astonishment increased tenfold, when other and still greater changes appeared.

"As I approached the house, I became at every step more and more aware, that a complete revolution had taken place in my father's style of living. The lawn, of which my most remote recollection presented no other picture than of a rough and neglected plot of grass, was now mowed with the utmost care, and taste-

fully adorned at different points with clumps of flowering shrubs and ornamental evergreens. A light wire fence protected it from the approach of the sheep, which in former days were accustomed to browse up to the very windows; and a wicket composed of the same materials admitted us to a well cleaned gravel walk, which extended in front of the main entrance. Then, again, on looking up towards the house itself, I beheld that the shutters of every window were open, that the frames had been lately painted, and the glass universally repaired, and that an air of comfort was cast over the entire exterior, such as I had never seen it wear until now. By this time the carriage had stopped, and the postilion having rung the bell, the hall door was opened by a servant in a neat morning livery; who, though manifestly unacquainted with my name and circumstances, civilly requested me to walk in. I followed the lacquey, not like one entering his father's house, but like a stranger in a place unknown to him; and truly the aspect of every thing had undergone a revolution so complete, that I almost doubted whether the case were not really so.

"I was conducted through the entrance hall, in the furnishing and decoration of which I found it difficult to trace out any resemblance to the cheerless and unconceivable vestibule, so familiar to my early years. Every thing was changed: handsome mahogany chairs, marked with the family arms, had taken the place of the antique oaken benches which formerly stood here; a mosaic pavement had supplanted the slabs; marble tables stood here and there; and a stove of the newest construction held out a promise of warmth and comfort in the winter. Then, again, there were elegant folding doors, which cut off the outer from the inner hall,—a distinction which till of late had not been recognised;—and if the garnishing of the outer compartment sufficed to excite my amazement, much more forcibly was that feeling roused by what I beheld in the inner. Rich carpets covered the floor; gilded lamps hung from the ceiling; and the great oaken staircase leading up to the lodging rooms, which began here, had received a polish, bright as the art of man could bestow upon it. But greater wonders than even these awaited me.

"We had by this time reached the door of the drawing-room, when the servant, as a preparatory step to throwing it open, demanded my name. I was so confounded that I could not contrive to stammer it out so as to be understood; and the man, mistaking my words, ushered me in under some appellation, the sound of which I have forgotten. I walked forward; but my surprise amounted to positive stupefaction, when there arose to meet me—not my father, but a lady, beautiful as an angel, young, elegant, graceful in every motion, with eyes that did not look, but speak—ay, sir, speak words—platin intelligible words—dark, large, brilliant, surmounted with long lashes, which softened, whilst they took not away from, the variable expression of the orbs beneath them. But I must command myself—so let that pass.

"In what manner I received the salutation of the stranger, I cannot tell; only I remember, that when I made an effort to speak, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I stood like one rooted to the spot by some sudden spell, or frozen into stone. The lady seemed surprised at my emotion, I even fancied that she became alarmed, for she uttered something in a hurried tone, the purport of which I could not comprehend, and made a movement as if she were to retire; but before she could carry that resolution into effect, a door which communicated between the saloon and the library was thrown open, and my father entered. The sight of him recalled me instantly to my senses. I advanced to receive the hand which he held out; and in the next instant, the whole mystery around me was explained.

"You are welcome home again, Charles," said my father, with more than usual kindness in his tone; "I dare say the aspect which things have assumed since you were last here, has caused you no little astonishment; yet I am willing to hope, that astonishment is not the only feeling likely to be roused. Charlotte, my dear," continued he, turning to the lady, "permit me to introduce to you my son, whom you will find, I trust, an agreeable companion at moments when I may be unable to enjoy your society. Charles, in this lady you see one who is entitled, by every tie of moral obligation, to your respect and affection. She has consented to make you the happiest of men; and she now stands towards you in the relation of a mother."

"A mother!" cried I, staggering back, as if struck by some sudden and deadly blow: "A mother! Is this lady, then, your wife?"

"Yes, sir," replied my father, in his old tone of as-

perity; "this lady is my wife. Is there any thing so very remarkable in that circumstance, as that you should not be able to comprehend it?"

"No, sir, no—not exactly so," said I, scarcely knowing what I said; "but the intelligence has come upon me so suddenly—I knew not that any such step was in contemplation—that, in short, I know not what to say, except that your announcement has perfectly amazed me."

"I see no reason why it should produce that effect," replied he; "there is nothing so very startling in the fact, that a man who has spent twenty years in solitude should become weary of living alone, or that he should ally himself with one every way worthy of his esteem and affections."

"This was spoken coldly and deliberately, with an emphasis of which I could not mistake the purport; yet I answered it by observing, that I had received no intimation of the intended change; and that his silence on such a subject surprised me more, than the life of conduct which he had seen fit to pursue.

"I was not aware," replied he in a sarcastic tone, into which he knew well how to throw the very gall of bitterness, "that I had ever given you cause to regard yourself as the arbiter of my destinies. I have not been in the habit of soliciting your advice on indifferent matters, and should scarcely think of desiring it on an occasion like the present. But enough of such discussion—I have told you how this lady and yourself are connected; it remains for you to behave towards her as that connection demands."

"I had by this time recovered in some degree from my agitation, and turned towards my mother-in-law, with the intention of offering an apology for the strangeness of my behaviour. She trembled violently,—whether from fear, or mere embarrassment, it was, of course, impossible for me to tell; whilst her respiration appeared to go on with difficulty, and her colour went and came like clouds over the face of the moon on a stormy night. By degrees, however, the awkwardness of manner inseparable from so extraordinary an introduction, departed. She recovered the calm and placid air which distinguished her when she rose to bid me welcome; and the ease which marked her gestures, as well as the readiness with which we entered into conversation, soon produced the happiest effect upon me. In five minutes every thing awkward in our first meeting was forgotten, and we behaved towards each other, as persons in our situation might be expected to behave."

"It was now that I found leisure to cast my eyes round upon the apartment in which we were sitting; and there, as well as elsewhere, I saw that a perfect revolution had occurred. The ancient cane-backed chairs and sofas had been displaced to make room for couches covered with the costliest silks; rose wood tables, richly inlaid, were scattered here and there in elegant confusion; splendid pier glasses filled up the recesses, and curtains of the finest stuffs ornamented the windows; whilst even the paper upon the walls, as well as the painting on the roof and panels, had all been renewed in the most expensive and brilliant manner. Nor was it in the saloon alone that the hand of improvement had been at work. There was not an apartment in the house, from the servants' hall to the nursery, which had not undergone some change; whilst all that were in any degree conspicuous, as well in the sleeping as in the living compartment, had been entirely refurnished. I cannot pretend to describe the effect which this change produced upon me. That it was for the better, I felt, and acknowledged; yet, with the perverseness of human nature, there were moments when the absence of this or that long remembered piece of lumber stirred up in me a sensation, of which I did not imagine that a cause so trifling could have been productive. In like manner, it was with no ordinary pain that I observed, that, of the faces of the domestics who went and came about us, not one was familiar. The old servants, like the old furniture, had all been dismissed, to make way for others—more sightly, perhaps, and more submissive, but whether superior in the essentials of honesty and fidelity, might well be doubted. These things cut deeply. For the first day or two, indeed, the effect of them was such as to render me but little desirous to court the society either of my father or his bride; nor was it till I had been nearly a week at home, that the former thought fit to make me in any degree acquainted with the origin and progress of his new connection.

"There was little in the story to interest me at the moment; there is still less that deserves record now. Charlotte Howard was an orphan, the penniless niece of one of our neighbours, on whose bounty she absolutely depended. Having lately returned from school, she at-

tracted my father's notice, during a visit which he happened to pay to her uncle; and as he found her not more beautiful than amiable and accomplished, he made a tender of his hand. Charlotte was barely eighteen, my father forty-nine; but, to counterbalance this difference in their ages, she was portionless, whilst he was understood to be immensely rich. My father did not state how much he owed to the lady's personal predilection, how much to the persuasions of her guardian: on that head, he wisely left me to judge for myself; but the result was, that about six weeks previous to the commencement of the long vacation, he led her, a weeping and bashful bride, to the altar. Yes; he used the word *bashful*, as if her reluctance were merely feigned,—as if she, a girl, artless, innocent, gay, lovely, felt no more than the ordinary coyness of a maiden so situated, in giving her hand to one—But no matter. He admitted that she wept—he did not say how she wept—he did not even allude to the hot scalding tears of utter misery, whose fountain lies in the innermost soul, and which run over only when hope is blighted for ever. No; no; I was encouraged to conjure up an image of modest dew drops—of one or two tears elicited from the eye, more through the power of momentary excitement than by the influence of sorrow. How different was all this from the truth!

"Well, the bride was carried off to the metropolis, where, amidst the gaiety of a London life, her first lessons in the duties of the married state were learned. In the mean while all those changes in and about the park, which had so powerfully affected me, were wrought; and only one fortnight previous to my return, the happy pair took possession of their renovated mansion. Such is the substance of a conversation which I held with my father, on a certain day after dinner, to which I listened as to something neither very agreeable nor very interesting. How deeply did I deceive myself, in regarding it as devoid of interest.

"I know not whence it arose, but I experienced towards my mother-in-law, about this time, a feeling which I could not describe, but which tempted me as much as possible to shun her company, particularly when no other persons chanced to be by. Not that I ever thought of her with aversion. To look upon that countenance, to behold the varied and glowing expression of those eyes, yet entertain towards the being whose eyes met mine, any thing in the most remote degree akin to aversion, was impossible. On the contrary, I never beheld her without admiration, the deepest, the most intense. I never listened to the music of her voice, without a delight such as no other sound in nature could produce. I never thought of her when absent, without a degree of intense painful indeed, but painful only from its excess. Yet I avoided her, as if there had been a pestilence in her breath, and a pollution in her touch. It was not often that I endeavoured to account for this; but when I did, images arose, humiliating and distressing, of the sort of tie which had brought us acquainted, and held us together. I could not bear to think of her as my father's wife—as one whom I was bound to approach with deference, and look upon with respect; yet I felt that to regard her only as the beautiful and innocent girl, and to treat her like a sister or a friend, would at once displease the man to whom I was indebted for my being, and infringe, seriously and improperly, upon the usages of society. Many days therefore elapsed, ere we could be said to know more of each other's tastes and habits than was disclosed at the moment of our first introduction:—well would it have been for both, had this just and cautious reserve been persevered in.

"With his state of celibacy, my father had, it appeared, put off that morose and haughty humour which kept him at a distance from all his neighbours. Repeatedly since their return from London, had the new married couple thrown open their doors to gay parties, and the old walls had more than once rung again to the tones of singing and minstrelsy. So excellent a custom was not to be interrupted by the arrival of the heir of the lordship; on the contrary, I was given to understand that, in honour of my visit, the entire neighbourhood had been invited to an entertainment, which was to exceed in splendour and elegance every thing of the kind which had for many years taken place in this part of the country. With what absolute indifference I listened to the announcement! What were gaiety or splendour to me? I had become all at once the most humiliated and self-condemned of human beings. All the glories of an Eastern palace, had they been spread out before me, would have failed to excite any pleasurable emotion. Nay, I pined for the gloom which was now dispelled for ever, and looked back with regret upon the very state of existence which was once the source of my most serious repining. What

fickle creatures are we, even at the best! how little may our very tastes and desires be calculated upon!

"The day of gala came in its course, and brought with it a crowd of guests of all ages, of both sexes, and of every rank—from the proud wearer of the earl's coronet, down to the simple commoner. Nothing could exceed the hospitable urbanity of my father; and the gentle attentions of his bride to all within her reach, were beyond measure gratifying. Then, again, as to the banquet—no luxury which earth, air, or water could produce, was wanted. The choicest wines were passed round with exuberant liberality; a crowd of servants in rich liveries prevented every wish; and the glare of golden lamps was reflected back by a profusion of massive plate, under which the table and sideboards groaned. Next followed the dance, the conversation, the promenade, relieved and interrupted from time to time by bursts of the most exquisite music, till every sense seemed deadened by the multiplied sources of enjoyment, with which it was not so much supplied as satiated. And how was I affected by all this? I looked on with the vacant stare of a spectator at a show which he understands to be delusive and unreal. I appeared, indeed, to mingle, like the rest, in every amusement; I even gazed round upon the faces of my father's guests, seeking for one on which my eye might repose so much as for a moment. But I found none. Many fair countenances there were,—laughing, lively, happy countenances,—such as meet us in our dreams, when these are most pleasing, and leave a trace behind them when we awake. But before my eye that night they passed like shadows. There was but one countenance on which I could endure to gaze,—and that one was—my mother. Heaven! what a profanation of the term. Charlotte Howard, the dark eyed lively girl of eighteen, my mother!—she, who was by two full years my junior,—who smiled upon me, not with the haughty glance of a superior, but with the mild beseeching look of one who saw my agitation, and would have calmed it had she possessed the power,—who seemed to court, not to demand my notice, as if she needed support from me, and would have taken it as a boon!—Could I think of her as my mother? No; I never beheld her in that light; I could not think of her in that fashion. I was cold and distant towards her, it is true—cold in my manner, distant in my address; but neither my coldness nor distance proceeded from that jealous aversion with which, as my step-mother, I might have been supposed to regard her. I shrank from her, because I already felt that I dared not trust myself near her,—yet my eyes followed her every movement, as if there were a spell upon them, which not all my efforts would suffice to break.

"At last she sat down to her harp. Though I had been upwards of a fortnight under the same roof with her, I had never yet heard her sing or play; for my father entertained no taste for music, and I did not presume to solicit that she would perform for my gratification. I was sitting at the moment alone in a distant corner of the saloon, pretending fatigue, which in reality I did not experience, that I might escape for a few minutes from the toil of making myself agreeable, or supporting a conversation in which I took no interest. Of all the objects in the passing pageant, I beheld but her alone; and when there was a call of silence, I held my very breath, lest its sound should interrupt it. How gracefully she stretched her fair round arm over the instrument!—with what taste she swept the chords as a prelude to her song! and then striking a few bold notes by way of symphony, she raised her eyes as if to ask for inspiration from on high. In an instant, her countenance was lighted up, and there burst from her a gush of sweet sounds, so mellow, so true, so plaintive, yet so powerful, that the most insensible could not listen without visible emotion. For me, I was entranced. All power of motion was taken away from me; I tried to draw near to her, but could not—I was spell-bound, as if by the voice of an angel.

"There was no instantaneous burst of applause when that sweet wild song ended. The effect produced by it was beyond the compass of words; it was felt, but could not be expressed. Men listened, as they are accustomed to do for the echo that follows notes which come to them over water, and they seemed disappointed when no echo was heard; but if an irresistible impulse checked them at first, a universal murmur of delight gave evidence, as soon as the charm had dissolved, that their silence arose from intensity of admiration, and that there is no tribute so pure, or so real, as that which cannot be expressed. Charlotte appeared distressed by the very plaudits which were intended to give her pleasure. She rose, blushing deeply, from her instrument, and made as if she intended to cross the saloon to a spot where a group of gay loungers were congregated to-

gether. At that instant her eye caught mine: what the expression of my gaze might be, I knew not; doubtless it was the same which had accompanied every glance that I cast upon her that night; but it produced a vivid, and, as I could not but observe, a painful effect upon her. Her colour fled, and she grew pale as death; then again the blood rushed to her cheek with increased violence; her breathing became suddenly interrupted, and she staggered as if threatened with a fit. I saw her condition, and sprang forward to assist her; but before I could reach the spot, her self-command had returned. "I thank you," said she, in a low tone, and with a smile beautiful but melancholy: "I am better now, it was only a momentary faintness, occasioned by the heat of the room. But how is it that you keep so much apart?" added she, speaking more easily, and resuming at once her naturally cheerful manner: "I have observed you withdraw more than once, as if the fatigue were too great for you; or it may be that you dislike dancing—is it so?"

"No, no," replied I hurriedly; "on the contrary, I delight in it; and as to my health, it never was more sound, nor were my spirits ever higher. May I convince you of my taste for dancing by requesting the honour of your hand? or—" and I was conscious, as I uttered the last half of the sentence, that my tone of voice, no less than my assumed gaiety, fell—is it allowable in us, circumstanced as we are, to dance together?"

"Oh, surely," answered she calmly; "why not? We will lead off this dance, if you please, and you shall select the figure."

"We did so; but there was madness in the entire proceeding,—glaring, palpable madness. We danced—at least I danced—like one who knew not whether he slept or were awake; and more than once I blundered in the very figure which I had myself consented to choose. Our hands, as a matter of necessity, frequently met: as often as this occurred, a thrill passed through me like a shock of electricity, and my very brain swam confusedly. At last we gained the bottom of the set, and she rallied me, not however without a visible effort, on my forgetfulness. I tried to answer in the same strain of badinage, but my efforts proved unavailing; and I felt that to remain where I was any longer, yet retain my senses, was hopeless. I rose from the couch on which we had sat down, and complaining of a sudden indisposition, prepared to withdraw. "Good God! then you are really ill," exclaimed she, in a voice full of emotion; "and I have thoughtlessly induced you to do that which has increased your indisposition."

"Not so," replied I, struggling hard to appear calm; "it is a trifling headache, which a few moments of quiet will remove. I will retire beyond the sound of music for a while, and return again when I feel better;" and I walked away as I spoke. I opened the door of the saloon, but before I closed it again, looked round. She stood as I had quitted her, in an attitude of anxiety and alarm: her eye had followed my movements, and now it met mine, not designedly, but by instinct. God! what a look was that! I felt it in my heart, my soul, my brain; it stirred up thoughts, which, had they continued to burn but a moment longer, must have driven me to insanity. I saw it ever after in my waking visions, and in my sleeping dreams; at midnight and at noonday it was equally before me, and what was the language that it spoke? "I could not tell; I did not dare to ask: I read in it something which I desired to read, yet which, having read, I would have given worlds not to have observed. I ran with the step of a maniac to my chamber; I closed the door, locking and bolting it as if against some deadly enemy; and I revisited the scene of festivity that night no more.

"It was late on the following morning before the breakfast bell rang. On obeying its summons, I found that most of the guests of the preceding evening were gone, but that several still remained. All appeared jaded as a matter of course; a night of revelry seldom fails to bring in a morning of languor; but on none had fatigue produced so marked an effect as upon my father and his bride. The former, though manifestly struggling to wear the smooth brow of one at peace with himself and with every one around him, could not always repress a frown which told a tale of internal suffering either in body or mind;—the latter was dejected, thoughtful, silent, and uneasy,—and the more uneasy as her efforts to appear otherwise were too palpable to escape detection. I had done nothing to produce such effects. No, no; if there were other causes besides bodily fatigue for the embarrassment which displayed

itself in the manner of the new-married couple, no blame could possibly attach to me. Why then did my conscience sting me? or rather, why did the suspicion arise at all, that there were other causes besides that which both avowed, and which all but myself appeared to admit? I blushed internally as these questions occurred, and, having hastily concluded my meal, I walked abroad to commune with my own heart in the solitude of the park.

"When I reached the house, the hall clock was striking a third quarter; and on looking up, I perceived that the dinner hour was close at hand. I hurried off to my own apartment; but before I reached it, sounds smote upon my ear, which caused me unconsciously to stop. It was necessary, in order to reach my own, that I should pass my father's dressing room, the door of which happened to be ajar. Heaven knows, there is no character so contemptible in my eyes as that of an eaves-dropper; nor am I conscious that in taking the step which I took then, I incurred the guilt—for guilt it surely is—of seeking to pry into the secrets of others; but there was a magic in Charlotte's voice which I never could resist. Its tones fell around me, and I paused to drink them in, more gratefully than the wanderer in the desert drinks from a well where no water was anticipated. My feelings may be guessed at, when I discovered that she spoke not in joy but in sorrow. The words I could not overhear—I did not desire to overhear them—but the tones were those of deep distress—of bitter heartfelt misery. Then came the sound of my father's voice, stern, as I had been told it was when addressed to my mother. I could bear this no longer. Plausible as he was when strangers stood by, and smooth and oily as his outward manner might be, it was evident, that in private he gave vent to his cruel disposition, and that he exercised his cruelty upon his bride. I felt every vein in my forehead and temples swell, as the idea rose into my mind. I rushed forward, a curse trembling upon my tongue, a curse directed even against the author of my being, nor was it without an effort almost supernatural that I succeeded in repressing it. But I did suppress it. I even calmed in some degree the frenzy that raged within me; and having completed my toilette, I descended with an unruflled countenance to the dining room.

"The last of our party had taken their departure some hours before, and we sat down, my father, Charlotte, and I, to a family meal. It was not a comfortable one. He indeed had put on that rigidity of countenance, which he desired should be mistaken for an expression of perfect good humour; whilst I struggled hard to appear in my usual spirits; and even Charlotte strove to look—what she felt not—happy. But our conversation, being on all hands forced, soon became flat, and finally died away into mere question and answer. Charlotte, indeed, complained of illness, which she attributed to the exertions of last night, and quitted us almost as soon as the cloth was withdrawn; and then my father and I were left to enjoy, as we might, each other's society.

"For some minutes neither party had spoken, and my thoughts were beginning to wander. I scarce knew whither, when my father, after filling his glass, and pushing the bottle to me, desired to know how I liked my mother-in-law. I do not believe that any peculiarity of manner accompanied this question,—I am quite sure that it was a natural one, and one which ought to have produced no such effect upon me; but I started in my seat at the words, and turned round, as if an evil spirit had spoken. My father was not so much as looking towards me: he sat with his elbow upon the table, watching, to all appearance, the sun, as he sat behind a hill; and though a second or two elapsed ere I could so far command myself as to reply, he either took, or appeared to take, no notice of my embarrassment. As may easily be imagined, I expressed myself, when I did speak, greatly delighted with the lady; I passed upon her such ordinary eulogiums as men are accustomed to bestow upon women in whom they take no great interest.

"'I am glad you are pleased with her,' replied he, in the same tone of indifference, and still gazing steadily upon the setting sun. 'She is an extremely amiable and excellent person, somewhat young and inexperienced, no doubt; but perfectly free from deceit and affectation. Yet your manner towards her has not been such as to impress her with the belief that you really like her. So she says at least, for I have seen nothing of the kind; but she complains that you shun her on every possible occasion, and that if by any accident you

cannot effect your escape, your address is always formal, and your air distant. Surely you are above the silly feeling which sometimes urges men to be jealous of their fathers' wives.'

"He turned round as he spoke; but though I did my best to read his secret thoughts, I could discover nothing in the glance of his eye beyond the expression naturally connected with the subject of our conversation. Relieved beyond measure at this, I hastened to assure him that no such paltry sentiments were encouraged by me, and I strove to account for a shyness, of which I was too conscious to deny it, by reminding him of the brief standing of our acquaintance, and the peculiar circumstances under which it commenced. All this seemed to be taken as I could have wished. He admitted that our first interview was not such as to lead to an immediate intimacy, but hoped that time would gradually dispel every unpleasant association which that might have produced, and that, before long, we should be on the footing of easy familiarity which the connection subsisting between us demanded.

"'Besides,' continued he, 'you are so nearly of the same age, that to treat one another with coldness or excess of deference were ridiculous. She must be to you rather as a sister than a mother,—indeed, she ought perhaps to have been your wife rather than mine.'

"I cannot tell whether my own heart deceived me, but, as he uttered these words, I fancied that I could detect in the corner of his eye a lurking suspicion, the more hideous as it was not intended to be seen. If I was right, the expression lasted but for an instant,—so abrupt indeed were both its coming and going, that thought itself could hardly overtake it,—and then all was again smooth and placid. The speech itself, however, was sufficient to embarrass me, for I was at a loss not only how to reply, but how to understand it; so I stammered out something about behaving on all occasions to my father's wife as her station in the family required. My father took no notice of these expressions. He changed the subject, indeed, almost immediately; and the remainder of our *tele-tete* passed off as such conferences were accustomed to do.

"I know not why I have dwelt thus minutely upon the occurrences which marked the commencement of Charlotte's and my acquaintance. In themselves, I am aware that they possess few claims upon the notice of a stranger; yet their influence upon me was great and lasting—so lasting, indeed, as to control my entire destiny. They have left, too, an impression upon my mind so deep, that years will not suffice to blot it out, should years of a hated existence be forced upon me. But I will strive to write more concisely hereafter: I will dwell upon nothing which the nature of the task which I have imposed upon myself will suffer me to pass by.

"Days, weeks, nay, months passed away without the occurrence of any incident particularly deserving of notice. For a time the course of gaiety in which he had embarked, was pursued by my father with steady resolution, and visits were frequently paid to our neighbours, as they in their turn were frequently entertained at home. But by degrees his old humour began again to obtain the ascendancy over him. His pride and ill-humour broke out on more than one occasion, with a violence which no equal could endure; and his neighbours, as a necessary consequence, grew cold in civilities which seemed so little valued, and were so thanklessly received. This change on their part operated only to rouse the natural implacability of his temper. A slight offered or received, sufficed to put an end at once to all farther intercourse with the offending party, no matter how gross and glaring the provocation might be. In this manner, first one, then another of our visitors fell off, till ———— was left once more in the state of almost total solitude which formerly distinguished it.

"In proportion as this state of things attained its climax, my father's retired and unsocial habits resumed their ascendancy over himself. His voice recovered its natural tones; he rarely spoke except in anger, or which was infinitely worse, in bitter railery. The society of his wife appeared to possess no charms for him, and mine he rather shunned than courted. We never saw him, indeed, except at meals, for his mornings were spent constantly in the library, and he retired thither again as soon as the dinner ended; and as to any act of kindness or attention, neither the one nor the other received such at his hands. I need not after this observe that the feeling so opposed to love, which I had struggled to subdue, again oppressed me as often as a thought of my father occurred; whilst poor Charlotte's dread of him became before long too conspicuous to be concealed.

"The consequence of all this was, that she and I were

thrown continually upon one another for society, for consolation, I had almost said for support; whilst the reserve which had hitherto subsisted between us melted gradually away.

"Instead of separating for the rest of the morning, as we had been accustomed to do at the breakfast table, we found ourselves occupying the same apartment—she busied with her needle or her pencil, and I reading aloud the work of some author equally a favourite with both. Then came the time of exercise; and our walks, our rides, our drives, were felt to possess many additional attractions, now that they were taken, not separately, but together. Music, too, lent its powerful attractions. Our tastes here, as in literature, accorded; and the songs which she sang with the liveliest satisfaction to herself, were listened to by me with a feeling too deep even for tears. Need I say how all this ended? Wedded to one whom she had never loved, whose years alone had been sufficient obstacle to a union so revolting, and treated, even within a few months from her bridal day, not with indifference only, but with harshness and brutality; can it be wondered at, if she unconsciously gave to another that which was no longer hers to give? No; even though that other was the son of her husband, and, as a necessary consequence, a being from whom she was divided by a gulf never to be passed—who can blame her? She but obeyed the impulse which nature has implanted in every bosom; and obeying them without a consciousness of the results to which they lead, she was innocent. But for me—no such excuse was mine. I saw the chasm before me—plainly, clearly, saw it. I knew even from the first, that to remain near her, yet retain the mastery over myself, was impossible. Then why did I not leave her? Why did I not abandon my home for ever—a home which till she entered it, possessed no attractions, and which now that she was there, ought to have been regarded with horror. I cannot answer these questions. There was a spell upon me, which drove me on, with eyes open and senses wide awake, into the abyss that, some power higher than my own will had prepared for me; and I followed its impulse, like a sheep led to the slaughter, without so much as making one struggle to resist it.

"In this manner the remaining portion of summer rolled on, and autumn came in, with all its variegated hues and sombre beauty. How delicious were the walks which we took at that glorious season, amidst groves dark with decaying foliage! How soothing were the moments which we spent under some tall beech, or umbrageous elm, whilst the dead leaves shaken from the branches at every breath, fell one by one at our feet! True, the thought of parting came but too frequently into our minds, for the period of my sojourn at home was drawing rapidly to a close; but the parting hour was yet by several weeks distant; and when did young hearts learn to anticipate distress? Never: at those blessed moments, (for blessed I must still regard them,) every thing was forgotten beyond the events of the passing hour. Yet let me not be misunderstood. Never had there passed between us one word, one syllable, one allusion which the angels of light would have blushed to witness. Our love, if such it must be called, was wholly unmixed with every earthly and debasing passion. She was to me an object of adoration—an idol—to be gazed upon in holy rapture, but with a rapture sanctified by the most profound respect; whilst to her, I was as the brother of her affections—the friend on whom alone she leaned for aid in her difficulties, and consolation in her griefs. Could there be aught impure in the intercourse of persons actuated by these sentiments, and these only? Why was it, then, that such moments never failed to bring in their train, hours of agony and remorse?

"The fatal period, so often thought of, and to which every allusion had been, as it were studiously avoided, came at last. The middle of October arrived, and brought with it the necessity for my immediate abandonment of my father and return to college. For some days previously, our intercourse, though not less constant than before, had been accompanied with a degree of restraint perfectly novel. The truth is, that we were equally desirous of hiding the sorrow of which both were equally conscious, and the effort necessary to ensure success, caused us to appear strange in each other's eyes. But the attempt, though nobly made, and for a while steadily persevered in, proved ultimately useless. Feeling, if it be really strong, will break through every restraint both of prudence and duty; and ours were far too impetuous not to sweep all such barriers before them.

"It was now the day preceding that which had been fixed for the commencement of my journey. It was Sunday, too—that day of holy rest, which in the country,

at least, never dawned without bringing a blessing along with it both upon man and beast; and Charlotte and myself, according to our invariable practice, attended divine service together. My father was not of the party; indeed, many years had elapsed since he last beheld the interior of a church, of which, and of the clergy, it was too much his custom, if he spoke at all, to speak in terms of contempt.

"Not at any moment of my life was I conscious of devotional feelings deeper or more engrossing than came over me on this occasion. I prayed, I say not fervently, but bitterly; the very tears made their way through the hands in which my face was buried; my whole soul seemed abstracted from earthly considerations, and even Charlotte was, for a time, forgotten. How she was affected I know not; for, from the commencement of the service to its close, I never once beheld her, so entirely was my attention given up to the solemn business in which I was engaged.

"We did not return home as soon as the service concluded; but Charlotte passing her arm through mine, we sauntered on towards our favourite retreat in the beech-wood. We sat down as usual, just within the shelter of the grove, on a mound from whence a view of the whole landscape could be obtained, whilst we were ourselves concealed from observation. The day was beautifully mild and serene; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air, as it sufficiently violent to shake a withered leaf from its stem. A universal silence was around us, broken only by the full, clear, and melodious notes of a thrush, which poured, from a brake hard by, a torrent of natural music. We looked abroad, too, upon a scene of no ordinary beauty—upon herds of deer quietly grazing—upon the modest church, more than half concealed in the grove that encircled it—upon hamlets, villages, and solitary cottages, reposing in the sanctity of the sabbath; but of human beings not a trace could be discerned. There was something in this perfect solitude particularly affecting to persons in our situation: we did not interrupt it by any attempt at conversation, to which we felt ourselves quite unequal, but sat in silence, whilst visions the most melancholy passed over our minds, like the shadows of clouds on a summer's day over the side of a hill.

"At last, the gradual inclination of the sun towards the west, warned us that it was time to quit the spot. We rose as if by common consent, to obey the impulse, just as his disk reached the horizon; and we stood motionless whilst it sank lower and lower, till it wholly disappeared. It was then that for the first time I ventured to speak: what I said I know not; I believe it was some commonplace remark, such as the circumstances of the case called forth,—as that I should be far away when next she beheld the sun set, or something to that purport; but it appeared as if the tones of my voice were alone required to break the spell which had so long bound us, and to cause the feelings of both, hitherto painfully repressed, to overflow. Charlotte burst into tears. Instinctively I threw my arm round her waist—a movement which she sought not to prevent, and then she laid her head upon my shoulder and wept bitterly. I cannot pretend to describe what I felt at that moment; I could not speak comfort to her, for my own tears choked my utterance; but I pressed her to my heart, as if it were there, and there only, that she must read the secret which my lips refused to reveal.

"We stood thus for several moments; not a sentence had been spoken by either, though both were too fully aware of the issue to which matters had been driven; when Charlotte, by a desperate effort, checked her weeping, and raising her head from my shoulder, proposed that we should return home. I obeyed without hesitation, and giving her my arm, we set forward in the direction of the house. We had just cleared the wood, when, happening to look back, I perceived the figure of a man passing with apparent caution to the right,—and a single glance served to convince me that it was my father. A horrible consciousness struck at once to my heart. I permitted Charlotte's arm to drop from mine, my senses all but forsook me, and it was not without difficulty that I prevented myself from falling to the ground. Alarmed at my condition, though ignorant of its cause, she shrieked aloud, and addressed to me in her agony, terms such as she ought never to have employed, nor I permitted. The words, not less than the manner of the speaker, restored to me at once my self-command. I perceived that she had not observed the spectacle which had so dreadfully shocked me; and determined not to distress her by any intimation of the truth, I pretended that a sudden dizziness had come over me, to which I was occasionally subject. I then urged her to clear away

every trace of tears from her cheeks; and once more taking her arm in mine, led her, at a quick pace, to the house.

"We parted in the hall, Charlotte going to the drawing-room, whilst I hurried off to my own apartment, to indulge in a train of ideas more hideous than had ever yet entered into my mind. Could it be that my father entertained any suspicion of my honour, or his wife's fidelity? Could he act the part of a spy upon us, all the while that he pretended to desire our intimacy? Above all, was it possible for him to have witnessed all that passed in the beech-wood? What then? Had we been guilty of any deed, or spoken a single word, of which there was real cause to be ashamed? No! Whatever our feelings might have been, at least they were not disclosed; and the embrace,—was it more than the peculiar circumstances in which we stood authorised? Had I done aught besides what was enjoined upon me, in behaving towards Charlotte as a brother, and a friend? And was it not natural, on the eve of parting, that we should exhibit some such proofs that we looked forward to the separation with regret? All these questions I strove to answer to my own satisfaction; but there was a fiend in the back-ground which continually reminded me that the answers, though true in letter, were false in spirit. How conscience does make cowards of us! Had my own heart been able to acquit me, there would have been nothing in nature besides capable of stirring up one painful reflection; but my heart did not acquit me, and all my anticipations were, in consequence, terrible. I thought of the injury I had done, and of its probable punishment—a punishment to be poured out not upon me alone, for that I could have borne, but upon one dearer to me than life—to secure whose happiness I would have been content to sacrifice not only present peace, but eternity itself. I thought of Charlotte, not merely neglected and occasionally chided, as was her fate now; but upbraided, insulted, disgraced, turned out upon a cold world, with a reputation blasted, and a broken heart, whilst the miserable cause of all this, could not offer to her so much as the last refuge of the guilty and the desperate. Maddened with the horrid picture, I threw myself with my face upon the bed, my whole frame shaking in convulsive agony, till the sweat-drops stood upon my brow like dew, and my brain burned as if it had been on fire.

"By degrees, however, hope, that inextinguishable principle in minds not utterly seared, began to exert its influence. There were no proofs before me, either that my father was really suspicious, or that, being so, he had watched our proceedings; still less had conclusive evidence appeared, that our proceedings on that day were observed. At the moment when I saw him, he was too far removed from the spot where we had sat, to overhear our conversation, had such passed between us; and the shape of the wood was, I felt confident, such as to screen our very figures from his observation. Should the case be so, then all might yet be well, and I should leave Charlotte exposed to no greater risks and miseries than were already about her. But should it not,—I would not receive that impression again. There was something within, which whispered that all could not be lost. We were not sufficiently guilty to merit utter perdition; and Heaven was too just to destroy on account of errors purely involuntary, and only of the mind. No, no; my fears had been too excessive, and I did wrong to indulge them. At all events, there was no advantage to be derived from the anticipation of evil; of the comfort of which, if it were to come, I should soon receive tokens not to be misunderstood; so I determined to command myself, and to be guided in my judgment of what was likely to fall out, by the behaviour of my father when we met.

"Thus reasoning, I made haste to change my dress, and descended to the dining-room. Just as I reached the door of his apartment, my father came forth, and I found, that however sturdy resolutions may be whilst the necessity of acting up to them is remote, they hold but an insecure ground if suddenly put to the test. My heart beat quick, and I would have passed on; but he spoke, and agitated as I was, I retained my senses sufficiently about me to be aware that the moment of trial had arrived—I stopped. His observation was one of ordinary salutation merely. He hoped that I had had a pleasant walk—said that the sun set beautifully, and predicted an agreeable day for my journey on the morrow; and he did so in a tone perfectly calm and natural: indeed, if any thing, with more of kindness in it than he had of late cared to show. I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my chest. I breathed again. I was like a person to whom liberty is unexpectedly restored,—like a criminal reprieved on the very scaffold. Hope for

once had not deceived me; and my suspicions were proved to be groundless. With a light step and a joyous countenance, I continued my course to the dining-room; and I sat down to table a happier man than I had been during many weeks before.

"Moods of the mind, whether gay or melancholy, are surely infectious, where persons who take a real interest in each other's welfare are met together. We had not long been seated, when the dejection which at first marked Charlotte's air, gradually cleared away, and she joined cheerfully in the conversation, of which I was the prime mover and the chief supporter. My father, too, seemed to have laid aside for a time his constitutional coldness; that he might make the last evening of my sojourn agreeable one; indeed so affectionate was his manner towards both Charlotte and myself, that had I not been under the influence of false excitement, that very affection would have stung me to the quick. I was, however, too happy in the discovery that my fears were without foundation, to permit any consideration of minor moment to ruffle me; and hence I acted and spoke, not like one about to quit a place endeared to him by the most tender associations, but as if the journey to be taken were one of pleasure. My father rallied me in this; Charlotte, too, threw out some hints which I could not misunderstand—but I answered both in the same tone of levity, and then changed the subject. That the excitement might not abate, I drank wine profusely; and my father, though usually abstemious, encouraged me in so doing by imitating my example. By and by, Charlotte quitted us. There was a slight flutter of the pulse as the door closed after her,—a slight sense of apprehension, that a second trial was at hand; but nothing whatever occurring to justify the suspicion, I again became reassured; and we again plied the bottle, till I certainly, and my father, to all appearance, became considerably enlivened. But we broke up from our orgie at last, and following Charlotte to the saloon, the rest of the evening was spent in listening to Handel's exquisite music, rendered doubly sublime by being expressed in the tones of a voice to which those of the seraphim were harsh and inharmonious.

"It was drawing late, and all appeared to feel that the parting moment was come; for it was necessary for me to set out at an hour when few even of the domesticities would be stirring. I did my best to appear calm; I even strove to keep up the gaiety of countenance which during the last hour or two had been worn in mockery of a heavy heart. Charlotte likewise struggled hard to repress her grief; and she succeeded so well, that not a tear burst from the lids, beneath which a torrent lay imprisoned. My father was the first to speak. 'Good night, Charles,' said he, holding out his hand; 'there is nothing to be gained by prolonging a scene like this. Part we must; and though it be for a short time, part is never agreeable. Go, kiss your mother—pooh—pooh—kiss Charlotte, and tell her not to break her heart, for you will return to us at Christmas.'

"I had replied to the squeeze of his hand, and was preparing to salute Charlotte, when the latter part of his speech attracted my notice. It had never been customary for me to visit home during any of the shorter vacations. These I usually spent either in Cambridge, or in town, or with some of my college friends, whose residences were not so remote as mine from the seat of established practice could be; but for some time I looked at my father suspiciously, but there was an air of absolute frankness about him which fully satisfied me that the invitation was not given invidiously. Still I hesitated how to answer him. God knows, my inclinations were not doubtful; had I acted as they pointed out, I should have at once closed with the proposition, no matter how pregnant with mischief; but there was an apprehension, suggested by conscience alone, lest my motives might be read, which caused me to appear undecided, if I really was not so.

"'You do not mean to deny us the pleasure of your company at Christmas?' asked my father; 'I am sure both Charlotte and I shall move to death till we see you again. Try, my love, try your influence with this traitor, who seems to quit his home with smiles, and looks forward to his return with tears.'

"Charlotte spoke. Her words were pronounced with difficulty, and the tone of her voice was low and plaintive; but it penetrated to my very heart, and put in jeopardy all my artificial composure. 'You will not reject your father's invitation?' said she; 'for my sake, not less than his, do not refuse him what he asks.' It was not without a desperate effort that I restrained myself; but I did restrain myself so far as to reply, in a

tone meant to be that of indifference, that against such entreaties I could not think of standing out. I felt, however, that to dissemble much longer would be impossible. I accordingly took her hand, imprinted upon her cheek a cold, formal kiss, then snatching up my candle, hurried away to the privacy of my own apartment.

"I need not say that to me that was a night of intense and overwhelming misery. The steps which I had taken to support my courage, however effectual they might have been at the moment, told, now that I was alone, fearfully against me; for the excitement produced by wine soon evaporated, and left me more than ever a prey to despondency and self reproach. I could not lie down; I did not so much as think of undressing; but, with a brain distracted by a thousand fearful forebodings, and a fever raging through every vein, paced my chamber backwards and forwards, with the step of a maniac. Yet the images which passed through my mind that night, left no marked or definite form behind them. I believe, indeed, that they were too wild to assume a definite form,—that they were rather the shadows of terrible ideas, than ideas themselves,—vague, indistinct, uncertain, pointing to nothing tangible, nor resting upon any palpable foundation, but painful as the operations of a confused dream, when nothing more is remembered than that it was the source of exquisite distress. The truth is, that though conscience might have told a hideous tale, I was not sufficiently brave to let her voice be heard. Had I possessed courage enough, or candour enough, to listen to that monitor, the cause of my agony would have been at once displayed, and possibly all that followed might have been avoided; but I closed my ears against a warning note, which would have sounded harshly in proportion to its truth, and I have paid the full penalty of my own weakness.

"I pass over the events which immediately followed, partly because I myself retain of them but an indistinct recollection, and partly because, were the case otherwise, the detail could excite no interest in the mind of a stranger. Let it suffice to state, that morning found me thus occupied, not a single preparation having been made for my journey, and that when the arrival of the carriage was announced, I only began to take steps, which under other circumstances would have been taken many hours before. Notwithstanding the delay thus occasioned, however, I saw nothing either of my father or Charlotte. I think their usual hour of descending to the breakfast-room had arrived previous to my departure,—I am almost confident that it had; yet they made not their appearance, and the very shutters of their apartments remained closed as I passed under them. I did not look up again; on the contrary, I threw myself back in the chaise with the firm determination of forcing my thoughts into another channel!—how far I succeeded need not be told.

"At noon on the following day, I reached Cambridge; but how changed in every respect since last I traversed its venerable streets! I had been an enthusiast once in the studies of the place, I had aspired to the attainment of academic honours, and was not without a hope of succeeding to the utmost; whilst at the same time no man ever entered more freely into the gaieties, nor enjoyed more heartily the society of his fellow-students. Now I loathed them all; my books were neglected; my friends were avoided; I shut myself up in my chambers, a gloomy and discontented wretch, that I might ponder in solitude upon the single and horrible idea which began about this time to take possession of my mind.

"There are few ancient houses which have not a traditionary saying handed down from generation to generation, with which, in some way or other, the fate of the race is supposed to be connected. As I have already stated, ours was one of the oldest families in the north of England, as it had formerly been one of the most powerful; and we were not without our ominous prophecy, though when, or on what occasion spoken, I never heard. You must know that we bear as a device upon our shield, three young falcons, with a falcon likewise for our crest. Whether the rhyme has reference to these circumstances, no one presumed to say; but there was a distich well-known in the family, which obtained an increased importance in consequence of the coincidence, and which was supposed to forebode, that at some period or other, the house of ——— would become violently extinct. It was this:

"The ——— of ——— sal rue the hour,
When the young hawk carries the old hawk's bowyer."

"I have said that this venerable distich was well-known to every member of the family. It had been repeated to me a hundred times, at least, by my nurse; and even my father, during an occasional gleam of good

humour, had more than once alluded to it; but, as may well be believed, it never made upon me a greater impression than any other couplet of similar import and antiquity. Now, however, the case was different. I began to see it in the prophetic character which had all along been affixed to it by others. I took particular notice of its fitness, with reference to the armorial bearings of the house; and as the allusion could hardly be to an ordinary spoliation, my excited imagination was not slow in discovering another and more apt point of tendency. To speak out at once,—I fancied that the day of our house's downfall had come,—that I was the miscreant by whose sacrilegious means its ruin was to be effected,—that I had already harried the nest of my father, by stealing away the affections of his wife, and that the penalty threatened would not fail to be exacted. No language would do justice to the effect produced upon me by this hideous conviction. I have sat motionless during an entire morning, ruminating upon the prophecy till all faith in the power of my own will to regulate my actions vanished; and I have risen, not furious, nor even excited, but calmly and deliberately convinced, that there was a path before me in which I could not avoid to walk, though the precipice to which it conducted was not for an instant concealed.

"It was not customary between my father and myself to keep up any frequent or regular epistolary communication. In case either party had business to transact with the other, then indeed the usual silence was broken; but letters of affection merely had never passed between us, from the hour at which I first quitted home for school. Under these circumstances, I had no right to expect that any notice of what might be passing at ——— would be transmitted to me; and as often as I permitted sober reason to exert her power, this truth failed not to come conspicuously into view. But sober reason possesses but a very interrupted, as well as feeble influence, over a mind engrossed by one tumultuous and fatal passion. Morning after morning I examined my breakfast-table for that which was not, and ought not to have been looked for there; and on each occasion I felt as if some serious injury had been done, such as I was justified in desiring to revenge. In short, I ceased either to think or act like a man in his senses,—I became, to all intents and purposes, insane.

"Slowly and drearily the time rolled on; but, slow and dreary as was its progress, it drew gradually to a close. It was now that a wild joy, scarcely more endurable than the despair which preceded it, began to assert its supremacy over me. In a few days more I should be again an inhabitant of the same dwelling with her to whom I felt myself bound by ties stronger than any human connection acknowledges; and what to me was every consideration besides? I was no longer master of myself. The subject of a prophecy—marked out by destiny itself for one particular course—how was it possible for me to avoid my fate? and though that fate should envelope in it the ultimate misery both of myself and those most dear to me, how was I unspeakable? Such were the strange thoughts which pressed themselves upon me with an energy not to be resisted, and such the frame of mind into which I had fallen, when I once more quitted the university for the place of my birth.

"It was a clear frosty morning, the sun was shining brightly, and the earth, covered with a coat of hard crisp snow, was glittering as if overspread with diamonds, when I arrived at the well-remembered lodge. The gate was opened, as it had been before, by the pretty country girl, who, as I formerly, dropped me her nearest curtsey as the carriage rolled through; nor could my eye discover any alteration in the form, and aspect of things around, greater than the change of season was calculated to produce. There was something satisfactory in this; why I knew not; but as the postilion drove at the full speed of his horses, though even then at a pace tedious and wearisome to my impatience, I felt as composed and happy as a man can be under such circumstances. By and by, the wicket was passed and the turning made, and I was once more in front of the home of my fathers. It was now for the first time, when the sound of the bell smote upon my ear, that my heart fluttered violently; indeed, so great was my agitation, that, after the door had been opened and the steps let down, I found considerable difficulty in alighting, I exerted myself, however, strenuously to hide this agitation, and strove to assume, as I proceeded, an air of extreme composure, with so much success that the peculiar expression of the servant's countenance as he looked me in the face, though noticed plainly enough, did not decompose me.

"Your master and mistress are well, I hope?" said I, in what I meant to be a careless tone.

"My master is well, sir," said the man, "but—"

"But what?" exclaimed I, forgetting in a moment the resolution which I had just formed. "Speak out, man, at once—your mistress!"

"Has been extremely ill for some weeks past," replied he, "and is now, I fear, at the point of death."

"I heard no more. I threw my hat upon the table, and brushing past the servant, ran with the speed of thought up stairs. In an instant I was at the door of her apartment; it was ajar; and without considering the consequences which might accrue, I pushed it open. There was no attendant in waiting. The curtains were drawn closely round the bed; and the blinds let down, with the shutters half closed, threw a dismal light over the chamber. There was a dull noise, too, as of one who breathed with difficulty or in a slumber; and a slight movement of the bed-clothes served to indicate that the former, not the latter, was the cause. Maddened with apprehensions, I knew not of what, I hastily pulled back the hangings: it was a desperate deed, and desperately done; but it roused the sufferer from her lethargy. She opened her eyes, they fell upon my countenance, and I was immediately recognised. One shriek told this—a shriek shrill, loud, terrible!—there was an effort, too, to rise—a movement as if to meet the embrace which was offered, but it failed. Before my extended arms could reach her, she fell back upon the pillow—she was dead.

"I saw this, yet I saw it with eyes dry as they are now. I looked upon her pale, smooth forehead, beautiful even in death; yet not a drop fell from my burning balls;—and I kissed her cold lips, calmly, as I would have kissed the block of marble. I had no power to weep; but, had the case been otherwise, the fountain of my tears would have been instantly congealed by the scene which followed. I was gazing upon the wreck of all that once was lovely and loveable, when a hand laid roughly upon my shoulder, caused me to turn round. My father stood beside me. There was an expression in his face of every evil passion by which the human heart is capable of being wrung—battered, malice, pride, fury,—triumph likewise, hellish triumph, was in his eye, as he looked sometimes at the corpse of his wife, and sometimes at his son.

"Wretch!" said he at last, "behold thy handiwork! Look at that frail but beautiful image, and know that thy villainy has wrought this deed—thy villainy, I say—thine! Think you that I could not see through the flimsy disguise with which you sought to blind me? Think you that my eye was not upon you in all your lonely walks and secret meetings? Have I not witnessed your warm embraces, heard your protestations, watched your very looks, read your very thoughts? Villain! traitor! miscreant! begone. Quit my presence for ever; and may the curse of a father weigh upon your spirit, till it drag you to the earth!"

"There was a spell upon me which I could not resist even for a moment. I heard him out—I heard him pronounce a sentence which I felt to be just,—and I saw that fate had accomplished its purpose. With a deliberate step, I quitted the chamber of the dead. I spoke to no one, but, hurrying from the house, became from that hour a wanderer and an outcast. I would have committed suicide, had I possessed the power; but on more occasions than one I found, that the power to die, at least by my own hand, was denied me. In this plight, I wandered from place to place, sleeping under sheds and in barns, but shunning as much as possible every inhabited spot, till chance, or the fatality which has guided me from my birth, brought me to Braeburn Lees. I had been then for several weeks a vagabond; my money was expended; and even my clothes had been in part disposed of, to procure the means of subsistence; when the idea of enlisting as a common soldier occurred to me. I obeyed it; and with the consequences which have followed, you are already acquainted."

CHAPTER V.

The last gleam of daylight served only to render the characters of this manuscript visible, and I departed almost as soon as I had finished the perusal. I leave you to judge of the effect which that perusal produced upon me. If I felt interested in the fate of the unhappy youth before, my interest was now increased a hundred fold; and I rose from the ground fully bent upon saving him from the degradation of the lash, at all hazards. I determined, indeed, should other measures fail, to put the manuscript itself into the hands of the commanding

officer, who could not possess the common feelings of a man, yet inflect so debasing a punishment upon the writer. Full of this notion, I made all haste to the colonnades; and I reached them just in time to ascertain, that the colonel had set out an hour before upon a visit to General Crauford, and that he was not expected to return before midnight.

It was with a sensation of no ordinary disappointment, that I turned my back from his quarters.

My first idea was to sit up till he should return, and then at every risk to force my way into his presence, and plead the young man's cause vehemently, as I felt it. But a minute's reflection served to convince me, that with a man of his temperament, such a course, so far from being productive of good, would only bring about much evil. That he would refuse to listen to my story, I knew the individual too well not to believe; or if he did listen, it would be in that frame of mind to which a man gives way, when, having made up his mind how to act, he nevertheless consents to hear the justice of his decision denied, or its policy called in question. That scheme was therefore abandoned almost as soon as it had been formed. But, between it and permitting things to take their course, one only alternative remained, and to that, after considerable doubts as to its efficacy, I made up my mind to have recourse. It was our custom at this time, as it invariably is with the divisions in the front of an army, to go under arms every morning an hour before dawn; and I determined to make use of that breathing space for the purpose of making the colonel aware of all the circumstances which had affected myself so deeply.

Nothing occurred that night, either to myself or Jackson, worthy of repetition; the latter sent no message to me, nor, as far as I could ascertain, took any other step, to forward his own interests, but waited in silent indifference the issues of the morrow, be they what they might. As I afterwards heard, indeed, he appeared not unaware of the nature of the sentence which was awarded him, yet, with a coolness for which it would not be easy to account, sat down satisfied under the weight of his destiny. For myself, I retired to bed at my usual hour, and though for a time anxiety kept me awake, habit gradually asserted its influence, and I slept soundly.

It was still dark as pitch when the orderly sergeant entered the room to say, that the regiment was getting under arms. I sprang to my feet at the first summons, and hastily dressing myself, sallied forth to take my station at the head of my company: in five minutes after, a close column was formed upon the brow of the height, on which the corps remained till daylight began to appear; when the men being ordered to pile their arms, the officers were permitted to fall out, and to meet in groups, as was their custom, on the flank of the battalion. Now was my time for bringing forward Jackson's case; and I did not neglect it. I hastened to the spot where the colonel stood, being resolved at once to entreat his pardon of the young man's narrative; but before I could reach him an aide-de-camp rode up, and my opportunity was lost. The aide-de-camp said only a few words, and then rode on,—but these were words of moment, for the colonel instantly mounted his horse, and ordered the regiment to stand to its arms. This was of course done, and done promptly; but minute after minute passing by, and nothing of moment occurring, the colonel seemed to doubt the correctness of the information which he had just received, and, having warned the men not to struggle, nor take off their accoutrements till further notice, he dismissed the parade. In an instant all hurried back to their quarters, and addressed themselves in good earnest to their morning meal.

Another opportunity was now presented to me, of which I gladly availed myself. Having waited till I saw the colonel enter his quarters, I hastened after him, and, though no especial favourite, was not refused admission. The first sentence that I uttered, however, was all to which he would listen.

"Captain Chakott," said he sternly, "I heard your intercession in favour of that man yesterday, and I told you at the moment how I intended to act. I have only to add, that, were he my own brother, he should receive the full amount of his sentence."

I would have still persisted in my suit, holding out at the same time the packet; but he made a motion with his hand that I should desist, and would listen to me no farther. I walked away more than half-desirous to learn that Jackson had desisted.

No fresh alarm occurring, and the time appointed for the punishment being arrived, the bugles sounded. The call on such occasions is seldom obeyed with much alacrity; for, however obnoxious a criminal may be, there

are few indeed who take pleasure in the spectacle which a military punishment presents; nor was the regiment more active in assembling now, than at other and similar moments. But it did assemble in due time. A square was then formed, the officers standing in the centre; and in a few minutes after, the prisoner was introduced under the charge of the guard.

There was now a solemn and fearful silence, whilst the colonel giving the word "attention!" proceeded to read aloud the minutes and sentence of the court. These were listened to by the regiment with an involuntary shudder; by the prisoner with an intensity of feeling, which all his assumed composure failed to conceal. His cheeks were flushed, his lip quivered, his eye rolled round the assembly, as if its movements were beyond the influence of his own control; and his limbs, though they did not quiver, were restless and uneasy, like the forefoot of a hunter when checked as the view-halloo is given. No sooner, however, had the reading ceased, than he resumed, as if by magic, a perfect command of himself, and turned upon his commanding officer a glance, beneath which the eye of the latter, though bold and proud, seemed to quiver. "You have heard your sentence, sir," said the colonel, "and now I have only to observe, that were you my nearest relative, not one lash of the number awarded you should be abated. Strip, sir."

"Never!" replied Jackson haughtily. "I had been guilty of any crime against God or man, I should have submitted quietly even to this;—but circumstanced as I am, the lash at least shall leave no debasing mark upon me." As he uttered these words, he sprang with the agility of a roe from the party surrounding him, and rushed furiously and desperately against the levelled bayonets of the square. In an instant the firelock of one man was wrenched from his grasp; and consequences the most fatal must have ensued, had not the attention of all, not even excepting the prisoner himself, been suddenly drawn away by a sound, the nature of which there was no possibility of mistaking. It was the report, first, of a solitary cannon, then of three others in rapid succession, and then, of a heavy and unintermitting roar of musketry. There required no messenger to assure us that the enemy was coming on. The colonel found time only to desire that the prisoner, who was again in custody, might be securely led to the rear, ere a mounted officer, breathless and covered with dust, arrived upon the ground; and the battalion breaking hastily into column, pushed forward to assume its station in the line.

I need scarcely remind you, that at the period to which my present narrative refers, Ciudad Rodrigo, after an obstinate defence, had fallen into the hands of the French, who in overwhelming numbers threatened an immediate advance upon the Portuguese capital. For some days past, indeed, they had been making movements sufficiently indicative that the moment of re-opening the campaign in real earnest was not very distant; and the British army had, in consequence, been kept in a condition for meeting at the shortest notice. So lately as the 21st, they had pushed forward a strong column both of infantry and cavalry, which, occupying Valdealmula, St. Pedro, and Villa Formosa, had caused our people to abandon and blow up the Fort of Concepcion; and now our most advanced corps lay resting its left upon Almeida, with its right, as well as its rear, covered by the Coa. Into that line we were pushed, and we took post in the centre, having a battalion of Cadagores on each flank, and the rocky bed of the river immediately behind us.

We had not assumed our alignment many minutes, when one of the most interesting military spectacles which it has been my good fortune to behold, opened upon us. Three British pickets, two of infantry, one of cavalry, had been posted considerably in advance of Almeida—about half way between that fortress and the village of Villanula. These having been attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy, were of course compelled to fall back; and they now appeared, slowly and regularly retiring, before a perfect swarm of tirailleurs, supported by dense columns both of horse and foot. Nothing could exceed the cool and orderly manner in which that retrogression was conducted. Their retreat lay over a level plain, intersected here and there by hedges, stone walls, and enclosures, behind each of which, as it occurred, our people resolutely maintained themselves, till the enemy, extending far beyond their flanks, began to threaten them in rear, when they were again under the necessity of running back, as quickly as they could, to the next cover. Nor was it to infantry alone that those brave men were opposed. As soon as the country began to open sufficiently for cavalry to act,

several squadrons of French dragoons dashing forward, made various attempts to intercept our people as they retreated from hedge to hedge, and from wall to wall,—inasmuch that on more than one occasion the skirmishers were compelled to throw themselves into circles, and to withstand a charge as they best might. They were not, however, uniformly successful here. Some prisoners were unfortunately taken, and several brave men slain; till at last the pickets found that farther opposition was useless, and they fell back behind the division, now drawn out to receive the enemy.

The French, finding us in position along the brow of the height, paused for a few minutes, as if to give their generals time to reconnoitre our arrangements, and to complete their own. That was a moment of deep and extraordinary interest, when, the firing having ceased, the hostile lines stood opposed to one another, in all the pomp and majesty of war in its most magnificent array; and many a bosom beat with anxiety and proud daring, which within an hour was destined to cease beating for ever. But the pause, though strikingly fine, was not of long continuance. The French, sending off two lesser bodies to amuse the regiments on our flanks, drew up opposite to our centre an immense column of infantry, supported, and in some degree intermixed, with several masses of cavalry; and then, having saluted us with a warlike discharge from thirteen or fourteen pieces of cannon, pressed forward with a fury which we found it no easy matter to withstand. Of the events which immediately followed, I can offer no minute or accurate description; I saw only the flashes of our own and of the enemy's muskets, and heard but the roar of fire-arms, like the rolling of a drum,—whilst a smoke dense as the heaviest fog that ever darkened the city of London, soon rendered every object beyond my immediate front invisible.

In this state things continued for perhaps ten minutes; the increasing brilliancy of the fire from the head of the enemy's column proving that it drew every instant nearer and nearer. Our ranks, not very numerously supplied at the first, were now sadly thinned, and the tremendous shower of bullets thrown in upon us rendered it continually thinner; when a sort of wild cry from the French, not a shout, but a confused commingling of voices in all tones, and without any regularity, gave notice that they were about to bring their bayonets to the charge. I cannot accuse our men of want of courage at the very moment when I confess that they declined the challenge. Outnumbered to an immense degree, two thirds of their original strength cut off, or dispersed with the wounded, it was not to be expected that a single battalion would meet the rush of at least five thousand men, cheered forward, as these were, by the knowledge that a numerous cavalry was on their flank, ready to act with them. Our people gave way. There were no means of rallying them; no point indeed at which we could halt on this side the river; so we fled in extreme confusion towards the bridge, by which alone the Coa could be crossed.

It was well for us at this juncture, that the pickets, having formed in our rear, and being joined by parties from other corps, were enabled to oppose so much of a second line as to cover our retreat. Had it not been so, we must, to a man, have surrendered or been cut to pieces; for the bridge, when we reached it, was literally choked up with fugitives, the Portuguese having fled some time before we gave way; and as it was, our reserve being finally driven in, the enemy were enabled to bring some guns to bear upon us, from the fire of which we suffered severely. Nevertheless the passage was, in the end, made good; and then having halted among some rocks and woods and broken ground, which overhung the opposite bank, we again faced about to resist any attempts which might be made to pursue us farther. These, however, were neither numerous nor desperate. Some squadrons of cavalry did indeed charge boldly towards the bridge, pushing a troop across, but that troop was cut to pieces by a division of German Hussars, and the fire of our artillery checked the remainder.

The cavalry being thus driven back, a few minutes' pause ensued, during which General Crauford, and the officers of his staff, rode along our line, encouraging the men by their voices, and minutely examining their arrangement. In the mean while the enemy having reformed their solid column, began to crown the ridge of the opposite height, and showed as if it were their intention to force the passage of the bridge, and carry our position by assault; but they never once arrived within the reach of musketry.

No sooner had the mass begun to move, than our artillery opened their fire, and with a precision far surpassing anything of which I could have formed a concep-

tion. First, their shrapnells striking full into the centre of the column, caused large gaps to appear; then came the case and grape shot, literally sweeping down whole sections, till the enemy, panic-struck, first halted, then wavered, then fled over the ridge in the greatest confusion. This was the last effort made to drive us from our new alignment. Though the smoke from their bivouac showed that they still hovered near, no farther attempt was made to pass the Coa; and we, following their example, caused our men to pile their arms, and lay down to rest about our watch fires.

It was not, however, General Crauford's design to await a renewal of the attack; to which, indeed, he had exposed himself in direct opposition to the wishes of Lord Wellington. His business was to fall back with as little delay as possible upon the main body; and that he made ready to accomplish as soon as a fitting opportunity should arrive. With this view our people were commanded, as soon as darkness set in, to heap quantities of fresh fuel upon their fires; and then stealing one by one so far to the rear as that the blaze should not betray them, the different regiments formed quickly but silently into columns of march. That done, the guns, baggage, stores, and wounded, were sent off, and then battalion after battalion, leaving a brief interval between the head of one and the cue of the other, took the road to Alverca.

There remains but little for me to add connected with the fate of the Gentle Recruit. Our columns having reached their new ground without molestation, and the enemy evincing no disposition to follow them up, ample time was afforded for mustering the several battalions, and ascertaining the amount of our loss. When the regiment to which I was attached paraded, it was found that, among many others absent without leave, Jackson was not to be found. What had become of him, no one appeared accurately to know. It was ascertained, indeed, that when the firing grew sharp, and the guard was called away to join their comrades, the prisoner, instead of embracing the opportunity of escape, hastily threw on his accoutrements, and followed. That he took part in the action, therefore, no one could doubt; but whether he fell, or was taken prisoner, or fled into the woods when our line was broken, remained a mystery. Nor was the mystery ever solved from that day to this. His name was given in among the list of missing, and he was neither seen nor heard of afterwards.

Major Chukett's story being brought to a close, the company as in duty bound, spoke in high terms of its excellence, expressing themselves deeply indebted to the teller for the entertainment they had received. His health was drunk with the usual honours; after which, a general desire began to show itself, that, as the customary hour for breaking up was still distant, some other member of the mess would favour them with a legend, and at the solicitation of the company, the President called upon Captain Macdirk, who with great good humour began the following tale.

Saratoga.*

CHAPTER I.

Seldom has Montreal witnessed a scene of higher excitement, or more warlike bustle, than was presented to the eyes of its inhabitants on the morning of the 8th of June, 1777. The first streaks of dawn were just beginning to redden the eastern sky, when a deafening roll of drums, and clamour of bugles, roused men, women, and children from their slumbers; whilst soldiers, pouring in great numbers from almost every habitation, hastened to assume their well known stations. It was on this day, that General Burgoyne, having drawn together the whole of his army, and made the best preparations which circumstances would allow for the transport of stores and provisions, resolved to commence his march in the direction of Fort Ticonderoga; and to open a campaign, from which the most brilliant results were expected to

accrue to the cause of loyalty and British interests throughout America at large.

The corps of which General Burgoyne assumed the command, consisted, as I need scarcely inform my present auditors, of rather more than seven thousand men. It was made up of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-four British, three thousand and sixteen German soldiers of the line; four hundred and seventy-three artillery-men, and two hundred and fifty Provincials; and the train of guns attached to it, fell not short of forty pieces, including cannons, mortars, and royals, of all kinds and calibres. I know very well that in these times it is a common practice to speak slightly of the equipments and general appearance of the troops which served during the first American war. No doubt, some of their appointments were ridiculous enough; the little three cornered hat, for example, was but an inconvenient covering for a head liable to constant exposure both to sun and shower,—and the tight breeches and gaiters, with the long flapped coat, were not exactly calculated to give the greatest elasticity to the limbs, or freedom to the body. But in spite of these defects, if such they deserve to be called, you must permit me, who have looked upon the soldiers of both periods, to declare, that I never beheld a finer or more imposing band than was brought on this eventful day under my observation. The men were, for the most part, in the prime of life, well made, robust, hardy, and active; they appeared to enjoy the finest health, and their spirits were mantling to the brim; whilst among the officers, one disposition, and one only, prevailed, from the hoary veteran down to the unpledged standard-bearer. They were all confident of success, and spoke and acted, not like persons embarking upon a business beset with perils, and of dubious issue, but as if a mere triumphal journey were before them.

I have said that this splendid regular army was accompanied by two hundred and fifty Provincials, raised for the service immediately in view, and acting as militia only. These men, on whose acquaintance with the nature of Indian warfare, and the general face of the country, considerable reliance was placed, were not embodied into one corps or battalion; on the contrary, they were divided into four independent companies, called Rangers, or Marksmen; of which three were composed of Canadians, the descendants of Frenchmen, and officered by their own feudal chiefs, or Seigneurs,—whilst one, made up of Scottish emigrants, or the descendants of old soldiers who had established themselves along the St Lawrence as settlers, was headed by a gallant commander of their own, by name Fraser. The latter company received, as without incurring the charge of undue partiality I may be permitted to assert that it deserved, marked attention from the general commanding. One hundred young men, unrivalled in point of bodily strength and activity, composed it; whose habits from their childhood had been such as to inure them to the duties of light troops, and whose aim with their own weapon, the rifle, was unerring. There was not an individual among them, who would have been at a loss to find his way, had he been cast into the centre of a wilderness, provided only he were informed in what direction the point to be attained lay, and could obtain a sight of the sun by day, and the stars by night; and as to privations, cold, hunger, thirst, and bodily fatigue, they all to a man set such at defiance. It was my good fortune to commence my military career in that very distinguished company. Being nearly related to its commander, as well as his personal acquaintance, I readily accepted his invitation to accompany him in the character of a volunteer: with the assurance, not from him only, but from those higher in rank and of superior influence, that the first commission which should fall vacant, should be conferred upon me.

A young soldier is seldom very tardy in obeying the signal which summons him to the opening of his maiden campaign. The night of the 7th had been to me a sleepless one. Aware of the mighty movements which were in preparation, my mind was a great deal too busy in comparing the past with the future, to permit my body to obtain much rest; and when I did fall into a dose, it was to dream sometimes of home and the scenes of domestic happiness which had passed there, sometimes of my prospects, and intended behaviour before the enemy. From such a slumber as this, you will not be surprised to learn that the first blast of the bugle roused me. I leaped out of bed in a moment; hurried through my toilette as if life and death depended on its completion; and then, with all the ardour of a volunteer of seventeen, sallied forth into the street.

Here all was bustle and preparation; the hum of voices, the hurried tread of feet, the rattle of arms, and the occasional brief word of command, gave notice that, even in the dark, men knew their stations, and that they jostled one another in order to reach the several points where confusion would give place to absolute order. This state of things was not, however, of long continuance. Before the increasing dawn rendered objects distinctly visible, the only sound heard was a sort of stifled shuffling, as if officers were passing along the fronts of companies to ascertain that they were correctly formed; and then, for the space of a quarter of an hour, or perhaps something more, all was as silent as the grave.

Like those about me, I had taken my wonted station on the right of the company, and was watching with an anxiety, such as I never experienced before, the gradual approach of day, when a roll of drums, taken up in the rear, and passing on slowly to the front, gave notice that the general himself was on the ground. I looked back, and my glance fell upon a spectacle well calculated to inspire the most timid with courage and confidence. Upwards of four thousand men were behind me, formed in the nicest order into columns of subdivisions, and extending farther than the eye could reach, through the whole length of the street, into a common beyond; whilst their banners, held aloft by the general and his suite passed on waved triumphantly in a slight breeze, which rose with the sun. As the mounted cavalcade swept along, regiment after regiment stood at attention, with bayonets fixed and muskets shouldered, till at last it came to our turn, whose station lay at the head of the parade, to receive our chief. We did so advancing our rifles, and holding ourselves steady to the front; while the general, pulling off his hat, answered the salute with a low bow. He then addressed himself to Captain Fraser in terms of high commendation as to the appearance and steadiness of his men; spoke cheerily to the men themselves, by reminding them of the honorable post which they held; and then solemnly wishing God speed to the right and the arms of our king and country! gave the word to advance. It was answered by a hearty cheer, which rolled back like thunder from battalion to battalion; after which we struck off into threes from the right of companies, and the march began.

Long before this final movement was made, every door and window in Montreal was crowded with spectators, who bade us farewell with the waving of handkerchiefs, and some of them even with tears. Doubtless there were many in this warlike group, who felt at the moment what it is to leave behind those whom they value more than life itself. For my own part, however, I experienced no such sensation. My acquaintance extended no farther than to the family where I had been accidentally billeted, and from whom, to say the truth, I had received no particular marks of attention; so I replied to the salutations of the people with the most perfect indifference and moved on. In a few moments all thought of them and of the city was laid aside. I looked forward only to the great events in which I was about to be an actor; and my whole soul became occupied with anticipations as groundless as the rest of you, gentlemen, I do not doubt, cherished at the commencement of your career.

The spring of 1777 chanced to be remarkably inclement, even in this naturally inclement climate. Much heavy hard rain had fallen, which, cutting up the half formed road that communicated between Montreal and Fort St. John, rendered our journey not only toilsome, but extremely tardy. It is true that every possible exertion had been used to remedy this evil, strong working parties having been long employed in improving the old path, and cutting out a new one; but their efforts had failed in rendering the way practicable for heavy carriages, and even the infantry experienced no little inconvenience in traversing it. Under these circumstances, it was judged necessary to alter our force; and to send the artillery, with the commissariat and hospital stores, under a competent escort from Quebec,—whilst we alone pushed across from Montreal by land, with directions to meet at a certain point near the southern extremity of Lake Champlain.

At the period to which my present narrative refers, there was nothing particularly interesting in the general appearance of the country which separates Montreal from the banks of the Chambly. For a while we advanced through the heart of an immense prairie, whose sandy surface was in many places left bare, and in others covered with huge patches of long dry grass; till by degrees the prairie gave place to stunted thickets, as these again were succeeded by a wide spreading forest of tall

* Mr. Gleig, for his facts and dates in the following narrative, has no doubt been indebted to General Burgoyne's "State of the Expedition from Canada," and to the "Letters and Memoirs relating to the war of American Independence, and the capture of the German troops at Saratoga, by Madame de Reidesel," a translation of which, from the German appeared in New York in 1827. It is rather an interesting book, and perhaps the only journal of the period from a female pen. We have added a few notes illustrative of the text. This story differently treated, would properly form part of a work yet to be written, under the title of "Romance of History. America," for which ample materials exist both in the northern and southern continents.—Ed.

trees and impervious underwood. The case was somewhat different, when, passing the forest, we began to face the stream, and took our toilsome journey in the direction of Lake Champlain. At first, indeed, a broad and placid river, hedged in by low flat banks, covered, like the country beyond them, with majestic oaks, was all that marked the change; but as we drew nearer and nearer to its source, the character of the stream varied, and the scenery assumed at every step more and more of the bearing of a Highland landscape. First the Narrows, about half way between Fort St. John and the mouth of the South river, drew powerfully upon the admiration of the stranger,—where the level banks gradually swelled into hillocks, and became at last little else than abrupt precipices,—and where the water, hemmed in by these rugged barriers, roared and fretted over its bed with the noise of a cataract. These passed, the eye was again delighted with a broad expanse, which, in its turn, led only to rapids and broken falls; till at last, on nearing the point where it rushes from its gigantic prison, a scene of indescribable sublimity burst upon us. Before us lay the waters of Lake Champlain, an enormous sheet of unruflled glass, stretching away some ninety or a hundred miles to the south, and widening and straitening as rocks and cliffs projected, in the most fantastic shapes, into its channel. Nor is the scene, like that beside Lake Erie or Ontario, rendered desolate by the very extent of water embraced in it. Though measuring, as I have already said, full a hundred miles in length, Lake Champlain no where exceeds fifteen, and in many places falls short of one mile, in breadth; whilst its bosom is beautifully diversified by islands and promontories, all of them rich with the most luxuriant vegetation and varied foliage. On each side, again, is a thick and uninhabited wilderness, now rising up into mountain, now falling down into glen: where the lordly oak mingles with the chestnut and the pine, and shrubs of every hue and form are abundant; while a noble background is presented towards the west by the Green Mountains, whose summits appear to pierce even into the clouds. I cannot by any powers of language do justice to such a scene, which to be understood must be looked upon; far less can I describe the emotions which it excited in me, on the day when I first beheld it.

I have said that throughout the whole of our journey we found the roads extremely bad, and that the march was in consequence performed, not only with great fatigue, but slowly. From the hour of our arrival at the Narrows, a series of difficulties came in our way, which it required all the patience and zeal of men and officers to meet and overcome. For the space of many miles, not only were the batteaux rendered useless, as a means of conveying the stores and guns; but both stores and vessels were necessarily dragged to the shore, and carried, by the land column, beyond the influence of the easterly wind. This fell heavily upon persons who, as is usual at the outset of an undertaking, were less able to cope with difficulties than after experience had taught them to disregard them: and it was the more burthensome at present, because, through a distressing deficiency in horses, the men were compelled to perform tasks, upon which neither they nor their officers had been led to calculate. Nevertheless, every thing was done, if not without a murmur, at all events in perfect good humour; and we were rewarded for our exertions, by beholding the flotilla move in majestic order up the lake.

The place of rendezvous fixed upon by General Burgoyne was the left bank of the river Bouquet, a small stream which rising in the Green Mountains, falls into the lake at no great distance from Crown Point. The head of the column reached it on the 15th, having performed a march of upwards of ninety miles in ten days; and by the 26th, the rear was well closed up, and all the barges and vessels of war and transport were at anchor. Here tents, with other conveniences, such as blankets, kettles, and culinary utensils of various kinds, were served out; and here, for the first time since quitting Montreal, was a regular encampment formed. And seldom has an army halted in a position more favourable. We occupied a beautiful valley, surrounded on three sides by gentle hills, and on the fourth by the lake, sufficiently clear to allow of pasturage for our animals, yet wooded, so as to screen us from the rays of a summer's sun; whilst, our outposts stretching along the heights, which, in case of need, were marked out as the battle ground, every feeling of apprehension on the score of an attack was prevented.

You are, doubtless, aware that General Burgoyne took up his present ground, not so much with a view of refreshing his troops, as to make his final arrangements with certain Indian tribes, for whose assistance in the

projected inroad he had already applied. Having appointed this spot as the proper point of conference, he was met, immediately on his arrival, by a runner, who informed him, that the Chiefs of the Five Nations, with a formidable body of warriors, were encamped in the hills, and ready to receive him. The general made no hesitation as to complying with the proposition of these chiefs: he appointed the 21st as the day of meeting; and he set out at an early hour, attended by most of his principal officers, under an escort of certain light companies, to keep his appointment.

As Fraser's riflemen were so fortunate as to compose part of the force employed on this occasion, I had an opportunity of being an eye witness to the ceremonies which ensued; and extremely curious as well as interesting they proved to be. After a short march of about half a mile, in a direction towards the source of the Bouquet, we arrived at a sort of glade, or woody ravine, in which a band of four hundred warriors were assembled, their tents or wigwags being but partially concealed along the side of a sloping eminence in the rear. Nothing could exceed the grotesque but striking appearance which that extraordinary group presented. As we entered the valley at the lower end, the assembly, which occupied the opposite extremity, gradually opened upon us, and we beheld them seated cross-legged, and in profound silence, except three or four chiefs, who alone stood upright. Having advanced within a short distance of them, the escort halted, when the general proceeded alone towards the front, and made the sign of peace, by raising his hands in the air, and then laying them on his bosom. The chiefs immediately acknowledged the salutation, approached him, knelt down, and kissed his hand in token both of amity and submission. He was then invited to sit, the chiefs seating themselves near him; and for some moments all were again silent.

Whilst these ceremonies were passing between the leaders of the two hosts, both the warriors and the general's escort maintained an attitude of perfect indifference and self-possession. The former appeared, indeed, to take no interest whatever in matters which were well known to have occupied long and painfully their whole thoughts; but when the interpreter arose, and gave notice that the English chief was about to speak, they drew gradually round him, and listened with the deepest attention. You might have heard a pin drop at every interval in a discourse which assured this savage throng of the esteem and protection of their Great Father; and when the conditions on which their services would be accepted and rewarded, came to be explained, their very breathing seemed repressed, lest the most minute syllable should escape them. It was not, however, in accordance with their dispositions or tastes to be told that all bloodshed, except in fair fight, was prohibited; and that he who took the scalp of a woman or a child, or put to death a prisoner who had once submitted, would receive, not reward, but the most summary punishment. A gloomy silence, interrupted only by an occasional low growl, followed the conclusion of this portion of the address; indeed, it appeared as if the very purpose for which the assembly had been called together was about to be defeated. But at last an old chief, whom we observed whispering, for some time, first to one and then to another of the warriors near him, stood up, and spoke with extreme vehemence of manner, as follows:

"I stand up in the name of all the nations present, to assure our father that we have attentively listened to his discourse. We receive you as our father, because, when you speak, we hear the voice of our Great Father beyond the great lake. We rejoice in the approbation you have expressed of our behaviour. We have been tried and tempted by the Bostonians; but we have loved our father, and our hatchets have been sharpened. In proof of the sincerity of our professions, our whole villages, able to go to war, are come forth. The old and infirm, our infants and squaws, alone remain at home. With one common assent we promise a constant obedience to all you may order; and may the Father of days give you many, and success!"

This brief address was received on our parts with expressions of satisfaction,—by the Indians with a murmur of approval; after which the congress, as it was called, breaking up, we returned, as we had come forth, to the camp.

CHAPTER II.

Nothing particularly worthy of being mentioned occurred from this date, up to the arrival of the last day in June. It is true that on the morning after the palaver, the whole army with its Indian allies moved forward;

but the movement carried us no further than to Crown Point, about thirty miles in advance of the Bouquet, and half that distance from Ticonderoga. Here the tents were again pitched; and here, for something more than a week, we enjoyed as much of relaxation and social amusement, as men in our circumstances could desire. I say social amusement, for seldom has an army, in progress towards the heart of an enemy's country, marched as we marched on that occasion. Among our camp followers were ladies of all ranks and descriptions, the wives of generals, and officers in command of regiments, as well as of subalterns and privates, who, being abundantly supplied with the means of conveyance, travelled with their children, servants, and household stuff in their train. The consequence was, that but a short space apart from the tents of the men, stood the marquees of the Baroness Reidesdel, the Lady Harriet Ackland, with many others, who made it their business to receive, as often as circumstances would allow, crowds of visitors to their evening parties. You may smile, gentlemen, if you please, at this account, but I assure you that it is strictly true; and though I dare say the animals required to convey these ladies and their attendances, might have been employed more beneficially for the good of the service, heaven forbid that even now I should raise my voice against them! I have spent few evenings more pleasantly, than I spent under their hospitable canvass, in the position of Crown Point.

It was not, however, in such occupations as these, that General Burgoyne expended the whole of these eight days. He carefully matured his plans, established depots and magazines, reviewed his army, and distributed it as follows:

The entire force, numbering, as I have already stated, something more than seven thousand men, was divided into five corps or columns, one of which received the appellation of the advance, another of the reserve, and the remaining three of brigades. The advance, to which our company was attached, consisted of the British light infantry and grenadiers, the 24th regiment, the Indians, placed particularly under Captain Fraser's orders, a body of Canadians, and ten pieces of light cannon. It was led by Brigadier General Fraser, an officer of great promise and high character, and mustered in all about fifteen hundred men. The reserve, under Lieutenant Colonel Breyman, was composed of Germans, namely, of the Brunswick Chasseurs, a remarkably fine battalion, and the grenadiers and light companies of the other regiments. Of the composition of the three brigades it is not necessary that I should say more, than that two of them were made up of British, one of German troops, and that they were severally commanded by Major General Phillips, Brigadier General Hamilton, and Major General Reidesdel. The latter had under his orders a regiment of German dragoons; but they were not mounted, there being at this time barely horses enough in camp to supply the wants of the 1,000, the general and staff officers, and to drag a slender portion of our somewhat cumbersome and overgrown artillery.

It was on a beautiful morning, the last in the month of June, that the advance, after standing the customary time under arms, began its march. As we were now in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, and knew not how soon his outposts might be fallen in with, our progress this day was at once more circumspect, and more interesting, than any which we had yet made. The Indians, supported by the Marksmen, formed the advanced patrols, and spread themselves in a disorderly, but efficient manner, over the front and flank of the column. They were armed with rifles, knives and tomahawks, and being in their war-paint, presented an appearance, which, to the eye of one unaccustomed to such spectacles, must have been extremely imposing.

We, again, sending out a few files to communicate with them, and prevent the possibility of a surprise, advanced in a compact body, about two hundred yards in their rear. Another interval, similar to that which separated the Marksmen from the Indians, now occurred, after which came the head of the Light Brigade, its guns being in the centre, between the grenadiers and light companies, and the 24th regiment. Then followed the heavy brigades in their respective orders; and the whole was covered in rear by scattered parties, similar to those which protected it in front.

Our march, though silent, proved upon the whole an extremely interesting and agreeable one. In the first place, the face of the country became at every step more and more striking, the hills assuming a rougher and bolder outline, and the wood becoming more broken and irregular; whilst the lake, along the margin of which our column moved, seemed alive with the galleys and

small frigates of which our fleet was composed. In the next place, the thought of what might be impending,—the expectation of meeting at every pass an armed force prepared to defend it, caused us to look with more than ordinary interest upon surrounding objects; whilst an occasional whoop, sometimes a straggling shot, sounding through the woods, kept up to its highest pitch the anxiety of those who heard it. All these combinations of sight and sound struck forcibly upon the imaginations of men to whom such things were new: nor was their power diminished when an aide-de-camp riding up, gave directions for the leading files to turn to the right, and prepare for immediate action. There was an excitement in the very word which caused the blood to rush back to its fountain, and the colour to forsake the cheeks even of the bravest, for a moment; but it was destined to lead to nothing. The detachment which we expected to engage, fell back as soon as our Indians showed themselves, and that night we bivouacked in quiet at Three Mile Point.

Ticonderoga, the place against which our first operations were directed, stands upon a peninsula or point of land, which is washed on one side by Lake Champlain, on another by Lake George, and on a third by the confluence of the latter lake with the South river. The front of this position, as then occupied by the enemy, lay between Lakes George and Champlain, bending round in a sort of semicircle; the whole of which was covered with redoubts, batteries, traverses, and abatis; its left was appurged by three block houses, and some fortified mills; its right by two block houses and a battery, which looked towards Lake Champlain. Across the lake, and communicating by means of a flying bridge with the main position, stood Mount Independence, its summit strongly fortified, and well supplied with artillery; whilst along its base ran rows of abatis, with here and there a fleche, and breastwork for infantry. To protect the bridge, again, the enemy had constructed a boom, composed of large pieces of timber well secured together, and riveted with bolts of iron; and the boom was, in its turn, covered by a double iron chain, the links of which measured an inch and a half in diameter. On the whole, the post was at once a vitally important and exceedingly formidable one; and, as it was understood to be well manned, and amply supplied with all manner of stores and provisions, there were few amongst us who anticipated any other result besides a protracted and desperate resistance.

With such a prospect before us, it is scarcely necessary to say, that the night of the first of July was, to many, one of the deepest interest and most intense anxiety. We had halted, just before dark, on an eminence, barely three miles from the enemy's position; and the blaze of their fires became, as night drew on, distinctly visible. We saw them stretching far and wide in long and formidable array; now shining clear and bright on the brow of a bare hill, now sending up a dark red mass of vapour from among trees and underwood in the hollows; whilst from time to time their brilliancy would disappear, as heaps of fuel were thrown on, only that it might burst forth again with increased splendour. Nor was the spectacle embraced by a glance in the opposite direction less striking or less warlike. There lay our own army in two magnificent lines, part occupying this side, part the opposite side of the lake; whilst the Royal George and Indian frigates, with a squadron of gun boats and luggers, kept up the communication; and the very extent of these seemed to convey an assurance that we exceeded the enemy in numbers, no less than we knew that we surpassed them in the quality and constitution of our troops. But it was not by looking to generals alone, that a tyro like myself found his courage involuntarily increased. Around me were crowds of hardy veterans, whose fro and merry chat, their careless laugh and lively repartee, could not be listened to by any one without emotion; since it was impossible not to believe that they were thus light-hearted, because they entertained not the shadow of a misgiving as to the result. I need not describe to men who have breathed the atmosphere of a bivouac, the effect which these sights and sounds produced. Even upon Fraser, cool and deliberative as he was, they were not without their influence. They stirred up in him numerous warlike associations, bringing the events of other days vividly to his remembrance; and never had story-teller a more willing auditor than I proved when he began their recital. Thus, in listening to his accounts of former bivouacs, which he occasionally interrupted as the wild notes of the soldiers' songs rose high, I passed the better portion of that night; nor did I so much as lie down till long after he had ceased

to speak, and the majority of the army were fast asleep.

It was still dark, when a general stir among the troops put an end to my slumbers. I started up, and found that our people were already forming, though, whether as a measure of mere precaution, or as a preparation for an attack, no one appeared to know. Like the rest, I seized my arms, and hurried to my post; but hour after hour stole on, without bringing matters to an issue, and when day had fully dawned, we were still stationary. At last an order arrived for the men to pile their arms, and prepare breakfast; and it was surmised at once, that on this day at least, no attempt would be made upon the enemy's entrenchments.

Though disappointed in no trifling degree at the tenor of these instructions, we lost no time in carrying them implicitly into effect. We addressed ourselves to the office of cooking, and a hearty meal came not the less acceptably on account of the regret which we could not but experience that our mounts should be wasted at a juncture so critical. This was barely finished, and Fraser and myself were preparing to pass the day as men are accustomed to spend their time in camp during a season of temporary rest, when a dense smoke suddenly rising from the left of the enemy's position, arrested our attention. An alarm spread that our opponents were moving; and the bugles sounding to arms, the troops were alerted and in order of march in five minutes. By and by, an Indian was seen at full speed hastening from the outposts, who paused only to ascertain where General Burgoyne was to be found, and then hurried on, without so much as dropping a hint touching the cause of his abrupt arrival. As a matter of course, these occurrences happening thus closely the one upon the other, stirred up in us a confident expectation of immediate service; nor were we deceived. The Indian had not passed ten minutes, when an aide-de-camp made his appearance on the ground, with orders for Fraser's Marksmen and the red warriors to move briskly to the left, and the rest of the brigade to advance at the same moment more slowly and steadily to the front. The Americans, it appeared, having set fire to their block house, and abandoned the saw mills, were concentrating upon their main position; to prevent which, by cutting off the corps in retrogression, was the design of our present movement.

Not a moment was lost in carrying these orders into execution. Whilst the main body, in compact and imposing array, took the road to Mount Hope; the marksmen, with their savage allies, filed to the left, and were soon concealed from the observation both of friends and foes, in a deep forest. But we were guided by a savage, to whose forest ground in this country was familiar. He led us through a winding glen round the base of the very hill from which the enemy's column was ascertained to be descending, and brought us to a point of all others the best suited for the particular object which we desired to attain. It was a thick copse skirting the open path which communicated between the saw mills and the lines, and by which the garrison of the former must of necessity pass, in order to effect a junction with their comrades.

We lay here perhaps a quarter of an hour, when the scouts who had been extended to the right, in order to give notice of the enemy's movements, came in with intelligence that they were approaching. Every man was instantly on the *qui vive*, and with the exception of a ticking of gun locks, not a sound could be heard from one flank of the ambuscade to the other. We now listened, with what feelings I leave you to judge, for the tread of feet; nor did any great space of time elapse ere it became audible. It was easily ascertained, likewise, from the cadence of the march, that a considerable body of men were near us, and that they were pursuing their journey, rapidly indeed, but apparently in little order, and altogether unassuming of danger. All this was as it was desired to be. The great end to be obtained by us, was to permit the enemy's line of march to come so completely in contact with us, that every shot thrown in upon their flank would tell; and had this been done, there is little probability that a man of the detached corps would have escaped. But, strange to say, the Indians, on other occasions so noted for patience, ruined all by precipitancy. The head of the enemy's column was yet a full hundred yards from our ambuscade, when several of the red warriors fired. Their example was instantly followed by the whole body, who threw away their ammunition for no purpose, and then springing forward with hideous yells, rushed hither and thither towards the enemy. The latter, who

had halted and begun to form as soon as the first shots alarmed them, now broke and fled in all directions; and though we, as well as the Indians, pursued with all our might, they easily contrived to outstrip us. Scarcely a dozen men fell under the scattering fire which was kept up upon them; and the remainder escaped, by twos and threes, within their lines.

Nothing could exceed the chagrin and mortification experienced by our gallant leader on this occasion,—a feeling in which his company, one and all, deeply shared. Our plans had been digested with so much care, and matters had, up to the last moment, proceeded so happily, that we laid our account with a victory, not more easy of attainment than important in its results. Our disappointment was, in consequence, the greater, when this miserable issue became certain; nor was it possible to hinder the men from expressing themselves in terms which were far from proving satisfactory to the haughty savages. From that time, it may be said that all cordiality between us and the Indians ceased. The latter followed us, indeed, in the hope of plunder, and because they regarded us as the more powerful of the belligerent parties; but they were no longer allies on whom it would have been prudent to depend in case of any serious difficulties or reverses. Nevertheless, the reconnaissance, generally, was not without its advantages. Fraser's and Phillips's corps possessed themselves of Mount Hope, a point from which a commanding view could be obtained over the whole chain of the enemy's works; and here we passed the night, as we had done the preceding, in bivouac round our fires.

Little occurred during the two following days worthy of particular notice. The enemy having turned a battery of four pieces towards the ground of our encampment, kept up a ceaseless cannonade, from which no loss, and very little uneasiness was experienced; whilst on our parts the greatest exertions were made to bring up guns, stores, baggage, and provisions. But with the exception of a trifling skirmish or two of no moment, at the outposts, all remained, as far as we were concerned, profoundly quiet. But decisive measures were nevertheless in progress, and steps were quietly but surely taken, to render the lines of Ticonderoga untenable.

On the south side of the communication between Lakes George and Champlain, stands a bold and rocky mountain, called Mount Defence, which completely commands and overlooks both the Fort of Ticonderoga, and the line of entrenchments which lean upon it. How the enemy came to neglect this height I know not, unless indeed the abruptness of its ascent led them to suppose that it would be impracticable to drag cannon to its summit, and hence that its occupation by us would either not be attempted, or if attempted would produce no useful consequences. If such was really their expectation, nothing could be more groundless; for the hill being seized in the night by a party of light infantry, long before dawn some pieces of heavy artillery were at its base, and the most active preparations were immediately made for transporting them, with a due supply of ammunition, to the summit. But for the latter operation there was no need. The enemy no sooner observed that we had established a post there, than the perils of their situation became manifest to them, and their future directions were directed exclusively to secure a speedy and safe retreat.

On the night of the 5th of July, it fell to the lot of Fraser's Marksmen to be put in charge of a picket. The proximity of our post, which lay about half-way down the steep, and on that side of the hill which commands a view of Ticonderoga, enabled us to ascertain with perfect accuracy all that was passing within the lines. Not a movement was made, nor a word spoken, which our advanced sentries failed to detect; and as we had been particularly cautioned to keep our senses fully on the alert, there was no lack of attention on the part either of men or officers. For some hours after sunset all things went on as they had been in the habit of proceeding during many evenings before. The American videttes took their customary stations upon the rampart, and a patrol pushed out from time to time, felt its way, as it had previously done, as far as the challenge of our people permitted. In like manner we stole forward at intervals, so as to look down into the ditch; and except when an occasional shot told that one or other of these reconnoitring parties had been discovered, nothing took place calculated to draw our thoughts out of their ordinary channel. But things were destined not to continue thus for ever. Midnight must have been close at hand when a change took place in the order of affairs; and our vigilance, which had begun in some degree to relax, was again called into full exercise.

The moon, which, during the early part of the night, shed a feeble glimmer abroad, sank beneath the horizon, and its setting was followed by an exceedingly thick darkness. No stars could be distinguished, for there was a sort of fog hanging in the atmosphere which completely shrouded them, though it gave no indication of rain or stormy weather; when there arose all at once from the interior of the fort and lines a clamour of voices, as if thousands of persons were anxious to give, and none willing to receive instructions. This was followed by a sudden smothering up of the fires, which had hitherto smouldered redly and gloomily; and then a confused tread of feet, like that of men hurrying to and fro in confusion, became distinctly audible. As we were fully aware of the great importance of Mount Defiance as well to the enemy as to ourselves, the idea naturally occurred that a sortie was about to be made; and we stood to our arms in the firm expectation that in a few moments more we should be engaged. But after listening with intense anxiety a full hour, during which time not a shot nor a challenge gave warning of advancing columns, that suspicion gradually yielded to another, and we began to calculate upon the very manoeuvre which General St. Clair was performing. Information was accordingly sent to General Fraser's head quarters, and we held ourselves in readiness to act in any manner which he might point out.

Whilst the rest of the company remained in a attitude of defence, I took with me a single trusty companion, and stole forward with the view of penetrating, if possible, within the enemy's works, and of ascertaining by personal observation the object of this commotion. The darkness favoured us greatly, and we found, on reaching the crest of the glacis, that the sentinels, more attentive to what was passing among their friends than their enemies, paid no heed whatever to us or our movements. We accordingly descended, unnoticed, into the ditch, and turning to the right groped our way along, till a palisade fringed at the top, arrested us. With some difficulty we scrambled over it; after which we found ourselves in a covered way leading from one of the more advanced works into the body of the place, and beheld a large portion of the American army formed beside their fires, at the distance of some twenty or thirty paces from the spot where we were standing. Fortunately for us, these men were too busy to overhear the noise which we had made in passing the palisade; and though the light of their fires rendered them visible to us, we, who kept in the shade, remained concealed. We instantly crouched down upon our bellies, and creeping close to the parapet, lay at length under its shadow, where we could overhear distinctly every word that was spoken, and yet ran little risk of detection.

A few minutes sufficed to complete what now proved to be the preparatory arrangement of the parade,—when a mounted officer giving the word "March," the enemy's column advanced, to our great horror, along the covered way. They moved, however, in the strictest order, and in profound silence, no man apparently looking either to his right or left; and two entire battalions filed past, within three feet of us, without discovering that we were there. How my comrade felt during this tremendous interval I know not, but I confess that with me physical alarm far outweighed every other emotion; and that I did not even attempt to ascertain the numbers or quality of the troops which passed me thus closely. On the contrary, I lay flat upon my face, keeping my mouth close to the ground, lest my breathing, or the violent beating of my heart, should betray me; nor was it till the receding noise of footsteps assured me of danger past, that I took courage to look round. That glance, however, proved abundantly satisfactory. It informed me that the army was gone, that the fort and lines were entirely evacuated, and that the enemy, from whom we anticipated a resistance so desperate, were in full retreat. With feelings of the liveliest satisfaction we hastened back to our post in order to report this very unlooked-for event to our commander; and in two hours after, the whole British army was roused, and a vigorous pursuit begun.

CHAPTER III.

General Burgoyne, who had passed the night on board of one of the frigates, was no sooner informed of the enemy's flight, than he made dispositions to follow them up with the greatest vigour. The fleet immediately weighed anchor, and bearing down with irresistible impetuosity upon the boom, destroyed, in the course of two hours, a barrier which it had occupied almost as many weeks to construct. This done, and a considerable body

of troops embarked, all sail was set in pursuit of the American flotilla, of which, long before evening, our brave seamen gave, to use their own phraseology, an excellent account. They overtook their opponents moored, and perfectly ignorant of their danger, beside the wharf at Skeneborough; and though they failed in making many prisoners, every galley and batteau was either captured or destroyed.

In the mean while our brigade followed, at an interval somewhat too great, by that of General Reidesdel, crossed Lake Champlain, and commenced a rapid pursuit after the enemy's land column, which was ascertained to have fallen back on the road to Hubbardton. No great while elapsed ere the marksmen and Indians, of whom the advanced guard was composed, overtook the rear of the flying enemy, when a broken and desultory, but not very destructive skirmish, began. But though interesting enough to witness, the skirmish led to no important results; for the country was thick and encumbered, the enemy quick in their movements, and our people, worn out with a night of watching, began before long to exhibit symptoms of fatigue. Besides, we were far a-head of all support, even the rest of the brigade being many miles behind us; and hence, whatever advantages we might happen to obtain, could not, for want of physical force, be turned to account. Our leader, under these circumstances, determined, after driving in the rear of the Americans upon their main body, to halt; and this he accordingly did in a grove not far from Castletown; where our people, after refreshing themselves from the contents of their haversacks, lay down, and slept soundly for about two hours.

Whilst we were thus employed, General Reidesdel, with his brigade, came up, and a sort of council of war was immediately held between him and our brigadier. The latter, having ascertained that the enemy's rear guard was in force, and that it lay considerably apart from the main body, being only three leagues ahead of our present position, suggested the possibility of cutting it off; and proposed for that purpose to resume his march, so that he might pass the night in the immediate presence of the Americans. By this means he hoped to take them by surprise on the first return of light; and he entertained no doubt, in case this could be done, of obtaining an easy victory. General Reidesdel, though naturally cautious, offered no objection to the measure; our people were accordingly roused about an hour before sunset, and we once more advanced with great caution and in good order. Every thing was conducted with the happiest success. No scouts or flying parties met us, and we bivouacked that night within three miles of the American pickets, which entertained not the slightest suspicion that we had passed Castletown. I need not add, that strenuous exertions were used to hinder the intelligence of our approach from reaching them. No fires were lighted, nor did any man dream of wandering beyond the ground of the bivouac; indeed, the sentries received strict orders not to permit any individual, no matter what his rank or occupation might be, to pass their chain either to the front or rear. All parties obeyed these instructions with the most exact fidelity, and the success of the morrow's operations served amply to recompense the corps for the privations to which this temporary confinement subjected them.

It was yet perfectly dark, when the word to rise and fall in, passed quietly from man to man, put an end to our repose. It was obeyed in profound silence; and in silence equally profound, our little column pushed forward. We followed a sort of rude path through the heart of a forest, which seemed to have been lately cut, and led to the point where the roads from Skeneborough to Hubbardton and Castletown in the New Hampshire Grants diverge. It was here that we came in sight of the American outposts. They occupied the ridge of a steep hill, sending down their sentries almost to its base; and though it was very evident, from the bustle which pervaded them, that our arrival had not been anticipated, they nevertheless stood to their arms like men, and made ready to receive us.

To dislodge them from the high ground, and take possession of it ourselves, was the work of a moment. Not a shot, indeed, was fired on our side, in bringing this about; nor did the enemy pause for more than a single discharge, when, setting the orders and remonstrances of their officers at defiance, they broke, and fled with precipitation down the opposite slope. There they joined the main body, which, we were given to understand, fell not short of fifteen hundred men; and which, under the orders of a gallant soldier, Colonel Francis, was already in order either to receive or give an attack.

For a moment or two after our little column crowned

the ridge, there was a sort of pause, during which the hostile leaders mutually reconnoitred the force and dispositions of the enemy. It was sufficient to satisfy both of the steps which it behoved them to follow, and it was not needlessly protracted. There was a commanding hill on the left, which, to both parties, presented peculiar advantages, and General Fraser instantly resolved to occupy it. For this purpose, Fraser's marksmen were directed to move off in double quick time—an order which was promptly obeyed; but we were yet half way from the summit, when an American detachment showed itself pushing for the same point, and ascending by one side, as we mounted the other. The enemy crowned the hill before us; and saluting us as we drew near, with a sharp volley, seemed resolute to maintain it. But their resolution soon gave way. Raising a cheer, we rushed forward, firing in files as we proceeded; upon which the enemy first wavered, then fell back, and finally fled in confusion. We gave them no time to rally, but, rushing down the declivity in pursuit, found ourselves in a few moments warmly engaged with a force, which, at the most moderate calculation, doubled us in numbers.

The Americans felt their superiority, and being well led on by a very brave soldier, they stood their ground nobly. Declining a little to their right, they soon outflanked us, and poured in so heavy a fire from behind certain logs and fallen trees, that the Indians gave way, and we ourselves were compelled, after losing several of our comrades, to yield ground. But at this moment, two companies of grenadiers scrambling up the steep face of Mount Pittsford, unexpectedly showed themselves upon our left; when the enemy were again checked, again wavered, and appeared on the point of giving way. Colonel Francis, however, was too well aware of the importance of this height lightly to abandon it. He brought up fresh troops, giving them courage and confidence by his example; and, rallying the fugitives round him, renewed the contest with obstinate valour. The firing now extended on both sides from right to left of the line, both parties fighting, as the nature of the country required, *à la traillieur*; but there was this marked difference between them, that the American skirmishers were animated by seeing their support at hand, whereas, we were far in advance of ours, and knew not when it might arrive. Happily, however, it was not very distant. General Reidesdel had heard the firing, and pressed on with the head of his column; and he brought up about two hundred men at a moment when they were sorely needed; these no sooner showed themselves than a panic seized the Americans, who broke and fled in all directions. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of Colonel Francis at this juncture. He rode from rank to rank, and from man to man, seizing some by the collar, striking others with the flat of his sword, and cheering, and doing his utmost to arrest the flight; nor is it by any means impossible, considering the great superiority of the enemy's numbers, that even now his efforts might have insured the victory. But just as he had succeeded in rallying a few companies, and was advancing boldly at their head, a bullet struck him in the throat, and he fell lifeless from his horse. The Americans scarcely paused to look upon him as he lay. Diving into the recesses of the forest, they were soon beyond the reach of any other than a scattered and disorderly pursuit.

Our loss in this affair was not great, and the facility with which a half brigade, mustering in all no more than eight hundred and fifty men, had driven a very superior force from a position of great strength and difficulty, served not a little to increase the confidence which all of us experienced, both in ourselves and in our leaders. We assembled upon the field in that state of excitement, which invariably affects men after an affair in which they have been victorious, and prepared to push forward whithersoever the general might direct; but the last glimmer of light having already expired, and the troops suffering severely from fatigue and inanition, it was not judged prudent to advance far beyond the ground which we had won. A bivouac was accordingly formed in front of the position lately occupied by the enemy, where our little corps was soon joined by the rest of the German brigade; and here, after burying the dead, arranging the pickets, and regaling ourselves upon such provision as still remained in our haversacks, we passed an extremely agreeable and quiet night—I need not say that our slumbers were thoroughly unbroken.

Long before dawn on the morning of the 8th, our little column was again under arms; and having waited only till there was light enough to guide our steps, the march, in the direction of Skeneborough, was resumed. This was certainly not one of the many pleasant days which it has been my good fortune to pass in the service. When we first fell in, the heavens were black with

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Sole Agents for the states of Maryland, Virginia, and Ohio, and the city of New Orleans.

clouds; and the movement had scarcely commenced, ere the rain began to descend with a degree of violence, such as in England, at least, cannot be conceived. It was not so much a shower, as a sheet of water, which came as if a river had been diverted from its course, and was falling over some broken bank; inasmuch that in five minutes there was not a man in the whole corps whose garments were not thoroughly saturated. Nevertheless we pushed on, if not with our usual cheerfulness, at all events without repining, and came in without the occurrence of a single adventure, soon after noon, to Skeneborough. It was a large and thriving village, well situated at the extremity of Lake Champlain, at the head of Wood Creek, and near the confluence of the South and East rivers; and could boast even then of a tolerable wharf, beside which was moored the whole of our flotilla, whilst the head quarters of the army were established in the town itself. I need scarcely add, that we found all classes of persons here in the highest imaginable spirits. The fleet and army, though acting independently of one another—the latter, indeed, in numerous petty detachments, and as it were in detail—had proved victorious every where; and of the good effects of victory at the outset of a campaign, every one acquainted with such matters must be aware. There was not a man attached to the expedition who appeared to doubt as to its ultimate success, or desired any thing farther than permission to press forward without a moment's delay. Unfortunately, however, the general saw, or imagined obstacles, such as to hinder his immediate indulgence of that gallant longing. The detached parties being called in, a second review took place, after which we were formally placed in position; and from that hour our privations, as well as evil fortune, may be said to have had their commencement.

By this new arrangement the main body of the army found itself placed in line along the heights of Skeneborough, with its left upon Wood Creek, and its right on a rugged mountain. To protect it from any thing like surprise, as well as to secure water carriage in all directions, flying corps were at the same time established at various points—one upon the Castletown road, another upon the roads to Putney and Rutland, and a third in communication between East river and Castletown. This done, strong working parties were sent out day after day, for the purpose of removing such obstacles as the enemy had thrown in the way of our further progress. I need scarcely remind you, that forty years ago British armies moved rather more according to rule than they do at present, and that the possibility of undertaking any thing until magazines had been established, was rarely, if ever admitted. In the true spirit of these tactics, it was no sooner discovered that the enemy, by sinking stones and logs of wood in the channel of Wood Creek, had rendered the navigation difficult, except to the lightest bateaux, than the whole army was employed in weighing them; and as we were miserably supplied with the implements necessary for such operations, our progress was at once very slow and very painful. Then again, though the greater portion of the summer was yet before us, and the country abounded with wood and other natural cover, it was deemed totally irregular to move without tents; and as these had all been left behind at Ticonderoga, much precious time was expended in bringing them up. The consequence of all this was, first, that the enemy were enabled to collect their scattered columns, to cut up the roads in our front, and mature their plans for defence; and secondly, that the ardour of our own people, which, had proper advantage been taken of it, would have overcome all difficulties, was allowed to evaporate. Though we reached Skeneborough on the 9th, the end of June was at hand ere we quitted it, and the 30th found us only at Fort Edward: twenty days having been expended in traversing twenty miles of road, which the labour of our own hands had constructed.

It is not worth while to offer any lengthened detail of our proceedings for some time after we had reached that fort. They resembled in most particulars those which marked our previous progress; for the enemy having retreated to Saratoga, on the other side of the river, the faint hope which had been nourished of bringing them to action disappeared. Let it suffice to pronounce these melancholy words—We halted. True, our provisions were short,—how could they be otherwise, with an

army which marched at the rate of only one mile per day?—and our chief could not go on till he had collected supplies sufficient to ensure him against all risk of starving; but the halt was the reverse of a season of rest to the unfortunate troops, who were more than ever oppressed in bringing up stores, which, had common diligence been used, would not have been needed. Not a day passed which saw not whole brigades executing the offices of baggage animals, carrying by manual labour stores which were consumed as fast as brought up, and wasting their strength for no purpose. But there is as little satisfaction in reporting such transactions, as in listening to the report when made. Let me therefore avail myself of this leisure to state to you more fully than I have yet done, the general plan of the campaign in which we were now embarked.

The great object which General Burgoyne sought to obtain was to force his way down the course of the Hudson, and rallying round him, as he proceeded, as many loyalists as chose to follow his fortunes, to effect a junction with the army of General Howe, then blockaded in New York. To facilitate this measure, by distracting the attention of the enemy, a smaller expedition, under the orders of Colonel St. Leger, had been organised, which, moving through the western part of Chester County, threatened Fort Stanwix, a ruggedly fortified station upon the Mohawk. Colonel St. Leger's force was extremely weak, particularly in troops of the line,—of which no more than four hundred, and those composed of detachments from different regiments, served under him; and the whole, including Provincials, Canadians, and some hundreds of Indians, barely came up to twelve hundred men. He pushed forward, however, with diligence, and on the 3d of August invested the fortress, sending intelligence at the same time to the general in chief of his situation; and in two days afterwards he had the good fortune to surprise and cut to pieces a body of eight hundred Americans, when on their march to relieve the garrison. So far all things had succeeded according to our wish; but Colonel St. Leger gradually found, that in the expectations which he had been led to form respecting the loyalty of the inhabitants of the invaded district, the grossest impositions had been practised on him. Instead of crowds of volunteers, scarcely an individual came to his camp; and of the few who did come, it was more than suspected, that by far the greater proportion came with a treacherous intention.

That these advantages, trifling as they were, might not be wholly wasted, it became incumbent on General Burgoyne to advance without delay,—whilst the deplorable deficiency in the means of transport under which he laboured, seemed to render all attempts at moving the army fruitless. Though our troops had toiled without intermission during three whole weeks, there was in camp no greater stock of provisions than promised to suffice for four days' consumption; and to move forward with a supply so slender, into a desert country, appeared to a leader of the old school little better than insanity. I have called it a desert country, not only with reference to its natural sterility,—and Heaven knows it was sterile enough,—but because of the pains which were taken, and unfortunately with too great success, to sweep its few cultivated spots of all articles likely to benefit the invaders. In doing this, the enemy showed no clemency either to friend or foe. All the fields of standing corn were laid waste, the cattle was driven away, and every particle of grain, as well as morsel of grass, carefully removed,—so that we could depend for subsistence, both for men and horses, only upon the magazines which we might ourselves establish. But our draft animals were so inadequate to the conveyance of stores, that no magazine had as yet been formed farther in advance than Fort George; and Fort George was too much in the rear to be of service as a base of operations, after we should have quitted the position which we now occupied.

I have said that the American army retreated as we advanced, cutting up the roads, and devastating the face of the country over which they passed. They were now, according to the best accounts which we could receive, at Saratoga, a hamlet, or rather farm on the left bank of the Hudson, and about half way between Fort Edward and the Mohawk. It seemed advisable to General Burgoyne to threaten them there: for if they risked an action, he had no apprehensions as to the result; if they retired,

Colonel St. Leger would be in their rear; and should they succeed in escaping both divisions, then was the road to Albany thrown open, and the principal design of the inroad attained. Increased exertions were accordingly used to bring a flotilla from the lakes to the nearest navigable point in the river; and so unremitting were they, that before the close of the first week in August, a considerable number of boats and barges, laden with such stores as could be forwarded, were launched upon the stream, and ready to accompany the army.

Whilst these projects were in contemplation, and the above means adopted for bringing them to an issue, a piece of information was obtained at head quarters, which promised to bring about the happiest results, by relieving us at once from all the embarrassments attendant upon meagre supplies and inadequate means of transport. About twenty miles to the eastward of the Hudson, lies the obscure village of Bennington,—a cluster of poor cottages, situated in a wild country, between the forks of the Housic. Here the enemy had gathered together a considerable depot of cattle, corn, horses, and wheel carriages, most of which were drawn across the Connecticut River from the provinces of New England; and as it was understood to be guarded by a party of militia only, an attempt to surprise it seemed by no means unjustifiable. It is true that between Fort Edward and Bennington, the means of communication were exceedingly defective. One prodigious forest bottomed in swamps and morasses, covered the whole face of the country; through which, no body of men, unless familiarly accustomed to such expeditions, could hope to make their way, at all events with celerity. But the necessities of the army were pressing; the state of the campaign was a critical one; and the risk, though doubtless great, was considered by no means to outweigh the advantages to be derived from success. General Burgoyne determined to incur it; and a few hours sufficed for the final arrangement of his plan, and drawing up of his instructions.

There were attached to our little army, two hundred German dragoons; men of tried valour and enterprise, but destitute of horses. These the general selected as part of the force to be employed in the surprise of Bennington; not only because he entertained the most perfect confidence in their steadiness, but because he conceived that in the country into which they were about to penetrate, they might be able to pick up a sufficient number of horses for their own use. In addition to these, the Canadian Rangers, a detachment of Provincials, about one hundred Indians, and Captain Fraser's Marksman, with two pieces of light cannon, were allotted to this service; and the whole, amounting to five hundred men, were placed under the orders of Lieutenant Colonel Banne. The latter officer received special instructions to proceed with extreme caution. He was particularly enjoined to keep his dragoons together, and to feel his way, foot by foot, with his light troops alone; and whilst it was broadly insinuated that he might look for recruits among the well disposed inhabitants, the greatest care was taken to impress him with the conviction, that they were not to be implicitly trusted. It would have been well both for himself and his followers, had these advices been somewhat more carefully remembered. But there was a fatality attending all our measures, which soon began to develop itself; and perhaps the fate of the present expedition ought to have been taken as a fair warning of the destiny which awaited the army at large.

CHAPTER IV.

Though all these arrangements were completed, and the troops destined to fulfil them told off so early as the beginning of August, the middle of the month was approaching ere this attempt, on the success of which so much was supposed to depend, was made. Perhaps there was no great error here, more especially as the column broke up from its bivouac, and advanced to the point where the Hudson was to be crossed. It was a toilsome and a tedious march—a little, and but a little enlivened, by a harmless skirmish, which some straggling Americans chose to maintain with our detached Indians. After enduring great privations with a spirit which failed not to the last, our army at length reached its destined resting place, and took up a position on the eastern bank

of the Hudson, immediately opposite to the heights of Saratoga.

This done, and the enemy having withdrawn as far as Still Water, the general proceeded to carry into execution his projected design against Bennington. At an early hour in the morning of the 12th, our little band, unincumbered with any quantity of baggage besides that which each man could conveniently carry upon his back, set out in direction of Batten Kill, where it arrived, without meeting with any adventure, by four o'clock in the afternoon. Here we halted for the night, by which means a company of fifty chassateurs overtook us, whom General Burgoyne, distrustful of our strength, sent to reinforce us; but at five next morning, we were again in motion, and pushed cautiously, though with a quick pace, in the direction of Cambridge. Our journey this day proved in many respects more interesting than any which we had performed since the pursuit from Ticonderoga. The country, as we advanced, exhibited greater signs of cultivation, a field or two interposing here and there amidst the plains, and a few detached cottages lying by the way side; whilst several of the country people voluntarily joined us, and took the oath of allegiance to the king. From them we learned that a company of Americans had been left in Cambridge as a guard over some cattle which were on their way to Bennington; and as it was deemed of importance to seize such, wherever they could be found, our scouts were commanded to quicken their pace, and surprise them.

I was not one of the party thus sent forward, that duty having been entrusted to thirty Provincials and fifty Indians; but the latter attained their object after a trifling skirmish, in which one man only was wounded. Nothing could be finer than the effect produced by the desultory firing which was kept up on that occasion by the retreating enemy and our pursuers. It so happened that the point where they first met, though covered with a deep and extensive forest, was not incumbered by brush wood or other densifying substances; and hence each report, as it rolled from tree to tree and glade to glade, sounded as if not one but fifty muskets had been fired. You will easily believe that the first discharge caused us to quicken our pace, and to recover our ranks, which had begun to straggle; but no opportunity was afforded us of joining. The enemy fought only to escape; and hence, when we reached Cambridge, we found it in full occupation of our advance, which had made prizes of no inconsiderable quantity of carts and wagons, as well as of cattle and horses.

The satisfaction arising from this first success was not, however, so great as to render us indifferent to the nature of the intelligence which met us there. Instead of four or five hundred men, it was accurately ascertained that not fewer than eighteen hundred were in Bennington; and though some appeared to be of opinion that they would not wait to receive us, there were others who scrupled not to foretell a widely different result. Now, in spite of our late reinforcement, our whole strength fell considerably short of six hundred men; and of these a full hundred were Indians, on whom no great reliance could be placed. Still, Colonel Baume appeared to consider his situation secure. He spoke, as far as we could understand him, in very conceptions terms of the Americans, and busily employed himself in receiving the submission of the inhabitants, who in great numbers flocked to his standard. Unfortunately, Colonel Baume forgot the cautions which had been so strongly impressed upon him. He considered all persons sincere who professed attachment to the royal cause; allying in their presence, and without reserve, both to his own numbers and designs; and as by far the greater proportion were in reality traitors to us, every circumstance connected with our dispositions and plans became as well known to the enemy as to ourselves.

It was their leader's intention to march at once upon Bennington; for which purpose his little corps was under arms and in column, long before sunrise on the 14th. For some time our progress was, as it had hitherto been, unimpeded; but as we approached the northern branch of the Hossa, by the farm and bridge of Sankoeik, the arrangements of the enemy began gradually to develop themselves.

A flying party of Americans were discovered in front of the farm, which, on the approach of our people, spread themselves along the underwood; and they were not dislodged till after a good deal of firing, which caused us some loss in several of the most forward among the savages. At last, however, they retreated, abandoning a mill which they had previously fortified, and breaking down the bridge; and long before the latter could be repaired, they were safe from farther molestation. There

was a good deal to excite apprehension even in this unimportant rencontre. The Americans, though they gave way at last, fought like men conscious of their own prowess, and confident in the strength of the support which was behind them; and this, coupled with the rumours which had reached us relative to the amount of the garrison of Bennington, failed not to startle both Colonel Baume and the boldest of his troops. Besides, much time was lost by the destruction of the bridge. It required a full hour so far to repair it as to enable the guns and horses to pass; and when this was done, the day had declined so far as to render any attempt to reach the point of our destination before sunset fruitless. We accordingly bivouacked at the farm of Walmscott, about four miles from Sankoeik, and three from Bennington; where the night was spent, if not in a sense of absolute security, at all events without the occurrence of any accident capable of exciting alarm.

The morning of the 15th came in with heavy rains and a perfect hurricane of wind; consequently the little column, instead of pressing forward, was fain to keep under shelter of the farm building. But it was not permitted to remain long in a situation so comfortable. Our early parade had just been dismissed, when a few shots in the direction of the advanced sentries gave notice that the Americans instead of waiting to be attacked, were on the move; and in a few minutes afterwards a general commotion at the outposts, indicated more by the shouts of the Indians than the report of their arms, warned us to make ready for an immediate attack. Colonel Baume lost no time in preparing to meet it. Forming his dismounted dragoons in close column among the homestead, he directed the Provincials, supported by Frazar's Marksmen, to advance to the assistance of the pickets, with orders to dispute every inch of ground to the utmost, and finally to retire upon the reserve, should all their efforts to maintain themselves prove ineffectual.

In an instant we were in motion, and a few minutes sufficed to bring us to the scene of action. We found our Indians threatened, rather than seriously assailed, by a considerable body of militia-men, before whom they were falling back, leisurely and in order; but such was the violence of the storm, that not one out of a dozen muskets would explode, and hence the skirmish was neither very animated nor very bloody. On seeing us, our savage allies uttered a yell, which seemed to strike panic into the bosoms of their assailants: for the latter instantly paused, hung back as it were irresolute, and finally retired. We followed for a time, briskly and impetuously; but we likewise felt the bad effects of the weather too much to seek a general engagement; and as the movements of the enemy seemed to indicate a wish on their parts to draw us on, we were of course extremely shy in trusting ourselves beyond our own limits. We accordingly halted as soon as we had recovered the ground which the savages had lost, and, lying down behind the trees, contented ourselves with watching the result during many hours, and striving as well as we could, to keep the priming of our rifles from the rain.

Whether the Americans ever entertained any serious intention of attacking this day, I cannot pretend to determine; but if they did, the state of the weather compelled them to relinquish it. Yet they ventured to advance, from time to time, in considerable numbers, as if resolved to try how far our position was tenable; and on each occasion a little firing took place; but no impression was made upon us, and the rain continuing to fall without intermission, they at last desisted from their efforts, and withdrew. Their proceedings were not, however, of a nature to be disregarded, or held in contempt, by a force so insignificant as ours. Colonel Baume immediately despatched a messenger to the rear, for the purpose of bringing up an additional corps which General Burgoyne had stationed at Batten Kill to support us; whilst he set sedulously to the task of fortifying a position in which he might await the coming up of supplies, of which he began now to be conscious that he stood in need.

The farm of Walmscott lies upon both banks of the Hossa, and consisted at this time of some six or eight log built huts, scattered here and there over the narrow expanse of cultivated ground. To the left was a height which Colonel Baume hastened to occupy; he posted here the dragoons with a portion of the Marksmen on their right, in rear of a little zigzag breastwork, composed of logs and loose earth. Such of the detached houses as came within the compass of his position, he filled with Canadians, supporting them with detachments of chassateurs and grenadiers, likewise entrenched behind breastworks; and he kept the whole, with the exception of about a hundred men, on the north side of the stream,

holding the woods upon his flanks, in his front and rear, by the Indians.

To complete these arrangements, and throw up the few works which were to render them efficient, occupied the entire day, and some portion of the night of the 15th; and seldom have men undergone hardships more severe than our people endured whilst thus employed. Let it be borne in mind, that the 15th was a day of continued rain; not such rain as we are accustomed to witness in this country, but an absolute torrent, to afford shelter against which human ingenuity has yet devised no covering. Under this, the men toiled on, the earth which they threw up, being repeatedly washed down again, and the holes and ditches which they dug out, filled in a moment, and so rendered worse than useless. But their patience equalled the difficulties which it was called upon to surmount. Each man felt, too, that he was labouring for his own personal safety, not less than for the benefit of the whole; and all were, in consequence, inspired with a principle of perfect heroism and self-devotion. Poor fellows! their spirit and perseverance were, on the present occasion, of little avail. They sufficed, indeed, to save their possessors from dishonour, and enabled them to sell their lives dearly; but they were quite inadequate to secure victory, or even to ward off defeat.

As soon as darkness fairly set in, our corps, which had kept its station on the opposite side of the stream, was silently withdrawn, and took ground beside Reidesdel's dragoons on the little hill above alluded to. There we passed the night, not very comfortably, as may be well supposed, seeing that no fires were lighted, and that we were all impressed with a powerful sense of impending danger; but if there was an absence of mirth from amongst us, there was no approximation to terror; for we held our own valour at the highest, and rated that of our opponents somewhat too cheaply. Yet there were few amongst us that slept very soundly. We could not but remember that we were cut off, by a wide tract of desolate country, from all communication with our friends, and exposed to attacks on every side from a numerous enemy; and the whoop which the savages raised from time to time, as well as an occasional musket shot, gave notice, that even now that enemy was not inactive. Our anxiety for the return of day was greater by far than perhaps any of us would have been willing to acknowledge, even to his dearest friend; and the feeling of satisfaction was general, when the gradual reddening of the eastern sky denoted that it was fast approaching.

The morning of the 16th rose beautifully serene. The storm of the preceding day having expended itself, not a cloud was left to darken the face of the heavens; whilst the very leaves hung motionless, and the long grass waved not, under the influence of a perfect calm. Every object around, too, appeared to peculiar advantage; for the fields looked green and refreshed, the river was swollen and tumulous, and the branches were all loaded with dew-drops, which glittered in the sun's early rays like so many diamonds. Nor would it be easy to imagine any scene more rich with peaceful and even pastoral beauty. Looking down from the summit of the rising ground, I beheld immediately beneath me a wide sweep of stately forest, interrupted at remote intervals by green meadows or yellow corn-fields; whilst here and there a cottage, a shed, or some other primitive edifice, reared its modest head, as if for the purpose of reminding the spectator, that man had begun his inroads upon nature, without as yet taking away from her simplicity and grandeur. I hardly recollect a scene which struck me at the moment more forcibly, or which has left a deeper, or more lasting impression on my memory.

I have said that the morning of the 16th rose beautifully serene; and it is not to the operations of the elements alone that my expression applies. All was perfectly quiet at the outposts, not an enemy having been seen, nor an alarming sound heard, for several hours previous to sunrise. So peaceable, indeed, was the aspect which matters bore, that our leaders felt warmly disposed to resume the offensive, without waiting the arrival of the additional corps for which they had applied; and orders were already issued for the men to eat their breakfasts, preparatory to more active operations. But the arms were scarcely piled, and the haversacks unslinged, when symptoms of a state of affairs different from that which had been anticipated, began to show themselves, and our people were recalled to their ranks in all haste, almost as soon as they had quitted them. From more than one quarter scouts came in to report, that columns of armed men were approaching; though whether with a friendly or hostile intention, neither their appearance nor actions enabled our informants to ascertain.

It has been stated, that during the last day's march

our little corps was joined by many of the country people; most of whom demanded and obtained arms, as persons friendly to the royal cause. How Colonel Baume became so completely duped as to place reliance on these men, I know not; but having listened with complacency to their previous assurances, that in Bennington a large majority of the populace were our friends, he was somehow or other persuaded to believe, that the armed bands of whose approach he was warned, were loyalists on their way to make a tender of their services to the leader of the king's troops. Filled with this idea, he despatched positive orders to the outposts, that no molestations should be offered to the advancing columns; but that the pickets retiring before them should join the main body, where every disposition was made to receive either friend or foe. Unfortunately for us, these orders were but too faithfully obeyed. About half past nine o'clock, I, who was not in the secret, beheld, to my utter amazement, our advanced parties withdraw without firing a shot, from thickets which might have been maintained for hours against any superiority of numbers; and the same thickets quickly occupied by men, whose whole demeanour, as well as their dress and style of equipment, plainly and incontestably pointed them out as Americans.

I cannot pretend to describe the state of excitation and alarm into which our little band was now thrown. With the solitary exception of our leader, there was not a man amongst us who appeared otherwise than satisfied that those to whom he had listened were traitors; and that unless some prompt and vigorous measures were adopted, their treachery would be crowned with its full reward. Captain Fraser, in particular, seemed strongly imbued with the conviction that we were wilfully deceived. He pointed out in plain language the extreme improbability of the story which these deserters had told, and warmly urged his chief to withdraw his confidence from them; but all his arguments proved fruitless. Colonel Baume remained convinced of their fidelity. He saw no reason to doubt that the people whose approach excited so much apprehension were the same of whose arrival he had been forewarned; and he was prevented from placing himself entirely in their power, only by the positive refusal of his followers to obey orders given to that effect, and the rash impetuosity of the enemy.

We might have stood about half an hour under arms, watching the proceedings of a column of four or five hundred men, who, after dislodging the pickets, had halted just at the edge of the open country, when a sudden tramping of feet in the forest on our right, followed by the report of several muskets, attracted our attention. A patrol was instantly sent in the direction of the sound; but before the party composing it had proceeded many yards from the lines, a loud shout, followed by a rapid though straggling fire of musketry, warned us to prepare for a meeting the reverse of friendly. Instantly the Indians came pouring in, carrying dismay and confusion in their countenance and gestures. We were surrounded on all sides; columns were advancing everywhere against us, and those whom we had hitherto treated as friends had only waited till the arrival of their support might justify them in advancing. There was no falsehood in these reports, though made by men who spoke rather from their fears than their knowledge. The column in our front no sooner heard the shout than they replied cordially and loudly to it; then, firing a volley with deliberate and murderous aim, rushed furiously towards us. Now then, at length, our leader's dreams of security were dispelled. He found himself attacked in front and flank by thrice his numbers, who pressed forward with the confidence which our late proceedings were calculated to produce; whilst the very persons in whom he had trusted, and to whom he had given arms, lost no time in turning them against him. These fellows no sooner heard their comrades cry, than they deliberately discharged their muskets amongst Reidesdel's dragoons; and dispersing before any steps could be taken to seize them, escaped, with the exception of one or two, to their friends.

If Colonel Baume had permitted himself to be duped into a great error, it is no more than to justice to confess, that he exerted himself manfully to remedy the evil, and avert its consequences. Our little band, which had hitherto remained in column, was instantly ordered to extend, and the troops lining the breast work replied to the fire of the Americans with extreme celerity and considerable effect. So close and destructive, indeed, was our first volley, that the assailants recoiled before it, and would have retreated, in all probability, within the wood; but ere we could take advantage of the confusion produced, fresh attacks developed themselves, and we were

warmly engaged on every side and from all quarters. It became evident that each of our detached posts was about to be assailed at the same instant. Not one of our dispositions had been concealed from the enemy, who, on the contrary, seemed to be aware of the exact number of men stationed at each point; and they were one and all threatened by a force perfectly adequate to bear down opposition, and yet by no means disproportionately large, or such as to render the main body inefficient. All, moreover, was done with the sagacity and coolness of veterans, who perfectly understood the nature of the resistance to be expected, and the difficulties to be overcome, and who, having well considered and matured their plans, were resolved to carry them into execution at all hazards, and at every expense of life.

It was at this moment, when the heads of columns began to show themselves in rear of our right and left, that the Indians, who had hitherto acted with spirit, and something like order, lost all confidence, and fled. Alarmed at the prospect of having their retreat cut off, they stole away, after their own fashion, in single files, in spite of the strenuous remonstrances of Baume, and of their own officers, leaving us more than ever exposed, by the abandonment of that angle of the intrenchments which they had been appointed to maintain. But even this spectacle, distressing as it doubtless was, failed in affecting our people with a feeling at all akin to despair. The vacancy which the retreat of the savages occasioned, was promptly filled up by one of our two field-pieces, whilst the other poured destruction among the enemy in front, as often as they showed themselves in the open country, or threatened to advance.

In this state things continued upwards of three quarters of an hour. Though repeatedly assailed in front, flanks and rear, we maintained ourselves with so much obstinacy, as to inspire a hope that the enemy might even yet be kept at bay till the arrival of Breyman's corps, now momentarily expected; when an accident occurred, which at once put an end to this expectation, and exposed us, almost defenceless, to our fate. The solitary tumbril which contained the whole of our spare ammunition, became ignited, and blew up with a violence, which shook the very ground under our feet, and caused a momentary cessation in firing, both on our side and that of the enemy. But the cessation was only for a moment. The American officers, guessing the extent of our calamity, elicited their men on to fresh exertions. They rushed up the ascent with redoubled ardour, in spite of the heavy volley which we poured in to check them, and finding our guns silent, they sprang over the parapet, and dashed within our works. For a few seconds, the scene which ensued, defied all power of language to describe. The bayonet, the butt of the rifle, the sabre, the pike, were in full play; and men fell, as they rarely fall in modern war, under the direct blows of their enemies. But such a struggle could not in the nature of things be of long continuance. Outnumbered, broken, and somewhat disheartened by late events, our people wavered, and fell back, or fought singly and unconnectedly, till they were either cut down at their posts obstinately defending themselves, or compelled to surrender. Of Reidesdel's dismounted dragoons, few survived to tell how nobly they had behaved; Colonel Baume, shot through the body by a rifle ball, fell mortally wounded; and all order and discipline being lost, flight, or submission was alone thought of. For my own part, whether the feeling arose from desperation or accident I cannot tell, but I resolved not to be taken. As yet I had escaped almost unhurt, a slight flesh wound in the left arm having alone fallen to my share; and gathering round me about thirty of my comrades, we made a rush where the enemy's ranks appeared weakest, and burst through. This done, each man made haste to shift for himself, without pausing to consider the fate of his neighbour; and losing one third of our number from the enemy's fire, the remainder took refuge, in groups of two or three, within the forest.

CHAPTER V.

It were no easy matter to describe the sensations which take possession of a man who has just escaped from a field of carnage and defeat, and finds himself all at once a fugitive and a wanderer in a country every where hostile to him. Though oppressed, and ready to drop to the earth through thirst and fatigue, I could not pause even to look behind, whilst as yet the shouts of the victors and the tumult of the strife rang in my ears; nor was it till an alarming sense of giddiness warned me to proceed no farther, that I at last ventured to cast myself at length under a spreading oak. The giddiness

in question, I was not long in discovering, arose from loss of blood. Whilst running down the slope, a ball had passed through my thigh, of which at the moment I was not aware; but several of the smaller arteries having been cut, it bled profusely, and now occasioned so much weakness, that it was with difficulty I succeeded in preserving my consciousness. Happily for me, a stream of pure water flowed from a mossy fountain near, of which I drank the sweetest and most luxurious draught that ever passed my lips; and being refreshed and invigorated by it, I so far recovered self-command, as to look, as well as I could, to the state of my hurt. I wrapped my handkerchief tightly round it, so as to stanch the bleeding, and lay down again, with the design, if possible, of courting sleep.

I have said that it would be no easy matter to describe the sensations which obtain the mastery over a man who has just escaped from a field of carnage and defeat; and no where could a proof more striking of the justice of this remark be found, than I myself exhibited on that unfortunate day. Though I would have given worlds for one hour of undisturbed slumber, and though the bodily machine felt as if its vigour had departed for ever, sleep refused to come upon me. I closed my eyes for a moment, it was merely to fall into a feverish doze, during which images the most hideous and alarming crowded my imagination, and from which the slightest waving of the rushes, or the rustling of the long grass, sufficed to rouse me. I started at the sound of my own breathing; and without knowing what it was that I feared, I found myself the slave of the most hideous terror. Nor was it over my mind alone that this nervous irritability exerted its influence. I have often travelled, and travelled on foot, whilst suffering under wounds more dangerous and troublesome than those which then disabled me; but on that day my limbs refused to do their office, or to carry me one step beyond the spot where I first halted. I accordingly lay for two whole hours in a condition as deplorable as has frequently been filled by a human being; cut off from all hope or chance of receiving support or assistance from my friends, and anticipating nothing else than either to perish from want, or to fall a sacrifice to some wandering party of hostile savages.

I was thus situated, having dropped into a sort of trance, such as forms the connecting link between sleeping and waking, when a sound which had hitherto smote upon the ear of fancy alone, suddenly arose, and burst in a moment the spell which bound me. It was a roar of musketry, with an occasional boom of cannon, echoed back in tremendous tumult by the surrounding forests; and I was not slow in conjecturing that it arose from Colonel Breyman's party engaged with the same force by which we had just been overthrown. It will readily be imagined that I listened to the awful sound with an intensity of interest such as hardly any other in nature could have produced, and that my hopes and fears obtained by turns the mastery, in proportion as it appeared to approach or recede from the spot where I lay. Now it seemed to draw rapidly towards me, now it swept away in the opposite direction; now I judged that the Americans were falling back, now that the king's troops were retreating,—so wavering and uncertain a guide is the ear, unassisted by the operation of other senses. By degrees, however, matters assumed a more decided character. The firing, which for a time had extended over a considerable space, gradually narrowed, as if the skirmishers were called in, and lines were formed for a charge; and then a shout, of which I well knew the import, rang through the air. It was followed by a momentary silence, more awful by far than the tumult which ushered it in; and then succeeded a tirailleur so warm and so confused, as plainly to indicate that one side or other had given way. It was no longer, now, the steady discharges of hostile armies, each in firm array, and eager for victory; but the desultory firing of detached parties, some in flight, others in hot pursuit. I could bear this state of suspense no longer; so, mustering all my resolution, I struggled to rise, and after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded.

The sun had set, and twilight was closing in fast, when I began my tedious and painful journey towards the open country. My limbs, swollen and stiff, refused at first to support the weight of my body; and my whole frame, enfeebled by inanition, no less than by loss of blood, with difficulty obeyed the motions of a mind, to which something like its natural tone was restored. I reeled like a drunken man, and felt as if at every step I should have fallen again. But a strong sense of the necessity for exertion kept me up, and as long as the faintest light remained, and the firing continued to direct me, I push-

ed on. At last, however, the firing ceased entirely, and darkness the deepest and most profound covered the face of the sky. Now, then, I gave myself up absolutely to despair, and casting myself once more upon the ground, I shut my eyes, and resigned myself, without a groan, to my fate.

How long I remained in this plight I cannot tell, for either sleep, or, which is more probable, a fainting fit, soon overpowered me; but when I recovered my senses, I found myself in the midst of a group of armed men, one of whom was kindly supporting my head upon his knee. A large fire was blazing near, the light of which fell strongly upon my companions; but so confused were my senses, and so vague and unsatisfactory the workings of memory itself, that I could not tell for many minutes whether I was in the hands of friends or foes. Nay, my situation was to me altogether inexplicable. I recollected something, indeed, of the events of the morning, as that we had sustained a severe action, and that I had myself been alone in the woods; but how I came there, whether we had been defeated or victorious, and, above all, why I should be as I now was, were mysteries which all my exertions failed to solve. My deceptions, however, reason resumed her influence. I raised my head, and gazing around began to receive some faint impression that the faces before me were familiar, when a well-known voice restored me at once to myself, and I found that I was really among friends. The voice was that of my brave leader, on whom I was leaning; and to my inexpressible delight I now saw, that the group was composed entirely of old comrades—the members of my own corps, Fraser's Marksmen.

As soon as the first gust of joy had subsided, I eagerly inquired of Fraser by what means he had escaped from the carnage of yesterday, and how fortune had so ordered it as to bring him to my relief. The first portion of his story resembled my own in almost every particular; the last contained details but little calculated to raise the spirits of one already humbled by defeat, and debilitated by bodily suffering. Like me, he had cut his way through the circle of Americans, but, instead of plunging into the heart of the forest, he contented himself with such shelter as the banks of the river afforded, with the intention of escaping by the main road, as soon as darkness should set in. He was thus situated when Colonel Breyman's detachment arrived at the very ground where I had sustained my defeat. To this he hastened to attach himself; but before he found an opportunity of making its leader aware of the events which had just occurred, it too was furiously attacked by General Starke. A sanguinary affair ensued, in which, for a time, our people appeared to have the advantage; but their ammunition beginning to fail, they were compelled to slacken their fire, and put all upon the hazard of a single charge. The charge was indeed successful,—that is to say, the enemy fled before it, and the field was for a moment won,—but it was only for a moment; for Starke, rallying his people, threw them in small bands round Breyman's flanks, and soon broke, by an incessant fire, ranks which could no longer be maintained except by the bayonet. Finally, the Hessians retreated in disorder, leaving their guns, and many prisoners, in the hands of the victors; and were saved from absolute destruction only by the approach of night.

It was whilst escaping a second time from a contest so disastrous, that chance directed Fraser to the spot where I lay. I had taken, it appeared, the exact route which, had I pursued it a little farther, must have brought me to the left of Breyman's line; and when all means of guiding my steps failed, I lay down, happily for myself, upon the very track which most of the fugitives from the battle were compelled to follow. Being discovered here and recognised by my relative, I was conveyed at his request to the spot which we now occupied; where my hurts were carefully dressed, and every attention was shown to me by men, in whom personal suffering had not yet produced its ordinary effect, of rendering them callous to the miseries of others.

I would willingly pass over that portion of my history which refers to our painful progress back from the Moccasin to the Hudson. Were I, indeed, to enter into a detail of it, my descriptions would be only of sufferings the most acute, arising partly from the absence of common nutriment, and partly from a consciousness of individual degradation, of which none among us could divest ourselves. Of the remains of Breyman's corps, be it observed, we lost sight entirely. It fell back, I believe, in tolerable order by the main road, and not being pursued, regained the banks of the Hudson in safety; but the party to which I found myself attached, had separated from the main body, and of course knew nothing

of its fate from the moment when the separation took place. We accordingly kept the woods during three entire days, deriving our subsistence chiefly from wild fruits, and the few crumbs which remained in our haversacks; and our progress was the more tardy, because I could not move without assistance, and my comrades refused to abandon me. But we gained the camp at last, though in a plight which bore ample testimony to the privations which we had endured; and I became for some time the inhabitant of that most melancholy of all abodes, a military hospital.

My wounds, though originally slight, had become, from neglect and the hardships which I had been condemned to undergo, so inflamed, that several days elapsed ere I was able to pay attention to any circumstance not immediately connected with my own feelings. I lay all this while upon a wretched pallet, in the same room with twelve unfortunate creatures, of whom seven died delicious and raving. So acute were my own agonies, and so overwhelming their influence over me, that I could not experience so much as pity for any one except myself. If my miserable comrades groaned or complained, I answered only with a curse, because they disturbed my meditations or interrupted my repose; so perfectly selfish do men become when their miseries pass a certain point, or exceed their powers of endurance. Yet let me do justice to myself. It was only whilst matters were at the worst with me, that feelings so unworthy obtained an ascendancy, which they gradually but surely lost, as my own case obtained amelioration. The paroxysm was no sooner over, than my past unkindness exerted me with deep shame; and I thenceforth exerted myself to the utmost, in order to make amends for it. Nor were my exertions useless. The poor fellows about me had themselves suffered too much not to experience something of the same selfishness to which I gave way, and they readily and kindly accepted the apologies which I offered for having displayed it so rudely.

In this manner nearly a fortnight was passed; during which time the army remained stationary: its energies being chiefly devoted to the bringing up of stores from the rear, and the construction of rafts with which to pass the river. Whilst our own people were thus employed, the Indians, spreading themselves over the face of the country, brought havoc and dismay into all districts, and perpetuated scenes of the most atrocious kind, which the mind even at this distance of time shudders. Irritated by the trifling progress which had been made, and indignant at the check imposed upon plunder, these savages put to death every man, woman, or child, that fell into their hands; inasmuch that General Burgoyne was driven to the necessity of threatening their very chiefs with punishment, in the event of their failing to restrain the cruelties of their followers. But his threats and entreaties were alike disregarded, enormity after enormity occurring, till at last a deed was perpetrated which will for ever leave an indelible stain upon the honour of the British arms. The deed to which I now allude, was the cold-blooded murder of an innocent girl, the child of a loyal father, and the betrothed of a brave youth who bore a commission in the king's service.

About ten miles from the site of our present encampment, and something more from the post of Fort Edward, stood a neat cottage, the residence of an aged and loyal emigrant, by name Macrea. He had served as officer in one of the Highland regiments, in former wars against the French; and having been rewarded at the peace by a grant of land, he beat his sword into a ploughshare, and sat down to cultivate his farm, and train up his children in principles of loyalty and honour. For a time all things went well with him: his labours were crowned with success; under his own exertions and those of his sons, the barren wilderness became a smiling garden, and the old man considered himself, as he was considered by his neighbours, one of the most prosperous individuals in the settlement. To complete his good fortune, a fine young man, the son of an old comrade, and now a fellow settler, made proposals for the hand of his daughter; and being equally acceptable to the maid as to her father, he was duly received in the character of an accepted lover.

Things were in this state, and the wedding-day was understood to be approaching, when the breaking out of the rebellion, with the subsequent operations against Canada, dissipated for a time all thoughts of domestic arrangements. Macrea espoused the cause of his sovereign warmly; and his sons, as well as his proposed son-in-law, took up arms in the royal service. Of the former, one fell in the affair of Fort St. John, the other

during the assault at Quebec; and Macrea became, in consequence, dependent wholly upon his daughter, for that support which his increasing infirmities demanded. Yet the old man bore his misfortunes like a hero. His sons, he said, had died as he wished them to die, in the service of a kind and gracious monarch; and his daughter being still left to be the light of his dim eyes, it would ill become him to raise his voice against Providence. Besides, his future son-in-law, whom he loved not less tenderly than his own boys, survived; and in the prospect of beholding a union, on the completion of which he had set his heart, he found many sources of comfort under his present calamities.

Strange to say, Macrea, though well known as a partisan of the government, suffered neither insult nor molestation from the colonists near him. Allowances seem to have been made for the prejudices of an old soldier; and though he never disguised his wishes as to the final results of the war, he continued on the best terms with men, whose principles and feelings all led to an opposite line of conduct. The consequence was, that when Burgoyne's invasion began, though most of his neighbours abandoned their houses, and sought shelter at a distance from our line of march, no one dreamed of offering insult or injury to him, because he adopted a different course of conduct; and he remained with his daughter to welcome the coming of men, whom his principles taught him to regard as deliverers.

Macrea's farm lay somewhat out of the track of either of our columns in the pursuit from Ticonderoga; consequently it escaped a visit, which, if paid in the first moment of angry triumph, might have been far from agreeable. Probably it would have passed unscathed altogether, had our progress been more rapid, or our future successes more brilliant; but the ill-judged halt opposite to Saratoga afforded an opportunity to marauders, of which they failed not to take advantage, and by which the old colonist became a severe sufferer.

A party of Indians stealing from the lines, made their way to his house. They burst upon him during the night, driving the old man into the woods for safety, and wantonly destroying such of his effects as they possessed not the means to remove; and above all, they seized his daughter, of whom, in the confusion, Macrea had for a moment lost sight. Had matters ended here, all might have yet been well; Macrea was not a man to resent even this injury, knowing, as he well knew, the nature of those who inflicted it; whilst government would have doubtless made compensation for any loss which the inroad might have caused. But the barbarians into whose hands the maiden fell, quarrelled among themselves respecting their right to the captive; and one, more inhuman than the rest, clove her skull with his tomahawk.

When intelligence of this horrid murder reached the camp, the indignation of all, from the general down to the meanest sentinel, was roused to the utmost pitch of fury. It so happened that the girl's betrothed was amongst us, and of the state of his feelings I leave you to judge; yet was it necessary, situated as we were, to deal mercifully with the perpetrators of the black deed, to whom, from motives of policy, no public punishment was awarded. The cordiality, however, which had already begun to wax faint between us and our native warriors, was by this last act of devilish treachery destroyed. We regarded them now as little better than fiends—useless in the field, and worse than useless out of it; and if we turned not against them the arms which our legitimate enemy gave us no opportunity to exercise, it was only because our chief took care to keep them entirely apart from us. But it is time that I return to my detail of military events, to which every successive day added a deeper and more awful interest.

We were yet writhing under the effects of the repulse at Remington, when intelligence of the failure of Colonel St. Leger's attempts upon Fort Stanwix was communicated to us. Threatened by a force greatly superior to his own, and deserted and betrayed by his Indian allies, the officer was reluctantly compelled to relinquish several important advantages which he had obtained; and he was now in full retreat across the country, with the intention, if possible, of effecting his escape upon Montreal. I need not observe that such a communication, received at such a moment, excited no little alarm among all to whom it was communicated. If the enemy were in sufficient force to detach largely from our immediate front, at a moment when an attack might daily be anticipated, what probability was there that they would be unable to oppose as successfully, our forcing one of the many admirable positions with which the country around Albany abounded? and should we fail in penetrating to that place before the

winter set fairly in, our prospects would, indeed, be of the most gloomy nature. Nor was this the only consideration which thrust itself fearfully into view. Runners, apparently not without foundation, were afloat, of detached corps hanging upon our communications. Fort Edward was already menaced; even Fort William had been threatened; nor was it safe to forward the smallest convoy of stores, except under the protection of a numerous and well-appointed guard. But, above all, our information proved to be, not only defective, but incorrect. Instead of a country every where friendly, we found ourselves in the heart of a district decidedly and bitterly hostile. Few recruits joined our standards, and of these few, many were not to be trusted; whilst the American General Greene was well known to receive daily reinforcements of militia, gathered, as well from this, as from the more remote settlements. Then, again, desertions began to be with us matters of frequent occurrence. Of the two hundred and fifty provincials which originally formed part of our strength, scarcely one hundred remained; and of these, one or two usually went over to the enemy every night. True, a reinforcement of some hundreds of Germans came in about this time, as well as drafts for several of the British battalions, and a few recruits for ourselves; but on the whole, the army was greatly diminished, and was daily diminishing in numbers, whilst its *morale* had undeniably undergone a change by no means for the better. Nor did the evil end even here. Our leader's proceedings began to form the subject of frequent, and not very favourable discussion, in all parts of the camp. Whilst some condemned the inconsiderate rashness which had carried us thus far from our supplies and entangled us in a desert country, others exclaimed loudly against the wavering and timid policy which kept us so long inactive, at a moment when every consideration of common prudence required a prompt advance. Even our generals themselves restrained not their tongues from giving utterance to such criticisms. General Philips, in particular, was loud in condemning the indecision by which all our operations were marked; and Fraser, though personally a friend of General Burgoyne, could hardly smother his impatience, or suppress similar complaints. Yet is it no more than just towards Burgoyne to observe, that he laboured at this juncture under disadvantages of no ordinary nature; and if his movements were less prompt than they might, and perhaps ought to have been, it is very possible that they were dictated by a sense of what was due, both to himself, and to the brave army of which he was in command.

General Burgoyne had as yet received no advices from New York, indicative of any intention on the part of Sir William Clinton to operate in his favour by an advance up the Hudson. Now, this of itself was a grievous disappointment to one whose plans were all formed with a view to such co-operation, and who had anticipated, on setting out, that a junction of forces would take place, if not at Albany, certainly a few leagues below it. But from Albany we were now distant not more than forty miles, whereas the corps which we had expected to meet there, was not yet, as far as we knew, in march from the intrenched camp, situated at thrice that distance from the point of rendezvous. Again, our means of transport, originally scanty, became every hour more and more inadequate to the demands of the army; for the horses knocked up from incessant labour, and all our efforts to recruit them failed—whilst the necessity which existed of leaving strong garrisons at the posts in our rear, operated as a serious drain upon a force, from the first scarcely competent to the successful accomplishment of an enterprise so hazardous as that in which we were engaged. All these matters were doubtless felt in their full force by General Burgoyne, to whom a separate command was new; and if they produced a thousand doubts and misgivings, as to the proper measures which it behoved him to adopt, these emergencies were not different from what might have been expected. Still his doubts and misgivings were rendered but too manifest to the troops. They also began to entertain suspicions that all things went not on aright; and the confidence which they had originally experienced, both in themselves and their leaders, suffered from that moment considerable diminution.

CHAPTER VI.

It was now the month of September, and my health being in a great measure restored, I was about to return to my duty, when I received a message one morning, through an orderly sergeant, indicating that the general desired to see me. I obeyed the summons without delay, and following my conductor, was led towards a sort of log hut, which the pioneers had erected about a quarter

of a mile in rear of the regular encampment. It was here that our commander in chief had fixed his headquarters; several tents in which his staff and attendants lodged, being beside it, whilst about a stone's throw apart, was a tall marquee, inhabited, as I was given to understand, by the lady of Baron Reidesdel, her children, and female servants.

On entering the hut, I beheld General Burgoyne seated beside a table on which lay a multitude of maps and papers; and near him stood my friend and relation, Captain Fraser, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. He turned his face towards me, and having ascertained from Fraser who I was, pointed to a stool, on which he desired that I would sit down.

"Young man," said he, "I have sent for you, because I have received from Captain Fraser the most favourable report of your gallantry and good conduct; and because I am desirous, at his recommendation, of employing you upon a service, which will entitle you to the highest rewards which it may be in my power to bestow. Are you willing to embark upon an enterprise of no ordinary hazard? Have you any reluctance to risk your life, in order to advance the fortunes of this army?"

To say that I heard this speech without emotion, would be to speak falsely. My heart leaped, as it were, to my throat; but if there was something of apprehension in the feeling which at first caused this agitation, it soon gave way to a sense of honest pride, that I had been thus spoken of, and was thus favoured. I replied without hesitation, that I was both willing and ready to undertake any duty on which it should please the general to employ me; and that I would gladly, not only hazard, but lay down my life at once, to secure the smallest benefit either to the army or its leader.

"You have spoken bravely, sir," replied the general, smiling; "and that you may have at once a foretaste of the fortune that awaits you, provided your zeal and diligence be as I anticipate, permit me to present you to this commission. It confers temporary and local rank only, because to such only my authority extends; but you may rely upon having it confirmed, as soon as the despatch which I am now preparing to send off shall reach the Horse Guards. And now, Mr. Macdick, you may retire. Captain Fraser will fully instruct you in the business which you are about to undertake, and you will, of course, consider all that is said to you, as spoken in the strictest confidence. Till the fitting moment arrive, you will continue to do duty with your old leader, though you will be prepared to give me your personal attendance as often as I may require." So saying, the general rose and bowed; upon which Fraser put his arm within mine, and we quitted the hut.

It were utterly impossible for me to describe the state of mind into which the preceding scene threw me. I found myself of a sudden, and when I least expected it, advanced to the rank of a commissioned officer, and gladdened with the promise of future advancement from one who possessed every means of fulfilling it. So far all my thoughts were agreeable—so agreeable, indeed, as to border upon extravagance. But then there were conditions to be attended to, there was some service to be accomplished more than ordinarily hazardous, upon the happy accomplishment of which my prospects were made distinctly to depend. What could this be? I neither am, nor ever was a coward, yet let me confess the truth, though there was nothing for which I longed more earnestly than an explanation, I shrank with instinctive dread from demanding it. I was afraid, fairly and positively afraid—not to face death, for that I had faced often enough already to have acquired a sort of constitutional contempt for it; but I dreaded my own inability to support the brilliant character which it was very evident my friend Fraser had bestowed on me. It was my prudence and discretion, not my physical courage that I doubted. Fraser read my agitation in my countenance, though I did my best to conceal it, and laughed at it. "Why, Macdick!" said he, "I gave you credit for greater nerve than you seem to possess. What ails you, man? Are you not extremely fortunate in obtaining promotion thus early? and is it not honourable to you in the highest degree, that you should be deemed worthy of our general's confidence?" I could only answer these questions in the affirmative; "but," continued I, "who knows whether I be competent to fulfil the task which he has done me the honour to assign me? It may require greater experience and more intelligence than I possess; for you know I am as yet a young soldier, though certainly a very zealous one."

"Tut, tut!" replied he, "I will answer for your fitness. And now let us withdraw to some place apart, that I may

explain to you the nature of the undertaking in which you are about to embark."

We walked on for some time, clearing the encampment, and passing the sentries, till we gained an open and elevated spot, where no intruder could break in upon us without timely warning being given of his approach. Here Fraser seated himself, and inviting me to do the same, he began a conversation, of which I need scarcely observe that it was to me a deeply interesting one.

"Macdick," said he, "you are not so unskilful in the business of campaigning, as to be ignorant that this army has got itself into a devil of a scrape. Whether Burgoyne be to blame, or Howe or Clinton, or the government at home, or all combined, is a matter of very little moment now; but that we are entangled in a net from which it will be no easy matter to extricate ourselves with honour, the rawest recruit amongst us must perceive. Don't you think, that to be the means of cutting this Gordian knot, would of itself be satisfactory to any man?"

I nodded, rather than spoke, an assent; upon which he continued.

"The great question to be solved at present is, whether it be prudent to advance or retreat; for to remain where we are much longer, is to ensure our certain destruction. Now that is a matter which cannot be ascertained, unless some communication be opened with the troops in New York. How do you think this might be done?"

I answered with perfect truth, that I could offer no opinion upon such a subject, but that I supposed General Howe or Sir William Clinton would take care to inform us, as soon as they had matured their plans and were ready to act upon them. "They mature their plans!"

answered he, with a smile of bitter scorn. "As to old Howe, the fellow never had head enough to form any plan, unless it were to entrup some silly wench, or pick some young fellow's pocket; and Clinton is eternally forming plans, upon which he never acts, and making schemes, for the happy execution of which he never finds a fitting season. If we wait for information communicated spontaneously from them, we shall wait, I suspect, till doomsday. No, no, my friend, it is we that must open this communication: and you are the man to do so, or I greatly mistake you."

"I open this communication! In the name of common sense, how can I, ignorant as I am of the country, pretend to make my way through the heart of the American army?"

Fraser was silent for some minutes, during which he looked steadily into my face, as if he would have read my inmost soul, and weighed my very feelings before they were roused. "Macdick," said he at length, "these are not times when a man who loves his country must be very fastidious as to the means which he adopts to serve her. As I said before, we are in a desperate plight, and desperate measures only will save us. You must undertake this business, for I have pledged myself that you should; and though you put your neck in jeopardy by so doing, what matters it? If you be prudent, you may escape, and then a rapid promotion awaits you."

Another pause of some moments occurred, for my assurances that I would attempt any thing practicable can hardly be said to have broken it, when Fraser again resumed. "I presume you are possessed of too much good sense not to be aware, that the character of every action takes its tone, not from the opinions of others respecting it, but from the motive which dictates its performance. You are likewise too much of a soldier not to be convinced, that he who obeys his general only does his duty, let the order be of what nature or tendency it may."

To both of these propositions, I readily assented. "Well, then," continued he, "suppose General Burgoyne were to require you or me to desert our colours—not for the purpose of really acting as traitors, but to further some great end of his own,—do you think that we should be justified in obeying him?" Even now I could not comprehend the object at which he was driving; so I replied vaguely and in general terms, that I did not believe any general would demand such a sacrifice from the meanest of his followers, and that it would be time enough to discuss the propriety of obedience or disobedience, when an order so singular were issued. "Then, my good fellow," said he, speaking in a tone of great earnestness, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, "that moment has actually come. I will cut this matter short. Of the difficulties into which we have fallen I have already told you. We advance, it is true, on the morrow,—that is to say, we cross the river, and shall probably push forward at all hazards as far as Albany; but beyond that point we cannot move till the troops from New York be induced to lend us their assistance. How are they to be told of our perilous situation?—for if we be in jeopardy now, we shall be a thou-

said times more in danger when the Hudson is between us and our communications. There is but one way of effecting this end. To attempt a passage through the enemy's lines unnoticed, would be to expose yourself to certain destruction. Five messengers have been already sent out, and all five have, as our spies inform us, suffered death. You must desert; you must pretend to pass over to the enemy, and then you must find your way as you best can, to the coast. No doubt you will have obstacles to overcome both numerous and severe; but the thing must be done,—and you must do it."

I was so confounded at this declaration, that for some time after Fraser had ceased to speak, I sat absolutely at a loss for a reply. Had he proposed to me to make my way in disguise, though I should have felt that the service was a desperate one, I would have undertaken it, if not cheerfully, at all events without a murmur; but to adopt the method now pointed out was to put in jeopardy, not only my life, but my honour. As soon as I could so far command myself as to speak, I positively and flatly declined the trust. I expressed not only my disinclination to the arrangement, but the absolute impossibility of performing it with effect; for what excuse could I offer to the enemy for such a proceeding, should I be so fortunate as to reach their lines unhurt? and if I did reach them, where was the probability that I should be permitted to penetrate as far as New York? "No, no," continued I, "propose any thing to me except this, and I will accomplish it, or perish in the attempt; but if I must put my reputation in hazard, in order to purchase advancement in a profession which requires in its members the nicest sense of honour, I will rather continue as I am, unknown and disregarded, for ever."

I spoke feelingly and warmly, and my tone was not without its effect upon Fraser; but he persisted in urging the task upon me. He pointed out, that of my reputation, that General Burgoyne and himself would take charge; that, if I perished, ample justice would be done to my memory; whereas, if I succeeded, my renown would brighten in proportion to the temporary cloud that had been cast over it. Above all, he urged me to take into consideration the prodigious benefits which I might be the means of conferring upon an entire army. Though I could not but acknowledge that there was great justice in many of his arguments, they were not yet such as to convince me. I persisted in my refusal, at all events, whilst things continued as little desperate as they were, and begged him to urge me no more on a point on which my mind was quite made up. Fraser either was, or pretended to be, both hurt and offended by my manner. "And your commission," said he, "for what purpose was that conferred upon you? Will you retain the reward without having striven to merit it?"

"Captain Fraser," replied I haughtily, "the commission was conferred upon me,—at least, I accepted it,—not as a retaining fee for future services, but as a reward for the past; but since there appears to be a doubt on the subject, let it be solved at once. Here is the bit of paper, carry it back to the general, and tell him, that I would rather serve as a private volunteer, honourably and uprightly, than earn the dignity of field marshal, by conduct such as my own conscience cannot approve." I held out the parchment whilst I spoke, my face glowing with a sense of insulted dignity; but Fraser pushed it aside, and throwing his arms about my neck, begged me to forget his hasty observation.

"Keep your commission, my dear boy," cried he; "you never appeared more worthy of it than now; for though I think your scruples ill-founded and even ridiculous, I cannot but respect the principle from which they spring. Let the tenor of our past conversation be kept strictly to ourselves. Think over my proposal again, and perhaps the moment may arrive when you will discover, that a soldier never acts so nobly as when he risks, in his country's service, all that is most dear to him." So saying, he rose from the ground, and we stroiled back to the camp, arm in arm, as we had quitted it, on the best terms, and in perfect good humour.

You will readily believe that the proceedings of the evening were of such a nature as utterly to unfit me for entering upon any of those employments in which it was customary to spend our time during the season of inaction. The society of my comrades was distasteful to me,—I could not meet them as formerly; so I withdrew to my own wigwam, to indulge in a train of thought, in which it would be difficult to say whether the pleasant or the painful most predominated. On one hand I considered, that an opportunity was now presented of advancing my fortunes, such as might never offer again; and that if I neglected it, the time might, and probably would come, when I should bitterly lament my folly. On the other,

the risk of perishing, and perishing like a coward, with a reputation tarnished, and a name never to be pronounced without reproach,—these considerations operated powerfully with me, to adhere to the determination which I had already expressed, of absolutely refusing the part assigned to me. For it had been explicitly stated, that no step would be taken to preserve my memory from disgrace, till the fact of my having fallen a sacrifice should be ascertained. My own safety, indeed, required that neither the general nor Fraser should intrust me with any written document, from which, in case of untoward events occurring, a justification might be drawn; and to permit the circumstance of their connivance with my pretended crime to get abroad, would infallibly ruin the entire plot. Real deserters passed over to the enemy's lines every day; and should it be known in our camp that a spy had assumed that character, no great time would elapse ere the Americans would become equally aware of it. Besides, what probability existed, even allowing that I reached their army in safety, that I should be permitted to pass unobserved to the rear? and if I did, were there not numerous posts in the highlands, through which it would be necessary to make my way, in order to reach New York? The whole affair accordingly appeared in a light so little satisfactory, that though ambition pulled forcibly to one side, prudence, and what I was willing to dignify by the name of honour, pulled no less strongly to the other; and I found myself, after many hours' intense cogitation, as far from arriving at a final determination as when the proposal was first laid before me.

The same doubts and misgiving which had tormented me during the day, continued to torment me when it departed. I lay down, indeed, but it was not to sleep, for with sleep the fever under which I laboured was totally at variance. After tossing about, therefore, for some time, I fancied that the night air might refresh me, and, wrapping my cloak about me, I walked forth. It was one of those lovely autumnal nights, when the full harvest moon shines in all her brilliancy, and every plant and leaf glitters in the dew, which never falls so fast as after a day of burning sunshine. The sky was blue and cloudless, and there was a silence throughout the lines, deep and unbroken, like that which reigned in the camp of the Assyrians, when the Angel of Death fought for Jerusalem. Even the sentinels, as if weary of promenade, stood still, and leaning upon the muzzles of their firelocks, looked up into the heavens, whilst the only sound distinguishable was the murmur of the river as it swept with a quiet rush over its rocky channel. Of the effect of such a scene upon spirits somewhat over-wrought, I need not speak. A calm fell upon me, similar in all respects to that which appeared to dwell upon the rest of Nature's works; and I strolled forward in the direction of the outposts, forgetful of every idea or sensation, except those which surrounding objects were calculated to excite.

It was not long before the bodily machine began to feel the influence of a mind reconciled to itself, and eased of troublesome speculations. A desire to sleep, which all my efforts to promote had failed in exciting, stole gradually but imperceptibly over me; and I returned soon after midnight to my tent, where a sound and refreshing slumber fell upon me.

CHAPTER VII.

At an early hour in the morning of the 13th, I was awake by the entrance of an orderly, who came to inform me that the troops were getting under arms, and that the passage of the river was expected immediately to take place. Of the preparations for this step, which had for some time back been carried on, I was not ignorant. A flotilla of boats having been collected, and an adequate number of rafts constructed, our people had thrown a bridge across the Hudson, a task to the completion of which no interruption was offered by the Americans; and now all things being in readiness, even to the bringing up of stores and provisions, it was determined to lose no time in turning the work in question to account. I was not surprised at this information, because Fraser, in our conference of the preceding day, had led me to expect it; so I arose, dressed with all haste, and hurried off to assume my proper station with the Marksman.

Nothing could be finer or more imposing, than the spectacle which this eventful morning produced. The army, though diminished in point of numbers, and somewhat shorn of its splendour by long and severe service, was still such as no military eye could behold without admiration; and as it defiled over the narrow bridge in column of sections, the regularity of its movements, and

the steadiness of its well ordered tread, failed not to excite, at least in me, much of my former enthusiasm. Nor was the scene without its effect upon others, as well as upon myself. The officers, generally, cleared away from their brows the clouds which had of late hung over them, and exhibited, by their bearing and cheerful countenances, that even yet they anticipated success; whilst the soldiers resumed in a moment that bold and fearless demeanour, of which a prolonged inactivity, for which they cannot satisfactorily account, never fails to deprive British troops. Even the commander in chief, of whose disposition to despond ample proof had already been exhibited, sat in evident delight to watch the progress of an operation touching the ultimate consequences of which he forbore to form a guess; and spoke and acted like one who had not yet resigned all hope of a fortunate issue. Fraser alone took, or appeared to take, no interest in passing events.

"You see, Maedrick," said he to me, "that the general still trusts to your zeal. I have not told him, nor will I tell him, that you reject his offers, and refuse to obey his wishes; but this much I do not hesitate to say to yourself, that on you now, more than on any other individual, must the safety of this army depend. By crossing the river we commit ourselves, beyond the hope of redemption; and we are utterly ruined, unless Clinton move to support us."

No opportunity was furnished of giving an answer to this speech, for the speaker passed on before I could utter a syllable, and I could only follow in a state of feeling, not very easily described, though certainly far from being so agreeable as had but a few moments before possessed me.

To transport the army with its guns, stores, and ammunition, over the Hudson, occupied the whole of the 13th and the greater part of the 14th of September. It is true that no very vigorous exertions were made to counter the movement with greater alacrity; but as the weather chanced to be particularly favourable, and the enemy showed no disposition to interfere, little immediate inconvenience arose out of their absence. We took up a position, partly upon the heights, partly in the plains near Saratoga, where we remained unmolested till a late hour in the evening of the 15th.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind you, that in the prosecution of the American war, caution, amounting to timidity, sometimes received the appellation of prudence, and that indecisive and dilatory proceedings, from whatever cause they might arise, passed in too many instances current for the results of wise and sober consideration. There was a sort of instinctive apprehension of unseen dangers in the minds of our leaders in general, which seldom failed to operate with the greatest power on occasions where there existed the feeblest ground for it; and to such General Burgoyne proved himself, on this as on other occasions, not less a slave than his brother commanders. Instead of pushing vigorously forward to Albany at once, from which we were now distant little more than thirty miles, he put his column in motion on the 15th, only that he might again halt, after compassing a journey of barely five miles. There, at a place called Davaeot, a second position was assumed, with the parade of persons satisfied with the successes which they had already obtained, and anxious to secure them; and there, during the whole of the 16th, the main body was kept in a state of useless and deplorable inactivity.

Whilst the army was thus wasting its time, and furnishing the enemy with all the leisure which they could desire for the completion of their preparations, one or two reconnoitring parties were sent out, confessedly with a view to ascertain the nature and resources of the surrounding country, but more truly, I believe, as a sort of excuse to the mind of the general himself. On this service I chanced to be employed. We found no trace of the Americans within the space which our orders marked out for us, and very little from which to draw up a report different from that which our guides and spies had given previous to the commencement of the campaign. Here, as in the direction of Bennington, sweeping forests universally prevailed. In the heart of these, and at considerable intervals one from another, a few farm houses and other settlements were placed, and wherever such occurred, there was the usual proportion of green meadow and open fields; but for the most part the scenery was such as prevails in other quarters of America, especially near the lakes, or by the courses of the large rivers. Creeks and smaller streams were, indeed, more abundant here than we had yet found them, falling in, across the line of our route, with the Hudson; but these were almost all extremely narrow, some of them quite shallow, and not one capable of impeding the progress either of

infantry or artillery for a single hour. Yet General Burgoyne saw fit to delay the march of his columns till they should all be furnished with bridges constructed after a settled model; and the consequence was, that when it did begin again to move, our march was at once tardy, irregular, and cruelly interrupted.

On the 17th we were once more in motion; but the same caution that had hitherto cramped us, continued to exert its influence. No doubt, the road by which we traveled was a bad one. Swamps and creeks intervened so frequently, that occasional halts to enable the pioneers to do their office, were indispensable; whilst detached bodies of the enemy began by degrees to show themselves, though they studiously avoided a rencontre with our advance. But these inconveniences, through unquestionably considerable, were not such as to produce the result which actually occurred. Our progress was ridiculously slow, and we again halted, about four miles from Stillwater, having compassed barely one league and a half from sunrise till afternoon. Here, upon a spot of ground as favourable as could be selected, the camp was pitched, and all things were arranged, as if for a sojourn, not of a few hours, but of many weeks.

It was my fortune this night to be placed in command of a very important and hazardous outpost. Our station lay in front of the army, in an open meadow covered with long rank grass, and intersected by a stream, which, though neither deep nor very broad, was rendered difficult to pass on account of the steepness of its banks and the rapidity of its current. Over that stream my little band was pushed for the purpose of covering a working party, which immediately after nightfall was ordered up to construct a bridge; and being wholly unsupported, or rather entirely in advance of the regular chain, we were left to provide as we best could against such contingencies as might befall. I need not say that in such a situation my feelings were not of the most enviable description. There was nothing on either of my flanks to which I could look; no line of sentinels connecting me with other pickets, or even keeping open my communication with the rear; but I stood alone as it were, in the midst of an open plain, exposed on all sides to attack, yet myself expected to give protection to others.

As the sun had not set when I first took up my ground, some opportunity was given to provide against accidents, of which I gladly and eagerly proceeded to avail myself. I planted my guard, consisting of fifty men, directly in front of the spot marked out for the bridge, and pushed out my sentries in a convex line, some two or three hundred yards in advance. By this arrangement I flattered myself with giving at least some security both to my front and flanks, for the line of sentries fell back on both hands to the river; and trusting to a patrol for the protection of my rear, I endeavoured to persuade myself that all was safe. But as daylight departed, my apprehensions began to gather strength, more especially as the appearance of the sunset seemed to foretell a coming tempest; and when night closed in darkness the most impenetrable, I trembled for the fate which might await not myself only but the entire army. That no blame, however, might attach to me, in case any untoward event did occur, I resolved not so much as to lie down; and the more to deceive an enemy, should any such approach, I caused the fires to be extinguished, and commanded the men to maintain a profound but watchful silence.

You will easily believe, that with such impressions upon my mind, I experienced no inclination whatever to sleep. With the departure of the sun's last ray, my perambulations began; and from that moment I ceased not to wander round from one flank of the chain of sentries to another. For some time these excursions were productive of no other results than usually attend the visitations of their videttes by careful officers: the men were all kept active to their duty; but of danger or the appearance of it, no symptom whatever was exhibited. Once indeed, and only once, when the patrol challenged from the rear, I put completely on my mettle; but as the persons hailed proved to be friends—as they were indeed the artificers come up to fulfil their task, the sense of alarm which their arrival created, soon gave place to a degree of confidence more decided than I had heretofore experienced. Yet I could not wholly divest myself of the persuasion that the Americans were aware of our exposed situation, and would avail themselves of it; and the issue proved that neither my forebodings nor suspicions were groundless.

It might be about ten or eleven o'clock, our artificers being in full and rather loquacious employment in the rear, when, on going my rounds, I suddenly caught a sound as of persons moving slowly and with extreme caution through the grass. I stopped short, and, apply-

ing my ear to the ground, became instantly satisfied that my sense of hearing had not deceived me, though, to assist that sense with the sense of sight not my utmost exertions availed any thing. The moon, already in the wane, had not yet risen, and the few stars which from time to time shot forth, were almost immediately darkened by a mass of black clouds, which a strong southerly breeze drove through the sky. I could not, therefore, distinguish any object at the distance of five yards; and even noises became every moment more and more indistinct, as the increasing force of the wind caused the weeds and boughs to wave with greater and greater violence. The tread of men is, however, a sound which when once heard it is not easy to forget; and hence, though the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the long grass caused frequent and long interruptions, I still caught at intervals the trampling of feet, as if people were defiling past me. I challenged loudly, and my challenge was repeated by the line of sentries, one after another. At this instant, there came a lull in the storm; for the fresh breeze had gradually increased to a storm; and that lull, in all probability, saved us. Not alone, but the sentinels every where overheard the shuffling which a halt suddenly and quietly ordered never fails to produce; and it became apparent to all, that our post would shortly be maintained only by dint of courage and hard fighting.

Thus circumstanced, I felt that not a moment was to be lost. Getting my picket under arms, and despatching a corporal to warn the artificers of their danger, I took with me a patrol of six men, and stole quietly forward towards the spot from whence the sounds seemed to proceed. We had advanced but a few paces in front of the videttes, when the leading file, in obedience to the orders which I had given them, fired. Instantly there arose a clamour of voices; and the shots being answered by a discharge of twenty or thirty firelocks, a strong body of Americans advanced. They came on, too, upon our right, as if they had been moving for some time unobserved, in the direction of the river, and had succeeded in passing the greater number of our sentinels; and in a minute after, we found ourselves warmly and awkwardly engaged with men of whose position, as well as of their numerical strength, we were necessarily ignorant.

In all night attacks, the assailing party has, and must have, at least at the beginning of the fray, a decided advantage. Men do not care, when first fired upon, to face they know not what danger, or from whence proceeding; and hence, if a night attack be met vigorously and prudently followed up, it seldom fails of success. But to be thus followed up, it must be made not by raw militiamen, however individually brave, but by regular troops, well disciplined, and accustomed to act together by word of command. Now the Americans happened not to be disciplined, as our people happened to be the reverse; and hence, though we gave way at first, retreating almost to the edge of the stream, the assaults failed to turn their advantage to a just account. They kept up, indeed, a heavy and incessant fire, more magnificent to behold than destructive in its effects; but they hung back, happily for us, in their advance, and hence gave us ample time to recover from the panic into which they had at first thrown us. Our entire strength was by this means brought together, and formed a chain across the point at which the pioneers were employed; after which, instead of waiting to be again attacked, we pushed forward boldly, but with extreme caution, so as to meet and discompoise the arrangements of the enemy.

Stealing on in this plight, and preserving a silence the most profound, we gradually drew upon the blaze of the American musketry. As we were ourselves totally unseen all the while, we contrived to approach so near, that at last the faces of the men themselves became perceptible, and we saw before us a dark line, regularly drawn up, and covering in close order a space of several hundred feet, from right to left. The spectacle was at once grand and imposing, for, whatever might be their deficiency in discipline, the fellows showed, by their immovable front, that in courage, at least, they were not deficient; and as they outnumbered us by at least six to one, it savoured somewhat of excess of rashness, to think of closing with them. But I knew that my situation was a desperate one; I knew also that my followers were brave, and could safely be depended on; so I gave the word, in a loud tone, to fire a volley, and close. The order was instantly obeyed. My people, though in extended files, rushed forward to the charge, and in an instant we were engaged hand to hand with our assailants.

The immediate effect of a charge so spirited was to cause the enemy to recoil; they even lost their order for

a time, and in some parts of the line turned and fled; but the odds against us were tremendous, and soon began to tell. The Americans' fire alone was overwhelming; and though our brave fellows withstood it nobly, they were at last compelled to give ground. And now it may truly be said, that we fought for life or death. Borne back to the edge of the stream, at a point where its steep and rocky bank rendered all effort to pass hopeless, nothing seemed left for us, except to sell our lives at the dearest; for a cry suddenly arose of most perilous import, forbidding all expectation of quarter, even in case of submission. Where this cry originated, I know not; for, to do them justice, it was no part of the American policy to render the war one of extermination; but that it did sound over the noise of the strife, and was repeated from man to man, I have the evidence of my senses for declaring. Yet I much question whether it did not, upon the whole, prove serviceable to us. If any man had previously entertained an idea of surrender, the shout of "No Quarter!" caused him instantly to abandon it; and hence all fought like persons labouring under the sure conviction, that their lives must pay the forfeit either of cowardice or insubordination.

There was, upon the summit of the right bank, a stripe of low underwood, of the slender cover afforded by which we gladly availed ourselves. There we lay for a full hour, exposed to a fusillade, which, but for the thick darkness which rendered it comparatively harmless, must have annihilated us in a few minutes; and, strange to say, not an effort was made by the troops in our rear, either to support us in our position, or bring us off. That the alarm was, indeed, communicated to them, a variety of circumstances pointed out. In an instant all the fires in the camp were extinguished; the roll of drums, and the braying of bugles, came up upon the blast, and every other sound which usually accompanies the sudden calling of men from sleep to arms, was distinctly heard. But not a company was put in motion, at least as far as we could discover, though of the extreme peril of our situation, it appeared impossible that our leader could be ignorant. Fortunately for us, however, the Americans were slow to believe that a British general could give up one of his advanced posts to destruction. These indications of a general stir in the camp were no sooner observed, than the fire of the enemy began to slacken, and they gradually withdrew from before a handful of men, not one of whom, had they persevered a few minutes longer, could have escaped. I need not say, that never has a conqueror rejoiced more sincerely at his victory, than we rejoiced this night at the retrogression of our enemies, over whom, however, we were hardly weak enough to triumph, as if by dint of our own personal valour we had repulsed them.

The last shot had been long fired, and the last shadow of an American withdrawn, before we ventured to emerge from the thicket, or feel our way towards the front. Scarcely, however, that no cuncty rallied, we at length took courage to approach the open country; and our satisfaction was far from trifling, when we found that not a vestige of the force, with which we had just been engaged, remained. They were gone, leaving behind them manifest traces of their route in the long grass trodden down into numerous pathways; and great and well-founded was our joy, when we perceived that these all led in a direction decidedly towards the front. Thus assured that the retrogression was no feint to draw us from our place of safety, and expose us to fresh assaults, we proceeded to assume once more the ground from which we had so lately been driven; whilst a messenger was despatched, with all haste, to the rear, in order to acquaint the general with the result of the skirmish.

It was not without considerable difficulty that the latter contrived, during the darkness of this tempestuous night, to make his way across the stream; but he did cross it, and in due time the pioneers, who had retreated on the first fire, returned to complete their tasks. In the mean while, having carefully replaced my sentinels, I sent out parties in all directions, to examine the field, as well as they could, for the wounded and dying. On our side, three and twenty men had fallen, of whom fifteen were soon brought in, some more, and others less severely hurt; but of the enemy no more than six were discovered, and of these, all, except one, died before medical assistance could arrive. That the number of wounded among the Americans fell short of ours, I can hardly believe: for their dense order exposed them terribly; and our fire, though more broken than theirs, was not less deliberate: but being very superior in numbers, they doubtless removed all that appeared capable of removal when they retreated; and perhaps these were left

behind, only because they failed by their cries or motions to attract the notice of their retiring comrades. Be this, however, as it may, it is very certain that we could testify to the destiny of no more than six wounded men of our assailants, whilst, as I have already stated, our own wounded fell not short of twenty-three. Nor was the proportion between the numbers killed on both sides very different. Seven British, with only three Americans, were found dead when daylight came in; and hence, unless it be supposed that they removed their dead also, the loss experienced by us was, even in point of numbers, far greater than that suffered by the enemy. But I am anticipating.

It might be about one or two o'clock in the morning when the Americans retreated; from which period, however, up to the return of dawn, no fresh alarm occurred. As may well be believed, that was to us a period of no common anxiety and interest. It is true that the general was no sooner made aware of our deliverance than he ordered up an entire battalion, for the double purpose of supporting us, and more effectually covering the operations of the artificers; but even the presence of this large force in our rear was far from rendering us satisfied with our position, or allaying that agitation and excitement which the events of the earlier part of the night had occasioned. No man closed an eye; whilst all watched, with an impatient the most unbounded, the gradual approach of light. To add to our sources of grievance, the storm which had hitherto confined itself entirely to wind, broke up into passing, but tremendous showers. They were cold and cutting, driving furiously from the north, and partaking as much of the character of hail as of rain; and they came not unaccompanied by the usual attendants on such gusts, an occasional flash of lightning and burst of thunder. The effect of all this was, it must be confessed, extremely fine—at least it would have been considered so, had it occurred at any other season, or under different circumstances; but we already felt the influence of too many causes of excitation, not to feel that such an addition to them was far from being agreeable. True, the lightning laid bare, from time to time, every surrounding object. We could distinctly observe, for example, as often as a flash occurred, not only the chain of videttes leaning on their firelocks, but the trampled grass where the fight had taken place, with caps, pouches, arms, and even bodies scattered over it; whilst the same blaze satisfied us for the moment, that no fresh columns were hovering near, nor fresh ambuscades threatening us. But there was an irritability about us which caused us to derive from such displays no gratification whatever; indeed the very sound of the thunder was distressing, as all loud noises are, to men who labour under nervous agitation. In a word, the night, though marked by no fresh adventures, passed painfully and heavily away; and we hailed the first streaks of dawn with a degree of delight, for which I am sure there was no solid foundation in the circumstances by which we were surrounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was no necessity on the morning of the 18th for any particular exertion of authority in order to get both the pickets and the supporting battalion under arms. The former, indeed, from the close of the nocturnal encounter, had not quitted their ranks, merely sitting down upon the ground, with their firelocks in their hands; the latter, if they slept at all, slept so lightly, that the faintest cry sufficed to rouse them. And it was well for us that such precautions had been taken. Though unsuccessful in their night attack, the Americans appeared determined not to permit the construction of our bridges to proceed without interruption; for the morning was yet grey and obscure when a large body of infantry, supported by a few cavalry, were observed moving towards us.

Not a moment was lost on our side in making proper preparations to meet and repel the threatened attack. There was a small wood or rather copse upon the right, somewhat in advance of our line of sentries, which we immediately pushed forward to occupy; whilst the regiment in support hastily passed the stream, and took up the ground which my picket had abandoned. At the same time a couple of six pounders were planted under the ridge of a rising ground, so as to enfilade any column which might approach the spot where the workmen were still busy; and a company of light infantry, being thrown in extended order forward, lay down, for the sake of concealment, in the long grass. It is to be observed, that the country immediately in our front chanced to be particularly clear and open. The forest, parting, as it were,

to the right and left, gave room to a bare district, full of hills and valleys and natural inequalities, along which a formidable force of Americans was now approaching, with the evident intention of driving back our outposts, and breaking down the bridges already in a state of forwardness.

Every man who has faced danger by night as well as by day, must be aware, how different his sensations are on each of these occasions. Having ample light to direct us, and seeing clearly how and from what quarter we were about to be assailed, our arrangements were made and our posts assumed with perfect coolness; and as the storm had died wholly away, and a clear but frosty atmosphere succeeded, we made ready in the highest spirits to give the Americans a reception. They came on, for a while, in compact and regular order, the head of their column covered by clouds of skirmishers, who pressed forward apparently in confusion, but with every demonstration of courage, till, having reached the brow of an eminence about long musket shot from our position, they halted, as if irresolute what farther course to pursue. From the height of the swell on which they stood, we were at no loss to conjecture that they had obtained a perfect view of our dispositions; and their evident wavering gave testimony that these were not according to their wishes. Nevertheless, it seemed as if some spirit more daring than the rest at last gained the ascendancy; for after a pause of several minutes, the skirmishers again pressed on, and the column began to descend.

These movements were no sooner ascertained than our riflemen throw themselves each behind a tree or knoll, and the light infantry, rising from their places of concealment, assumed an attitude of defiance. For half a minute perhaps, or something more, all remained thus; till, the enemy arriving within point blank range, our bugles sounded, and a dropping and desultory tirailleur began. It was kept up with considerable warmth on both sides, the enemy sometimes pressing forward, at other times retiring; but on our part no change of ground was effected, for our sole object was to maintain ourselves where we were, and keep the assailants in check. As the column advanced, however, our light infantry gradually and reluctantly fell back, till at last they fairly turned the copse, and we riflemen were fain to withdraw, in order to escape capture. But we had not thus long held our post for no purpose. Of the enemy's skirmishers several were seen to drop, and many more to steal away like men disabled, whilst their column itself received one well-directed volley, just as it gained the left of the copse, and was preparing to deploy.

In the meanwhile the battalion in rear had formed line, and advanced so far as to render the escape of the skirmishers slow and speedy. Opening to the right and left, that its front might be clearly seen, we threw ourselves on either flank; and the enemy deploying at the same moment, a close and desperate contest was anticipated.

But before a musket was fired on either side, the enemy began suddenly to waver, and all the exertions of their officers failed in preserving order in the ranks. At this moment, our guns, which had hitherto been kept with great judgment concealed, were run to the brow of the hill, and opened with round and grape. They were admirably served; and the first discharge striking full into the American line, the confusion, which had already begun, became complete. They turned and fled, not so much as a skirmisher pausing to cover them; and though we pursued with all haste, firing from time to time as an opportunity offered, they escaped with the loss of some eight or ten men killed and wounded. This was the last effort made to interrupt our operations, or hinder our passage of the creek; and the remainder of the day was spent in quiet, as well at the outposts, as in camp.

In the mean while, the working parties, so far from intermitting in their tasks, toiled on with increased diligence and in greater numbers. Not one bridge, but three, were by this means completed, each capable of bearing the heaviest ordnance which we had brought with us into the field; and an advance, as the immediate prelude of a general action, was talked of, as the occurrence of the morrow.

Being relieved from the dangerous and toilsome duty of outpost, the 18th was spent by me, partly in the refreshment of a sound sleep, and partly in examining the nature of the position occupied by our army. It was a range of heights, which advanced on the left till it became parallel with the course of the Hudson and gradually shelved away towards the right, where it ended in a valley. Short as our sojourn here had been, General Burgoyne appeared to have bestowed much labour on its fortification; for there were breastworks here and there, a redoubt in the centre, and a battery covered by a ditch

to enfilade the whole. Besides this, he had constructed several forts, in which his stores of provision and other necessities were laid up, and the batteaux and vessels were all moored under cover of our guns, close to the extreme left of the line. To say the truth, the ground appeared to be chosen with some judgment, as well as strengthened with considerable skill, though it may admit of a question whether both the judgment and skill exhibited would not have been greater, had no pause, beyond that of a few hours, been made here.

Nothing befell during the night, either to the army at large or to myself in particular, worthy of being repeated. The Americans, as if satisfied with the results of their former attempts, did not molest us; and my private meditations received no interruption from any renewed applications on the part of Fraser, or our chief. But on the morrow affairs assumed a widely different aspect. An hour before sunrise the whole army formed in three columns of march, each fronting one of the bridges which had been constructed for it; and as soon as there was light enough to distinguish objects at the distance of a mile, the long expected and long wished for movement began.

As this was certainly one of the most memorable steps taken during the whole campaign, and may be said with perfect truth to have decided our fate, it may not be amiss, if I lay before you a minute and particular account of it.

Having already described the nature of the position occupied by the British army previous to its advance, it is not necessary that I should say more than has been said on that subject. With respect to the enemy, again, they had withdrawn from Saratoga several weeks before, and having established themselves at Stillwater, about half way between the former place and Albany, it was expected that they would there abide an encounter. We were the more confirmed in this notion, as several deserters came in with intelligence, that General Gates was busily engaged in the erection of works; that he had recalled Arnold from Fort Stanwix, whither on the alarm of Colonel St. Leger's successes he had hastened; and that all the militiamen who could be prevailed on to bear arms, were moved into the camp, and there enrolled in battalions. It is hardly necessary to add, that the site of our own camp, which we quitted on the 19th, was not many leagues distant from that of General Gates. We calculated, indeed, on reaching the vicinity of the latter an hour or two before sunset, provided no attempts were made to harass or interrupt us by the way; and we looked forward to the 20th, as to the day which should decide the fate of New England, as well as of the brave army which was now invading it.

With respect to the general bearings of the country which divided one corps from the other, almost enough has been stated to convey to your minds a tolerably accurate conception. For a mile or two beyond the stream, little or no wood intervened; but there were several valleys, hemmed in on each side by hills; and one which, from its peculiar roughness, as well as the rugged nature of its banks, deserves to be styled a ravine. Across that, it was necessary for our troops to move; and as it chanced to be pretty extensive, stretching on one side almost to the river, whilst on the other it pushed into the woods, a good deal of caution seemed necessary, in order to avoid being arrested there. I have said that the army formed this morning in three distinct columns of march: the following is the order which these assumed, and the routes which they followed.

On the left of the whole, were arranged the brigade of General Reidesdel, with the entire park of artillery under the command of Major-general Phillips. This column pursued the main road, which wound through the meadows parallel with the Hudson, and was covered in its progress by a detachment of rangers, led on by a gallant Hessian called Rembach. The right column, again, consisted of Brigadier-general Fraser's corps, sustained by Colonel Breyman's Germans, which made a circuit so as to pass the ravine without plunging into it, and afterwards to protect the advance of the centre or main body. Its front and flanks were covered by the marksmen, by the Canadian companies, and the Indians; who struck off towards the woods, as most convenient for their particular style of fighting. Between these detached corps moved the main body, under the immediate orders of General Burgoyne. It was directed to advance straight to the front; to descend one side of the glen and mount the other, without pausing; and to form on the farther height, where it might wait in comparative safety till the detached corps should have made good their passage, and resumed their communications. Finally, one regiment, the 47th, was left behind, partly as a reserve

and partly to defend the batteaux and stores; whilst proper signals were agreed upon, to give notice of the progress which each corps was making, should they become unavoidably separated the one from the other.

Being myself attached to the right column, I can pretend to give no very exact or regular account of the movements either of the left or centre; for, the moment when the word was given to advance, all took the directions severally pointed out to them. For ourselves, we moved on, following the bend of a scenic^r upper hill, till we became lost in the mazes of a forest apparently interminable; but we met with no opposition during a march of some hours, even our skirmishers failing to discover an enemy, though most assiduous in looking for him. We heard, indeed, soon after our separation from Burgoyne's column, a desultory fire of musketry, as if his advance were engaged with an American picket, or some ambuscade had been beaten up and dispersed; but as the sound manifestly inclined every moment more and more to the rear, it created no feeling of uneasiness either among men or officers. On the contrary, a thousand rude jokes were bandied about, especially among the younger men, and those least accustomed to the nature of American warfare; and even some veterans scrupled not to express their ardent desire that the Yankees would hazard an action for once, on what they were pleased to term a fair field. For my own part, the recollection of what Yankees had done at Bennington taught me to think of them more respectfully than many of my neighbours; and though, like them, I could not but regard our opponents as more formidable in an inclosed than an open country, I was far from supposing that they would prove themselves contemptible in either situation. Nay more, I knew from a variety of circumstances, that the Americans had of late acquired a degree of confidence, for which we hardly gave them credit. Their attacks upon my own picket, though not very judiciously managed, displayed, nevertheless, no little spirit of enterprise and daring; and however anxious I might be to see things brought to the issue of a battle, I confess that I looked forward to that event with some apprehension. Still, my confidence in the people around me was boundless; and if I did not exactly join in the taunts and gibes with which they thought fit during the present movement to amuse themselves, I at least pushed on as resolutely determined as any to do my duty, whenever I should be called upon to do it.

The orders given to us at starting were, to gain the extremity of the ravine with as little delay as possible; and then, declining to the left, to take possession of a lofty eminence which overlooked the crest of the range of hills which the centre and left columns were ascending. A journey of two hours brought us to this point, where, just as the woodlands began, the valley ended, and we commenced our march in echelon towards the left, without having as yet been called upon to fire a musket or deploy a company. This movement, however, had hardly been made, when the report of several cannon gave intimation that more than a skirmish was impending; and we pressed forward in the firm expectation of being engaged as soon as we should clear the thicket and emerge into the open country. It can hardly be said that our expectations were without foundation. It is true that we were not instantly moved up to oppose a hostile line, nor yet brought at once under the range of the enemy's artillery; but the first spectacle which presented itself was a heavy column of Americans in full march to fall upon our main body. The latter had, it appeared, passed the ravine previous to our arrival at the height which we were directed to occupy; and the former, not expecting a second column to debouch from woods which they had regarded as impervious, were preparing to assault what they considered the extreme right of the British line.

As yet little else than an exchange of cannon shots had passed between the hostile armies, when the head of our column showing itself upon the hill, the enemy instantly halted, and the firing ceased. For a moment, and only for a moment, all things remained quiet; but the Americans, suddenly facing about, began to counter-march, and in less than a quarter of an hour were lost to our view. They fell back, however, not like men bent on a precipitate retreat, nor yet with the wavering step which usually characterises the manoeuvres of generals doubtful what course to pursue, but promptly, briskly, and in admirable order, giving us the best ground for supposing that their plans, instead of being deranged, were merely altered. Whoever entertained such ideas at the moment, was certainly not mistaken in the ground on which he formed them; for in as short a time as the state of the case would permit, we received evidence enough, that a

new arrangement of attack had been made, and was already in process of being pursued.

Our troops had all come up, and were in full possession of the hill, when there arose suddenly from the extreme left a fire of musketry, which continued in volleys, like the rolling of drums, for several minutes. How or where this was going on, it was impossible for us to say; for though our position was a commanding one, not only the natural inequalities of the ground, but a good deal of wood scattered here and there, hindered us from seeing farther towards the left, than the post occupied by the centre column. It appeared, however, that even this attack, fierce as it must have doubtless been, was not that on which the enemy mainly depended for success. Before we could well arrange our thoughts, far less reply to the questions which each eagerly put to the other, a fresh operation developed itself, and the main body became warmly, and, as it struck us, very unequally engaged, at a moment when such an event was least expected. A corps of some four or five thousand men, led on as we afterwards heard by General Arnold, suddenly pushed against the left of Burgoyne's division; and a contest began as warm and as well contested as it has ever been my fortune to witness, either as an actor or spectator.

To oppose this tremendous assault, only three British battalions, and these extremely weak, could be brought up. So well had the enemy arranged matters, that for nearly four hours our left could bring no assistance to the centre, nor even one flank of the centre support the other; whilst we upon the right had received orders so decisive on no account whatever to give up the high ground, that Fraser, though as enterprising an officer as any in the service, felt himself perfectly paralysed. We were accordingly condemned to stand passive spectators of an affair, in which nothing short of the most determined courage, as well as a state of discipline the most commendable, could have saved a whole brigade from utter annihilation. As I am speaking to men who have themselves served, and know how laudably jealous regiments are of their renown, it would be unjust in me to conceal the numbers of the corps which on that day covered themselves with glory. They were the 20th, the 21st, and the 63d, who, from three o'clock in the afternoon till seven in the evening, remained unbroken under a fire which left not one fourth of their originally inadequate numbers fit to do duty.

Whilst this was going on, General Fraser, whose impatience was sufficiently manifested by his look and gestures, despatched aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to General Burgoyne, requesting permission to move from his vantage ground, should it be only for a time. What became of these messengers it is not for me to surmise; but as I happened to be near the general during the greater part of the day, I can testify that not one returned,—a contingency which failed not to increase, to a degree beyond all endurance, the anxiety under which that gallant fellow had previously laboured. At last, despairing of receiving instructions, he determined to act for himself. Leaving a body of German grenadiers to defend the hill, he gave the word for the rest of the brigade to advance, and in two seconds we were in full march, upon the flank of the American column of attack.

It was a splendid spectacle to behold the cool and soldier-like manner in which General Arnold disposed himself to keep in check this bold advance. Wheeling up a couple of his rearmost battalions, he caused several hundred riflemen to extend across the open country, and then urged them forward to meet the Marksmen and Canadians, who covered the approach of Fraser's column. No great while elapsed ere we were engaged. The enemy, however, knew their ground; they were well drilled, admirable shots, and by no means deficient in bravery; and hence, though bravely attacked by men not more ignorant than themselves in the art of skirmishing, they would not be driven in. Even the advance of Breyman's corps in solid column hardly succeeded in moving them; nor is it easy to say what result might have ensued, had not other aid been at hand. But at this critical juncture a fresh force came up from a quarter where we scarcely expected it; and the victory, which for so many hours had hung doubtful, finally inclined to the side of the British arms.

I have said that the enemy, on observing the arrival of Fraser's corps on the high ground at the right of the ravine, suddenly suspended the attack which they had at first directed against our centre, and turned a heavy column, supported by a couple of light guns, towards our left. This soon fell in with General Reidesdel's brigade, with which it exchanged several close and well-directed volleys; but, contenting himself with alarming these

troops, the officer in command of the Americans immediately withdrew again, and united himself with the corps which General Arnold was preparing to lead against the regiments above specified. Some light troops were, however, left, if not sufficient to hold the wood, at all events capable of embarrassing the movements of a column innumbered rather than assisted, in a close country, by the presence of a numerous artillery; and these contrived, by dint of repeated demonstrations, to impose for some time upon General Reidesdel, so as to hinder him from detaching any portion of his force to the assistance of Burgoyne. General Philips, however, who accompanied Reidesdel, and took charge, in a peculiar manner, of the park, was not slow in seeing through the veil which sufficed to blind the eyes of his brother officer. As the sound of firing increased on his right, he became more and more convinced, that to their column no serious injury was intended; and he at length prevailed upon General Reidesdel to sanction a movement with four guns and a battalion towards the scene of action.

Driving in the American riflemen, General Philips succeeded, by dint of extraordinary perseverance, in making his way through the wood. He arrived just as the 20th, after behaving with a degree of gallantry almost unprecedented, had begun to give way, and the enemy were pushing forward to occupy a point, from which they might have enfiladed the other battalions, already more than sufficiently pressed. Philips saw this, and made haste to remedy the evil. He dashed forward, bringing with him only a few followers, rallied the broken regiment, led it back in the most magnificent style to the charge, and then hurrying away to the right, brought up his guns to the edge of the wood, from which they opened a tremendous fire of grape and canister upon the enemy's flank. The effect of these arrangements became manifest in a moment. After a brave but ineffectual attempt to carry the cannon at the point of the bayonet, the Americans were compelled to give way; and fresh troops joining the 20th already advancing to the charge, the rout became complete. Nor was the case different on our side. The riflemen, perceiving that their comrades were in full retreat, fell back with precipitation on their support, which in its return retired upon the column from which it had been drawn, and that being exposed to a sweeping fire from Philips's guns, soon lost its order and fled. Yet were our people too much worn down by past exertions, and too much enfeebled, many of them, by wounds, not less than fatigue, to take full advantage of the panic. The closing in of night, likewise, was favourable to the Americans, who, to do them justice, fought bravely and steadily to the last. Their flight, for such, at first, it certainly was, speedily assumed the aspect of an orderly retreat; and they quitted, rather than fled from, a well-contested field.

CHAPTER IX.

Though successful at every point, and perfectly aware that they were so, it can hardly be said that their present victory produced any very remarkable effect upon the spirits of the British troops. It was a new feature in the war for the Americans to become the assailants, and their armies to meet ours in the open field, rivals for glory; nor was there a man amongst us who appeared not perfectly to feel that such a step would not have been taken, were not their numbers much more formidable than our most liberal calculations led us to expect. Again, though undoubtedly foiled in all their efforts, the colonists had fought like men who possessed confidence in themselves. There was no longer that deference for discipline, which in the earlier campaigns distinguished them; leading them to regard themselves as totally inadequate to meet a regular force, except under cover of an inclosed country, or in the rear of intrenchments. On the contrary, their militia, vying with the continentals, had left behind them all the shelter which the woodlands might have furnished; and marching boldly up to the teeth both of English and German grenadiers, engaged them muzzle to muzzle, and occasionally hand to hand. These facts tended to prove, that the moral superiority which we had hitherto been accustomed to evince, was no more,—and hence that our future successes must arise out of the superior skill of our leaders, not less than from the trained valour of our inferior officers and men.

But it was not on these accounts alone, influential as they doubtless were, that most of us felt disposed to regard the late affair in the light rather of a misadventure than a victory. Our loss in killed and wounded was tremendous. Upwards of five hundred men, including some of the most promising officers in the army,

had fallen; and that, too, to purchase nothing more than a little empty honour. Among the number of the slain was poor Jones, the destined husband of Miss Maerica. Though he never held up his head from the moment when his mistress's murder was communicated to him, and declined all intercourse even with the most beloved of his former friends, Jones was too much of a soldier, not to speak of him in the light of a man of honour, ever to neglect his duty because of the pressure of private grief. Wherever his post might be, there he was sure to be found; and to the last he remained, in heart and affections, as warmly devoted as ever to the cause which he had espoused. It was, indeed, abundantly evident, that for him life possessed no farther attractions. Unless unavoidably hindered by other matters, he took part in every skirmish, exposing himself with the greatest deliberation to the enemy's fire; and to-day he met the fate which no man could doubt that he had long coveted. He fell covered with wounds when defending the guns of which he was in charge, and was found lying beside two Americans, both of whom, in all probability, perished by his hand.

As soon as the firing had totally ceased, and it was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn, orders were issued for the concentration of our divisions on the field of battle; and the whole army made ready to bivouac on the crest of the hill which had been so long contested. Whilst this was going on, parties went abroad in all directions, to collect such of the wounded as had not been removed during the fray; and the return of these with their melancholy burdens, presented a spectacle upon which no man could look with indifference. As they passed between the fires, which already blazed through the line, it was piteous to behold the drooping heads and powerless limbs of men who but a few hours before had been our liveliest and most esteemed companions; whilst their shrieks and groans suited fearfully upon the ear, as often as some false step on the part of their bearers caused their wounds to open afresh. Among the number of those thus conveyed to the rear, there was one with whom in the course of service I had become intimately acquainted. It so happened, that the party in charge of him passed the very spot on which, worn out with the exertions of the day, I had lain down to sleep; and the sound of his voice, even in the utterance of a complaint, being recognised, I immediately rose to ascertain whether his injury might not have deceived me.

It had not. The mutilated creature thus borne past me, was the same with whom I had spent many cheerful hours both by night and day; and with compassion for his sufferings getting the better of personal languor, I determined to deprive myself of rest, in order that I might nurse and attend upon him.

It has been already stated, that when the present expedition was first determined upon, such were the notions entertained relative to its facility of accomplishment, that the wives of several officers, some of them incumbered by their children, resolved to follow our fortunes. For a time these ladies travelled in rear of the columns, being conveyed in covered calashes, and tolerably well attended to; and whenever the columns halted, they joined their husbands in camp, and became inmates of tents. But as the season advanced, and the difficulties of the army began to multiply, they kept behind the encampment altogether, and dwelt in huts constructed out of logs, somewhat after the fashion of block houses. By the passage of the Hudson they were compelled to abandon even their block-houses, and once more share the fate of those most dear to them; and now they had taken refuge in certain farm houses, scattered in the rear of our lines, from which they became spectators of the bloody contest of which I have just given an account.

It was towards one of these houses that I followed my wounded friend. On entering, I found every room crowded with mangled wretches, whose cries might be distinctly heard many paces from the door; and in the midst of these were several delicate females, whose humane attentions to the poor fellows no words could adequately describe. There sat the Baroness Reidesdel, administering from her slender stock of wine a few drops to a dying soldier, who could thank her only with a glance from his dim eye and a faint movement of his head; and there too was the lady of Major Aekland, whose heroic behaviour on an former occasion, has obtained for her an immortality of honourable fame. Even the children, and there were three of Lady Reidesdel's, the eldest of whom could not exceed six years, appeared to be aware that they were thrown into a situation of no ordinary interest; for they either sat in a corner perfectly quiet, or moved after their mother with noiseless

tread, as if afraid to jar the nerves of the miserable wounded by the slightest noise. I need not say to you that an hospital, on the night after a battle, is at all times a terrible sight; but on no occasion have I visited one with feelings more harrowed, and yet more mixed, than I experienced then.

My friend, who had received several wounds, by one of which his leg was dreadfully broken, was laid upon a little straw in one corner of an inner apartment. Though extremely weak from loss of blood, he still retained his senses, sufficiently at least to recognise my features as I hung over him; and he showed by the glance of his eye, as well by an involuntary movement of his lip, that he was grateful for the compassionate feeling which brought me hither. Alas! I could render but slight service to him. I held the bandage, it is true, which the surgeon wrapped round his body; I laid his side with water, and strove by my voice and gestures to inspire him with hope; but I could do nothing effectual to relieve him, and it was very evident that he was aware of this. So conscious indeed was he that nothing could save him, that not all the remonstrances of the medical attendant and myself could prevail upon him to keep quiet. He struggled hard to speak,—there was something which he manifestly desired to communicate,—but what it was, or to whom it related, I know not. Poor fellow! the only words to which he succeeded in giving utterance were—"My mother," pointing at the same time to his watch: from which I collected that he wished that memento to be conveyed to her; and he died in something less than half an hour from the moment when he was brought to the hospital. You all know, gentlemen, how perfectly a state of continued warfare blunts the feelings and dries up the sympathies. It would never do were men to mourn "like those without hope" over every comrade who falls in battle; and hence rarely is a tear seen to moisten the cheek of a soldier after he has served his first campaign. But I confess that I was this night weak enough to shed them in abundance. I wept over my poor friend till my very eyes ached; and I quitted his pallet with a weight upon my heart, such as I do not recollect often to have rested there.

Turning away from the discharge of this melancholy duty, I was met by a party of six men, who bore the body of some one in a blanket, and were seeking for a place on which to lay him. They directed their steps to the corner where my unfortunate comrade lay, and finding on examination that he was dead, they instantly, and without ceremony, removed him. I would have remonstrated against this precipitancy, had remonstrance been of any avail; or rather, had I not felt that the corpse could suffer nothing from exposure; but a moment's reflection served to convince me, that the humanity which would have dictated resistance to the measure, was a mistaken one, and I acquiesced in it. Not that I permitted even the lifeless body of one whom I had loved, to be thrown out to the night air. It was laid carefully under a tree till a hole could be dug for it; and then, by the light of torches, I committed it to the grave. These were rapid proceedings, doubtless; but in such a situation, where would have been the advantage of delay? So, satisfied that I had done right, I returned, as fast as weariness would permit, to my watch fire. Beside that, I cast myself down, and being sheltered by my cloak from the dew, and keeping my feet warm by turning them to the blaze, I soon fell fast asleep, in spite of the melancholy which continued to oppress me.

It was still profoundly dark on the morning of the 20th, when the word passed quietly from rank to rank, called the men to their stations. The fires having been neglected some time, had almost all burned low, and a pretty sharp frost having set in, we felt its influence acutely in every joint. For my own part, I rose cold and stiff, my cloak rustling on my shoulders like a garment of ice; and so benumbed were my feet and limbs, that for some minutes after I quitted my lair, it was not without a positive exertion that I hindered myself from sinking. By dint of chafing and beating them, however, I succeeded in gradually restoring the circulation which the intense cold of the night had interrupted; and then, after seeing that the men were in order, and the arms piled at hand, I ran to and fro till something of my natural temperature returned.

Day dawned in due time, and a spectacle was presented to us, of which no man, who has not looked upon the site of a lately fought battle, can form any conception. As far as the eye could reach, the open fields were strewn with broken arms, hats, caps, pouches,

bayonets, balls, and pieces of clothing; whilst here lay a tumbril or ammunition wagon dismounted from its axle-tree, and there a gun, abandoned and upset, as if to hinder it from being removed. In every direction the grass was trodden down; long and deep tracks of wheels cut the meadow across and across; and at frequent intervals the very soil seemed scorched, as if quantities of gunpowder had been exploded upon it. Nor were other and no less striking manifestations of yesterday's drama wanting. "The dead lay around us in heaps; Englishmen and Americans, men and horses, mingled indiscriminately together; and such had been the desperation of the contest, that in some places the foot of one footman touched the very head of another. But the most remarkable objects in this horrid panorama, were several American marksmen, who hung listless among the branches of trees.* These persons, who had mounted for the purpose of securing a good aim, and had done considerable execution, wounding among others an aide-de-camp of General Philips whilst in the act of conversing with Burgoyne, soon drew towards themselves a full share of our riflemen's attention. As they furnished admirable marks, and our men were not ignorant how to strike them, very few escaped; and there they still hung, having been caught by the boughs, among which they waved to and fro like the rocking cradles in use among the Indians.

It was General Burgoyne's first business to order out working parties, by whom the dead were collected together, and buried, without distinction of nations, in pits dug to receive them; after which the troops were directed to eat their morning meal preparatory to a fresh movement. The latter occupation being completed, our columns pushed forward, taking a direction rather more to the left; and again halted, a little before noon, within cannon shot of the enemy's lines. Now, then, for the first time since the opening of the campaign, can the hostile armies be said to have come in presence of one another; and as our positions were somewhat striking, it may not be amiss if I endeavour to give you a tolerably faithful description of them.

The Americans, who were now understood to be commanded by General Gates, under whom were Arnold as second, and Schriegt as third in command, had strongly intrenched themselves at a place called Stillwater, distant about twelve miles from the Mohawk, and double that space from Albany. Their right, which rested upon the main road, as that did upon the Hudson, was rendered perfectly secure by the presence of a strong redoubt, which would have required a series of regular approaches to reduce it; whilst their left, besides being covered by close woods, was protected by numerous abatis, several breastworks, and a battery for heavy cannon. Along the centre ran a line of field intrenchments, fleches, breastworks, and redoubts, all of them so placed as to be flanked by the fire from the redoubt, or exposed to a cross fire from each other; whilst over the front of the whole was scattered just so much of thicket as to screen the lines themselves from minute inspection, at the same time that it furnished no adequate shelter to an assailing force. Of the numbers of troops encamped within these lines, it was not easy to form any correct estimate. By some they were rated at twenty thousand, by others at little more than ten thousand men; whilst the truth, as is usual in most cases, probably lay between. But whatever their numbers might be, of one fact we had abundant evidence, that not an hour passed by without bringing in to them some reinforcement. The truth is, that nothing could exceed the spirit of determined resistance which seemed to animate the inhabitants of New England. So far from receiving us, as we had expected to be received, with open arms, they turned out to a man to oppose us; inasmuch that General Gates himself was in the end at a loss how to dispose of the multitudes of volunteers that flocked to his standard. It is very true that a

* Ransay, in his History of the American Revolution, says—"Several of the Americans placed themselves in high trees, and as often as they could distinguish an officer's uniform, took him off by deliberately aiming at his person. Few actions have been characterised by more obstinacy in attack or defence; the British repeatedly tried their bayonets, but without their usual success in the use of that weapon. At length night put an end to the enthusiasm of blood. The British lost upwards of 800 men, including their killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Americans, exclusive of the missing, lost 319. Thirty-six out of forty-eight British mistresses (soldiers in a train of artillery who assist in loading) were killed, and several of the British mistresses were followed by their husbands, who were followed by their children. This hard-fought battle decided nothing, and little else than honour was gained by either army; the British were victorious, but the important consequences of these, one was the diminution of the zeal and alacrity of the Indians in the British Army."—Ed.

countless proportion of these men knew nothing of parade movements; they were undrilled, unaccustomed to the duties of a soldier's life, and some of them destitute even of weapons; but they were, with few exceptions, men of robust frames and brave hearts, and of their skill in the use of fire-arms we had seen enough not to treat lightly. At the head of this bold though undisciplined band, the American general took post at a point which completely cut off all communication by the great road between Saratoga and Albany; and it became incumbent upon us, if we hoped to reach the former place, either to drive him by force from his advantageous ground, or by dexterity of manoeuvre to turn him there, and to render his position untenable.

To execute one or other of these designs, General Burgoyne had under his orders little more than four thousand men. What with losses in the field, the garisons left behind at the different forts and landing-places, and the escorts required to guard such stores as were from time to time forwarded, our army had gradually diminished, till now it certainly did not exceed, if it came up to, the number just specified. But the worst of the matter was, that even this trifling force could not, in all its parts, be depended upon. I have said, that, from the hour when our rapid advance ceased and their hopes of plunder received a blight, the Indian warriors began gradually to quit us. There remained now scarcely one hundred Red men in the camp; and the Provincials and Canadians soon began to follow their example, deserting by whole sections every night. When we crossed the Hudson, we carried with us something more than four hundred of these auxiliaries;—on the morning of the 19th, barely two hundred were with their colours; and before sunset on the 21st, scarcely fifty men could be found in a fit state to do duty. All this was bad enough,—bad, as it caused a serious diminution to our actual strength, and doubly bad, as it affected our *morale*, by diminishing the confidence of true men. Yet was the army in general far from despairing of success. What alone it seemed to desire, was to be led at once against the enemy; and perhaps it is not going too far to affirm, that had that plan been adopted in proper time, it might have been productive of success.

By what principle General Burgoyne's proceedings were regulated, it is not for me to say. Unwilling to retreat, yet not daring to advance, he adopted that middle course which in perilous circumstances never fails to prove a bad one; and having pushed his columns within gun shot of his enemy, he unfortunately halted. This was done upon a piece of ground certainly very favourable, as far as any halting ground could be pronounced favourable in our circumstances; and the general lost no time in adding to the natural strength of his position, by throwing up such works as time and his means would allow. The main body encamped in a line almost parallel to that of the Americans, upon a range of hills called *Brennus's Heights*, extending their left so far as to command the road and protect the batteries; whilst on certain low grounds or meadows which lay between the river and the hill, the 47th British, the regiment of Hesse Hanau, and the few Provincials who still adhered to us, took post. As our right was decidedly the weakest point in the line, upon it the greatest care was bestowed by the engineers. Here a redoubt, supported by breastworks and batteries, was erected, the care of guarding which was entrusted to a German brigade; whilst along the centre and towards the left, we contented ourselves with throwing up a long mud wall, sufficiently thick to shelter the men against musketry, but hardly competent to resist the violence even of grape. Finally, a chain of outposts was pushed forward, about a quarter of a mile in front of the whole, which, winding round in a rearward direction, secured the right flank, and abundantly protected the lines from being turned. I am sure that I speak the sentiments of the whole army, when I affirm, that no man rejoiced in the appearance of security which these intrenchments created. We did not desire to act on the defensive; we were satisfied that to act thus was to throw away our only chance of success; and hence the erection of works gave us no satisfaction whatever, inasmuch as it portended any thing rather than a bold and immediate advance.

In the construction of these fortifications several days were spent, during which few adventures befell worthy of repetition. On the 21st, indeed, a rumour got abroad, that a messenger from Sir Henry Clinton had arrived, and that he brought intelligence of the preparations which that officer was making to march

in force to our relief. On more minute enquiry, I found that the rumour was well founded. The man had succeeded, by dint of caution, in passing the American lines, taking care to conceal himself in the woods by day, and to travel only by night; and he brought with him a communication in cypher, indicating that Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson, would certainly be attacked on the 23d at latest. This was, indeed, a cheering piece of news, to which General Burgoyne failed not to reply, sending back the same person with a correct statement of his own plight, and strongly urging the necessity of an immediate diversion; and at the same time two officers were despatched with verbal communications to the same effect, and an assurance that he would certainly wait the issue, if he should find it practicable so to do, till the 12th of October. These, as well as many others, each of which took a separate route, fell, one after another, into the hands of the enemy; but of that fact we knew nothing at the time, and therefore I am only anticipating the events of my story.

CHAPTER X.

It is not necessary to give any minute detail of the manner in which our time was spent from the 20th of September, when first we assumed our present position, up to the 7th of October. Let it suffice to state, that whilst the ordinary routine of duty went on, whilst pickets were maintained, working parties sent forth, and parades duly attended to, every day brought stronger and stronger proof that our situation was far from being a desirable one. In the first place, the weather, which had been heretofore tolerably serene, broke; and heavy rains, succeeded by sharp and cutting frosts, were our daily and nightly portion. In the next place, desertions became every hour more and more numerous; even the British soldiers themselves being infected by the criminal inclination, and in too many instances yielding to it. Then, again, sickness was not wanting; agues, and intermittent fevers, began to make ravages in the ranks: whilst the scanty stock of provisions which we had brought across the Hudson melted daily away. To such a degree, indeed, were the stores diminished, that on the 3d, the general found it necessary to reduce the men's allowance; and we were thenceforth compelled to subsist upon two thirds, occasionally upon no more than one half, of the customary ration. Even with this, however, our misfortunes ended not. A thousand terrible rumours came in to distress us; and unfortunately, these proved, in many instances, to be well founded.

The Americans, emboldened by our lengthened inactivity, suddenly began to turn the tables, and to assume the offensive in a manner to us the most alarming. They did not, indeed, sally from their lines to attack us in front, but they did what was infinitely more galling; they harassed our convoys, and threatened our communications. Not a morsel of food, nor a barrel of powder could now be brought from the rear, except by dint of hard fighting on the part of the escorts; and of these not a few were cut off entirely, being waylaid and attacked by a force against which they could offer no adequate resistance. In the mean while, our very depots, themselves become exposed to insult, and our strongest forts were threatened. Passing several large detachments across the Hudson, they attacked, almost at the same moment, the landing-place at Lake George, Mount Independence, Fort Edward, and Fort Anne; and so little had these attacks been anticipated, that several of them proved successful. By this means, our depots, a large quantity of boats, many horses, oxen, and carriages, with some hundred men, fell into the enemy's hands; and we saw ourselves completely surrounded in a desert country, through which a way could be made, either to the front or rear, only by the sword.

Notwithstanding these numerous reverses, and the privations to which they gave birth, both the general and his troops continued to wait the issue of events with a degree of patience altogether extraordinary. The men performed their ordinary duties, if not with alacrity, at all events without complaining; and not a murmur was heard except when the conversation happened to turn on the probable consequences of these indecisive measures. Among the officers of rank, however, a great deal of anxiety began to show itself. They met together frequently for the purposes of deliberation, some of them making no secret of their dissatisfaction; but the same unsteady course was pursued nevertheless, and the same policy persevered in. At last it became apparent to every one, that something decisive must be attempted before long. Our stock of provisions, which had never been

very abundant, was now almost exhausted, and whence to receive a supply, no one could tell; whilst the latest hour at which we promised to abide Sir Henry Clinton's movements, was at hand. It was accordingly surmised, that a retreat, or an advance, would be attempted immediately, and every hour gave to the supposition an increased degree of plausibility.

It might be about noon on the 7th of October, when the light troops, together with General Ridezel's brigade, and a part of that of General Philips, received orders to form, and march to the right of the camp. The force thus put in motion amounted to barely fifteen hundred men, so cruelly were our numbers diminished by deaths and desertion; but upon what service it was about to be employed, none except the generals in chief seemed to be aware. That Burgoyne would risk an assault with a corps so inadequate, could not for a moment be imagined; yet the rest of the army was left within the lines, strict injunctions having been given that they should not quit their ground, unless expressly commanded to do so. I am aware that General Burgoyne in his public despatches has represented this manoeuvre as one of reconnaissance merely. He was desirous, as he himself states, to ascertain whether the enemy's left could be turned, at the same time that he sufficiently guarded against any attack upon his own position; and it is but fair to believe that the account of the matter which he has given, is correct. But whether it be so or not, of one thing I am quite certain, that we had scarcely cleared our intrenchments, when we assumed a regular order of battle. Whilst Philips and Ridezel, each at the head of a separate column, threatened the centre and left of the American lines, our brigade pushed off for the wood, with the design of penetrating, should it be found practicable, into their rear, and alarming them for their communications.

We had proceeded some way, without meeting an enemy, or suffering farther inconvenience, than the natural inequalities of the ground presented, when our attention was forcibly drawn to the fate of our comrades by a heavy firing of muskets on the left. At first it was loose and irregular, as if the advanced parties had fallen in with the enemy's pickets, and were engaging them; but it became every moment more and more serious, till at last it increased into a roar. By and by the same sounds were distinctly heard issuing from other quarters of the field, accompanied by repeated and quick discharge of artillery, till at last not a doubt could be harboured that the whole army was sharply engaged, not as assailants, but as defenders. Our commanding officer instantly called a halt. To have continued his progress at a moment when the lines were threatened, would have been to expose himself to destruction, without causing any advantage to other divisions; so he determined to take ground to the left,—that he might at least ascertain how affairs were going, before he completely and irretrievably committed himself and his party.

A rapid march of half an hour's continuance brought us to a point, from which we could obtain a correct view of the condition in which affairs stood. At the extreme left of our works was a battalion of grenadiers, at the head of which was Major Ackland, upon which a fierce attack was made by a strong body of Continentals. By and by, a second corps of Americans threw itself against the Germans, who communicated between the grenadiers and the left of the line; whilst almost at the same time the line itself was not only assailed in front, but threatened by a moving column on its flank. To check the progress of that column, the marksmen, with the light infantry that accompanied them, moved forward, and the 24th regiment coming up soon after, a fierce contest began. Of the changes of ground which now took place, it were vain to attempt any accurate or minute account. All that I recollect of the matter is, that after sustaining a tremendous struggle, the left of our regular line gave way, and the light infantry were in consequence commanded to retreat, and to form again in a certain half cleared field *en potence*. Here we were furiously assailed by Morgan's riflemen, one of the most distinguished regiments in the American service; but we held our ground stoutly, till General Fraser himself rode up, and again directed us to retire.

The truth is, that the enemy had by this time succeeded in overpowering both the right and centre of our columns; which falling back in disorder, left an open space to the Americans by which to enter the intrenched camp. General Fraser no sooner beheld how matters were going, than quitting his own charge, he galloped off towards us, and joining us to the 24th regiment, which still retained its ranks, he led us briskly towards the point which was already all but won by the Americans.

We succeeded in getting there before them, and drove them back from the very base of the parapet at the bayonet's point; but it was at the expense of one of the most valuable lives in this army, if not in the service at large. General Fraser had just enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his skilful movement crowned with success, when a musket ball pierced his side, and he fell mortally wounded into the arms of one of the men. He was instantly carried to the rear, leaving it as his last request, that we would on no account abandon the works, but defend them whilst a man remained alive, or a single cartridge continued in our pouches.

Nothing dismayed though universally grieved at the fall of this gallant officer, our people continued to maintain themselves with so much obstinacy, that the enemy were at last fain to desist, and withdrew to the distance of about half a mile from our front. Unhappily, however, the same obstinate determination not to be forced, was not shown at every point in the line. A corps of Brunswickers, at the head of which was Colonel Breyman, being attacked in their intrenchments, gave way almost at the first fire; and though covered not only by a breastwork, but by a row of stout palisades, they abandoned both, and fled in extreme confusion. The Americans were not slow in taking advantage of the panic. Desisting from further efforts against the grenadiers, as well as against ourselves, they poured in great force through the opening thus made; and the wings of our army were in consequence cut off from all communication one with another. Several attempts were indeed made to recover the lost ground, Colonel Breyman, rallying his Brunswickers, did his best to cheer them forward, and led them so far as to receive a well directed volley from the Americans; but that volley taking effect upon himself, as well as upon almost all the bravest of his officers, the regiment again broke, and no efforts of other leaders succeeded in restoring order.

It was, perhaps, a fortunate matter for us, at a juncture so critical as the present, that the increasing darkness compelled the enemy to refrain from following up their advantages. So complete was the confusion into which most of our regiments were thrown, that the consequences of another attack might have been fatal; for besides that we had lost many of our best men and officers, the survivors were universally ignorant not only of the fate of their comrades, but, I had almost said, of their own. That the Americans had carried our works, soon became generally understood; and as no one could tell where they had penetrated, or how far they had proceeded, no one rightly knew whether to regard himself in the light of a prisoner, or the reverse. Besides, the regiments were all broken and dispersed. Men were separated from their own officers, officers were separated from their own men; and whether those whom he could not discover in what he believed to be his proper place, were dead or alive, it was impossible for any individual to tell. When the firing ceased, we accordingly lay down, each man where he stood, without respect to persons; and of the fate which might await them the morrow's sun arose, all were as ignorant, as many were perfectly indifferent.

Such was our condition (I speak at present of the little corps to which I was personally attached), when a messenger arrived from General Burgoyne, directing that we should change our position, by a route which he was commissioned to point out. Our people stood instantly to their arms, and preserving a silence the most profound, passed rapidly, but in tolerable order, to the rear. By and by, we reached the stream, on the banks of which I had a few weeks ago sustained a skirmish; and crossing it by the bridge, we soon found that the army was in full retreat. But the retreat was not of long continuance. Having attained the height on which our camp formerly stood, we ascertained that there all the rest of the brigade had assembled: and piling our arms, we made ready to pass the night, in a frame of mind by no means such as need be envied.

Having nothing eatable in my haversack, nor any thing except water with which to quench my thirst, I had thrown myself down by the side of a fire, with the design of forgetting at once present troubles and future cares in sleep; when my kinsman young Fraser, whom, since the Americans last withdrew, I had not seen, suddenly stood beside me. "You must rise," said he; "this is no time for repose, and the general has need of you." I rose instantly, and prepared to accompany him. We walked on without exchanging a syllable, till we arrived at the identical house, where, after the action of the 19th, my poor friend expired; and on entering, I found that the scene which it presented on the present occasion, was not very different from that which it had presented then.

Multitudes of wounded and dying men crowded every apartment, through the midst of whom we made our way, till we gained a low door at the extremity of a long passage, where we halted. The door was ajar, and Fraser pulling me softly by the sleeve, made a motion that I should look in. I did so, and beheld standing in the centre of a small room a group of persons whom I instantly recognised as Generals Burgoyne, Reidesdel, Philips, and Hamilton. A map was lying beside them on a table, which they appeared to examine with great anxiety; though no one spoke a word for several minutes. Fraser again made a signal to keep quiet; it was obeyed, and by and by the following deeply interesting conversation began.

"Then you persist in believing that he may yet arrive in time?" observed General Philips, resuming, as it seemed, some topic which had been already discussed. "Unquestionably," replied Burgoyne; "I cannot and will not believe, that Clinton is ever capable of violating his promise. He knows that our very existence depends upon the vigour of his movements; and rely upon it, that he will not be slow to succour us. We have nothing left for it but to maintain ourselves where we are a few days longer, and trust to his exertions for the rest."

General Philips, though evidently chagrined, only shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent; but the Baron Reidesdel, taking up the discourse, exclaimed in broken English: "By Gar, General Burgoyne, if you go on thus, waiting and waiting, and doing nothing, we shall all be cut to pieces, and den no man will be able to save us. What for not go on, or go off at once?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," answered Burgoyne, in manifest agitation, "it is all very well for you, on whose heads no responsibility rests, to talk of acting with decision, and doing this or that on the spur of the moment. In God's name, how are we to retreat? In God's name, how can we advance? Is not Gates before us with twelve thousand men, flushed with this day's success, and receiving hourly reinforcements? Are not the forts in our rear taken, the opposite bank of the river guarded, our bridge no longer secure, and our provisions expended? Will any of you tell me that this army, worn out with past exertions, and dispirited from defeat, is capable of acting on the offensive? Is it conceivable that, were we to commence a retrogression this moment, we should ever reach Canada? It is absolute madness to think of moving at all. Upon this ground must we conquer or die; at least we must maintain ourselves here, till Clinton come to deliver us."

The above was spoken with so much vehemence, that the rest of the generals saw the inutilty of attempting a reply. They only looked at one another in silence; till at last, Hamilton renewed the conversation by asking, how it was proposed to make Sir Henry acquainted with the extreme peril of our situation. "You have despatched the messenger after messenger," continued he, "not one of whom, as far as we know, has ever reached his destination. Is it wise, or proper, to follow up a system, which, without bringing benefit on the army at large, causes the destruction of so many individuals?" "There is one resource left," replied Burgoyne, "to which, though I use it with reluctance, it has become necessary to have recourse. I do not think it will fail me; and if my expectations prove well grounded, then we are safe."

"Name it!" exclaimed the generals in a breath.

"There, gentlemen, you must excuse me," replied Burgoyne. "In this instance, so much must depend upon the prudence of the agent, that it were unfair towards him to create additional difficulties, by extending my confidence to any besides himself."

"Then why are we here?" asked Philips, angrily. "It is a mere mockery of a council of war, first of all to consult us, and then neither to adopt our sentiments, nor offer reasons for their rejection. For my own part, I wash my hands of all consequences, be they what they may!"

"I called you together, sir," observed Burgoyne, "with no view whatever of seeking to share with you the responsibility which I alone must bear. Neither have I solicited your advice in any thing. I simply wished to make you acquainted with my own resolutions, and the causes which led to them. I consider it better, on every account, to abide the chances a few days longer, than to rush headlong upon certain destruction; for let me remind you, that a great deal more depends upon us than a mere regard to our own preservation. From the first, ours has been a force hazarded; circumstances may occur to render its sacrifice essential. Are we not a subsidiary corps, and nothing else,—an army of diver-

sion merely? Suppose, then, we did retire at once, and though the matter is by no means probable, succeeded in reaching Canada, might not the safety of New York be compromised? No, no. Whilst the faintest hope of successful resistance continues, we must not permit Gates to detach a single man to reinforce Washington;—therefore I say again, that nothing remains for us except to abide where we are, till the effects of a plan, of the miscarriage of which I entertain little dread, be ascertained."

Whether the tone in which this was uttered, satisfied them that remonstrance was useless, or whether they were disgusted by the manner in which their advice had been received, I do not know; but Burgoyne no sooner ceased to speak, than his council withdrew. They retired through a door opposite to that behind which we were standing; and they had no sooner done so, than we entered. The general started, but recognising us instantly, held out his hand to my conductor, and exclaimed, "Ah, Fraser, how I rejoice to see you! You at least can feel for my situation; and what a situation it is! Without a hope of victory, with hardly a chance of escape, how am I to act, or where am I to turn? If I request advice or assistance from them, they cast in my teeth that my own indecision has brought about all these misfortunes; yet not one among them had the candour to speak out, when my proceedings were, what they are now pleased to term, dilatory, and my councils wavering. And even now, God alone can tell whether I act rightly. Perhaps I ought to regard the matter as hopeless, and retreat at once, whilst yet there is a chance of finding the bridge entire, and the opposite bank unoccupied."

"I am afraid, sir," replied Fraser, "that you have already gone too far to recede. To-night, no movement either to the front or rear could be made, without sacrificing your wounded, and abandoning all your stores; and to-morrow, if the enemy be the men that I take them for, we shall have other work upon our hands. Permit me to add likewise, that this is no time for indecision. You have just declared to the generals your determination of abiding the result where you are; you must not supply them with an additional handle against you, by revoking that determination, at least immediately."

"Then you overheard our deliberations?" asked the general.

"In part I did," replied Fraser, "though only in part."

"I am glad of it," exclaimed Burgoyne; "for you, at least, will do me justice, let the result be what it may. You can testify how cruelly I have been thwarted, how barbarously browbeaten, at a moment when above all others unity of councils was required. Oh, Fraser, if you value your own peace of mind, never listen to the whispers of ambition. No man can tell the miseries of command, till he has experienced them,—no man."

"But your plan, sir," said Fraser, interrupting him, and anxious, as far as might be, to conceal his agitation from me: "it is high time to think of that; and here is your messenger, ready and willing to execute your orders, or perish in the attempt."

"True, true," said the general, "I had forgotten that. If it succeeded, we may yet escape the toils;—but that if, Fraser!"

"It must succeed," exclaimed Fraser, "it cannot fail of success, provided only it be acted upon immediately. But there ought to be no farther wavering!—let the young man receive his instructions, and set forth on the instant."

The general paused, as if to consider this proposal, the varying expression of his countenance bearing testimony to the wavering nature of his thoughts. "The plan must be followed up," said he at length, "but not with unnecessary precipitation. Mr. Macdric must pass over under the eyes of both armies, and that can be done only in the day. It were madness, moreover, to set out upon so critical an adventure till the position of the enemy's posts has been ascertained; and the delay of one day more can do no great harm. Besides, the Americans may think fit to offer us battle again to-morrow, and success on our parts would render the step altogether unnecessary. Not a word, Fraser," continued he, observing that my relative was preparing to remonstrate; "my mind is fully made up; he shall not set out to-night. And now, gentlemen, to supper. Whatever my stock affords shall be laid before you; for myself, I must go forth and see how matters proceed in the camp."

The general waited not for a reply, but immediately withdrew.

"There goes as good and as brave, and withal as am-

bitious a man," exclaimed Fraser, "as any in the British army; yet no more fit to hold a separate command than the meanest sentinel who serves under him. That he possesses talent of a high order, all the world knows:—he is eloquent, humane, and as a second unrivalled; but responsibility is a load under which he cannot bear up, and hence all his natural abilities go for nothing. What a career of glory was before him, had he possessed nerve enough to follow it up; and now God grant that both he and his army become not in the end, objects of compassion to their friends, and of triumph to their enemies! But let us adjourn to my tent. I know that the poor man fares as hardly as any soldier in the line; there is something left behind, I believe, in my canteen—let us consume that, and spare his scanty stock." He turned, as he spoke, towards the door, and I followed him with the intention of being his guest for the night, both at bed and board.

CHAPTER XI.

We had arrived at the entrance hall, and were preparing to quit the house, when the sound of female voices, one in evident distress, arrested our attention. We paused, irresolute whether to enter the chamber from which the weeping proceeded, or to pass on at once to Fraser's quarters, when the door was suddenly opened, and the Baroness Reidesdel presented herself. She instantly recognised Fraser, and begged him, "for God's sake, to come in;—for I am in a sad plight," continued she. "Here is poor General Fraser dying in one corner of my room, and Lady Harriet Ackland frantic for the loss of her husband in another; besides a number of unfortunate gentlemen, all more or less severely wounded, thrown in a great measure upon my attentions." "We have no resisting this appeal; so we followed our conductress, to become witnesses of a scene, the recollection of which is not likely ever to pass from my memory.

In a small chamber, the earthen floor of which was but scantily covered with straw, lay seven officers, two of whom, the German Colonel Breynan and our own gallant brigadier, were already in the agonies of death. The colonel, whose wound was in the head, appeared to suffer no pain; a heavy breathing alone, with an occasional quiver of the lip, giving testimony that life had not departed; the general groaned audibly, like one in acute torture; and spoke from time to time with the strong voice of a man whose sufferings promised to endure many hours, though death must in the end remove them. He had received a musket ball in the side, which passed completely through the body, rupturing the stomach in its progress; and he now lingered on, a martyr to pangs as violent as such a wound was calculated to produce.* Nearly opposite to him sat, or rather reclined, Lady Harriet Ackland, on one end of a couch, her face buried in her handkerchief, and sobbing audibly; whilst the Baroness Reidesdel's children were lying, like seraphs in the midst of carol, sound asleep upon the other. Major Ackland, it appeared, had been wounded in the late action, as common rumour reported, mortally: at all events he had fallen into the hands of the Americans, and was now a prisoner. It would be hard to determine which of these persons appeared to me most deserving of compassion. The wounded men were, doubtless, suffering, many of them, all that the body can endure of torture; but Lady Harriet's was an agony of mind, in comparison of which the most acute bodily pain was trifling.

"I must go to him," cried she; "wherever he is, and whatever his fate may be, I must share it. The Americans cannot be so inhuman as to refuse permission to a miserable wife, to attend the bed of her dying husband. Oh, God, that I could but see him!—one word, one look with him, would be to me a consolation the most unspeakable."

* "About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests whom I had expected to dine with me, I saw one of them, poor General Fraser, brought upon a hand-barrow, mortally wounded. The table, which was already prepared for dinner, was immediately removed, and a bed placed near the general. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and terror, while thinking that my husband might soon also be brought in, wounded like General Fraser. That poor general said to the surgeon, 'tell me the truth; is there no hope?' His wound was exactly like that of Major Harnage; the ball had passed through his body, but unhappily for the general, he had that morning eaten a full breakfast, by which the stomach was loaded, and, as the surgeon remarked, passed directly through it. I heard other names being mentioned, and these, 'O had ambition! poor General Burgoyne! poor Mistress Fraser!' Prayers were read, after which he desired that General Burgoyne should be requested to have him buried on the next day, at six o'clock in the evening, on a hill where a breastwork had been constructed. I knew not what to do; the entrance and all the rooms were full of sick, in consequence of the dysentery which prevailed in the camp."—*Memoirs of Madame de Reidesdel*, p. 169.

It was in vain that the baroness used every soothing and consolatory expression which a compassionate heart could dictate, appealing to us, as to persons well acquainted with the truth, to confirm her assurances of the major's safety. Like Rachel weeping for her children, Lady Harriet refused to be comforted; and though we were not scrupulous in passing the rigid line of truth in a case so holy, even our asseverations were thrown away upon her. Every moment during which she was absent from her wounded husband seemed an age; and at last it was agreed upon amongst us, that to offer farther opposition would be useless. Though extremely delicate at the best, and at present far advanced in a state of pregnancy, she determined to brave all the hazards of the night, and the enemy; and, throwing a loose cloak about her shoulders, to make her way, as she best could, within the American lines. One consideration, and one only, induced her to pause for a few moments. It was suggested that a letter of recommendation from General Burgoyne to General Gates would at least secure for her civil treatment at the outposts; and as Fraser volunteered to procure that letter, she consented to remain where she was till he should return.

Whilst the unhappy lady sat in a state of comparative calmness, the attention of all present was painfully turned to General Fraser, who retained even to the last moment the feeling of the soldier and the gentleman. Though racked with bodily pain, he looked up from time to time only to express his sorrow that he should thus intrude upon the Baroness, and his sense of her extreme kindness; and then his thoughts seemed to wander to other scenes, and the name of his wife rose, as it were, involuntarily to his lips. "Oh, fatal ambition!" cried he, "of how much happiness hast thou robbed me! Alas! my poor wife,—who will comfort her when she hears of this?—and my children,—God, be thou their guardian! To thee, and to my country I commend them." Then suddenly changing his theme, he exclaimed: "Poor Burgoyne! tell him that I felt for him even in my dying moments; and say, that I made it my last request, that he should bury him in the evening, in the redoubt which crowns the hill on our right. It is a foolish wish; but I fancy that I shall sleep soundly there, because my brave fellows built it, and will, I am sure, maintain it." All this was spoken calmly, resolutely, and in the tone of one aware of his situation, and if there occasionally broke from him some hasty expression, no one could doubt that reason enfeebled by bodily pain gave birth to it. Poor fellow! he lingered on till eight o'clock in the morning, and then fell asleep.

In the mean while, Fraser had not been neglectful of the charge assigned to him, nor Burgoyne backward in furnishing the letter of recommendation to the American general. The former returned in as short a space as could have been expected, with the document in question; but the lady's grief again assumed the most distressing appearance, when he assured her that to pass the line of advanced sentries this night was impracticable. The safety of the whole army required, that for the present no intelligence of its change of ground should reach the Americans; and hence the most positive orders had been issued, that no one, on any pretence whatever, should quit the camp. As there was manifest reason in this, even Lady Harriet, as soon as the first burst of disappointment passed by, could not refuse to see it; and she strove from that moment not only to moderate her own grief, but to assist in alleviating the sorrows of her mutilated acquaintances.*

* "Lady Harriet Ackland," says General Burgoyne, "had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in difficult seasons of snow, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend, in a poor but at (humble) upon his sick bed." After describing an accident by fire, by which Lady Ackland's tent was destroyed, and every thing they had with them consumed, the General proceeds—

"This accident happened a little time before the army passed the Hudson River. It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; her progress, as she pursued the march, was the same as the advanced corps. The next night upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th, the grenadiers being liable to cut at every step, she had been directed by the major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was continuing, general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. This was the lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry, for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness de Reidesdel and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but in the event their presence served but little for com-

fort. Of the issue of this lady's interesting story, a few words will suffice to remind you. Having waited with exemplary patience till a late hour on the following day, she was forwarded with a flag of truce, and, embarking in an open boat rowed by two common sailors, proceeded down the river. Torrents of rain descended, from which alone, under other circumstances, she would have shrunk; but at present her whole soul was engrossed by one idea only, and she pushed on, reaching the point of her destination at ten o'clock at night. Fortunately for her, the American outpost in front of which she presented herself, was commanded by a brave and generous officer, Major Dearborn; who received her with all the defence due to her rank, and furnished her with such accommodations as his hut afforded. She remained there till the morning, her anxiety being in some degree relieved by his assurances that her husband's wounds were not serious; and she finally reached the American head quarters in safety, where the utmost kindness was shown to her. I need scarcely add, that the flattering accounts which she received of Major Ackland's condition, proved to be well founded. He had been shot through both legs, but was doing well; and he returned with his amiable and heroic wife to England, as soon as the army of which he formed a part, obtained its liberty. But to return to my own narrative.

Having spent some hours with the Baroness Reidesdel, and done our best to comfort both her and those about her, Fraser and myself adjourned to our original place of destination, the tent of the former. It was but a cheerless habitation, destitute of every thing which the common world calls comforts; yet we entered it with a feeling not greatly removed from satisfaction, inasmuch as we found in it at least a place of temporary refuge from scenes harrowing to the best feelings of our nature. "This is a cold welcome, Maadrick," said Fraser; "yet it is the best that I can give. I believe there still remains a morsel or two of salt juffa, with a pint of rum, or thereabouts; and since we cannot command better, why we must be content with what we have." So saying, he ordered his servant to produce viands; and though they were coarse enough, heaven knows, and far from being superabundant, we were too thankful for any means of allaying the cravings of hunger, to experience or express the slightest dissatisfaction with our fare.

Our scanty meal being finished, we naturally entered into conversation touching the state of the army, and the prospects both of it in general, and of ourselves in particular. "Perilous as your undertaking is," observed my companion, "I am by no means sure, that it is not, after all, an evitable one. It is true, that you run some risks. A single imprudent act or hasty expression will betray you, and in that case your death is unavoidable. But your imprudence must be extreme indeed, if it lead to this; and then, should you succeed, how great will be your reward! On our side, again, what is there to cheer or enliven? Twice folded in action, destitute of provisions, stores, and resources, harassed on all sides by flying bodies of the enemy, and commanded by men who know not their own minds for an hour; to what can we look forward, except to fresh disasters, and in the end perhaps to a shameful capitulation? Even your mission, on which I have hitherto counted so much, will, I am satisfied, lead to nothing. No, no, the happy moment has escaped us, and no exertions, however spirited, can now bring it back."

"Then why not say so to the general at once?" asked I.

"Because such an opinion coming from me, would deprive him of all self-command. Besides, things may fall out in our favour, of which we dream not at present;—

fort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little time after came intelligence, that Lieut. and Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood rigid in her new trials; and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the misfortune of the general calamity, the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

"The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in uncommon anxiety, not a tent, nor a shelter of any kind, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

"When the army was upon the point of moving after the battle, I received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision of passing the night in the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates's permission to attend her husband. * All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few fires, written upon dry wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

The foregoing must be familiar to many of our readers, but as it is appropriate to the subject, we trust it may not be deemed out of place.—Ed.

and whilst the shadow of a chance remains, Burgoyne must be supported."

"And supported at the expense of my honour, certainly," said I,—"perhaps of my life."

"Your honour runs no risk," replied he, "whilst you act in obedience to your chief's orders;—your life, as I have already observed, is in your own keeping."

"But why pursue this wild scheme, if things really be, as you represent them, hopeless? Why not try what an Indian can do? may I now, why not allow me an Indian for my guide? and I will set off cheerfully on the instant. It is to the pretended desertion, and to it alone, that I object."

"Will your objections cease to operate, if I lay before you convincing proofs that there is not an Indian attached to the army, who is not a traitor?"

I replied, that such a conviction would certainly go far towards allaying my scruples, and reconciling me to any thing.

"Then your scruples will not long torment you," said he. "You have observed a remarkable warrior in the general's suite,—one Eagle'swing, as he calls himself, a chief of the Six Nations."

I recollected him perfectly; indeed, it was impossible, having seen that man once, ever after to forget him. Among a people celebrated for the exact symmetry of their persons, Eagle'swing deserved to be pronounced positively handsome. Tall, graceful, formed for feats both of agility and strength, he possessed a countenance endowed with an expression of singular acuteness, and an eye which, whilst it shunned the gaze of the individual on whom it was turned, seemed to read his very thoughts, and penetrate his most secret wishes. From the opening of the campaign, he had attached himself, in a remarkable manner, to the person of the general, to whose interests he professed, and indeed appeared to be devoted; and his influence among his countrymen being allowed to be very great, the general scrupled not to bestow upon him a large portion of his confidence. Of this no secret was made; indeed, the general himself spoke openly of the Indian as one of the most useful functionaries in the army. But there were not wanting persons who viewed the red warrior with an eye of strong suspicion; and now for the first time I learned, that my relative was of the number.

"Are you aware," continued he, "that all our messengers, not one of whom has succeeded, went under the guidance of an Indian, recommended by the person? This may amount to no charge against him, I allow; yet, is it not singular, that our plans should have been so aptly frustrated this morning? I know that Eagle'swing was made acquainted with them."

"What you say," replied I, "affords strong ground of suspicion, doubtless, but suspicion is not proof. You promised me proof of the Indian's treachery—let me have it."

"On more accounts than one, I will at least make the attempt," replied he. "Take this rifle," handing me at the same time a short fuscus, and arming himself with another. "Your dirk is, I see, in your belt; now follow, and do as I do, without asking a question."

He rose as he spoke, and we sallied from the tent.

I was at no loss to conjecture that our expedition was both a secret and a hazardous one; nor did any great space of time elapse ere I discovered its object. Instead of passing openly through the camp, or along the line of advanced sentries, we struck off directly towards the rear, till we had passed head quarter house, when we turned suddenly to the right, and made for the point where the Indian huts were established. As we approached these, a double shroud of caution became necessary. Though it is not customary among the savages to preserve a regular watch in their encampments, I need scarcely say, that he who seeks to traverse them unobserved, must adopt every imaginable expedient to shun observation; for their acuteness of sense surpasses every thing of which a European can form a conception, and the slightest noise is almost sure to be overheard. With the habits of Indians, however, Fraser was familiarly acquainted. He squatted down as soon as he had arrived within a certain distance of their tents, making a motion to me to follow his example; and our approaches were thenceforth made slowly, silently, and painfully, not upon our hands and knees, but upon our bellies. In this manner we dragged ourselves over the surface of the ground at a rate so tardy, as to be ourselves scarcely aware that we made any progress, till we reached the exterior of a tent, detached from the rest, within which it was easy to perceive that several persons were assembled. Fraser touched my arm, as a signal to keep perfectly still, but to be ready for all chances;

and then gently raising one corner of the canvass, all that was within became, in a moment, perceptible.

We saw before us a group of five or six savages, conspicuous among whom was Burgoyne's confidant. They were seated round a dull fire, smoking with all the composure for which the red men are remarkable; and for many minutes after we had attained our stations, a profound silence reigned among them. At last Eagle'swing spoke. As he addressed his companions in the language of his tribe, his speech was to me without meaning; but I could perceive from the involuntary pressure of my companion's elbow against my side, that he perfectly understood it. Well pleased with this, I lay quite still, looking with intense interest at the scene before me; and truly it was not easy to conceive one more remarkable, or more worthy of a master's pencil to represent it. The persons before us were all bedizened with the war paint, which gave to their naturally savage countenances an expression absolutely ferocious. A loose cotton scarf, thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and twisted round the loins, so as to cover half the upper limb, formed the only garment which sheltered them from the influence of the weather; for the moccasins, in which their feet and ankles were wrapped, were intended rather to shield them in the rough passes of the forests, than to protect them from cold or wet. Their heads, again, bald except at the crown, were left wholly exposed, except that a bunch of feathers barbarously surmounted the knot of long black hair in which they prided themselves. They sat upon the ground, each man's tomahawk and rifle laid carefully beside him, and their attitude was illustrative at once of extreme indolence, and the capability of assuming in a moment its very opposite. A profound silence reigned whilst Eagle'swing spoke, the pipes being laid aside that nothing might call off attention; and when he concluded, an obscure sound, resembling rather the snort of a horse than any thing else in nature, gave assurance that his address had been well received. This was hint enough to Fraser. Once more he pressed against my side with his elbow; and letting the curtain fall gently, began to steal silently to the rear. I followed his example in the same manner in which he set it, and in a few moments we were sufficiently removed from the hut to permit his speaking.

"Thank God! Macdirk," said he in a low whisper, "that we took this precaution. There is no room for explanation now; but follow me, and whatever you see on my attack, be sure to aid me in destroying it. The accident shall be taken in his own snare, or I am not the man I used to be."

Without waiting for a reply, Fraser set off at a rapid pace; and I kept up with him, surprise itself being scarcely allowed to operate, so abrupt and unaccountable seemed to me the whole series of operations.

A few minutes' walk brought us to an open thicket, considerably in advance of the camp, and, as the light of the stars enabled me to distinguish, above half musket shot from the right flank of the redoubt. At the edge of the thicket stood a sentry, who challenged as we approached; but Fraser instantly squatting, caused me to do the same, and we lay motionless, and almost breathless for several seconds. By and by the man, whose attention had evidently been attracted, began to relax from his attitude of watchfulness. Casting a careful glance around, and seeing nothing, he once more shouldered his arms, and turning to his left, began to walk backwards and forwards, as he had previously done, on his post. We took care not to neglect the opportunity thus furnished. Advancing in the same quiet way in which we had approached the Indians' tent, we succeeded, after sundry pauses, in gaining the wood; and diverging as near to the soldier as prudence would allow, we lay down,—why, or for what purpose, I knew not.

We had maintained this attitude rather more than half an hour,—on my part in a state of mute astonishment, on the part of Fraser in breathless anxiety,—when the attention of both was suddenly drawn to the rear, by a low, confused, and most unearthly noise. That which roused us was not lost upon the sentry, who did as he had done when we were approaching. He halted, and challenged; but in the present instance he appeared even more speedily satisfied than formerly, for almost immediately after he resumed his walk. It was now our turn to be on the alert, and we were so. We looked abroad, and beheld a huge bear, moving slowly along the skirt of the thicket, and edging, as it were, by degrees and in short circles towards the soldier. At this instant Fraser pulled me by the coat, as if desirous that I should be prepared to act. Now the bear stood still, and now the sentinel in the ordinary course of his beat

approached it, when my companion slowly unsheathed his hunting knife, and gathered himself up for a spring. I had no time to form so much as a guess respecting his design, when all at once he rushed from his ambuscade, and the next instant was engaged in a close and desperate struggle with the animal whose extraordinary movements we had been watching. It was speedily ended. Before I could arrive to his assistance, he pierced the monster with many stabs, which, uttering a shrill cry, fell dead at his feet, and displayed the figure, not of a real bear, but of an Indian artfully disguised in the skin of a less savage animal. You will readily believe that my astonishment at this discovery was great, whilst the amazement of the sentry, who immediately recognised his officer, was not less so; but the secret was soon disclosed, and it proved to be one of the first importance.

For some time back, such odd sentinels as occupied detached and lonely stations, had been observed to disappear in a very unaccountable manner. That the men had not deserted, we had the evidence, in many cases, of their own excellent characters, in all of the positions of their posts, for believing. It was not in our advanced chain that this occurred, from which, if desertion were the object, it might most easily be attained; but invariably in solitary spots; usually in the rear, or on the flank of the camp, and always within the compass of our own ground. Numerous were the efforts made to account for the circumstance, all of which had hitherto proved unavailing. If two men mounted together, nothing of the kind occurred; if a patrol lay up in ambush, they discovered nothing, except occasionally a bear prowling near them; but as sure as one man took upon himself the duty, so sure was he never to return. This happened so frequently, that at last men became timid of mounting; nor could any but the bravest and best soldiers be persuaded to face a danger which they believed to be supernatural.

Our adventure this night unravelled the whole mystery. This bear, which had been seen so frequently, proved to be one of Eagle'swing's followers, by whose tomahawk man after man had fallen; and who, but for our opportune visit to the tent of his chief, might have pursued his bloody career to the close of the campaign.

"I told you," said Fraser to me, "that there was not an Indian in the camp who would be found, on examination, honest in any particular; and here is proof enough that I was not mistaken; and this is not all. Let us first cast this carrion where its companions may not be likely to find it, and then, as we return home, I will convince you, that if the army is to be saved at all, it must be saved by you."

As he spoke, we seized the Indian by the legs, and the sentinel lending his assistance, we soon dragged him into a close part of the thicket. That done, we left the man to his meditations, and following a course as tortuous as that which we had pursued in setting out, we arrived in due time, and in perfect safety, at the tent.

Of the conversation which followed, a few words will suffice to make you acquainted with the substance. The speech which we had overheard, and which was the cause of our extraordinary movements, contained, it appeared, nothing more than hints of some deep-laid scheme of treachery, the full object of which Fraser had been unable to discover, but to which the murder of the sentry, and the passage of the scout to the enemy's camp, were to be the prelude.

"And now," continued he, "as you professed your readiness to desert in the event of these men being found unfaithful, it remains for me only to hold you to your promise. For once, I believe that Burgoyne has acted prudently. I could not gather that the red skins knew any thing of this device, and therefore we may rest tolerably secure, that it will not be thwarted; though every thing will depend upon yourself. But it is high time to think of seeking repose. To you, and probably to me, to-morrow will be a day of no common exertion; it were a pity to enter upon it with minds and bodies enfeebled by too much watchfulness."

He drew his cloak around him as he spoke, and with as much coolness as if nothing out of the ordinary routine of events had occurred, threw himself at length upon the ground. Though in no degree affected by the drowsiness of which he complained, I instinctively followed his example; and in a few minutes a heavy breathing convinced me that he was in a state of absolute forgetfulness.

CHAPTER XII.

Being now left entirely to my own reflections, you

* The author has here introduced a circumstance which we fear has lost its novelty to American readers.—Ed.

will not be surprised to learn, that these gradually assumed a character, which, in spite of a strong sense of bodily fatigue, effectually hindered sleep from visiting my eyelids. It appeared to me as if the events of the past day, more particularly the occurrences of the last hour, were the mere creatures of a disordered fancy—dreams worked out in the fever of a morning's sleep, not realities involving the most important future consequences. The scene in the hospital, the countenance of Eagleswing, the assembly of savages, with the subsequent deed of blood, all forced themselves in the most grotesque and hideous manner back upon my recollection, till I almost doubted whether I was not even now in a trance, from which it would be a relief of no ordinary kind to awake. Then, again, the thought of what to-morrow might bring forth, was not without its influence. I felt myself pledged to an undertaking, than which I well knew that none could be devised more hazardous; and there were moments when my resolution wavered, almost to sinking, under the prospect. More than once I was tempted to repair to the general's quarters for the purpose of retracting the consent which I had given. But the recollection that my honour was engaged, that my future prospects depended on myself, and that a shrinking back now would effectually ruin them for ever—these considerations served again to steel me. Worn out at length by so many distracting considerations, I determined to think no more; and I closed my eyes firmly together, as if the shutting out of all external objects would assist in dispersing a host of painful ideas. But my efforts proving useless, I ceased to make them, and rising in a sort of desperation walked forth.

The night, which had hitherto been calm and clear, began now to assume a lowering and threatening appearance. Dark clouds were gathering in the sky, and a low moaning of wind, the prelude to a storm, came up sullenly and hoarsely from the south. I cannot tell why these circumstances should have produced the smallest effect upon me; but certain it is, that I experienced a positive relief from them. It appeared as if the tumult in my own mind had unfitted me from looking upon outward nature, except in a state of uproar; and as the wind became every moment more and more boisterous, my agitation gradually subsided. I walked about for a full hour watching the progress of the storm; and I retired at last to enjoy a sound and refreshing slumber, which the rushing of a heavy rain, and the boisterous roar of a tempest, contributed largely to produce.

Though the storm continued to rage with unabated fury, the troops, as is customary in such situations, got under arms an hour before dawn; but instead of returning to the line as soon as the day broke, they merely piled their arms, and continued on the watch. The truth is, that the enemy no sooner ascertained the evacuation of our more advanced camp, than they possessed themselves of it; pushing forward parties within musket-shot of our new alignment, between which and our pickets, as well as between several batteries on each side, an irregular fire of musketry and cannon ensued. For what purpose this desultory tirillade was kept up, it would be hard to say. On our parts, indeed, it was merely a measure of defence; for our men never fired till compelled to do so by the audacity of their assailants, and ceased again as soon as the latter withdrew; but the Americans persisted all day in drawing on useless skirmishes, which cost a few valuable lives both to themselves and us, without producing any important result. Towards evening, however, both parties appeared to grow weary of so unprofitable a waste of ammunition. The enemy, having vainly striven to drive in a post which General Burgoyne exhibited a firm determination to maintain, all at once ceased their hostilities; and from that hour till after night-fall no firing beyond a distant and random cannonade took place.

Things were in this state when Burgoyne, to whom the last wish of General Fraser had been communicated, issued orders for the assembling of a party to carry that wish into execution. As it was a matter of some moment not to attract greater notice from the Americans than might be, the troops provided for the melancholy ceremony were few in number; Fraser's Marksmen only, with a few companies of light infantry, being employed on that service. We began to muster about half past five, at the door of the house where the gallant brigadier lay, and in a quarter of an hour after, his body, wrapped up in a sheet, and covered with a horseman's cloak, was brought out upon a rude bier constructed for the purpose. Four sergeant-majors belonging to his own division, were the bearers, whose moistened eyes and dejected countenances gave testimony to the sorrow that reigned within; and the mourners were Generals Burgoyne, Philips, Rei-

desdel, and Hamilton, with many others of the highest rank attached to the army. As soon as the body appeared, the word was given to move; and a slow and mournful procession began, a few muffled drums beating the dead march, and an occasional low flourish of trumpets sounding, till, having gained the base of the hill, on the summit of which the redoubt stood, the troops opened by sign to the right and left, and the bier with its attendants went forward. At the head of this party walked Mr. Brudenel, the respectable chaplain-general of the army, who faltered forth, in a broken voice, the words "I am the resurrection and the life," till having reached the point where the grave had been dug, a general halt took place. Nothing could exceed at this moment the mournful solemnity of the scene. In the midst of a furious tempest of wind and rain, and surrounded by men whom he had often led to victory, was the gallant Fraser committed to the dust; and as if these accompaniments alone had not been sufficiently impressive for the occasion, another was speedily granted. The enemy, who had planted a battery upon a height immediately opposite to the redoubt, ignorant, no doubt, of the cause of the assembly, no sooner beheld a crowd of persons together, than they opened a heavy fire upon us. The balls struck repeatedly into the mound of soil at the edge of the grave, casting dirt into the faces both of the clergyman and his auditors, whilst the wild whistling of the gale replied in melancholy cadence to the roar of the cannon which played upon us. Strange to say, however, not a man received an injury. The service was concluded, the earth piled upon the deceased, and the customary volley having been fired, the procession returned to its place of muster in the same order which it preserved when advancing.*

By the time we regained the little area in front of the hospital, the sun had set, and the last rays of twilight were rapidly departing. The storm, however, continued to rage with unabated fury, and an occasional peal of thunder, so distant as to be with difficulty distinguished from a gust of wind, seemed to threaten that as yet it had by no means reached its height. In the midst of this terrible strife of the elements, a variety of circumstances took place, indicative of some projected change in the situation of the army. Multitudes of cars and horses, all of them loaded with baggage, began to assemble in the rear of the camp; the heaviest of the guns were quietly withdrawn from position, and several of the ammunition being broken open, a distribution was made to the quarter masters of the various corps. By and by such of the sick and wounded as were in a condition to travel, were placed, with little regard to comfort, upon wagons, whilst the women and children were collected together, and directed to accompany the hospital. These things were yet in progress when a brigade of heavy infantry wound slowly past, taking the road which leads to Fishkill and Saratoga, immediately in rear of which baggage, heavy artillery, sick, wounded, and women, began their confused but silent march.

I was contemplating these movements with an eye of no common interest, when a sergeant called away my attention to other matters, by reminding me that the marksmen were ordered to relieve one of the outposts on the left of the line, and close to the river. The latter corps had already assembled for the purpose, and I joined it just as it was preparing to move from its ground. There was nothing beyond the ordinary routine of duty in the events which immediately followed. We traversed the camp, every corner of which seemed in a state of active bustle, and reached our station in safety, of which we took possession with all the form, or rather with the absence of all form, which characterises such proceed-

* "We were informed," says Madame de Reidesdel, "that General Burgoyne intended to comply with General Fraser's last request, and to give him a burial at his own tent, in the place he had designated. This occasioned an useless delay, and contributed to our military misfortunes. At six o'clock the corpse was removed, and we saw all the generals, with their retinues, on the hill assisting in the funeral service. The English were covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain, to the last of life, upon the mind of every man who witnessed the scene. The general was buried in decency, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy many virtues, their progress and their period find due distinction; and long may they survive—long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."—Ed.

ings; and our sentries being planted, Fraser and myself sat down beside a little watch-fire, apart from the men.

It was now very late, after having carefully ascertained that no curious ears were by, that my kinsman began to concert with me the more minute details of our project. He assured me that the moment for carrying it into execution had at length arrived; that farther delay would render it, even if successful, of no avail; and that the facilities afforded by our present situation of accomplishing one great point in it might not occur again. Finally, he put into my hand a piece of dirty paper, covered with such scrawls as children usually produce, as my letter of commendation to General Clinton, and urged me with great vehemence to desert on the instant. I could not hold out against his persuasions: I consented, and having done this, it was no hard matter to prevail upon me to make the act of desertion as palpable as possible. The following is the method which was adopted for that purpose.

About midnight, or perhaps half an hour before, it fell to my turn to visit the sentries. I had risen from beside the fire, and was already advanced some paces on my progress, when Fraser called me back, and speaking loudly, so as to be overheard by the men, desired that a patrol should accompany me. To this I objected as useless; but on his urging the matter warmly, and recommending that a reconnaissance be made to the front, I consented, though with much apparent reluctance. The consequence was, that a corporal with four privates became my companions, as they were afterwards zealous witnesses to my treachery. It was not a very hard matter to deceive these honest fellows. Perfectly unsuspecting of any sinister design, and accustomed to pay implicit obedience to their superiors, they were easily directed to act so as to serve the great object in view, without greatly endangering my personal safety. I led them just beyond the line of videttes; when, pretending that it would be more prudent to feel our way singly, I caused them to separate. This done, we all advanced, when, gradually drawing near the corporal, I began to tamper with him, as if desirous of making him a companion in my flight. For a while, the man either did not or would not understand me; he answered vaguely and confusedly, sometimes not appearing to see through my design at all, at others treating my proposals as a joke. At last I told him plainly, that I intended to abide by a raised army no longer; our cause was a falling one—there was nothing to be gained by farther adherence to it, every thing by adopting an opposite policy. The poor fellow stopped on hearing this declaration, and asked whether I were really serious; "Never more so in my life," answered I. "I am so far on my way towards the American lines, and I invite you to accompany me."

"Not if a captain's commission were my reward," answered the brave man; "nor shall you pass, if I have the power to prevent it!"

I had anticipated this, and, before he could bring his rifle to the present, I seized and endeavoured to wrest it from him. A brief struggle ensued, during which the piece exploded; and as I knew that the report would bring the patrol instantly upon me, I relinquished my hold and fled. The corporal pursued, shouting loudly to his comrades; but as I was more lightly equipped, as well as fleet of foot, I speedily left him behind; and the excessive darkness favouring me, I was soon beyond the reach of capture. Several shots were indeed fired, the balls from which flew very wide of their mark; and in ten minutes after the final arrangement of my plan, I was to all intents and purposes a deserter.

Animated by the good fortune which had so far attended me, I pressed forward in better spirits, and with higher hopes of ultimate success than I had yet ventured to encourage. Not that I was yet free from hazard; there was at least as much danger of falling by the hands of the enemy's patrols, as there had been from our own; nevertheless I felt confident that no calamity would befall me; and I was not deceived. A short walk of little more than a mile, brought me in front of an American outpost. I was challenged as a matter of course. I answered as the predicament in which I stood directed; and it having been ascertained that I was alone, permission was given me to advance. I did so, and for the first time in my life, found myself amidst a group of persons, every one of whom naturally looked upon me with an eye of suspicion.

The treatment of deserters is, in all armies, and under all circumstances, pretty much the same. The officer in command of the outpost having deprived me of my arms, and satisfied his own curiosity as to the corps to which I had belonged, the state of the British army, and the motives which led to my abandoning it, despatched me

under an escort to the field officer of the night; who, after compelling me to go again through the same ordeal, gave orders that I should be conducted without delay into the presence of General Gates. I was accordingly led over ground with every foot of which I was but too well acquainted, though the arrangements introduced upon it were, indeed, very different from those which I had previously witnessed. The enemy now occupied the site of the encampment from which we had been compelled to retire on the 7th. Instead, however, of a scanty line of tents, barely sufficing to maintain a loose communication from flank to flank, I beheld the whole surface of the country swarming with troops; whilst wigwags, blanket huts, marquees, and other temporary domiciles, were every where huddled together in dense and disorderly confusion. Hundreds of fires, likewise, were blazing, round which many companies, apparently destitute of shelter, were reposing.

Guns, tumbrils, ammunition carts, and other carriages, blocked up every avenue; and the neighing of horses sounded from all quarters, as if these animals had been extremely abundant. It would have been a striking spectacle at any time, no matter how the individual might be circumstanced that looked upon it; but to me it possessed a more than ordinary interest. I could not but painfully contrast the strength of the enemy with our weakness, as I passed, not without difficulty, from lane to lane; and I arrived at last in front of a spreading marquee, perfectly satisfied that even Sir Henry Clinton's diversion, if made at all, would hardly serve to deliver Burgoyne from the ruin that hung over him.

The tact towards which our steps were turned, stood considerably apart from all others, and occupied the orchard from which the light troops had retired previous to the assault upon our lines late in the evening of the 7th. At no great distance from it, though far enough removed to hinder a conversation from being overheard, sat a band of some ten or twelve dismounted troopers, smoking and chatting beside a large fire, the horses being picketed close beside them; whilst three sentinels paced backwards and forwards on all sides of it, so as to hinder any persons from approaching till they should have been previously examined. By these we were, of course, stopped; but my guide having explained his business, the sergeant was called, and we were conducted to the guards' station, where we sat down. Nor, to say the truth, was the pause thus granted by any means unacceptable. I was well aware that, in order to effect my proper object, it would be necessary to impose upon General Gates a story somewhat different from that which had amused his subordinates; and though I had pretty well arranged beforehand all that I intended to say, still the prospect of a few moments to collect my thoughts appeared far from being unpleasant. But it is no easy matter, under any circumstances, to obtain leisure for thinking in the company of North Americans; nor was I more favored in this respect than others. Endless questions were put to me, all of which I found it necessary to answer, till at last the return of the messenger, who had gone to make the general acquainted with my arrival, was looked forward to as a positive relief from immediate vexations.

No great space of time elapsed ere he arrived, bringing with him an order for my introduction into the presence. This was speedily obeyed; and I found myself the next minute standing in the heart of our enemy's camp, face to face with the officer commanding his legions. The marquee, though large, was a plain one. It was lined with a sort of blue striped cloth, and contained no other furniture besides a truckle bed, a table, with two stools; and a solitary lamp, suspended from the cross pole, shed a not very brilliant light through it. The light was, however, strong enough to permit me to observe, that the individual before me possessed a handsome countenance and a commanding person. His age appeared to be about fifty, perhaps a year or two under; and his manners were at once courteous, gentlemanlike, and easy. There was no hauteur, nor the slightest affectation of hauteur about him; indeed, the readiness with which he invited me to sit down, and the familiarity with which he opened our conversation, struck me as passing, rather than keeping too much within, the line of dignity. It was easy to perceive from his style of dress, that if he had lain down at all, it must have been in his clothes. But for the absence of his coat, for which a loose night-gown was substituted, he appeared ready to mount his horse at a moment's notice; and a multitude of papers scattered upon his table, implied that his moments of solitude were not spent idly.

It is not worth while to lengthen out my story by detailing in full the particulars of the conversation which

ensued. Enough is done when I inform you, that General Gates, though affecting all the while the most perfect indifference, did his best to draw from me a true account of the situation of the British army; and that I took good care to mix up just so much truth with falsehood, as at once to screen myself should the latter be detected, whilst by the former, I conveyed no information calculated to injure my friends. With respect to the causes which led to my desertion, I stated that they were chiefly of a private nature, wrongs having been put upon me by my superiors, such as I did not choose to brook; and I was particularly cautious not to drop a hint which might lead my interrogator to suppose that there existed in General Burgoyne's camp a spirit either of alarm or dissatisfaction. Nay, I went farther. I assured him with as great an air of candour as I could possibly to assume, that even now I was but a half convert from loyalty; and that though I had abandoned the king's standard, nothing should ever induce me to carry arms against my countrymen. In conclusion, I entreated his permission to retire to Philadelphia, where certain relatives by my mother's side were settled; and where I might follow the peaceable course of life which I had determined to adopt.

The general heard me out with great patience, and without the faintest apparent reduction of his good humour. He expressed his surprise, indeed, that I should be ignorant of matters which he very soon convinced me were well known to himself; but he threw out no insinuation as if he distrusted, far less that he had penetrated my real designs. This was particularly the case on my denying all knowledge of an intended retreat during the night. "All my spies have assured me," said he, "that the British columns are in full march; and my very patrols assert, that they have heard the rolling of gun carriages over the noise of the storm."

"It may be so," replied I, "but I deserted, as your excellency already knows, from a distant outpost; and I assure you, that, when I quitted it at least, nothing of the kind was spoken of there."

"Nay, and their boats and batteaux," continued he, without noticing my reply, "are all in motion. There has been a splashing of oars in the water since sunset: did you not say that your post lay upon the bank of the river?"

General Gates was perfectly right. Our boats had begun to move much earlier, and much more incautiously than they ought to have done, inasmuch that the tumult occasioned by them, had been distinctly audible to our advanced sentries. I could not therefore deny the fact; but I endeavored to convince him, that such was the discipline maintained in the British army, that neither inferior officers nor privates—that no persons indeed, except those directly attached to head quarters, knew either of the designs of its chief, or of the objects of any particular movements.

"Perhaps so," replied he; "yet other deserters have asserted, that the retrogression was openly spoken of in the lines, so early as noon."

"That," answered I confidently, "is altogether a mistake. I myself was accidentally an ear witness to the proceedings of a council of war, which, no later than the night of the 7th, came to the determination that the army should hold its ground till supported."

"And from whence?" asked General Gates. I felt that I had committed myself; but I at once said, "From the highlands, which, we are given to understand, are even now in the possession of a strong force from New York."

The general looked at me more keenly than he had yet done. "You overheard this decision?"

"I did."

"Then what might be the meaning of that abortive concentration in the redoubt on the right of your line, towards dusk?"

I explained that also to him—"A general party!" exclaimed he; "Why did your funeral conceal the fact from me? Had I been aware of it, he would have met with no interruption from our artillery." I assured him that the fire had occasioned no loss; and he expressed himself pleased at the intelligence.

"Well, sir," continued he, "as you are the bearer of no very important or authentic news, I cannot profess the same satisfaction at your arrival amongst us, which I should have done had the case been otherwise; but every convert from the principles of slavery to those of freedom, is welcome in the American camp. With respect to your intended removal to Philadelphia, that will be a matter for future consideration. You shall not be compelled to bear arms any where, least of all against those whom you designate your countrymen; it is not the custom in a free country to compel any man to serve

against his inclination; but for the present, you must be content to remain quietly in camp. What you have heard respecting the advance of a force from New York is not without foundation. Such a force is at this moment in progress up the Hudson; and should you fall into the hands of any stragglers belonging to it, your fate would be certain. But it comes too late to bring any benefit to General Burgoyne. Though you have not told me, I can tell you, that his case is hopeless. His troops are dispirited, his stores are exhausted, his sick and wounded will be abandoned before to-morrow. Next day I shall overtake him endeavouring to force his way across the river; and on the day following, he will be my prisoner.—And now you may retire."

General Gates made a signal to the sentry, who immediately led me back to the body guard, by the commander of whom I was conducted to a tent already more than adequately filled by American dragoons. Here a blanket was spread for me upon the ground; and here I spent the remainder of the night, in a frame of mind such as you may imagine more easily than I could describe.

CHAPTER XIII.

I had slept but little, and as a necessary consequence felt but little refreshed, when a loud rolling of drums and braying of trumpets roused me. The Americans, it appeared, whatever their merits in other respects might be, were hearty admirers of such of the king of Prussia's standing rules as it lay within the compass of their imperfect discipline to obey, and beat their reveilles and tattoos just as regularly in camp before the enemy, as in garrison, when no enemy was within a hundred miles of them. The tumult of warlike instruments to which I now listened, gave, it appeared, the signal for their troops to stand to their arms; and it was obeyed, if neither silently nor very orderly, still with promptitude, and much apparent willingness.

Like the rest of the army, the troopers among whom I had been lodged, sprang to their feet at the first summons. The horses, which had been picketed during the night under the slope of some broken ground, and had suffered considerably from exposure to the weather, were speedily rubbed down, saddled, and in order; whilst the men themselves, buckling on their accoutrements, took post beside them in readiness for service. Nothing, however, occurred for some time. It was still pitchy dark, and though the wind had fallen, the rain still came down in torrents, rendering every species of fire-arms in a great measure unserviceable. These causes necessarily operated against an advance; but I learned, that patrols were sent forward with a view of discovering whether or not Burgoyne had really quitted his position; and the boisterous exultation of these about me soon gave proof that the retreat of the British army had been ascertained.

In the mean while day gradually dawned, bringing before me, as the light increased, one of the most remarkable spectacles which it has ever been my fortune to behold. The tents, marquees, and blanket huts, which had abounded on my arrival, were all gone; they had been struck at the first beat of drum, and were now packed upon bat-horses and cars in rear of the lines. On the ground which they formerly covered stood numerous columns of infantry, supported here and there by a few squadrons of horse; guns and tumbrils, limbered up and in order, occupied the intervals, whilst groups of general and staff officers were riding backwards and forwards, for the purpose, as it seemed, of ascertaining that matters were in a proper train, or of rectifying such errors as might be detected. Of course, the appearance and bearing of the troops now around me presented a very remarkable contrast to those of the army which I had just quitted. Very few American corps seemed to be complete in any species of equipment; fewer still were clothed in a garb at all resembling a uniform. The Continentals, as their regular regiments were denominated, wore indeed blue coats, and their belts, pouches, and firelocks, seemed to be made after the same fashion; but the under portions of their dress varied in the most grotesque manner, whilst their hats seemed to have been gathered from a hundred different fads where a hundred different nations had fought. With respect to the militia, again, nothing could exceed the clownish air that distinguished them. They were arrayed, some in the costume of their every day occupations, some in hunting dresses, some in a sort of patchwork uniform, partly English, partly French, whilst not a few would have been absolutely naked, but for blankets which they fastened about them, by thrusting their heads through a hole in the middle. In like manner, their arms and accoutrements bore little resemblance to those usually carried by soldiers. Long fowling pieces and short rifles

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appeared in the same platoon, and even side by side. One man carried his ammunition in a leather bag slung at his back, another preferred a shot-belt, whilst a third was contented to make use of his pocket; and as to bayonets, not one in a hundred possessed such a weapon, or bore a musket capable of receiving it. A very great number were, however, armed with long knives, which hung in tight waist belts; and several carried tomahawks, in the use of which I was given to understand that they were not less skilful than the Indians.

In spite, however, of the total absence of all pretensions to regularity, the American army was not to be despised; or treated, even in idea, as a mere mob. It is true that in the niceties of parade movements, very few, even of the Continental regiments, could boast of much proficiency; but they all, militia as well as regulars, seemed capable of preserving a good line, and of marching in column with strict attention to distances. Moreover, it was easy to perceive, that they entertained the fullest confidence both in themselves and their leader. They conversed freely, it is true, in the ranks; the militia, in particular, appeared to set all attempts to preserve quiet at defiance; but their conversation was bold, manly, and proud, implying not only a readiness, but an ardent desire to be led into action. Then as to numbers, I should conceive that this single parade ground contained a force of not less than ten or twelve thousand men; and I knew, from a variety of sources, that large detachments had been made, for the purpose of harassing and impeding the retreating army. Now the British general could not at this moment bring into the field more than three thousand five hundred men fit for duty;—what probability was there, in case General Gates should act with promptitude, that the former could escape destruction?

With this strong impression upon my mind; and with the firm assurance that General Gates needed but to push forward in order to fulfil the threat which he had lately uttered, I experienced no slight relief when I was told that the American army could not for one day at all events, probably for a greater space of time, quit its ground. By some oversight or other, the proper authorities had forgotten to furnish the men with provisions; and their last morsel having been consumed before noon on the 8th, no movement could be made till a fresh supply should be issued out. The consequence was, that though of the position which Burgoyne had abandoned, as well as of about three hundred sick and wounded men whom his necessities had compelled him to leave behind, General Gates took possession, and though he pushed light parties along the Dovecot road, by whom several guns, which had upset on the march, and a good deal of baggage, were captured, the mass of his army was paralysed; and he saw himself in the unpleasant situation of a huntsman whose hounds drop the trail at the very moment when he considered himself secure of his prey.

To me, on the other hand, no contingency could have happened more cheering or consolatory. The intelligence communicated last night relative to the advance of a force from New York, was not forgotten;—could I but reach that force in time, Burgoyne might yet be saved. I knew that the attempt would be attended with imminent risks; yet that fail, and I be recaptured, my fate was inevitable; yet the object in view was an important one, and I resolved to devote myself to its attainment. From that moment all my thoughts were turned to the devising of some plan by which the vigilance of my guards might be eluded; and the following was the result of my cogitations.

Though exceedingly attentive in every other respect, the Americans, probably from the absence of power to act otherwise, had not furnished me with any change of habiliments since I arrived among them. My own, as I need scarcely say, were saturated with the rain; I had slept in them thus, and thus they continued to hang about me: it was not, therefore, a very gross demand upon their credulity to pretend that a severe illness was the consequence. I began to shiver, drew close to the fire, spoke abruptly, and exhibited other symptoms of indisposition, till at last the men, to whose charge I had been intrusted, became impressed with the idea which I wished them to receive. My case was immediately reported in the proper quarter, and an order arrived for my removal to the hospital. All this was exactly as I desired it to be. About ten o'clock in the day, I was

placed with a detachment of sick in a covered wagon; and before nightfall, found myself an inmate of a large mansion on the outskirts of the neat and flourishing town of Albany.

So far my project had been crowned with success. I was freed from the vigilance of men whom it was not easy to deceive, and advanced twenty miles upon the journey which it behoved me to accomplish; but the difficulties which still stood in my way, were of a nature not to be contemplated without the most serious apprehension. In the first place, I was a patient in a public hospital, every room and ward in which was crowded with sick and wounded, nurses, and medical attendants; whilst a military guard regularly kept watch over it, and sentinels patrolled backwards and forwards in front of either entrance. In the next place, I was at once ignorant of the route which it would be necessary to follow, and destitute of means of subsistence by the way; for the high road would, I apprehended, prove impassable, in consequence of the great traffic which at present prevailed; and to purchase provisions any where, would unavoidably expose me to interruption. Nevertheless, the die was cast. I shut my eyes, as far as it was possible so to do, against the contemplation of danger; and turned my undivided attention to the discovery of some method of escape from Albany.

For the first day or two, every attempt to quit my ward was strictly prohibited. I was pronounced by the illiterate blockhead who attended me, to be labouring under a raging fever, and the slightest exposure to cold would, he declared, inevitably cause death. It was to no purpose that I professed myself convalescent; he knew the state of my body a great deal better than I, and he purged, bled, and otherwise tormented me, till I almost caught the disease which it had hitherto been my business to counteract. I need not pretend to describe what my feelings were under such circumstances. A thousand times I cursed my own short-sightedness, in having fallen upon a device, which, instead of advancing, threatened entirely to disconcert my project; and many and varied were the schemes which I pondered with a view of extricating myself from my present embarrassments. Of these, the first and most obvious was, to leap the window by night, and to trust to chance, and the lightness of my own heels, for escape; but the window, on examination, proved to be closely fastened round, besides being secured on the outside by strong iron bars. Next, I thought of seizing the miscrant, and compelling him, by a threat of instant death, to guide me beyond the town; but that, too, would have been impossible, inasmuch as the room was occupied by at least a dozen persons in addition to myself. Finally, though quite alive to the disastrous consequences of delay, I learned to yield to circumstances over which I possessed no control; and during the whole of the 10th, 11th, and part of the 12th, I continued a close prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the mean while, rumour after rumour, touching the state of affairs both in front and rear, poured in upon us, as rivers whose banks are cut asunder inundate a level district. One day we learned that the American army was in close pursuit of Burgoyne, whom it was manoeuvring to surround in a position which he had assumed on the heights above Saratoga. By and by, we were informed that General Fellows, with a brigade of one thousand five hundred men, had passed the Hudson, and taking post at the ford by which the British must necessarily cross, cut them off from all chance of retreat by the route which they had followed in advancing. Next it was asserted, not only that Fort Edward, but that Fort George, the Carrying-place and Ticonderoga itself had fallen, and that every avenue of escape was effectually blocked up against the ill-fated invaders. All these rumours occasioned, as you may well believe, extravagant rejoicings among the men by whom I was surrounded; but there came in one at last which affected them very differently, and rendered me more than ever desirous of escaping, if I could, from my detestable prison.

It might be about three or four o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th, when a crowd of country people entered the town, with intelligence that a formidable expedition, both of land and naval forces, was advancing from New

York. Forts Montgomery and Clinton had both been carried by assault; Fort Constitution, abandoned by its garrison, was taken possession of; and Governor Clinton, the republican commandant on the station, being unable to hold his ground, there was nothing in the way to prevent the British leader from pushing direct upon Albany. Great, indeed, was the consternation which this report occasioned, of the correctness of which no one appeared to entertain a doubt; in addition to such a height was the alarm carried, that preparations began immediately to be made for the evacuation of the place.

The confusion attendant upon these proceedings presented to me at length the opening for which I had so long panted. Our guards, more anxious to hear the news, than careful of the trust reposed upon them, not only abandoned their posts, but left every door open. Medical men, nurses, and attendants were all agape; and the very sick themselves, such of them, at least, as were at all able to move, went abroad in search of particulars which they had no means of learning within. I saw my opportunity at once, and I hesitated not to avail myself of it. Hastily throwing on my clothes, and arming myself with a carving knife, I made a desperate rush from the ward, and hurrying down stairs, I gained the open air before my design could be guessed at. Once there, however, and for a time all difficulties were at an end. It is true that crowds of persons blocked up the street, hurrying to and fro in every direction; but all appeared too much occupied with business of their own to pay any attention to me. I walked through the heart of them with a steady and deliberate step, unheeded and unchallenged, and gained the high road, which leads from Albany to Kingston, without a single accident befalling to agitate or alarm me.

Now then I began, as it were, to breathe with freedom. Casting an anxious look behind, and seeing no one in pursuit, I quickened my walk into a sort of jog trot, which gradually became a run,—till at last I found myself scampering along at a rate which, had it been practicable to maintain it, must have soon carried me beyond the danger of recapture. Unfortunately, however, the severe discipline which I had undergone for no purpose, produced the very same effect which would have attended it had it been really required. I was feeble to a degree of which, till my strength was tried, I could have had no conception; and at the end of a couple of miles found, to my extreme sorrow, that my usual ability to endure fatigue had departed. I was compelled through absolute exhaustion, not only to slacken my pace, but to sit down; and I need scarcely say, that I did so in a state of violent mental excitation, which took away, in no trifling degree, from the benefits which might have otherwise attended the measure.

It seemed, however, that after so many trials, fortune was resolved at last to favour me. Not a human being made his appearance as far as my eye could reach, and I rose again soon after the sun had set, to continue my journey. As I felt myself in some measure safe, that is to say, as I could discover no danger immediately at hand, I trudged on at once more leisurely and in better spirits, determined to halt no where, as long as my limbs would perform their duty. It was a lovely night. The moon shone with uncommon brilliancy in a sky clear and cloudless, and the air, quiet as the breathing of an infant asleep, scarcely moved the foliage, which in great abundance shaded the road. My route, too, by through a district, the singularly beautiful and romantic appearance of which could not be contemplated, even in my present perilous situation, with indifference. I need scarcely remind you, that the road from Albany to Westport, in what are called the Jersey highlands, conducts the traveller in a direction exactly parallel with the course of the Hudson,—stretching sometimes along the very margin of the river, and never diverging above half a mile from its bank.

Along this romantic road, and through this romantic country, I held my course. There was a perfect silence around me, which neither the whispering of leaves, nor the monotonous rush of water, could be said with strict propriety to disturb. Few and far between were the human habitations which I passed, in none of which the faintest symptom of living inhabitants could be discerned; nay, I traversed several villages, without meeting with a

solitary traveller, or beholding the glimmer of a solitary taper in a single dwelling.

As I pursued my journey at a tolerably brisk pace, halting but rarely, and then only for a few minutes at a time, I calculated that full thirty miles had been accomplished when the first streaks of dawn showed themselves. I was then approaching a village, the name of which I afterwards ascertained to be Loonenburgh; and feeling both exhausted and hungry, I determined, after a few minutes spent in deliberation, to ask for shelter and food from some of its inhabitants.

I accordingly pushed forward, so as to enter the place just as the sun rose; and seldom have I beheld a more attractive scene than his early rays rendered visible. The hamlet itself consisted of about ten or twelve dwellings, constructed, after the manner of the country, entirely of wood. It was impossible to look upon the surrounding scene without contrasting painfully the condition of the district as it now stood, with what it probably would become, in case my mission produced its desired effect. However well-disposed the leader of an invading force may be, and I did not doubt that our commander was disposed to protect the country to the utmost, it is not, as I well knew, practicable to hinder the followers of an army, if not the army itself, from committing acts of outrage and rapine; and I sickened as I thought of the ruin which, in all probability, hung over a spot at present so flourishing. Nevertheless, this was no time for the indulgence of feelings, very amiable, no doubt, though not very profitable. I suppressed mine almost as soon as they arose, and walking forward to the cottage which stood furthest in the direction of my route, I knocked loudly for admission.

It had struck me as somewhat remarkable, that though every other living thing was alert and on the move, not a human being seemed awake when I entered the village. Persons whose habits correspond with those of the inhabitants of Loonenburgh, seldom lie in bed after the sun has risen; and hence it was not without surprise that I found myself unsaluted as I traversed the common. My astonishment was, however, greatly increased, when, after knocking repeatedly, no notice was taken of the signal; and I came at last to the conclusion that the place was abandoned. With this impression on my mind, I was about to resume my progress, when accidentally looking up, I beheld a human countenance peeping at me, with evident caution, from behind a window curtain. I waved my hand to make the individual aware that his proceeding had been detected; and shouting loudly that I was a traveller sorely in want of rest and refreshment, I stood still to await the event. My appeal was not lost upon the person to whom it was made. In a few seconds I heard a step in the passage, which was followed by the creaking of a bolt in its socket; and the door being opened, an old man presented himself with a ready invitation for me to enter. I was not slow in accepting it, but followed my conductor at once into a snug parlour, where the means of satisfying hunger were speedily set before me.

As soon as the cravings of appetite were removed, I began to question my host as to the cause of his own apprehensions in particular, and the deserted appearance of the village in general. He answered cautiously and with apparent reluctance, throwing out hints of danger from all sides, and employing the expression "the enemy" in so many contradictory fashions, that it was impossible to guess to which party he intended it to apply; but I gathered pretty well, that the people of Loonenburgh dreaded the republican, not less than they feared the royal troops, and more than half suspected, that in their hearts they were loyalists. The most acceptable intelligence, however, which I obtained from him was, that a fleet and army, under General Vaughan and Commodore Wallace, were in successful and rapid progress up the Hudson, and that their arrival at Loonenburgh itself might be expected by the morrow at the latest. No time was granted to question the evidence upon which the above rumour rested, ere it received a direct and most unexpected confirmation. The old man was yet speaking, when the roar of a distant cannonade became audible, which he pronounced at once to arise from an attack by the British squadron upon the American works at Asopus.

I cannot pretend to describe the effect which that most sublimis of all earthly sounds produced upon me. I sprang to my feet with energies supernaturally renewed, and thrusting a piece of money into my host's hand, made ready on the instant to pursue my journey. What had I now to fear? Ten miles of level road alone divided me from the great goal of my wishes; and if fortune only favoured me as she had hitherto done, these

would be compassed within the space of three hours at the farthest. The old man watched my proceedings with a subdued but sagacious look, and penetrated, beyond a question, into my character and designs in a moment—though he said nothing to imply this, but wishing me a pleasant journey, led me to the door, and deliberately bolted it after me.

With a step light and buoyant, in spite of the fatigues of the previous night, I pressed forward. Five minutes' walk carried me clear of the village; and I was already half way across the cultivated land, when accidentally looking back, I beheld, to my horror and dismay, a party of mounted soldiers advancing along the road behind me. That I became visible to them at the same moment, there was no cause to doubt; for though when I first caught sight of them they moved leisurely and at a walk, they immediately put their horses to a trot, and rode towards me. What was to be done? Had this accident occurred at almost any other point, I might have found shelter in the woods, and there baffled pursuit; but now I was in the middle of an open plain, to traverse which, before I should be overtaken, appeared impossible. Despair, however, gave me courage. I knew that should I fall into their hands nothing could save me. I determined to make one effort for my own preservation, and I ran with all the speed of which I was master towards the nearest thicket.

I had no sooner quickened my pace than a shout arose, which, beyond all question, marked me as the object of hot and desperate pursuit. This, for the first moment or two, acted as a stimulus to fresh exertions; but the race was a very unequal one, for I was worn down with past exertions, enfeebled by my sufferings in the hospital, and quite incapable of keeping long at the top of my speed. Already I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs in my rear, which approached every instant nearer and nearer, whilst the friendly thicket towards which my steps were turned seemed to increase rather than diminish its distance from me. I became desperate. I looked behind—the nearest dragon was within two hundred yards of me, whilst the wood was fully five hundred ahead; and as my strength and breath were both rapidly failing, I gave myself up for lost. At this moment a chance appeared, faint, indeed, but still within the possibility of attainment; and I grasped at it. A shallow ditch, or rather drain, ran through the middle of the field across which I was running, and by bending a little to the left, I saw that I could intercept a hedge-row between me and my pursuers. I did so, and no sooner shut them out from sight than I plunged into the drain. There I lay pressed closely to the bottom, my person being barely screened by the low edges, in a state of itching which my imagination itself cannot now conjure up, far less my powers of description delineate.

I had barely time to act thus, when the thunder of horses' hoofs became more and more terrible. Voices, too, were heard in loud and triumphant clamour, till the whole troop swept by within fifteen feet of the spot where I lay. How I listened to the reedding noise of the chase! with what an agony of joy my heart beat, as it became every instant less audible! till at last I ventured to look up, and received the assurance that my pursuers were gone. Now then was the time for me to act. I did not dare to rise, because I saw at a glance, that any attempt to traverse the open country must expose me, in case of their return, to immediate detection; but judging from the direction in which it ran that the drain would lead to the river, I resolved to follow it. I accordingly dragged myself along upon my belly a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, moving with extreme caution and no little difficulty; and my labours were amply recompensed by the conclusion to which they led. I had not been mistaken as to the termination of the drain. It not only ended at the river, as I had supposed it would, but conducted me to a spot where a small boat, with a couple of oars, lay moored to the stump of a tree. In an instant the cord which fastened it was cut; in the next I sprang into it; and plying the oars with all my might, I was soon far beyond the reach of my mounted pursuers.

Such was the last adventure worth recording, which befell me during this memorable campaign. The Hudson having been cleared of all American craft, by the reported advance of the British squadron, I met with no interruption during my solitary voyage, and I reached Kingston in safety a little before noon, in front of which Commodore Wallace lay at anchor. I was received by both the naval and military commanders with the consideration which I had reason to expect from them. My credentials were examined and approved, my story listened to with patience, and a promise made that General Burgoyne's requisition would be attended to in due time.

That time, however, never arrived. The 13th had been consumed in the capture of Kingston; the 14th was devoted to its destruction; the 15th was spent I know not how; and on the 16th orders to march on the morrow were issued; but before that morrow came, the last act in this humiliating drama had been acted. Authentic intelligence reached the general, of the treaty which rendered Burgoyne and his brave army conventional prisoners to the Americans; and he returned with all possible precipitation, crest-fallen and humiliated, to New York.

END OF SARATOGA.

From Sir Richard Phillips's "Million of Facts."

The dwarf Jeffrey Hudson, was 3 feet 9, and Count Borowski 2 feet 4 inches.

A female who in 1829 was 42 years of age, and resided at Pynacre near Delph, had, from disease, not eaten any thing since 1818, nor drank any thing since 1820. Total exhaustion was prevented by damp wrappers.

In 1800, a French prisoner at Liverpool exhibited a most extraordinary propensity to devour nauseous diet, particularly cats, of which in one year he eat 174, many of them while alive.

An Esquimaux boy, supplied by Captain Parry, eat in one day 10½ lbs. of solid food, and drank of various liquids 1½ gallon. A man of the same nation eat 10 lbs. of solids, including two candles, and drank 1½ gallon, yet they were only from 4 to 4½ feet high.

During the last great plague in London, one pit was dug in the Charter House, 40 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, and in a fortnight received 1114 bodies. During this dire calamity, there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to these public graves; and of people delicious, or in despair for the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive into these pits.

Dr. Lettsom ascribed health and wealth to water, and happiness to small beer, and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits: making of the whole a moral thermometer. The Abbé Gallani ascribes all social crimes to animal destruction, thus—treachery to angling and ensnaring; and murder to hunting and shooting; and he asserts "that the man who would kill a sheep, an ox, or any unsuspecting animal, would kill his neighbour, but for the law."

Among the mammalia, man only has but one thumb.

Such is the force of education, and so much are men what the habits of infancy make them, that in spite of the conceits of the English, when Florida was ceded to England by a treaty with Spain, in 1769, the whole of the Spanish population left the province and towns, except one in a single town and another single in the woods. The same feeling was exemplified by some inhabitants of Nova Zembla, who, on being brought to Denmark, and clothed and fed with every luxury of civilization, so pined for their return to their own inhospitable desert, that some of them died before they could be sent back. Something like this strong principle doubtless governs birds and animals in their return to their native haunts.

The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all parts of the world. By C. MACFARLANE, Esq., author of "Constantinople in 1829," and "The Romance of Italian History." This is the attractive title of a work just received from London, from which the reader will be led to expect much entertainment—nor will he be entirely disappointed, though it contains a large portion of what may be called specimens of book-making. We shall offer to our readers soon the most interesting parts of the work.

Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnais, Duchess of St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland.—In preparation, and will shortly be published in this work, "Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnais, Duchess of St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland, and wife of Louis Bonaparte," translated from the French expressly for the "Circulating Library." First American edition.

So many applications have been made for another of Miss Martineau's politico-economical tales, that we shall devote part of an early number to a favourable specimen of her style and manner of treating an intricate subject.

A Family Tour

THROUGH

SOUTH HOLLAND, UP THE RHINE,

AND

ACROSS THE NETHERLANDS.

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL BATTY,

Author of "An Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815,"
"Campaign of the Allied Army," "Views of Continental Cities."

INTRODUCTION.

The following tour contains much information in a small compass, and possesses strong claims to notice. It appeared last year in London as one of the volumes of Murray's Family Library, and is now for the first time republished in America. At the present time, when Antwerp and its vicinity is the theatre of war, it will be found highly interesting and useful; it gives a vivid picture of the country, its inhabitants and scenery, and has the merit of being divested of the usual book-making addenda taken from "Travellers' Guides."

Soon after the tour was completed, the Revolution of Brussels, and the expulsion of the House of Orange from the throne of Belgium, occurred. The latter country was for a short period governed by a regency, succeeded by the present monarchical government in the person of Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg. The exaltation of this personage was decided by the principal European powers at a conference held in London, and acceded to in general terms by Holland herself. But the boundary between Belgium and Holland became a subject of litigation, the former claiming the port of Antwerp, with its fortifications and others on the same side of the Scheldt, while King William refused to concur in such an arrangement. In consequence of this refusal, France and England resolved on compulsory measures to give Leopold possession of the disputed territory; France engaging to send an army by land to reduce the forts, while England was to co-operate by sea, blockade the Scheldt, and indeed all the forts of Holland. It is well known that these combined armaments have succeeded in taking the citadel of Antwerp by siege after a vigorous resistance, and that the French are pushing their army along the river to force the remaining obstacles to the completion of the compact made at the conference. Whether the king of Holland will retain a belligerent attitude after these misfortunes, or whether he will be aided in further opposition by Prussia or Russia, remains to be seen.—*Ed.*

PREFACE.

Our family party of six persons, with a male servant, set out from London, with the intention of making the tour of the southern provinces of Holland,—of ascending the Rhine as far as Mayence,—thence paying a visit to Frankfort,—returning by the Rhine to Cologne,—from thence crossing the Netherlands by Liège, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend, to London.

They gave themselves, or circumstances rather obliged them to dedicate, just one month to the performance of this tour, which they accomplished in twenty-eight days, travelling very much at their ease in the carriages of the different countries (*not diligences*),—in trekschuyts and steam vessels,—saw whatever they considered to be interesting,—put up at the first hotels,—dined sometimes at tables-d'hôte, and at others in their private apartments, and were finally set down from the Ostend steam vessel on the Tower hill. Every one of the party returned with the pleasing recollections of what they had seen, and with invigorated health.

Those who may wish to spend a month in visiting that most extraordinary and interesting country, Holland,—to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Rhine, to admire the splendid decorations of the churches, and to be gratified with the beautiful state of agricultural industry in the then apparently happy Belgium, cannot do better than to follow the track which is laid down in the following pages, drawn up from notes taken on the spot by one of the

party, and now published in the hope that they may prove of some use to future travellers.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON TO ANTWERP.

On the 6th of August, we embarked at Deptford, in a sailing yacht with our little family party, bound for the Scheldt, and from thence wherever chance might direct us, under a pledge, however, not to exceed the time of one month from the day of embarkation. We dropped down the river with the tide, the wind at east, the weather beautiful; but night coming on before we could get over the flats, as they are called, we anchored in Whitstable Bay. In advancing to this, the younger part of the family in particular were greatly amused by the luminous appearance of the sea, which happened to be more than usually brilliant in this climate. They compared the train of light, which flashed from the sounding line, to the tail of a comet. Every body began to philosophise on this phenomenon, and we young ones in particular were naturally inquisitive as to the cause of such an appearance, which, we were told, is not of very common occurrence in this temperate climate; and that, when it does occur, is not any thing like so brilliant as within the tropics;—there, we were informed, it is awfully grand.

On the 7th, with a fine south-westerly breeze, we got under weigh at about six in the morning, reached the North Foreland at eight, and were at anchor in Flushing Roads, directly before the town, at seven in the evening, having run about one hundred miles in thirteen hours.

It was our intention to have landed the following morning at Flushing, our object being principally to inspect the dockyard, besides which, we were given to understand, there is not much to attract the notice of strangers in this town; and indeed, the only objects in the naval arsenal, that we expected to derive much gratification from viewing, were some large roofs under which ships are constructed, and which towered high above the mud banks that defend the town from the incursions of the sea, and far above all other roofs, that of the church alone excepted. Of these coverings for ships we could see three, which appeared, when viewed from without, to be similar to the same kind of buildings in all our dockyards. The morning, however, was so windy, and the sea before the town so rough, from the exposure of the roadstead to the North Sea, that we did not think it worth a wetting to attempt the shore. It was, besides, desirable not to lose the advantage of a young tide up the Scheldt, which had turned at six o'clock this morning. We therefore weighed anchor a little before seven, and proceeded at the rate of twelve miles an hour up this magnificent river.

Flushing exhibited no external appearance of commercial bustle. A Dutch eighteen gun sloop, and some half dozen ships of a small class, were lying in the road, and about as many a little higher up, opposite the fort called the Rammakins. Between this fort and Flushing we observed two or three new martello towers, that are supposed to give a more complete command of the entrance of the Scheldt, which is here at least three miles in width. We observed some artillerymen firing at a mark, on a floating buoy, from one of the forts of the town, the only symptom that displayed itself of military existence along the banks of this beautiful river, each side of which, and without interruption, exhibited the more gratifying effects of peaceful and laborious industry.

It was not without reason, perhaps, that the Dutch had been strengthening the works at Flushing, considering the lesson they received, in the course of the last war, of the total inefficiency of those that then existed, assisted as they were by the opposite batteries of Cadzand, to prevent the passage of the Scheldt by a vigorous and determined enemy. The distance across appears to be barely two miles and a half, though called three; yet on the occasion of our memorable expedition under Lord Chatham, which, by a strange misadventure, took refuge in the eastern instead of the western Scheldt, and got into what Sir Home Popham called the *boompt* (literally cream-pot), Lord William Stuart, in the *Lavinia*, with nine other frigates, forced this passage through a crossfire of the enemy from the two sides, with the loss only of two or three men in the whole. The wind was light, and the tide against him, and the whole of the frigates were under the fire of the batteries from the two sides nearly two hours, yet they passed almost wholly untouched by the enemy's shot.

That side of the island of Walcheren, which faces the sea, is defended against the encroachments of that element by one continued wall or ridge of high sand hills, interrupted only at West Capel, where an artificial dyke

has been raised to the height, it is said, of thirty feet, and defended in a very ingenious and extraordinary manner. This artificial barrier is of so much importance, that, on its stability, the safety of the whole island may be said to depend.

At the point of the island where Flushing is situated, a strong wall of masonry protects the town against the sea; and the side facing the Scheldt is embanked with great care, and its repair evidently kept up at an enormous expense. Embankments or dykes of the same kind are carried along both banks of the river; and at the base of each is thrown out a barrier of stones and stakes to protect the higher ramparts of earth; and these again are covered with great care and ingenuity with a kind of thatch, consisting of bean-stubble or straw. The stones at the base are sometimes thrown into a kind of a wicket or basket-work of withy twigs, and the whole kept together by ropes made of the same material, and interwoven with rushes; and where the current or the tide sets strong, rows of stakes or poles are driven into the sand, to act as breakwaters for the protection of the base of the sloping bank, which receives a further consistence by being grown over with grass, on the gently sloping sides of which very fine cattle may be seen grazing, many of which are handsomely spotted.

These dykes, and their supporting embankments, are seen in great perfection along the shores of South Beveland, the island next to Walcheren, and one of the most beautiful and fertile territories of Holland; that is to say, beautiful for its cultivation and its fertility in all kinds of grain, madder, pulse, hemp, rape, and flax; in its abundance of orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums; in the number of its villages, situated in the midst of trees, but, to the navigator of the river, known only to exist from the frequent spires of churches that are seen to rise in every direction out of the woods. Even in those villages that are close to the banks, seldom is any part of the houses visible, except the chimneys and the tiled roofs; but a church spire in the midst of trees, and a windmill erected on the bank or some artificial mount, the better to catch the breeze, are sure indications of the co-existence of a little hamlet with those conspicuous objects.

In various parts of the shores of the river, in addition to the regular embankments, are small breakwaters of stonework, thrown out at right angles into the stream, intended to guard the dykes against the shock of floating timber or vessels, but more particularly against the masses of ice which float down in the winter season. These stones are all brought hither, by water conveyance, from the neighbourhood of Brussels, as not a pebble of any description is to be found in any of the Zealand Islands, nor in the northern provinces of Belgium. The general surface, in fact, on both sides of the river, is below the level of the high water mark, so that a vast extent of fertile country has actually been rescued from the sea by human labour and ingenuity. It is evident, therefore, that unless due precautions were taken against the breaking in of the sea, which not unfrequently happens, the whole country would be subject to inundation, and revert to its ancient state of useless sterility—alternately a sandy marsh and a sheet of water.

This is, in fact, what has actually happened to the eastern side of this very island of South Beveland, where, at low water, there is a vast extent of sand, which the Dutch have named 'Vendruken land,' or land swallowed up by the sea. To obviate a disaster of such fatal import, innumerable inland dykes are sometimes dug in every direction, not only to mark, as they sometimes do, the division of property, but also to afford additional barriers to the waters, so that if the first barrier or sea dyke should give way, a second and a third may be found to resist the further ravages of the flood. At the commencement of the present century, however, Walcheren was inundated by a breach of the sea at West Capel, and was found to have stood as high as the roofs of the houses of Middelburg, which fine city was saved from utter destruction only by the strength of its walls. This event is commemorated by an inscription on a stone.

The sea had once before washed away the sandy downs, which form a barrier along the western coast, and submerged the ancient town of West Capel, which was afterwards rebuilt further inland. It is here that, in order to prevent future accidents of the same kind, an enormous dyke, thirty feet high, has been raised to fill up the breach. The expense must have been enormous, but the salvation of the whole islands of Walcheren may be said to depend on its stability.

In all these banks several sluices are constructed, by means of which the inhabitants have not only the power of letting out the water from the sands, but also of letting

in that of the river or the sea, in the event of an enemy invading the country; and by this desperate measure to make it impossible for him to remain; but this is an advantage gained only at the expense of an infliction of general misery and distress, amounting very nearly to complete ruin.

The master of our vessel was well acquainted with every part of the river, but we were compelled to take a Dutch pilot, for the sake, of course, of paying him his fee. We were desirous, in proceeding, to keep close to the northern channel on the Dutch side, along the shores of Beveland, but the pilot made several objections, which our master knew to be perfectly frivolous; his only avowed reason, on being pressed, was, that the king did not like it—and as in such cases, when *stat pro ratione voluntas*, and when we are told that *le roi le veut*, it would be folly to resist, we stood over to Terneuse on the southern side. From this place a fine canal has recently been opened the whole way to Ghent, of the depth of sixteen feet, which, while it admits ships of very considerable burthen, acts as a drain to the surrounding country, through which it passes. At Terneuse it communicates with the Scheldt, by two separate sluices or locks. This water communication is of the greatest importance, both to Brabant and Holland, by opening a direct intercourse between Antwerp and other principal towns of Belgium, and to the latter country, through various channels of communication, with Dort and Rotterdam.

In proceeding up the Scheldt, it is impossible not to be struck with the simple means by which the Dutch have succeeded in producing the same effect, though, perhaps, in a smaller degree, for which in England we launch out into the most extravagant expense. Nothing can exceed the economy practised in the construction of their flood-gates, and the wooden piers in which their sluices are placed; a species of hydraulics, that with us are generally formed of the most costly workmanship in masonry. Having no stone in this country, but what must come to them from the banks of the Meuse or the Rhine, necessity has driven them to the use of other materials, and its place is efficiently supplied by the less costly, though less durable, article of wood.

On the muddy shores and the sand banks of the Scheldt, left bare at low water, whole shoals of seals may generally be seen in different attitudes, some playing about and wallowing in the mud, while others are standing upright, as if taking notice to their companions of any danger that may be approaching. These creatures are possessed of a high degree of cunning, and are not easily to be caught napping; the usual mode of taking them is by setting a long range of nets below the surface of the high water line, so as to admit them freely at that time of tide to the shores or banks of the river; over which nets, as the water falls, they are unable to pass, and are thus caught. In the same manner the inhabitants place rows of twigs, with nets between them, the more readily to catch various kinds of fish, which by first encountering the difficulty of passing through the twigs, generally fall into the nets between them.

The distance from Flushing to Antwerp is reckoned, by the bending of the river, to be sixty-two miles, which our little yacht effected in five hours and a half, and would with ease have done it in five hours, had the wind not failed us in the narrow part of the river, just above Lillo. The appearance of the ancient city of Antwerp becomes here an interesting object, and the more imposing the nearer we approach it along the last reach of the Scheldt; nor will the traveller feel any disappointment on his arrival before this great commercial port of the Netherlands.

At the same time it must be confessed there was nothing on this noble river, either in our progress up it, or before the city, that conveyed any impression of an active or extensive commerce. In sailing up or down the Thames, or in approaching London within four or five miles—in the first case, the multitude of shipping, of all descriptions, from the largest Indiamen to the deep laden barge scarcely emerging from the water, crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction—in the second, those lying in close contact, tier after tier, for several miles below the first bridge of the metropolis, afford indications not to be mistaken of the commercial wealth and prosperity of London. But the Scheldt, when we ascended it, was a vacant river; we neither met nor overtook a single sail, and with the exception of some ten or twelve small vessels, mostly brigs, except two or three American ships, there was little appearance of trade along the common quay of Antwerp. But a great number of vessels were lying in the small harbours that branch out from the river, and in the two large basins.

Antwerp, however, is a fine old city. It is impossible

to enter through an ancient gateway into its narrow streets, bounded by lofty houses, with their high gables or pediments of several stories of windows, and ascending by steps on each side to a point, without being attracted by their grotesque but, at the same time, picturesque appearance. Indeed, their novel and fanciful shapes are much more attractive than the more recent and wider streets, with their more spacious houses, many of which are not inferior to any that are met with in London.

The Rue de la Mer, which had formerly a canal down the middle, like those which are generally met with in a Dutch town, but is now filled up, appears to be as wide as Portland Place, and from the variety in the architecture of its houses is infinitely more picturesque and striking.

In this street is the commodious hotel of *Le Grand Laboureur*, in which we took up our quarters; and in it also is the palace of William I., a handsome building enough, but nothing remarkable, being little better than a common sized house of the first class, the apartments surrounding a quadrangle. In fact it belonged to one of the merchants of the town, but was purchased and furnished for the use of Bonaparte and his generals, when he should happen to pass this way. It certainly has no pretensions to the name of palace. It consists of two suites of six or seven small rooms, some without any other furniture than a deal table, and a few of the commonest chairs, and others entirely without furniture of any kind. If the present royal family should remain a day or so at Antwerp, which they have not yet descended to do, there is a bed fitted up in one of the suites of apartments for the king, and another in the opposite side for the queen, but their attendants must shift for themselves, and sleep on the floor, unless timely notice be given to prepare for better accommodation than this palace at present affords. On expressing some surprise to the young woman who showed us round, that it should be left in so unfurnished a state, she readily observed that, "if Napoleon had remained their sovereign, it would soon have been furnished, and that right well too."

Antwerp, though still a place of very considerable trade, has had the misfortune of being stripped of its splendour and prosperity on several occasions. Her merchants were at one time the most wealthy body of men in Europe. As an illustration of this, a story is told of one John Daens, who lent to Charles V. a million of gold, to enable him to carry on his wars in Hungary, for which he obtained the royal bond. The emperor, on his return, dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond, not, however, for payment, but to burn it, which he is said to have done in a fire made of the chips of cinnamon.

The greatest blow which the prosperity of this city received, was in consequence of the treaty by which the navigation of the magnificent river, on the right bank of which it is situated, was prohibited. It is said that Antwerp before this contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and had sometimes two thousand ships and vessels lying in the river, and its harbours and its basins. The former are now reduced to less than sixty thousand, and the latter to at most two hundred. The town had before this treaty been sacked and set on fire by the infamous Alva, when six or seven thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished: and the third, and last time, that its prosperity suffered a severe blow, was occasioned by the overthrow of Bonaparte, when his grand design of making Antwerp the greatest naval arsenal in the north of Europe fell with its projector. His plans for this purpose were undertaken on an immense scale; but they were by no means deserving those extravagant encomiums that were bestowed on them while in their progress. The two basins are undoubtedly planned with great skill, and executed with excellent workmanship. They are conveniently entered from the river, well protected by the guns of the citadel, communicate with each other by a stout pair of iron gates, and another pair connects them with the river. For the security of shipping in the winter months these basins are admirably adapted; and the old East India House, a great quadrangular building, which stands immediately between them, is well situated for the reception of merchandise or naval stores; but they are mere basins, possessing no conveniences whatever for the building or repairs of ships. As commercial docks they are of considerable importance to the town, and on that account solely they escaped demolition, when the dock yard, which was higher up the river, was destroyed.

This demolition of the naval establishment was carried into effect in virtue of the fifteenth article of the Definitive Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris the 30th

May, 1814. By this article, all the ships of war then at Antwerp afloat, and those on the stocks, were—after those actually belonging to Holland, prior to its incorporation in the French empire, had been given up to the Prince of Orange,—to be divided, so that his most Christian Majesty should have two thirds, and the Dutch, in trust for the allied powers, the remaining third; all those on the stocks to be broken up within a specified time, and the ships, docks, and every thing belonging to the naval arsenal, broken up and destroyed. Commissioners were appointed for this partition and demolition, amongst whom was the comptroller and the surveyor of the British navy. The division was as follows, viz:

To the French.—12 Sail of the line,

4 Frigates,

2 Brigs; besides

9 Sail of the line, and

2 Frigates on the stocks, to be broken up.

To the Dutch.—3 Sail of the line,

5 Frigates; and, in trust,

7 Sail of the line.

Total. { 31 Sail of the line,
11 Frigates,
2 Brigs.

The ordnance stores, guns and ammunition, were also divided, as well as the timber and other naval stores, the estimated value of which exceeded two millions sterling.

Thus perished the dockyards of Antwerp, which Bonaparte had taken so much pains and spent so much money to complete, and which had occasioned so much uneasiness to Great Britain.

The work of destruction being finished, it next became a question as to the demolition of the two fine basins, which, however, would have been no easy matter; at least to such an extent as would have rendered them irreparable. It was calculated that the larger of the two was capable of containing thirty-four sail of the line, and the smaller one fourteen. The representations of the citizens, however, in favour of their being suffered to remain uninjured, as the receptacles of their merchant shipping, and of their vast utility in protecting them in the winter season against the ice, (which, it seems, floats about in such large masses that, heretofore, those of large dimensions were generally under the necessity of going up to the anchorage in the Rupel branch of the river, seven miles above Antwerp,) prevailed; and it was conceded to the town that these two fine basins should not be destroyed.

All the fortifications, the storerooms, the smitheries, rope-house, and other buildings connected with the dockyard establishment, were destroyed, but the citadel was suffered to remain untouched. Since the establishment of Antwerp as a naval port by Bonaparte, nineteen sail of the line and thirteen frigates had been put upon the stocks; and between four and five thousand artificers of different descriptions were employed in the dockyards. He had computed, a very little time before his fall, that ten sail of the line might be launched every year. It was boasted of, as a great feat, that a thirty-six gun frigate had been completely finished in one month, with the assistance of the galleys slaves to saw the timber. The artificers, for the most part, were soldiers, and their pay was made up to three francs per day. The timber was generally brought by water from the neighbourhood of Tonray and Gemappes; each piece was fashioned in the forest to the shape and purpose for which it was intended. The cannon and heavy iron work were sent from the foundries of Liege. To make this naval arsenal complete, it was intended to construct dry docks at the head of the inner or large basin, the wall of which, at that part, still remains unfinished, or rather, that line of the basin was originally left without masonry. The rise and fall of the tide, which is from fourteen to sixteen feet, is highly favourable for the construction of dry docks, of which, convenient as they are, and considered with us as indispensable, there is but one or two, at the most, in all Holland; the vast expense, from the nature of the soil, and the total want of stone and other material in that country, having probably deterred them from such undertakings. It is supposed that a dock for the reception of a seventy-four gun ship could not be constructed, in any part of Holland, or even at Antwerp, so little as one hundred thousand pounds.

The masonry of the two basins here alluded to is very fine, the walls being five feet thick, exclusive of the binders. The whole of the works executed at Antwerp by the French is said to have cost them two millions sterling.

The great object of these two basins was the security of the fleet against the floating masses of ice in the river, during the winter, where it is utterly impracticable for large ships, such as those of the line, to remain in any thing like security.

Before they were ready for the admission of the ships that had been built, we understood that twelve sail of the line were sent into winter quarters in the Rupel branch of the river, where, by due precautions of stockades, &c., they escaped without much damage. But no part of the Scheldt affords safe anchorage for large vessels in the winter season.

Even the rostdaad of Flushing is at all times a wild, exposed anchorage for ships, being open entirely to the North Sea, which, in bad weather, rolls in with great impetuosity. Vast sums of money have been expended at that port to render the defensive works, as they thought, impregnable. The magnitude of our last expedition, however, alarmed them; and it is said that no less than five mines were laid, to spring the dykes and inundate the place, if they found it untenable. Fortunately, however, for the people of Flushing, we found it more convenient to seek for shelter in the Roempot, and content ourselves with the possession of the agreeable capital of the island, Middelburg, which was assailed and taken from another quarter. Flushing, however, did not entirely escape; and the inhabitants say that the mischief done to them by the English, was not made good at a less expense than twenty-four millions of francs, or about a million sterling; which, in its present desolate and neglected condition, may be considered about the purchase money of the fee-simple of the town. Still, it was fortunate to have escaped with so little damage; for when the bombardment took place, about one hundred and twenty houses were set on fire; and, on the evacuation of the island, all the public works of Flushing, the arsenal, the basin, the ships of war, the carousing wharf and pits, and the storehouses in the dockyard, were either blown up or burnt, or otherwise destroyed. The Dutch were, ultimately, in some degree, avenged of this work of destruction, by the dreadful havoc which the Walchieren fever made among our officers and troops.

The Scheldt, it must be admitted, is a magnificent river, and capable of receiving commodious naval establishments in various parts of its course. Terneuse, indeed, on its left bank, has been considered as preferable to Antwerp, in many points of view, for a naval arsenal; and, among others, on account of its proximity to the mouth of the river, and of the depth of water, which is sufficient to admit ships of the largest size to lie there with all their guns and stores on board, ready at any moment to put to sea, which is not the case with regard to Antwerp. Bonaparte was fully aware of this advantage, and had some intention of removing the naval establishment from Antwerp to Terneuse. A plan to this effect was proposed, which he is said to have seized with eagerness; it contained, among other things, a basin that would hold sixty sail of the line, from whence they might put to sea at once, fully equipped in every respect.

Fortunately for the world, and for Great Britain in particular, his career was cut short in that very portion of Europe, where he had long cherished his magnificent plans for our destruction!

The demolition of Antwerp, and the transfer of ship building, and artificers, and commerce, to the ports of Holland, was one of the heaviest blows that could, in recent times, have been inflicted on the inhabitants of the former; and yet we observed no external symptoms of decay in any part of the town; the houses were all inhabited, and kept in high order; the people bustling and cheerful; the Bourse daily crowded and noisy; the shops well stocked, and every appearance of an active trade carrying on. This city must, indeed, from its advantageous position, always command a very considerable inland trade, independent of what is carried to it by the Scheldt; and, as far as appearances went, we certainly did not observe any visible signs of poverty among the inhabitants. The markets were most abundantly supplied with all the necessities of life, and at a cheap rate—cheap as compared with the rate of wages, and not merely as compared with the prices of similar articles in England. The common people are remarkably well clothed; and from their quiet and placid behaviour, a stranger would judge them to be contented and happy.

It cannot fail to occur to the mind of an Englishman, while visiting Antwerp, that if we were to reverse the case, and suppose it to have been a port of England which had suffered the injury, as well as the indignity, of having one of its principal dockyards blown up, and its fleet partitioned and carried away chiefly by the aid of that very same people who come in shoals to visit the country

and take up a residence among them, how very different a feeling would have prevailed among, and how very different a reception the destroyers would have experienced from our countrymen! for, although we were the chief instigators of the blow that crushed the very sources of their prosperity, we did not learn, and certainly did not experience, that the citizens of Antwerp ever manifested the least ill will or incivility towards the numerous Englishmen that have since visited their port; they ascribe, as in justice they ought, the whole of their misfortunes to the French.

There are several very fine old buildings in Antwerp, of a peculiar style of architecture, and the houses in general exhibit every possible fancy in the shapes and ornaments of their gable ends, many of which are extremely picturesque; but, with the exception of the churches and convents, and the Hotel de Ville, there are few public buildings that deserve much attention. This last mentioned ancient structure is situated in the Grand Place, which, however, scarcely deserves the name of a square, and is altogether inferior to another adjoining, called the *Place Vert*, which, from a churchyard, has been converted into a handsome square, planted with trees and fenced in by posts of blue stone and iron railings.

There is something imposing in the architecture, and remarkable in the general appearance, of the Hotel de Ville; the central part of the front is cased entirely with variegated marble, and ornamented with statues. The whole façade is little short of 300 feet. It was once burnt down, and restored, as an inscription tells us, in 1581. We were told that the public library, within this building, was open every day from nine o'clock till four; but the extent and value of its contents were not ascertained by us—being unable to prevail on a cold phlegmatic Dutchman, the only guardian of the place, to admit us; so that we did not see what little there is to be seen within this externally imposing edifice.

We were more fortunate, however, in our visit to the Museum of Paintings, in the suppressed convent of Recolets, to which, though shut up from the public, during the exhibition of pictures by modern artists, we, being strangers, found no difficulty of admission.

In this collection have been brought together many of the best pictures which were at one time in the several churches and convents of the city; and among them are a few specimens, that may be classed with the most perfect of the numerous pictures painted by Rubens. The Museum consists of two great rooms. On the right side of the first gallery is the celebrated painting of this artist, "Christ crucified between the two thieves," universally acknowledged as one of the most magnificent specimens of art, both in design and execution, and generally esteemed among the first, if not the very first performance of Rubens.

The figure of Christ, "already dead," is that of a person who has departed in calm and tranquil repose, free from all appearance of convulsive movement, and contrasts finely with the hideous distortions of the features of the robber who reproached him, and who is evidently writhing with agony; and as the executioner, with a bar of iron, is breaking his limbs, we see the convulsive twitchings of every part of his body, while the blood trickles down from the foot he has torn from the cross, to which it was nailed. But no pencil, except that of Rubens, could have painted the heavenly countenance of the Magdalen, as she looks at the horseman pointing his spear against our Saviour's side. "It is," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "by far the most beautiful picture I ever saw of Rubens, or, I think, of any other painter; the excellence of its colouring is beyond expression." It would occupy too much space to describe the whole of this collection.

In the Museum are also several good pictures of Van Dyck; but after the eye has feasted on the brilliant colouring of Rubens, they appear, to a mere amateur, and not one of the cognoscenti, cold and spiritless. There are two or three crucifixions by this master, a *Pieta*, as it is called, being the dead Christ on the knee of the Virgin, and a few portraits. That, however, in which Christ is expiring on the Cross, and Catherine of Sienna embracing it, while Saint Dominic is standing in an attitude of contemplation, is esteemed, as it ought to be, a sublime composition, heightened as it is by the dark and agitated appearance of the elements in the back ground. This picture formerly belonged to the nuns of the order of St. Dominic. There is also a fine portrait by Van Dyck of Cesar Alexander Scaglia.

Of artists of less note there are several good pictures,—some by Seghers, Jordaens, Old Frank, Martin de Vos, Breughel, Pourbus, Coxie, and other Flemish masters.

We had not time, nor, indeed, much inclination, after

feasting on the rich productions of the old masters in the two galleries of the Museum, to bestow much attention on the pictures of living artists which were now exhibiting in two other galleries; in addition to which was a room appropriated to statutory figures, at the end of that on the left of the entrance.

There appeared, however, to be many very respectable performances; and what was sufficiently encouraging to the progress of art, the rooms were crowded with spectators. It is not improbable, from the numerous collections that have been made, and are still making, by individuals, that Antwerp is once more likely to become the seat of the arts for the encouragement of the painters of the Netherlands. The contest will be between this place and Brussels; but the advantage is on the side of Antwerp, from its possessing the greatest number, and the finest specimens of the first artist that adorned his native country, the celebrated Rubens.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, even if it were not in possession of the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master, cannot fail to invite the curiosity of protestant travellers. Our r.e.x. v. it was to this fine building, whose magnificent towers are justly reckoned among the first which exist in the world; or, more correctly speaking, the tower which is surmounted by a spire; for though there are two precisely alike, yet only one of them is completed, by having a lofty spire rising from its summit, and making the whole height to be about four hundred and fifty feet, to which may be added fifteen feet more for the height of the shaft on which the cross is placed. It is said, indeed, by some of the guide-books to be five hundred feet. The massive tower may reduce the appearance of its height, and deceive the eye; but it certainly does not appear to exceed four hundred feet to the pinnacle of the cross. The spire is light and elegant, and of the same class as that of Strasbourg and the Town-hall of Brussels. This noble edifice is said to have taken nearly a century in completing, being commenced under the direction of an architect of the name of Appelmans in 1422, and finished in 1518. One of the towers is furnished with a fine set of chimneys or carillons, the largest bell of which is said to weigh sixteen thousand pounds.

The interior of Notre Dame fully corresponds in grandeur with the exterior. From the great door which is between the two towers, or in other words, from the lower extremity of the nave to the opposite end, behind the great altar, the dimensions are given as follows:—The length five hundred feet; the breadth two hundred and thirty; and the height three hundred and sixty feet. Of the accuracy of the last dimension there may be some doubt; and the length appears to be somewhat exaggerated.

The columns which support the arcades are not to be classed, in point of beauty, with those of York Cathedral, nor those even of Westminster Abbey; but what may be wanting in elegance, or grandeur of design, is amply compensated by the high order and the perfect state of neatness in which every part of the church is kept, and in the beauty of the decorations. The grand altar is a chaste piece of architecture, designed by Rubens; and facing it, at the lower end of the nave, is a portico of eight columns, which support the loft in which the organ is placed, equally chaste and beautiful.

The pulpit is a fine piece of carved wood, laboriously and admirably executed by Verbruggen. It is supported by four figures as large as life, hand-in-hand; and the railing of the steps and other parts are surmounted by birds of various kinds, some of which exist in nature, and others are imaginary; but the whole of the workmanship is exquisitely beautiful. All the confessionals are fronted with upright figures of different characters, and in different attitudes, all of them highly expressive of the meaning which the sculptor intended to convey.

In the several chapels are various pieces of sculpture in marble, and paintings by Van Baelen, Diepenbeck, Backer, Otto Venus, and others; and in one on the right, as we descended from the choir, is a beautiful piece of sculpture in marble, representing Christ crucified. But the most precious and valuable treasures which Notre Dame contains, are two pictures of Rubens, one of which is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master. It is the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," which, of all the numerous works of Rubens, maintains the pre-eminence.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has recorded his disappointment on first seeing it—not, however, at the picture itself, so much as the manner in which it has been misused by cleaning, blotching, and varnishing. This is no doubt true; but placed where it is, in a very indifferent and cross light, it will require a skilful and a practised eye to detect it. He considers the Christ "as one of the finest

figures that ever was invented;" adding, that "the hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, give such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it." He admits, likewise, that two of the three Marys have more beauty than Rubens generally bestowed on female figures. It would be ridiculous as well as presumptuous to dispute the taste and judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds; but we certainly all agree to go much further than this qualified praise he has bestowed on this wonderful production, and to pronounce that female figure on whose shoulder the foot of Christ appears to be resting, to be possessed of one of the sweetest and most heavenly countenances that ever was produced by the pencil of man; and the young woman by her side, who is looking up to Christ with intense anxiety, as not much inferior.

It was said by some English critic, that the women of Rubens were like Flanders mares. It is true, that in some of his large pictures, such as the "Rape of the Sabinas," and some others, the female figures are not of the most elegant or delicate shape, or the most lovely features; but in the figures in the picture in question, and indeed, in all his productions in the Museum of Antwerp, he has amply redeemed this fault.

The great mass of light in this picture proceeds from the white sheet, which, Sir Joshua says, was a bold attempt, and which few but Rubens would have ventured on, for fear of hurting the colour of the flesh; but he does not notice, what many will think detracts somewhat from the dignity and solemnity of the subject, the vulgar though natural mode in which the figure, leaning over the cross, takes the sheet in his teeth, in order to have both his hands at liberty to assist in lowering down the body.

On the left of the nave of the cathedral, in proceeding towards the choir, and as a companion to the "Descent," is another celebrated picture by Rubens, at the "Elevation of the Cross." This we did not see, a ladder being placed against the doors that concealed it, for the purpose of cleaning the frames, and varnishing the outside pictures, against the grand fête that was to be held at Antwerp the following month, preparatory to which all the churches of this city were undergoing the process of painting and cleaning; but the picture in question is represented by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of this artist's "best and most animated compositions." On the outside of the wings are painted, "St. Catherine with a sword, and St. Eloi attended by a female Saint and Angels."

The church of St. James, even if it were not for the splendid picture of Rubens, would be of superior interest in every respect to the Cathedral. It is filled in every part with well-executed sculpture and paintings of great merit, though not of the highest class.

The exterior of St. James's Church is by no means undeserving of notice. The tower is finely marked by bold projections; and, though not belonging to any particular class of architecture, will deservedly attract the traveller's admiration.

The only other church, worthy of notice, is that of St. Paul, formerly belonging to the Dominicans. In some respects, the ornamental part of this church is not inferior to the preceding. Against the columns of the nave are placed the statues of the twelve apostles; six on each side, rather of a colossal size, but very well executed. The magnificent altar-piece in the choir, with its marble columns and various sculpture, is the work of Verbruggen, as is also the marble statue of St. Paul which faces it.

We happened to visit St. Paul's at the time of high mass, and the effect was very remarkable. The choir is separated from the nave and the side aisles by a screen, and the high altar is visible only through a great arch between it and the nave. A high flight of steps leads up to the altar.

The effect was quite theatrical. The platform before the altar at the top of the steps; the magnificent candelabra, with lights burning in them; the splendid dresses of the officiating priests; their activity and rapid movement up and down the steps; the ringing of the bell, and the elevation of the host, seen, as it appeared, at an immense distance through the centre arch, and huge olander shrubs in full flower ranged on each side,—had really the effect of a scenic representation, which was not diminished by the pealing organ, the band of music, and the vocal accompaniment, which tended to keep up to admiration the *jeu de théâtre*.

The mass being ended, the congregation, consisting chiefly of women, and, by far the greater number, women of a certain age, were entertained with a concert of vocal and instrumental music in aid of the organ,

which is considered by the people of Antwerp the very first instrument of the kind in all Brabant, and is, at all events, unquestionably a very fine and powerful organ; yet a regular band of wind and stringed instruments was stationed in the organ-loft to assist in the performance.

They played, as we were told, an overture of Mozart, after which some light pieces, which did not appear to be exactly suited to the solemnity of the place; but the organ evidently was to please the audience, while the elderly ladies, in particular, were crowding round one of the inferior priests to kiss some relic, which he held in one hand, and wiped with a cloth carried in the other every kiss that this precious article, whatever it might be, received, before it was presented to the next. But this process went on in rapid succession, while, in the mean time, the tin boxes were passing round to collect the *grossen, cents, or stuivers*, from the poor people who had thus been favoured with a holy kiss. On hearing the lively music, and the effect it produced, one could not help thinking that Whitfield was not far wrong when he answered some of his flock who objected to the introduction of lively tunes into his chapel, that he did not see why the devil should be allowed to run away with all the good ones.

Without intending to speak slightly of any religion, which has for its object the adoration of the Deity, or being fastidious as to the forms and ceremonies which may be thought necessary to impress the public mind with the duty and necessity of assembling together, for the purpose of joining in public worship; and fully agreeing with the poet that,

"For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

we still thought that the exhibition at St. Paul's appeared to outstep the bounds of decorum, by converting into a display of levity, not to say mockery, what was intended to be an act of solemnity.

Evelyn speaks with rapture of "delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of Antwerp one of the sweetest places in Europe." Since his time, too, we have heard of shady walks, and the groves and pleasure-grounds within and without the walls; but they have all vanished; and it will require some years longer before the traveller can speak with delight on things of this kind. The inflexible Carnot, who was intrusted with the defence of the place, laid all around it bare; and the young trees, that have since been planted, are something about the size of those which are intended to form the grand mall in the Regent's Park, London.

The trees, however, have been replanted, and even the rising generation may perhaps enjoy the benefit of their shade. The Quay, at present, seems to be the best promenade; and when these trees have attained ten or twelve years' growth, it will then form a handsome walk by the side of the Scheldt.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ANTWERP TO ROTTERDAM.

The most convenient, as well as the most expeditious mode of proceeding from Antwerp to Rotterdam is by the steam boat, which, during the summer months, starts daily, at a certain hour, from either port, regulated by the state of the tide. The somewhat circuitous route among the islands, cannot make the distance much less than eighty miles, which, in our case, were performed in ten hours; having left Antwerp at nine in the morning, and landed on the Quay of Rotterdam at seven in the evening.

Our fellow passengers were not far short of a hundred, English, Dutch, Germans, Norwegians, and Americans; the ladies nearly as numerous as the gentlemen. A good substantial dinner was provided at a price reasonable enough; we had delightful weather, the water smooth, every body in good humour; and the navigation among the islands was not only pleasant, but full of interest; the ingenious and laborious works of the industrious Hollanders meeting the eye, in every possible contrivance, to save their lands and habitations from the inroads of the sea.

Among the various people of European nations assembled in the steamer, every person, with the exception of two French ladies, spoke intelligible English. The steward had been a prisoner of war in England, and entered into the British army; was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was wounded in a skirmish with the Kaffers; and, though young and healthy, had the good fortune to enjoy a pension for

life from Chelsea Hospital. He was one of the many thousand foreigners, who, perfectly able to maintain themselves, are mainly supported by the bounty of Great Britain; and it would seem but reasonable, when certain gentlemen in the house of commons are grudging the pittance of half-pay to officers of the British army, those of the German Legion, many of whom are serving in the armies of their respective states, should be the first to undergo a reduction, more especially when it is considered that ten shillings on the continent is equivalent to twenty in England.

The course pursued from Antwerp is down the Scheldt, in the first instance, as far as Batz; then through the narrow channel close to the edge of the extensive sand, along the eastern side of South Beveland, which is the *Verdronken*, or sunken land; the channel of deepest water, which is shallow enough, is here marked off by tall branches of trees, continuing for a long way, and until the fortress of Bergen-op-zoom is passed at a considerable distance to the right. We next enter the long and narrow channel of Tholen; though the Volk Kak into the Flakke and Holland's Diep. After this the steamer enters another narrow channel, more resembling an artificial canal than an arm of the sea, and it continues nearly of an equal width as far as Borsdrecht or Dort, being seldom more than from fifty to sixty yards wide. It has no visible artificial embankments, but both its sides, apparently on a level with the water, are thickly clothed with tall reeds. Yet in this narrow channel were lying at anchor a long range of square-rigged vessels, Dutch, Americans, and Norwegians, at least from two to four hundred tons burthen, but not a single English ship among them; a fact that was noticed with a sort of triumph, as indeed well it might, by a young American officer, who was one of the passengers, and who suffered none of his country ships to be passed without calling the attention of the passengers to the stripes and stars. These vessels were laden chiefly with staves, lumber, tobacco, and other articles of American growth and produce.

Very little population had hitherto been seen along the shores of the islands; but on approaching Dort, the scene began to change; cottages and workshops of various kinds skirted this narrow navigation close to the water's edge; and here and there a neatly painted house was seen planted in the midst of a garden. At some little distance from Dort the uniformity was relieved, and the unvaried scene much enlivened, by the appearance of some fifty or sixty windmills,—some reckoned up near a hundred,—busily whirling round, some employed in grinding corn, others in crushing various kinds of seeds, chiefly rape, for their oil, some in the preparation of snuff, but by far the greater number in sawing wood. The reedy banks of the channel had now given way to little patches of garden ground in front of these mills, the lower part of which were generally very neat inhabited dwellings; their roofs, and also the sides of the mills above the habitable part, were mostly thatched with reeds, in a very neat manner, and so contrived that nothing but the points were visible, which gave the appearance of their being covered with a brown rough coat of sand or pebbles, but at a little distance this covering resembled the skin of a mole.

Now also we had on both sides of this navigable channel, which from Dort to Rotterdam may be considered as the united branches of the Rhine and the Meuse, numerous small establishments of ship and boat builders, small villages, and now and then a gentleman's house and pleasure grounds. The confluence of the two streams at Dort had considerably enlarged the navigable channel, which here takes the name of the Maas, and retains it till it reaches the sea, having first passed Rotterdam, Delfshaven, and the Brille. A little above Rotterdam we observed, among other shipping that were at anchor, one of the most extraordinary, and it will probably turn out one of the most useless, and it may be added, dangerous, vessels that ever was sent upon the ocean. A friend of ours had the curiosity to go on board, and ascertain the particulars of her size and construction. She was a steam boat, named the Atlas, and intended for Batavia. Her length measured two hundred and fifty feet, breadth thirty-eight feet, and her calculated burthen nine hundred and fifty tons. She had three engines, each of one hundred horse power; four masts, of which her foremast was so calculated as to carry a fore and aft sail, square top-sail, topgallant-sail, and studding-sails. The topsail-yard was seventy-four feet long; the other three masts were rigged alike,

with fore and aft sails, and gaff topsails; her deck was described as rising considerably from the bow and stern towards the centre, which gave her the appearance of being hogged; and this, the engineer said, was purposely done to enable her to bear the weight of the engines without breaking; but he expected they would bring her deck to a level. It would probably not stop there, but rather sink it to an inverted arch, and the ship itself to the bottom of the sea, if any person can be found careless enough of his life to carry her out upon that element. She is wall-sided, and appeared to have no bearing on the water. The Dutch, having no name in their own language for steam, but *ruik* or *damp*, have borrowed one from us, and called this kind of vessel a *Stoom-boot*; the Germans have named it a *Dampf-schiff*.

On landing on the quay of Rotterdam, we found the Hotel des Pays-bas, a large and most excellent house, completely full, which compelled us to take up our abode at the New Bath Hotel, a much inferior one on the same quay. The house was small and indifferently furnished; but the most essential part, the beds, were good, and the linen, both for them and the table, white as snow. This article the traveller will find clean and neat throughout Holland, Prussia, and the Netherlands. And it may here be added, that in no single instance were we disgusted or annoyed, notwithstanding the heat of the nights, with bug, flea, gnat, or musquito, in any part of our route, with the single exception of a few small goats that had entered the open window at Antwerp. This is the more surprising, especially in Holland, where so much stagnant water prevails.

The landlord affected a taste for pictures, and showed us one covered with a curtain in the dining room, for which, he told us, an Englishman had offered him ten thousand guilders, about 830*l*. The subject was St. John in the Wilderness, by Murillo, and he said it was out of the Orleans' collection.

All the luggage of the ninety or a hundred passengers was bundled on shore as fast as it could be got out, and laid on the quay at the same time. The night closing in, it was not without reason that some of the party were apprehensive of the fine opportunity that was afforded the Dutch porters to take advantage of, and exercise their thieving propensities, at which, they had learned of Marianne Starke's "Guide," they were uncommonly expert, and likewise much given to imposition. It would be but fair on the part of Marianne Starke (if such a person there be), or of her publisher (if it should be a *nom de guerre*), to print in a note, as an act of impartiality, and for the benefit of Dutchmen who may travel in England, the following notification, which appears in an English newspaper, that happened to be in the steamer—"Margate is very full of company, and plenty of pickpockets; thieving is so much the fashion here now, that constables are obliged to be stationed on the pier during the time of landing the passengers; and it is quite impossible to frequent public places, without a protecting guard." With regard to ourselves, it is but justice to say that every article, great and small, belonging to seven persons, was carefully lodged in the hotel, though nearly dark; and that the porters, so far from practising or attempting imposition, left the remuneration for their trouble entirely to ourselves, only observing, with a smile, that it was now *keemes*, or fair time; as much as to say, "I hope your honours will give us a trifle to drink." When we call to mind the daily reports from the several police offices of thieving, robbing, pocket picking, house breaking, and swindling, we have not much to boast of English honesty over that of foreigners.

ROTTERDAM.

A smooth flowing river, as large as the Thames at Westminster, and thrice its depth, bordered on the one side opposite to the town with a high green sloping bank planted with trees, and on the town side with a noble, uninterrupted quay, of at least three fourths of a mile in extent; and on this quay a long line of fine old elm trees, of some centuries' growth, yet still in full vigour,—such are the objects that, on approaching Rotterdam by water, first strike the stranger's eye, and, with the several tiers of ships along the whole extent of the quay, are admirably calculated to convey to his mind an impression of the wealth and importance of this commercial city.

The name given to this fine quay does not at all correspond with its present description. It is called *Boontjes*, or "the little trees," which, like the "new streets" of our towns, are frequently among the oldest that are found therein. The "Boontjes" are now fully equal in

size to the largest trees in St. James's Park, having been planted in the year 1615.

It is not very difficult to give a general idea of Rotterdam; but the effect which is altogether produced on a stranger, who, for the first time, has visited a Dutch city, is not so easily to be conveyed. The ground plan of the city is that of a triangle, the base being the quay we have mentioned, stretching along the river, in its whole length about a mile and a quarter, according to the plan, the central portion of which is the "Boontjes," occupying, as before said, about three quarters of a mile; and a perpendicular, drawn from it to the opposite extremity, may be somewhat less than a mile. Through the middle of most of the streets runs a straight canal, bordered by large, lofty, and healthy trees,—oaks, elms, and lime trees, chiefly the latter; and all these canals are, or at least were, crowded with shipping of every conceivable size and form. They are crossed by numerous draw-bridges, which, mixed with the shipping, the trees, and the houses, have a very picturesque effect. Between the trees and each of the canals is the quay, which is of a width sufficient for shipping, landing, and receiving all articles of merchandise; and within the row of trees is the paved street for carts, carriages, and horses; and between this again, and extending close to the fronts of the houses, is a paved footpath of bricks, or clinkers as they are called, set edgewise, which, like our trottoirs, are for the sole use of foot passengers, but, unlike ours, are not raised above the level of the street. It will readily be imagined, that in these canal streets, with all the shipping, there will be an incessant bustle.

The houses are generally on a large scale, and lofty; in many of the streets they are really elegant. But belonging, as they do, chiefly to merchants and tradesmen, their work-houses or magazines are sometimes on the ground floor, and frequently extend far behind, while the family is contented to inhabit the upper stories. With all this, however, nothing can exceed in cleanliness every part of the exterior of those houses. Here we observed, as in Antwerp, that the women were constantly employed in washing the walls, the doors, the window shutters, and windows, by means of small pump engines, or with pails, mops, and scrubbing brushes; and, when engaged in this operation, they are seldom deterred from pursuing their task of brushing, scrubbing, or dashing water, by the heaviest showers of rain that may happen to fall. In fact, a Dutchman's house externally is as neat as paint and water can make it; nor are they less neat and clean in the interior. The floors, in general, are so rubbed and polished as scarcely to allow one to walk upon them with safety.

There are three principal canals, or rather, from their superior size and opening into the river, are called havens or harbours. One of these, on the western extremity of the city, is named the Leuve haven, and two others towards the eastern extremity, the old and new havens. They are, strictly speaking, three branches or creeks of the Maas, communicating with each other and with the various canals which intersect the town; thus not only affording a constant supply of water to the canals, but, by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, keeping up a circulation; and, like the arteries of the human body, conveying to all the smaller branches a fresh supply of water, and preserving it from becoming stagnant and putrid. In addition to this supply from the Maas, is that of the river Rotte, which descends through the very heart of the town, contributing its portion to the replenishing of the canals.

The old haven, near the extremity where it joins the Maas, is too wide for a drawbridge, and is crossed, therefore, by a flat bottomed boat, which plies as a ferry.

The other havens and the canals have many draw-bridges over them; and some have permanent stone piers, with openings only in the middle to let the vessels pass through with their masts standing.

It may be observed that, in general, each particular species of merchandise has its appropriate canal and quay; and following up this principle, each of the eight or ten market places has its own peculiar articles for sale, as the butter market, the cheese market, the fish market, &c.

It is said that Rotterdam at present contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, which is about one third part less than in the days of its prosperity; and it may be doubted whether, with all the appearance of briskness and bustle, it is making much progress towards the recovery of its former prosperous state: for though there certainly were evident indications of an active commerce about the quays, and the canals and basins were crowded with shipping, most of them Dutch bottoms, and evidently, from their state of equipment, engaged, or about

to be engaged, in trade; yet it was a remark we made, in perambulating the town, that none of us had noticed a single additional house recently built, or that was building, or even an old one repairing, in any one of the streets; and there are certainly not many streets in Rotterdam that we did not, in our short stay, visit. The same observation will apply to the suburbs and their environs, at least on the side which faces the direction of Amsterdam.

In fact, Rotterdam, like all the sea port towns of Holland, will yet require time to regain its former state of activity and prosperity. Before that luckless hour in which the sober-minded and calculating Dutchman was seized with the frenzy of *Vrijheid en Gelykheid*,—liberty and equality—which ended in driving away the *Oude Stadhouder*, and receiving the fraternal embrace of the French;—that is to say, before the year 1793, the number of ships that annually cleared out from Rotterdam is stated to have been about one thousand nine hundred; from that year to 1814, the number had dwindled down to something less than two hundred. They have now again gradually advanced to about one thousand five hundred; and when they shall have reached that point in the scale, from which they descended, the citizens of Rotterdam will probably once more build new houses, and renovate some of the once splendid establishments, particularly those connected with their East India trade and possessions, that have fallen into decay.

In the midst of their decreasing prosperity, however, it does not appear that any of their charitable institutions have been neglected or abridged; and absorbed as the Dutch are generally supposed to be, in the ways and means of accumulating "filthy lucre," they cannot justly be accused of any disinclination to relieve the distresses of humanity, or to promote the moral and intellectual advancement of their countrymen. They have their Bible Societies and their Missionary Societies; they have a Society of Arts and Sciences, instituted for public benefit; they have a Philosophical Society, which takes the name, or rather adopts its motto, the words "Variety and harmony,"—" *Verscheidenheit en Ooreenstemming*;"—words that, to an English ear, are not well calculated to convey the idea of harmony. But there is still another society for experimental philosophy, with a name that almost frightens one to look at,—"*Genootschap van Proefondervindelyke Wysgebeerte*." Its objects are highly important to society, but to this singular country in particular—the improvement of agriculture, navigation, hydraulics, and highways.

The public buildings of Rotterdam are not particularly striking. The ports or gates are among the most remarkable. The Exchange is a modern building, with a dome in the centre, and a turret at each end. The East India House is a large plain building in the "Boontjes." The Court of Justice is a neat building enough; and the Schiedland-huis is, perhaps, the handsomest specimen of architecture in Rotterdam. On its front are several pilasters crowned with Corinthian capitals, and the pediment in the centre is filled with allegorical sculpture. It was the house in which the commissioners for the regulation and management of dykes and canals held their meetings; and in it were lodged Napoleon and Maria Louisa when, in 1811, they made the tour of Holland. The India House and Custom House have nothing remarkable in their size or appearance.

To almost every house in Rotterdam, and sometimes to every window of a house on the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking-glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping. When two of these reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right angle pointed towards the window, thus, Δ , a person within directing the eye to that angle will see the whole street both to the right and to the left. In some of the towns of England one may now and then observe one of these reflecting glasses, which is generally supposed to be intended to put the inhabitant on his guard against unwelcome visitors, and on that account they have been whimsically called *dimmescoopers*. In Rotterdam they are universally adopted for the amusement of the ladies, more especially those of the upper classes, who appear but seldom in the streets.

We were surprised at first that so few shops were observed in the principal streets—in several of them none whatever, till we were informed that in the Hoop street, or High street, there were nothing but shops. This street is so far singular, that it has no canal in it. It runs in a direct line east and west, through the town, and may be assimilated to the Strand in London, before its improved state, as to length and breadth, and the number of its shops; but the houses in general are far superior to those

of the old Strand; and when we passed through it, we found the street nearly as crowded and full of bustle as that of London; but this was probably occasioned by its being the annual fair or Kermess.

This street, so different from the rest, was built on a ridge raised considerably above the others, while narrow alleys on either side had a regular descent from it.

The same kind of street, we were told, was to be met with in most of the towns of Holland; and, indeed, we found it to be so. Sometimes we were led to conclude that this elevated situation was owing to the accumulation of earth that had been thrown out in digging the canals in the streets parallel to it. This, however, we could not have been precisely the case here.

The line of Hoog street was originally the dyk or rampart that protected the old town, to the northward of it, from the inundations of the Maas, which then washed the foot of this rampart; and that the whole extent of the town between it and the Maas, which is, in fact, the largest and best portion of Rotterdam, stands on ground gained from the water, and consequently much lower than the rampart on which the Hoog street is built.

There is not much in Rotterdam, after the first sight of it, to attract the traveller's attention. The churches in Holland have little to recommend them; for here, as in all countries where the reformed religion took root and expelled catholicism, the churches were stripped of all their statues, pictures, and other decorations that were profusely lavished on them by their former possessors. The old Romish cathedral, at the upper part of Rotterdam, is a fine lofty building, having a remarkably large square tower, with bold projections, the picturesque effect of which is increased by its unfinished state, the top appearing to be in a ruinous and crumbling condition. Internally, with the exception of a few monuments, there is little beyond the magnitude of the building itself to attract notice. The choir is fenced off from the great aisle by a screen of bronze railing. The high altar, with its former ornaments, its sculptures and paintings of saints and angels, has wholly disappeared; and a plain pulpit usurps the place where the altar once stood, to be used only for the celebration of marriages, and the examination and confirmation of catechumens.

To compensate in some degree for the absence of ornament, an organ has recently been completed, which may be classed among the first instruments of the kind for power and tone that are any where to be met with. The gentleman who happened to be in the church when we visited it, and who was one of its donors or elders, assured us that it contained five thousand five hundred pipes: that the large disposition pipe was thirty-two feet high, and sixteen inches square.

The height of the ceiling he said was two hundred feet; deduct from this the height of the portico or colonnade on which the organ stands, and the height of the ornament between its summit and the ceiling, which together did not appear to exceed fifty feet, and there remains one hundred and fifty feet for the height of the organ; it did not, however, appear so high. It requires three pair of bellows to supply it with wind. This gentleman sent for the organist, who played with several stops; some of the tones were so deep and powerful as to shake the floor. The human voice stop plays sweetly, and in a chorus the tenor and treble are peculiarly soft and melodious; and we imagined the resemblance of the sounds to those of human voices to be very striking. The Haarlem organ has generally been mentioned as the largest in the world, but we were assured that this of St. Lawrence was very considerably larger and more powerful.

Every stranger, who takes up his abode in Rotterdam, thinks it right to pay a visit to the statue of Erasmus, erected in the great market place, on the centre of an arched bridge, and looking down the canal. It is of bronze and almost black; but we were told that for some time after it was first put up, it was the custom to make it undergo an annual scouring, till it was quite bright, and that the practice was only discontinued on those who had the charge of it being satisfied that by such a process they were destroying the beauty of the workmanship and altering the features. The figure appears intent on a book which he holds open in both hands; it impresses one with the idea of a sober, sedate person, just in that act and attitude which best would become the character of that great man which it was intended to represent. On two of the sides of the pedestal are two long Latin inscriptions, and on the other two sides the same number in the Dutch language. His real name in that language was Gerrit Gerritz, a cacophonous appellation, which he appears to have felt was not exactly calculated to float smoothly down the stream of time,

beyond the precincts of his own country; and he therefore translated it into Latin and Greek terms of cognate signification, and called himself Desiderius Erasmus. We did not perceive that there was any thing remarkable in the execution, either of the head and features, or of the drapery; we thought it above mediocrity, but far below what Chantry and Westmacott, Bailey and many others at home have executed.

Not far from hence, in a narrow street without a canal, stands the cathedral, which leads to the small house in which this learned man lived, and in a niche between two windows in the upper tier, there is also placed a small statue of him, under which is this inscription, *Hæc est parva domus, magnus qui notus Erasmus*. But, alas! to what vile uses many men's houses, as well as their bodies, be turned!—this humble dwelling of Erasmus is converted into a gin-shop.

The stork, in its annual visits, for it is a bird of passage, is never molested in Holland. It, therefore, does not seem to build its nest on the tops of trees in the midst of towns and villages, on the towers of churches, and even on the chimney tops. In our rambles through the streets, some of our party happened to observe a flock of these birds wheeling high in the air over our heads, when a Dutch gentleman told us that, on the following day or the day after, they would certainly take their leave of Holland, being congregated for their departure; he said it had long been remarked that these creatures knew precisely, and strictly kept, their appointed days of arrival and departure in and from Holland, which were about the middle of February and the middle of August, within a very few days more or less. This is, in fact, just what has been said of this bird in days of old, as we learn from the book of Job, "The stork in the heavens hath its appointed times." It is not exactly known to what parts of the world they migrate from the northern portion of Europe; but they are common to Egypt, Palestine, Barbary, and the plains of Northern Africa; why then, it may be asked, do they leave the food they seem most to delight in—such as snakes, frogs, reptiles, and insects—just at the time when they most abound?—and proceed to these sandy and barren countries, where, it is true, snakes and lizards, and a few venomous reptiles may be equally plentiful, but are, perhaps, the only kind of food which Holland affords. Perhaps they may be possessed of delicate appetites similar to our own, and have discovered that, like some of our birds and fishes, these aquatic animals of Holland are out of season in the middle of August. The truth is, we know but little of the real history of migratory animals, or of the cause for their migration.

Fortunately for the stork, it is held as a sacred bird, not only by the Dutch and Danes, but also in Asia and Africa; for different reasons, perhaps, in these different regions. In Holland, not so much for any service it may be supposed to render, in cleaning their dykes and ditches,—for the Dutch have no dislike whatever to frogs,—but on account of the alleged filial affection of the young birds for their parents. This trait was so well known to the ancients, that the stork became an emblem of filial piety; its English name, indeed, is taken from the Greek, and signifies natural affection.

A Danish author says that when the storks first make their appearance in early spring, nothing is more common than to see many of the old birds, tired and feeble with their long flight, supported occasionally on the backs of the young ones; and the peasants have no doubt that they are laid carefully in those very nests, in which the year before these young ones had been nurtured. Thus says the poet,—

"The stork's an emblem of true piety;
Because when age has seized and made him dim
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Regretting thus her tender care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly."

The Dutch have the character of being a grave and sedate people, but they have also a great deal of dry humour and drollery about them, that is sometimes exceedingly amusing; and no people in the world are more fond of social intercourse than they are. On every side of the city of Rotterdam are tea-gardens, and houses of entertainment, where the citizens meet to enjoy themselves with various kinds of games, drinking their wine, tea, or coffee, and smoking their pipes. They have also their Vauxhalls and Almack's in the suburbs, and what is still better, besides the societies already mentioned, they have a very flourishing one for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts. There is also a botanical garden, which we regretted not having time to visit.

The kermes, or annual fair, to which people of all de-

scriptions resort from different parts of the country, was held at this time in various parts of the city; and the wider streets were filled with booths for the sale of trinkets and children's toys, cakes, and gingerbread, with all manner of eating and drinking, tossing of pancakes, and the same kind of exhibitions and amusements as are seen in one of our own country fairs of the better kind.

This annual festival had just commenced as we arrived, and was to continue a fortnight. All was cheerfulness and bustle; but neither noise, nor tumult, nor drunkenness incommoded the inhabitants in their houses, or the passengers on the streets. It was decent mirth, quiet humour, and comely drollery.

We found some difficulty in getting admittance to the dock-yard. It was necessary, we were told at the gate, to have an order or a recommendation from some respectable inhabitant; but as the dock-yard was situated at the extremity of the town, and our time was pressing, we desired the porter to take our cards to the *Schout by Night*, or rear-admiral, who was acting as the commissioner, and whose name was De Reus. He immediately gave an order that we should see every thing; on which the officer who attended us seemed to lay great stress, as a special mark of favour; but we soon found that this "seeing every thing" was in fact to see very little worth seeing. It consisted chiefly of three objects, which seemed to be considered as the only "lions" that could be interesting to a landsman, and the only ones shown to strangers, though it is more than probable there was nothing more to be seen than the nakedness of the land.

First, there was the armoury, in which the muskets, pikes, swords, pistols, and all the offensive weapons, except the great guns, used in ships of war, are kept, in bright order, and tastefully enough arranged. They are contained in two small rooms, and could not, at the most, be more than sufficient for the supply of five or six sail of the line.

The second object of exhibition was a new steamboat lying afloat in a canal, that was housed over, built expressly for the use of his majesty, and intended to convey himself and family between the Hague and Brussels, or any other part of his dominions traversed by rivers or canals; though it is probable they will soon give up the navigation of the latter by steam on experiencing the havoc and destruction which the waves, raised by the paddle-wheels, will occasion to the earthen banks. The length of this vessel measured 135 feet; it had two engines of 35 horse power each. The chimney or funnel, and the rigging that supports it, the railing that runs along the sides, and every thing on deck that is metal, were of copper, kept bright by constant scouring and rubbing, which, in this damp climate, and not the best of all possible atmospheres, must be a daily drudgery to several persons. The sides are painted green, and the upper works green and gold, highly ornamented with emblematic sculpture, covered with gilding. Even the rudder is gilt down to the water's edge. The cabins are neatly fitted up, and lined with mahogany. The king and queen have each a bedroom. There are bed places for eight gentlemen attendants, and for two maids of honour.

The third "lion" was a twenty-oared barge, of a beautiful model, built also for the use of the king. This magnificent boat is sixty-four feet long, splendidly painted in blue and gold. On the prow, which projects considerably beyond the cut-water, is the figure of Neptune, with his trident, sitting in a splendid car, drawn by four tritons, exceedingly well carved, and richly gilt; the whole of the carved work on this barge, and the steamboat, is indeed far superior to any of those gaudy logger-heads, which we sometimes see stuck under the bowsprit of our ships of war.

The builders of our dock-yards in fact admit that the art of carving wood in ship building has of late years been lost. With the Dutch it is kept as a separate branch, and in each of their yards is a carver's shop.

We next visited some of their storerooms, which in this yard are not extensive, but they were nearly empty. The timber was scanty, and mostly fashioned, in which state, we were told, it is brought into the yard.

A seventy-four gun ship, not further advanced than her keel, had just been laid down, and her floor-timbers were all ready, but we did not observe any of the other timbers for her frame. The roof under which she was to be built very much resembled those in our dock-yards; but we saw nothing of those galleries within it, which have been commended as an improvement on our own.

Under a second roof was a fifty-gun frigate building, and under a third, one of the same class repairing. The new frigate had a round stern, similar to those which Sir Robert Seppings was accused of having pilfered from the Dutch, but which, though perhaps superior for all

naval purposes, he has reconverted almost to square ones, reserving, however, the principle of upright timbers, which by giving strength constitutes its greatest merit. The Dutch frigate's stem was certainly *round* with projection in the centre, like one of those sentry boxes sometimes seen in the angle of a bastion, and which serves in the ship as the substitute for a quarter gallery.

The opening between the timbers of this frigate were filled in, so as to make the hull one solid mass, and the builder took care to observe, as if it was something new, that if a plank should start, there would be no danger of the ship sinking. We did not go into the hold, but our conductor said that she was strengthened with diagonal braces, and that all her bolts below the water line were of copper. They also made use of straight timbers, and the futtocks of the ribs had square heads and heels fastened by cogues. In short it appeared to us that the whole of Sepping's inventions had been adopted in the dock-yard of Rotterdam; and so satisfied were they of the utility of roofs, that all the small craft even were building under cover.

The timber, made use of in the dock-yard of this place, is brought by water from various parts of the Netherlands, and is squared, and mostly fashioned in the forests, but being used without a proper degree of seasoning, the ships are not of long duration. This was particularly the case with those built under Bonaparte's reign, at Antwerp, one half of them being rotten without ever going to sea, and nearly useless at the end of five or six years. In fact all the German timber is light and porous, in comparison with our best Suffolk oak, and liable to that speedy species of decay which has been called, improperly enough, the dry-rot.

One would be led to conclude, that the Dutch must experience a considerable degree of inconvenience from the want of dry docks, though they seem not to feel it. In our dock-yards, they are so common, that the bottom of a gun-brig or a cutter cannot be looked at, without their assistance. When the Dutch have occasion to examine the bottoms of their largest ships, the operation of heaving them down, while afloat, is resorted to, by means of careening pits, in which the necessary blocks and purchases for the purpose are placed. It is, however, but an awkward process, when performed on large ships of war, and not without considerable danger, but it is resorted to in preference to the certainty of incurring a large expenditure for the construction of a dry dock, especially in a country where the foundations are bad, and no materials to be had except what must be imported from other countries at a great expense.

CHAPTER III.

FROM ROTTERDAM TO AMSTERDAM.

There are two methods of making the journey from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, as there are, indeed, between almost every two towns throughout Holland,—by land and by water. The latter is the most common, and most easy and convenient, as well as by much the cheapest, but is somewhat slower than posting; the treckschuit going barely at the rate of four miles an hour, while post horses, or others hired for the journey, will make good a little more than five miles an hour. The distance in either way, in the present case, is nearly the same, as the straight line of road generally accompanies, in a parallel direction, the straight canal, and in most parts of it has a straight row of trees on each side; every thing in Holland, where it can conveniently be done, being laid out with a line. The trifling difference, however, in point of speed is not the only objection which a stranger, desirous of seeing the country, will make to the water conveyance. The banks of the canal are sometimes so high that the view is intercepted by them, and confined to the line of the canal. We, therefore, hired a four wheeled carriage, known in Holland by the name of *char-a-banc*, which, with its three cross seats, we found to be sufficiently roomy to hold, without inconvenience, six persons and their luggage, besides a servant on the dickey. In this vehicle the owner agreed to carry us to Amsterdam in two days; and for the hire of this, with two horses, the owner feeding them, and paying the driver, we were charged forty-eight guilders or florins (four pounds sterling), the distance being about fifty miles, or a little more.

On the 11th of August, about noon, we left Rotterdam. The road, as we afterwards found to be common throughout Holland, was paved with a particular kind of brick, called a *clinker*, set closely on edge, very neatly fitted together, and as level as a bowling green.

After running for some distance along the side of the

canal, the road branched off, and here commenced a continued succession of neat, and sometimes very handsome villas on both sides, and at no great distance from it. Here and there an elegant chateau occurred, surrounded by an extensive domain well planted with patches of trees, but generally in straight lines; and for the most part the mansion was approached through a grand avenue. The boundaries also of these large estates are frequently terminated by avenues of trees, each row belonging to separate proprietors; but the division of property is mostly marked by a dyke and a ditch. Most of these country houses, whether large or small, have a ditch of stagnant water dividing the little front garden from the road; and close to this ditch, generally indeed rising out of it, and not unfrequently bestriding it, is sure to be found a small building, square or octagonal, called a *lust-huis*, or pleasure house, with a window in each side, commanding a complete view of the road. These little buildings or pleasure houses are so very numerous as to form a characteristic feature of this part of the country. They occur, indeed, as we afterwards found, by the sides of the roads throughout South Holland. In the summer and autumn evenings they are the common resort of families, where the men enjoy their pipes with beer or wine, and the females sip their tea; and both derive amusement in observing and conversing with the passengers on the road. In any other country, these would be considered as just the seasons of the year, and the time of the day, when these ditch-bestriding pleasure houses would be shunned, the effluvia from the stagnant water being then strongest, and the frogs, which are every where seen skipping about, most lively and noisy. But the same vitiated taste, which has selected the ditch for the site of the pleasure house, may deem the croaking of the frog, when in full song, just as melodious to their ears, as the note of the nightingale is to their more southern neighbours.

As there is no want of water in any part of Holland, the flower-gardens attached to these villas have generally a fish-pond in some part of them, and when they happen to face the road, the pleasure-house is frequently placed on a hillock in the middle of the garden, and is accessible only by a bridge or a flight of steps. Each villa has its name, or some motto inscribed over the gateway, the choice of which is generally meant to bespeak content and comfort on the part of the owner, and they afford a source of amusement to the stranger as he passes along. Thus, among others, we read, "Lust en rust," Pleasure and ease; "Wel te vrede," Well contented; "Myn genegeentheid is voldoen," My desire is satisfied; "Mijn lust en leven," My pleasure and life; "Niet zoo gualyck," Not so bad; "Gerustelyk en wel te vrede," Tranquil and content; "Vriendschap en gezelschap," Friendship and sociability; "Het vermaak is niet hovenieren," There is pleasure in gardening. And over the entrance to one of the tea-gardens, near Rotterdam, was inscribed, "Het vleesch potten van Egypte." Some of the larger gardens abound with fruits and vegetables, and beds and borders of flowering shrubs and plants are laid out in all the grotesque shapes that can be imagined. It must be confessed, however, that an air of comfort presides over these villas. Most of the dwelling-houses are gaily painted in lively colours, all the offices and outhouses are kept in neat order, while the verdant meadows are covered with the finest cattle, mostly speckled brown and white.

At the distance of about eight miles from Rotterdam is the ancient town of Delft, once famous for its woollen manufactures, and more especially its pottery ware, which employed many thousands of its inhabitants, and which was known under the name of Delft-ware all over Europe; but the superior and cheaper article, manufactured by Wedgwood, gave a death-blow to the potteries of Delft, which can scarcely now be said to exist. The traveller will observe, in passing through this town, a fine old Gothic church, and also one of a more recent date, with a lofty spire; but as they were said to contain only monuments of the family of the house of Orange, of Grotius and Van Tromp, and that there was little worth seeing in the town, we did not stop; but in passing through a spacious market-place, we could observe a copious supply of fine vegetables and the common fruits of the country. The streets and houses appeared to be kept in neat and clean order, but the town were a dull aspect, the more so, perhaps, after just leaving the bustle of Rotterdam. The whole country around Delft, with the exception of some contiguous gardens and potato beds, consisted of rich pasturage, and a great number of very fine cattle were grazing in the meadows. No appearance of tillage, except small patches of stubble here and there, and a few enclosures of clover.

The same kind of villas, parks, and gardens, as those

we had passed continued from Delft to the Hague, which is not above five or six miles. Two or three villas occur on the road, one of which is Ryswick, of no other note than being the place where a treaty of peace was concluded in 1697.

THE HAGUE.

The Hague is a well-built, handsome, and clean town, said to contain thirty-five thousand inhabitants. In passing through the streets there is neither crowd nor bustle; but one sees an evident appearance of fashion among the inhabitants, which is not to be observed in the commercial and manufacturing towns of Holland. This, indeed, was the case even under the old regime, when the Stadtholder used to pass many months of the year at the Hague; and it has become a still more fashionable residence since the Restoration, and the conversion of the republic into a monarchy, the presence of the royal family always drawing after it a multitude of employés, foreign and domestic.

It is now the residence, in alternate years, of the king of the Netherlands; and the States-general hold their meetings during that residence in the halls appended to the old palace, near the Vyverberg, or Fish-pond hill, at the upper or northern end of the town, which, of course, is the fashionable quarter. Here, too, is the Hotel de Ville, or Town-hall. In this neighbourhood the houses are generally elegant, and the adjoining country as beautiful as a flat and even country can be made. Close to this quarter is the deer park, a small meadow, with a wood behind it. Through this wood is the public road which leads to Leyden, and passes close to the "House in the Wood," which belonged to the princess Amelia de Solms, and is now the occasional residence of the king of the Netherlands, or some part of his family. It is a neat pavilion, but not deserving the name of a palace. It once contained some good pictures; but little is now left within it worthy of attention except the ceiling of the saloon, part of which was painted by Rubens.

It is pretended that in this wood are oak trees of five hundred years' growth; but we saw none that, in England, would not attain the size of the largest at most in one hundred and twenty years. Some of these, however, and the beeches and lindens, are of a respectable size and healthy foliage. Our time would not permit us to visit the public library nor the museum, which we regretted the less, having understood that the best pictures had been removed to Amsterdam, and that those that remained were mostly the work of Dutch artists, and by no means of the first class; but the celebrated "Ox" of Potter still remains at the Hague. We therefore pushed on for Leyden, the distance being about eight miles.

Beyond the Hague the estates of the nobility and gentry are on a larger scale than any we had yet met with; and of course the smaller villas and the lust-houses were less frequent. Many parts of the road reminded us of England, the grounds being broken by copse-wood, in which, when cut down, the young standard trees were left growing; and there was in places some little inequality of surface—something that might be said to approach the size of a hill. The mansions generally stood at the head of one of the long avenues which run through the domains; and those avenues which led to no house, from their length and level surface, were interminable to the eye.

LEYDEN.

Leyden is a very fine town, situated on that branch of the Rhine, which alone carries with it its name to the sea, and which surrounds the town, supplying its numerous canals with water. The Rhinland through which it flows is esteemed the garden of Holland. There is no doubt the Romans having had a station on the spot where Leyden stands; as several Roman antiquities have been found, and the remains of an old castle still exist on a mound in the middle of the town, supposed to be of Roman structure, though the prevailing opinion seems to be that this *burg*, as it is called, was built by Hengist, after his return from his conquest in Britain.

Leyden made a glorious stand in opposing the Spaniards under Baldus, when he laid siege to it in 1574, on which occasion six thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished by famine, disease, and the sword. The devotion of the citizens, on the above occasion, procured from Prince William of Holland, who relieved the place, the highest praise, and, what was of more importance, funds for the establishment of an university, which is deservedly esteemed among the best disciplined and the best regulated school for the classics, law, medicine, and divinity, on the whole continent.

They were just now employed in adding considerably to the buildings of the University, the number of students,

which generally amounted to about three hundred, having increased to five hundred within the last three years. Attached to the University is a museum of natural history and comparative anatomy, beautifully and scientifically arranged, and a library of fifty thousand volumes. To the museum has recently been added the splendid collection of birds belonging to Mr. Temmink of Amsterdam, the produce chiefly of Java and the other oriental possessions of the Dutch; and Professor Lesson is probably the first ornithologist in Europe.

The botanical garden does credit to all who belong to it, being kept in the highest possible order. The walks are beautiful, and without a pebble: they are covered with a mixture of peat earth and the spent dust of tanners' oak bark. The garden is tastefully laid out in clumps of shrubbery in various forms, round which, on borders, are the various plants, named and numbered according to the system of Jussieu. The whole extent is seven acres, four of which have been added only a few years ago, and laid out in good taste by the late Professor Brugman as a garden for the reception of medicinal plants, and for the use of the medical students. Among the hot-house plants we saw a date palm with fruit upon it, which the gardener said had been there two hundred years.

It may be questioned whether the botanical garden of Leyden and the museum are not superior to the Jardin des Plantes and its museum in Paris. Taken altogether, we were of opinion that they had a decided preference, though they wanted the attraction of living animals, of the influence of which we have had experience in the multitudes that flock to the zoological gardens of London.

Near the University a large open space, planted with trees, serves as a promenade for the inhabitants. It seems that this place was once covered with good houses, which were destroyed in 1807 by the explosion of a vessel laden with gunpowder, when more than one hundred and fifty persons, and, among others, the two professors, Luzac and Kluit, perished under their ruins. No stronger proof is wanting of the decay of the trade and manufactures of Leyden than that of converting the ground, where some of the best houses stood when the accident happened, and which is the most agreeable part of the town, into a mere promenade, instead of replacing them by others. In all our walks we did not observe a single new house building; and, in fact, we were given to understand that the population had decreased a full fourth part of what it was in the days of its prosperity.

It is a common observation that the High street of Oxford may be reckoned among the finest in Europe; but striking as it is, those who hold this opinion can know very little of Europe. Without going farther, we may observe that the Breede street or Broad street of Leyden, though far from being one of the finest in Europe, is superior, in some respects, to that of Oxford. In the first place, it is much wider, and at least three times the length; and, contrary to the usual practice of laying out streets by the Dutch, it has the same gently-winding turn, but wants the gradual ascent, which contributes so much to the beauty of the High street of Oxford. The houses in that of Leyden are generally superior and more picturesque; and though the number of colleges of ancient architecture, with their turrets, towers, and spires, in Oxford, exceed the number of public buildings in the Broad street of Leyden, there is one at least that will bear comparison with the most picturesque college in High street. This is the old Hotel de Ville, built, as appears by an inscription in front, in the year 1574. It has a tall spire, somewhat remarkable in the architecture, and not inelegant. It is built with a dark blue stone, which has the appearance of black marble, and its prominent parts are tipped with gilding. The body of the building has nearly thirty windows on a line in front, three pediments or gables highly ornamented, a handsome balustrade, surmounted by a ridge of stone globes, and the whole front of this remarkable piece of architecture may be said to be

"With glist'ning spires and pinnacles a'orn'd."

The ground-floor of this town-house is appropriated as a market for butchers'-meat, but no appearance of it is visible from the street. This is also the case, as we afterwards found, under the old Hotel de Ville at Bruges. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness of Leyden in all its streets, whether those with or those without canals. The former, with their quays, are particularly neat; and as there is little trade, and, of course, few shipping that carry masts, the bridges are mostly of stone, of which they pretend to say there are not fewer than one hundred and fifty.

We paid a visit to the ancient church of St. Peter, which was built in 1321. It is not only the largest in the

town, but by far the best specimen in the style of Gothic architecture, perhaps, in all Holland; and the inhabitants persuade themselves it is also the first in point of decorations and magnificence. As in all the reformed churches, so in this, the Iconoclasts have left nothing of ornamental sculpture remaining that formerly belonged to it, and have substituted only a few monuments in its place. One of these, erected to the memory of the celebrated Boerhaave, is carefully pointed out to strangers. It is an urn, supported on a pedestal of black marble, having on the front a medallion bearing the bust of the deceased with this inscription:—

"Simplex sigillum veri."

And below it is the following:—

"Salutifero Boerhavii genio sacrum."

There are several other monuments of distinguished professors of the University, but none that are calculated to attract much attention. The choir, as usual, is screened off by a railing of bronze, and striped of all its former Romanist decorations.

The environs of Leyden are extremely beautiful, and the whole country around is studded with villas, gardens, and pleasure-houses, standing, as usual, over ditches or in the middle of ponds. The most frequent, and, indeed, the most delightful promenade, shaded by a double row of trees, is without the walls, and close by the side of that branch of the Rhine which waters and surrounds the town. This gently-moving stream—so gentle that its current is scarcely perceptible—may here be about from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in width; and the bank opposite to the walk, and between the river and the wall, partakes in some places of the picturesque, being high and well clothed with shrubby plants, and briars and tangling creepers. It would, perhaps, be difficult to point out in any part of the world a more enchanting walk on a fine summer's evening than that which borders the Rhine where it skirts the walls of Leyden.

A very mistaken notion seems to have been entertained that the insignificance of the Rhine, in this part of its course, is owing to its waters being lost in the sands. Nothing can be more incorrect than such an idea. That this Leyden branch is of comparative insignificance is very true; but instead of being absorbed, the waters of this noble river, on the contrary, pursue their course in full vigour, and with increased volume into the sea.

The province of Holland in general, however, and the district of Rhineland in particular, are most deeply concerned in the smallest or Leyden branch, as by the proper management of this stream only is that part of the country preserved from one sweeping inundation. The main works for this purpose are at Katwyk, where, by very simple but effectual contrivances of flood-gates, the waters of the Rhine are let out into the sea, and those of the sea shut out from the land. The distance from Leyden is about ten miles, through five of which nearest to the sea, a broad and deep canal has been cut, across which a triple set of double gates have been thrown, the first having two pair, the second four pair, and the last seven pair, with stone piers of excellent masonry between them. Against these last gates the tide rises twelve feet, and to take off the pressure, an equal depth is preserved in the great dam within them. When the Rhine has accumulated behind the other gates to a certain height, the whole of the gates are thrown open at low water, the rush of which completely scour the passage of sand, which, before the adoption of these gates, used constantly to choke up the channel of the Rhine; and the waters, thus impeded, frequently inundated the country, and had more than once threatened Leyden with destruction. It has been calculated that these seven gates, when thrown open, are capable of discharging a volume of water not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet in a second of time.

Still, however, we were given to understand that the commissioners for the management of the Rhineland waters are not without their apprehensions of the inefficiency of these sluices, on the breaking up of a long frost, or the continuance of heavy rains; and it was rumoured, that an engineer was expected from England to examine and report his opinion whether any thing more, and what, could be done for the better security of the country.

On the 12th of August, about ten in the morning, we continued our journey towards Haarlem, on a road which for its goodness, smooth and beautiful as they are in any part of Holland, is not exceeded in the whole of this country. In travelling along it, the passenger is gratified by witnessing a constant succession of gentlemen's seats, the grounds of many of them laid out in exceeding good taste, and all of them kept in neat order;

and this continues for sixteen miles. On approaching Haarlem within a few miles, the meer or lake of that name, which is, in fact, a little sea, is seen to the eastward, between some of the sand hills which its waves have thrown up. By the inequalities of the surface which extend to the side of the road, and the mixture of sand and gravel of which they are composed, it would appear that this sea must at one time have been of much greater extent than at present. Most of these eminences or hills, if we may so call them, are generally planted with firs and other northern trees; the parks or domains over which they are scattered are surrounded with our ordinary park paling; cottages here and there are seen by the roadside with their little cabbage and potato gardens; hawthorn hedges are not unfrequent; and, in short, these and some other indications of the approach to Haarlem, were so many appearances of what we every day see in England, that, without any great stretch of the imagination, one might suppose one's self to be travelling in some corner of the British isles.

Immediately before the entrance into the town of Haarlem is a wood of considerable extent, in which is an excellent house, that once belonged to Mr. Hope of Amsterdam. It was purchased by Bonaparte, as a residence for his brother Louis, for five hundred thousand guilders; about forty-two thousand pounds sterling.

We did not remain long in Haarlem. It appeared to us very much like the other towns in Holland, very well built, very clean, and very dull. Its population was said to be greatly diminished, and its once flourishing manufactures of silks, velvets, and damasks, for which it was famed, have now nearly disappeared, and that little remained but the weaving of linen and woollen clothes and of lace. In fact, it was stated that the population, which was once reckoned to be forty-eight thousand, was reduced to about seventeen thousand. It still, however, has its Academy of Sciences, and the Teylerian Society, founded by an individual from whose name it is derived. It has a library, with a collection of philosophical instruments, and of subjects of natural history; and lectures are delivered in all the different departments of science.

The river Spaarn, issuing from the Haarlem Meer, traverses the city, and having supplied its canals, passes on and joins the lake or creek of the Zuyder Zee, on the southern shore of which the city of Amsterdam is built. The name of this narrow prolongation of the Zuyder Zee is written on the Dutch Maps *Het Y*; a name that has somewhat puzzled strangers, particularly if you ask a Dutchman what it is called, as he is sure to say it is *Tuiz*. The fact is, the letter *y* in Dutch is pronounced the same as the *i* in English, or *ai*; and by abbreviating the definite article *het*, *the*, it becomes in common parlance *'t ai*. This will explain how our map makers have written it, some *Tuiz*, some *Tye*, and others, still worse, the *Ye*, on their maps. A Frenchman in describing Amsterdam, calls it the *E-grec*. Any enquiry as to the origin or meaning of the name was useless. In fact, the letter *y* in their alphabet has no particular meaning; but as its pronunciation is precisely that of *ai*, and as this syllable, or something like it, signifies water in many of the northern languages, and in North Holland there are not other rivers or waters named *Tu* and the *Et* (*Ea*), it is not, perhaps, an overstrained etymology to suppose that "*the Ai*" is nothing more than "the water." The *Ea* or the *Et* is the provincial name of the water which flows out of Windermere and Coniston lakes down the Cartmel sands.

There is little more to be seen at Haarlem than the church of St. Bavin, in which is the celebrated organ whose size and tones, and number of pipes, have been supposed to be without a parallel in this class of instruments; but as we had seen and heard that of St. Lawrence at Rotterdam, we did not deem it worth the loss of time that would have been occasioned by waiting for the organist and bellows-blowers, to give us a peal. We should, however, have been tempted to delay awhile, had the season of the year been that in which the tulip, the hyacinths, and the jonquils are in blossom, for which the adjoining gardens are celebrated, and with which they annually supply our florists in England. The sort of raising these bulbous-rooted plants so as to produce their flowers in perfection, simple as it may appear to be, is not yet domesticated with us; we have still our fresh importations annually from Holland. The gaudy tulip was an object which at one time drove the grave, the prudent, and the cautious Dutchman, as wild as ever did the South Sea bubble, or the senseless speculations that took possession of our countrymen a few years ago, the gullible John Bull. The enormous prices that were actually given for real tulip bulbs, of particular kinds, formed but a small fraction of the extent to which

the mercantile transactions of this gaudy flower was carried. If we may give credit to Beckman, who states it on Dutch authorities, four hundred *perits* in weight (something less than a grain), of the bulb of a tulip named *Admiral Leifken*, cost four thousand four hundred florins; and two hundred of another, named *Semper Augustus*, two thousand florins. Of this last, he tells us, it once happened there were only two roots to be had, for one at Amsterdam, the other at Haarlem; and that for one of these were offered four thousand six hundred florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete set of harness; and that another person offered twelve acres of land. It is almost impossible to give credence to such madness. The real truth of the story is, that these tulip roots were never bought or sold, but they became the medium of a systematised species of gambling. The bulbs, and their divisions into *perits*, became like the different stocks in our public funds,—the objects of the bulls and bears,—and were bought and sold at different prices from day to day, the parties settling their account at fixed periods; the innocent tulips, all the while, never once appearing in the transactions, nor even thought of. "Before the tulip season was over," says Beckman, "more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had any where, which happened twice, no species, perhaps, was often purchased and sold." This kind of sheer gambling reached at length to such a height, that the government found it necessary to interfere and put a stop to it.

On the great market-place of Haarlem is a statue of Lawrence Koster, who is supposed to have been the inventor of printing. He holds forth triumphantly, as it were, in his hands, the letter A as a type of his claim to the invention. It faces the house in which he lived, and in the front of which is the following inscription:—

"Memoria sacrum
Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix, hic primum inventa,
circa annum 1440."

It is asserted that the first book that was printed is *Le Miroir de Notre Solut*, which is preserved with great care in the Hotel de Ville, and another copy of which is said to be preserved in the public library of Heern. The prevailing opinion, however, is, that Faust was the inventor, who, with Gutenberg, printed the first book in Mayence. In opposition to this, it is maintained by the people of Haarlem that Faust was a servant of Koster, who stole his types, and fled with them to Mayence. If the assertion be true that Faust was, about the time when the invention is said to have taken place, the servant of Koster, one of two things is pretty clear,—either that Faust did carry off his master's invention, or that Koster received the first intimation of the art from Faust while in his service. So recently as 1822, a commission, composed of several learned professors, investigated these claims, and reported that it appeared from historical documents, that Koster's invention dates somewhere between 1420 and 1425. Haarlem is still famous for casting types, particularly those of Greek and Hebrew; for printing the latter language, the Jews mostly derive their types from this city.

From Haarlem to Amsterdam the face of the country has wholly changed its character. The road takes now an easterly direction, and nothing meets the eye but one continued meadow, intersected by ditches to drain off the water, without a tree, or almost a bush in any direction, and terminated, after a few miles travelling, by the Haarlem Meer on the south, and the lake or great water *Ai*, on the north. A fine broad paved causeway, of ten miles in length, conducts the traveller from Haarlem to Amsterdam; for five miles it is laid out in a mathematical straight line, and is bordered by a noble canal parallel to it. The other side of the road is bordered by a ditch and a row of willows. These willows, and the causeway, and the canal, are so perfectly straight and parallel, that the eye placed at one end of the five miles, would see the other end, were it not hidden, as it were, below the surface, by the natural convexity of the earth.

At the end of the first five miles, the waters of the Haarlem Meer and the *Ai* communicate beneath a narrow artificial isthmus, having a gentle swell resembling that of a bridge; over this the causeway is continued. At this spot the relative heights of the two waters of the *Ai* and the Meer are nicely regulated, by means of sluices and gange-posts, marked into very nice and minute divisions; and the greatest attention is paid to the state of the waters at this particular spot, the safety of Amsterdam and the adjacent country from inundations

depending much on the management of these two inland seas. The Dutch are said to have a plan for draining Haarlem Meer, and thereby gaining about sixty thousand acres of land; the success must depend on its depth, but a few hundred pumps worked by windmills would easily and speedily empty its water (if moderately shallow) into the *Ai*.

Close to the narrow isthmus, that divides them, is a neat inn, where carriages and horses are to be had; and where also is an ancient chateau, named Swannenburg, in front of which, and on the pillars of the gate, are sculptured several figures of swans. Having crossed the narrow neck, the canal and the road recommence with an angle, inclining more to an easterly direction, and continue for another five miles, close up to the gate of Amsterdam. The canal is supplied by the *Ai*, through several inlets. In fact it forms in many places a part of the *Ai*, and is only separated from it, and the navigation protected, by rows of strong posts, called a boom, which, by breaking the waves, preserve the opposite bank of the canal or the causeway, which would otherwise be constantly exposed to the danger of being washed away.

A steady and undeviating perseverance in uniformity, order, and regularity, is discernible in all the public works of the Dutch. An instance of it struck us forcibly in proceeding along this causeway. By the side of the canal is a narrow tracking path for the horses which draw the treckschuyts and other craft. To prevent them from encroaching on the carriage road, a series of hard blue stone posts, about three feet high, all of the same form and dimensions, are firmly fixed in the ground at equal intervals of twenty yards, making the total number about eight hundred and eighty. These stones must all have been brought either from the banks of the Rhine or the Meuse, probably of the latter, for nothing of the kind is to be found in all Holland.

On arriving at Amsterdam, we put up at a very excellent hotel, on one of the Burghwaals, called the Waapenen van Amsterdam, which and the Doelen are the best in this city.

CHAPTER IV.

AMSTERDAM.

Neither the approach to Amsterdam, nor the entrance into it through the Haarlem gate, holds out to the stranger any promise that he is about to be gratified with the sight of a large and beautiful city. The environs on this side, far from wearing a tempting appearance, very much resemble that low tract of marshy land, which stretches along the banks of the Thames between Greenwich and Woolwich; an extensive flat of dark green meadow, intersected with dykes and ditches; but somewhat enlivened by the constant whirling motion of some two or three hundred windmills, some grinding corn and seeds, but most of them employed in pumping water from one ditch into another, till finally it is disposed of in the sea.

On entering the city, the first object that catches the eye of the stranger is a row of tall houses, built without any regularity of design, along a quay facing the Zuider Zee; some leaning one way and some another, and all out of the perpendicular, threatening momentarily to fall. We looked in vain for trees, which we had expected to find like those on the Boompjes of Rotterdam. The first turning to the right, however, from this quay, afforded a more favourable prospect; but still this capital of Holland had a sort of Wapping or Thames street appearance, and looked inferior in every respect to Rotterdam. A better acquaintance satisfied us of the error which the first impression had created.

Amsterdam is situated on the south bank of the creek or lake *Ai* of which we have spoken, just where the river Amstel, after pervading the city, falls into it from the south. This extraordinary city—beyond all doubt the most extraordinary that Europe affords, not even Venice excepted, as to its situation, its rise, and rapid progress to the state in which it now is—dates back its origin to some part of the thirteenth century, it being then a mere assemblage of fishermen's huts, perched on the drier and more elevated patches of a swamp, but not high enough to secure them completely from being occasionally submerged by the sea. But the superabundant products which these poor industrious people were able to derive from the seas and the waters by which they were surrounded, met with a ready market from their northern and southern neighbours. The result was naturally a rapidly increasing intercourse between the Batavians, the Belgians, and the northern natives on the Baltic, with whom they exchanged their dried and salted fish for various kinds of grain and clothing; and this

commerce brought the merchants of these countries to their shores, some of whom found it to their advantage to reside occasionally among them, others to form connections, and domiciliate themselves entirely, in spite of their bogs and swamps; to build store and dwelling houses, and to adopt means for the protection of themselves and their property against the encroachments of the *Ai*, rendered more formidable by the storms that swelled the Zuider Zee.

Amsterdam is in form of a crescent, its inward curving line and two horns stretching along the *Ai*, the length, by the plan, being about thirteen thousand five hundred Rhineland feet, and perpendicular from the centre of this line, seven thousand five hundred feet, or as nine to five: the circumference on the land side twenty-five thousand five hundred Rhineland feet, surrounded by a wall of regular bastions, and a wet ditch, bordered by a row of trees.

It is supposed that the first foundation of the city was laid along the borders of the Amstel, which is now the centre. All this part, down to the *Ai*, is irregularly built, and is surrounded by the Amstel and its branches, the Roken and the Damrak. The streets and canals in this quarter are named the Burgwaals; and this part of the city still retains the name of the 'Oude Zyde.' Perhaps the earliest building of a public nature is the old Waag, or Weighing-house. The more recent, regular, and well-built streets follow a direction round this crescent, and are parallel to each other, and each of them a crescent, continued from one angle of the city to the other.

It could only have been when the city had attained a high degree of prosperity that these magnificent streets were laid out and built. Their names are the Heeren Gracht, the Keyser's Gracht, and the Prinzen Gracht; three streets that are not easily to be matched in any other town or city of Europe for their length, width, and the grandeur and elegance of their buildings. They are parallel, as we have said, to each other; but take the general shape of the town, which is that of a polygonal crescent, having all the lines perfectly straight between the angular points. These streets are each about two miles in length, two hundred and twenty feet in width, bounded by large and elegant dwelling houses, with a canal down the middle, crossed by numerous stone bridges, and bordered by rows of large trees of oak, elm, and linden, on each side, not inferior to those of the Boompjes of Rotterdam.

The numerous canals of Amsterdam, it is said, divide the city into ninety different islands, communicating by two hundred and eighty bridges, either of stone or of wood, the latter being drawbridges, and many of the former having sluices to open in the centre for the passage of boats, and others for the purpose of regulating the level of the water in the canals. These sluices are so placed and so well attended to, that little danger or damage is now apprehended from high tides and storms on the Zuider Zee, which, in former times, was but too frequently experienced.

The mixture of the muddy water of the Amstel with the seawater from the *Ai*, the filth from the sewers, from the houses, and the streets, and the offal from the multitude of vessels that are moored in the canals, most of them inhabited by whole families, must necessarily have the effect of creating a smell at no time agreeable, and sometimes highly offensive. Nor is the unpleasant sensation at all diminished by casting a glance at the colour which the surface of the water invariably bears, being that of a rich olivaceous green. The smell, however, except in the lower and more busy parts of the city, is scarcely perceptible, unless, indeed, as the old proverb insinuates, the water be stirred up, which must happen whenever one of the vessels moves her berth along the canal. It is then *gare l'eau*; and the street passenger, if he be to leeward, will do well to cross the first bridge he meets with, and get to windward as fast as he possibly can. This peculiar effluvia has been supposed by some to be injurious to the human constitution, and yet few cities can boast of a more robust and healthy set of inhabitants than these are of Amsterdam. It is said to be a fact, however, that no cavalry regiment is ever kept at Amsterdam, as the horses all become ill, and many have died, from the badness, as is supposed, of the water. The town is served with fresh water from the river Vecht, five or six miles distant, and carried round in carts: most of the houses, however, have cisterns to receive the rain water. It is not impossible, that if the water of the canals was not occasionally driven out into the *Ai*, by the admission of the pure fresh water of the Amstel, the air might become infected, and serious sickness ensue. Be that as it may, it does not appear that

Amsterdam is more unhealthy than other towns of Holland, or subject to any particular endemic diseases. A humid atmosphere produces here, as it every where else does, fevers and coughs; but against the effects of such a chilling air the natives take care to supply themselves with thick and warm clothing; in addition to which the women, who lead a very sedentary life, place the feet on a little wooden stool under their petticoats, in which is a small pan of burning charcoal; and the men, in order to fortify themselves against the baneful effects of such an atmosphere, are said to drink plenty of gin, and smoke tobacco. This may be so; but it is fair to mention, that we never saw a Dutchman drunk in the streets, not even among the lower classes. Indeed so strict is the police of Amsterdam, that a beastly drunkard would not be tolerated in public.

Whoever is desirous of seeing human ingenuity and human industry most successfully and most extensively exerted for the purpose of counteracting the injurious effect of one of the most powerful and destructive elements, and by means the most simple, must visit Holland, and more particularly Amsterdam. He will there see and admire the simple and effectual means that have been adopted for the security of the town, by bringing the waters under complete control.

The whole extent of the sea front, with the quays and the shipping, is protected from injury by a double stockade of strong, square, wooden posts, known by the name of *boom*; or barriers, extending at a distance from the quay along the whole line of the city, from the northwest to the southeast corner, a distance of two miles and a half. These large beams of wood are firmly fixed in pairs, with openings between each tier, at certain distances, to allow ships to pass them to and from the quays. Of these openings or passages there are twenty-one, all of which are closed by night; so that nothing can arrive at, or depart from, the quay till they are set open. By means of these barriers, the injurious effects of the waves on the wharf wall, by being divided and dispersed, as well as of masses of ice driven down from the northward, are completely obviated.

All the quays, and, indeed, every house in Amsterdam, are built upon piles; and as each of these is a large tree or balk of timber, of forty or fifty feet in length, some idea may be formed of the expense of building in Amsterdam, as well as of the immense quantity of timber that must have been brought thither for this purpose alone. It is recorded that the number of piles on which the old Town House, now the Royal Palace, is built, amounts to upwards of thirteen thousand.

Indeed the industry of the Dutch is not to be surpassed; and it is exercised, not only with great skill and ingenuity, but also with indefatigable perseverance; otherwise they never could have succeeded in accomplishing such great undertakings with such small means.

On no occasion, perhaps, is this ingenuity and perseverance more displayed than in the means employed in conquering the waters of the ocean, and in bringing under subjection the rivers, lakes, and canals with which they are surrounded on every side, by means of sluices, drains, ditches, and windmills, of the last of which, for this and other purposes, such as sawing wood, grinding corn, and crushing seeds for oil, the number in the vicinity of all their towns and cities is perfectly astonishing.

These windmills are remarkable objects on the Boulevards of Amsterdam. There are no less than thirty bastions in the line of fortification on the land side, and on each bastion is a windmill, of a description larger than common, for grinding corn, and other purposes. It is whimsical enough that, surrounded as they are with water on every side, there is not a watermill in the whole country. It suited their purpose better to raise a contention between the elements, by employing the wind to drive out the water. Necessity, indeed, taught the Hollander this; for if it were not for the complete subjection in which the waters are held by this and other means, the city of Amsterdam might, at any one moment, be altogether submerged. The idea of such a calamity, happening to a city which is stated to contain near two hundred thousand inhabitants, calls for every precaution that can be put in practice to avert it.

Of this number of inhabitants, consisting chiefly of Calvinists, Catholics, Lutherans, and Jews, by far the greater part are engaged in some kind of commerce or other—few of them in manufactures, except such as are in every-day use, and for home consumption. Many of the artisans and the poorer classes inhabit the cellars under the houses of the more opulent, and a great many reside constantly on the water, in comfortable apartments

built on the upper decks of their trading vessels, more particularly those employed in the inland navigations.

In this and in many other respects the Dutch bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese; like this industrious and economical race, they keep their hogs, their ducks, and other domestic animals constantly on board. Their apartments are kept in a state of great neatness; the women employ themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labours of the needle, and many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemones, and various other flowers. Some of these vessels are of great length, but generally narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the towns. Each vessel is generally navigated by the members of one family, of which the female part is by no means the least useful, nothing being more common than to see the women steering, poling, hauling the ropes, or employed on some other duties of the craft.

It must be obvious that great quantities of mud will be deposited in these canals, and that a constant expense of labour must be incurred in keeping them clear. This is as much a public concern as the cleaning of our streets by scavengers. They employ for this purpose a dredging machine, worked by horses, instead of a steam-engine, which we make use of in the Thames and the dock-yards.

One of our first visits was to the dock-yard situated at the southern extremity of the quay, on the island of Kattenburg. It was in the dusk of the evening, and the guard was already set; but the officer on guard very civilly volunteered to wait on the admiral who ordered that we should be immediately admitted.

It has the advantage of a magnificent basin communicating with the *Al*, at the upper end of which, arranged in a straight line, are five slips for building ships of the line, with a series of roofs over each slip, but united so as to form one continued building. Adjoining these were four other slips, roofed over, for the largest class of frigates; and in other parts of the yard were twelve smaller slips, also roofed, for sloops, schuyts, and other small craft. The larger roofs had each a gallery round them within, just under the pitch of the roof. On enquiring for what purpose these galleries were made, we were told that the only use made of them was to accommodate spectators to view the launch of the ship.

There was but one ship of the line building, the *Jupiter*, of seventy-four guns. She had a round stern, and was nearly ready; there were also two forty-four gun frigates, and two twenty gun sloops. On observing to our conductor that it appeared they had adopted all our late improvements, both here and at Rotterdam—round sterns, diagonal braces, filling in between the timbers, &c.—he said they could not follow a better example.

There was very little timber in the yard. It is mostly received from the forests of Brabant and Flanders, and is brought to Amsterdam ready squared, and sometimes fashioned, by which a great expense of carriage is saved. What other stores they might have, we could not learn; but the person who went round with us supposed they might be sufficient to enable them to send a ship to sea of each class. It was, in fact, too late to go through the magazine or store house, which is a magnificent building at the entrance of the yard. Its dimensions are two hundred and twenty by two hundred feet; and it is six, if not seven, stories high. An inscription informs us that it was built in the year 1666, and completed ready for use in nine months.

In a line at the upper end of the yard, and close behind the largest of the roofed tiers of slips, is a long range of buildings, kept in very neat order, consisting of the officers' houses, and the different offices and workshops of the several trades, among which we noticed the block-maker's, the joiner's, the carver's, the blacksmith's, the house-carpenter's, and many others, the whole line occupying a space of not less than a quarter of a mile.

The number of men employed was stated to be about one thousand five hundred of all denominations, and that all the labour of the yard was done by hand, and mostly by task and job. There appeared to be no great exertion on the part of those who were at work. We observed twenty-two men employed, two and two, in carrying away the convicts strutting along in Portsmouth dock-yard. Some small craft were on the stocks; and a very beautiful yacht, dabbled over with gold and blue paint, and carved with no mean workmanship, had just been finished for the use of King William. The only ship of war afloat was a frigate lying in the basin, housed over in the same manner as we see our ships in ordinary.

In fact Amsterdam has always been considered as a very indifferent port, whether for merchantmen or ships of war, on account of the shallowness of water, the shoals, and the difficulty of the navigation of the *Zuyder Zee*. That difficulty has, however, in some degree been obviated within these few years, by opening a ship canal from the Helder to a point opposite to Amsterdam.

This great port, from which it is said about two thousand sea-going vessels annually clear outwards, had no other communication with the ocean than by the Pampus channel into the *Zuyder Zee*, by which, added to the dangers of the navigation, outward bound ships had frequently to contend with the prevailing adverse winds from the northward. Then the Pampus channel, which connects the *Zuyder Zee* with the *Al*, is so narrow, and so constantly barred up, that large vessels were unable to pass it at all, without loading or unloading by means of lighters, or being floated out and out on canals. To obviate these inconveniences, the government resolved on cutting a ship canal from the Helder to Buysluys, immediately opposite Amsterdam. This canal, which is fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the surface, thirty-eight feet at the bottom, and twenty feet deep, was commenced in 1819, and finished in 1825, at the expense, it is said, of about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The level of the water is preserved by means of flood-gates at the two extremities, to the level of spring tides; when, at high water, the gates are thrown open to supply any waste that may have been occasioned during the neap tides; but it has other sources from whence it draws a supply of water as it passes through the country. Its course commences at the Diep, close to the Helder, where a pier had for some years past been thrown out into the *Zuyder Zee*. From hence it runs parallel to the coast, along the sea-dyke, as far as Petten; from thence a little easterly to Alekmar; thence takes an easterly direction to Purmerend; thence directly south to Buysluys, which is directly opposite to Amsterdam, and just where the *Al*, in its passage to the *Zuyder Zee*, has been contracted by an artificial dyke, to create a current for the purpose of scouring out the channel, and preserving a sufficient depth of water in the port of Amsterdam.

On the published plan of this canal are marked a double set of floodgates at each extremity, and two or three others in the interior, for no other purpose, it would appear, than to retain the water; for as the whole line of country is perfectly level, no locks, of course, were necessary. In the print is represented a forty-six gun frigate, and a large Indianman, of a thousand tons burden, passing through the sluices at the same time, in the year 1826, when the canal was first opened. They are represented as being dragged by six or eight horses, each at a speed not less than three miles an hour. This work must prove of the greatest importance to Amsterdam, and remedy most of its commercial inconveniences, but not that, which is above human skill to remedy, of being shut up for two or three months in the year, and sometimes longer, by ice. The ground, however, is of so loose a texture, that the banks had given way in several places, and it was apprehended that a constant expense would be incurred in their repair.

The public buildings in Amsterdam are, perhaps, less remarkable than in most other cities of the Continent; but it may be doubted if the city itself, as to the style and magnitude of the dwellings, the width of the streets, the broad sheets of water, bordered by the finest trees, has any superior in Europe. A house with eight, ten, or twelve windows on the same floor in front, and with four, five, or even six stories in height, is not uncommon in the three great streets we have spoken of at the upper part of the town. A pair of folding doors usually lead into a court-yard, round which are arranged the different offices, the coach-house, and stables, and very frequently a neat garden behind all; and where this is wanting, there are usually some fine flowering shrubs, mostly the oleander and myrtle, placed in pots or tubs round the court-yard. These splendid houses were mostly built in the days of prosperity, when the De Witts, and De Ruyters, and Van Tromps, so nobly disputed with England the sovereignty of the ocean.

In some part of the front of the very first houses, but generally in the gable or highest story, may be observed a beam of wood projecting a few feet, in which is a block and sheave for hoisting up goods, furniture, or articles of merchandise; for however wealthy a Dutchman may be, or of whatever rank, he has no objection to *keep and rick* a little; that is to say, to buy and sell. In the days of prosperity, an Oppor Koopman was the highest honorary title that could be given to their Indian possessions. In hours, however, where merchandise was never thought

of, this apparatus for hoisting up goods is fitted. It marks a distinctive character in the people. Whatever furniture may be required for an English drawing room or bedroom, it goes in at the door and is carried up stairs, frequently to the detriment of the staircase. Whatever goes into a Dutch house is hoisted up to the highest story and let down to its proper place.

There is one building in Amsterdam which commands the attention of all strangers. This is the old *Stadhuis*, or Hotel de Ville, which that poor simple man, Louis Bonaparte, when created king of Holland, took possession in 1808, as his palace, and which King-William still preserves in that character, though he very rarely troubles his good city of Amsterdam, his residence being divided between the Hague and Brussels. The Dutch consider this palace as the eighth wonder of the world. It stands on a large open space, called the *Dam*, rising with a gentle ascent from the head of the great canal, named the *Damrak*. It measures in front two hundred and eighty-two feet, in depth two hundred and twenty-two feet, and in height one hundred and sixteen feet, and with the tower and cupola, one hundred and eighty-three feet. On the façade, and ranged along the second story, there are thirty pilasters of the composite order, each thirty-six feet high; a second range of the Corinthian order forms a third story. This second colonnade, of the same height as those below, supports the entablature, out of which rises a pediment, whose base is eighty-two feet, and perpendicular height eighteen feet. A fine piece of marble sculpture ornaments this pediment. The city of Amsterdam is represented under the figure of a female wearing an imperial crown, and holding an olive branch in her hand. On her left is an escutcheon bearing the city arms. She is attended by Neptune armed with his trident, and sitting in his car, drawn by sea unicorns, so they are called, and accompanied by Naiads and Tritons, with their conch shells, as if announcing to the world the renown of this fine city. On the cornice of this front are three full length figures in bronze, said to be each twelve feet high, representing *Peace*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*. On the back front are also three figures, the centre one representing an Atlas bearing an enormous globe, with *Temperance* on one side, and *Vigilance* on the other.

We were disappointed in not seeing the interior, a positive order having been received to admit no one at the time we were there, as the young prince of Holland was daily expected. It seems, however, there is but one room that is deserving of particular notice, but that one is represented as the finest in Europe. It is the ball room, the dimensions of which are said to be one hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-five wide, and ninety feet high.

When King Louis took possession of the *Stadhuis*, the civil and municipal authorities removed into a building in the neighbourhood which was once a convent, but converted at the Reformation into the Prince's Hotel, and subsequently became the Admiralty. It is a large building, surrounding a square court, in the middle of which is a fountain.

There are at least ten or twelve churches of the established religion in Amsterdam, and churches and chapels of almost every other sort that can be named. At one time the Dutch were intolerant in the highest degree; and Catholics, Lutherans, Jews, and Anabaptists, and every other sect, were prohibited from holding any public place of worship, but were obliged to congregate in private houses. Now, however, they are allowed to assemble, each in his own church or chapel, for the performance of divine service; but even yet none of them are allowed the use of bells, and some are not permitted to raise a tower or spire, but only a simple turret or cupola.

Not many, indeed, of the established churches have lofty towers or spires; these are of no particular class or order of architecture, but nevertheless are of good proportions and pleasing designs. Perhaps they may be classed, in point of size and height, with the tower and spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, and in point of general appearance in the architecture, to St. Mary's or the new church in the Strand.

The reformers, in taking possession of the Roman Catholic churches, took care to strip them of every ornament and decoration that could be removed or defaced, particularly pictures and statues; they threw down the altars, and have shut out from public view the choir, at the head of which the grand altar used to stand; they also demolished the chapels and their altars. Thus stripped, the traveller feels little curiosity in entering a Dutch church.

In the old church that was dedicated to St. Nicholas, it is said, was a statue of the saint as large as life, of solid silver, which the Calvinists pulled down and melted,

together with the candelabras and other pieces of plate belonging to the church. Here, as in the other churches we have seen, a balustrade of bronze separates the choir from the body of the church, and on its cornice is an inscription in Dutch, containing the following piece of history:—"The abuse introduced from time to time into the church of God was here exploded in the year 1578."

The altar, as usual, has totally disappeared, and a small plain pulpit supplies its place, from which catechumens are examined and confirmed, and marriages solemnised. In other parts of the church are several monuments, not very interesting, though generally in a better state of execution than we find them in our own churches.

There are, however, three large painted windows on the left transept as we go up the nave, which, though completely Catholic, the reforming iconoclasts have spared. We all agreed in considering them by much the best paintings on glass we had ever met with; and there is a history attached to them, which is believed to be true, and which appears to be borne out by circumstances. Two of these windows were the gift of a wealthy burgomaster, of the name of Claas Van Hoppem. Claas was accused of heresy, and of favouring the new or reformed religion. The priests and his confessor threatened him with excommunication unless he recanted, and immediately undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain absolution from the pope, who had, no doubt, previously been made acquainted with his wealthy circumstances, and also that he was a *bon vivant*. The penance imposed by his Holiness was, that he should make a present of two painted glass windows to the church of St. Nicholas, and that for one whole year he should drink nothing but water. The expense of the glass windows was but a trifle to a man of his great wealth; but having never been a water drinker, he felt convinced of his inability to fulfil that part of the punishment. He therefore solicited a second audience, at which he acquainted his Holiness that the water of Amsterdam was so unwholesome that no body drank it plain; and all he requested was to be permitted to add a few grains of corn to correct its impurities, or he feared he should die before the windows were finished. The pope assented to this reasonable request, and Claas Van Hoppem took good care to malt his water well.

The corner, in which these windows are, is called the *Vrouwen Koir*, or women's choir, there being a great number of female figures pointed in the act of prayer. The arms also of the Van Hoppem family are painted on the glass, and carved also on a tombstone.

The subject of the painting on the first window is the "Salutation of the Virgin Mary by the Angel Gabriel." The second, the "Visit to the Virgin by her cousin Elizabeth." Beneath are the two apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. On each side are a number of persons on their knees, and among the group on the right is a man clad in a grey frock, who is supposed to be Van Hoppem; and this is the more probable, as near to him is represented a bishop with his crozier, on which are written these words:—"Nemo iudicat nisi a se ipso."

Beautiful as these two windows are, the third is still more so, and obviously painted by a different artist. It represents a person, supposed to be the Holy Virgin, on her death bed. She is raised up by her attendants, and holds a lighted candle in her hand, the flame of which is so perfectly natural that the spectator can scarcely believe it not to be so. A numerous group surround the couch while she is apparently receiving the *viaticum*; and a host of angels hover above, ready to convey the soul of the dying saint to the regions of bliss. There is another window behind the choir covered with the painted arms of all the burgomasters, from the reformation of 1578 down to the present time. This church has what may be called an elegant tower and spire, said to be two hundred and fifty feet high. In 1760 it was bodily lifted up by screws, to enable the workmen to repair the foundation. It is remarked for a fine set of carillons, which emit pleasing silvery tones.

The new church, originally dedicated to St. Peter, now to St. Catherine, stands on the *Dam*, close to the palace; and new as it was, no doubt, at the time, it is but now more than three hundred years old. It is said to be built on the model of the cathedral of Amiens. The dimensions are set down as three hundred and fifteen feet long, by two hundred and ten broad; and it is lighted by no less than seventy-five large windows. It contains some of the best modern monuments in Holland, particularly one of Admiral de Ruyter, which has usurped the place of the grand altar. The pulpit is a good specimen of carved work in wood, supported by figures of the four Evangelists.

Besides the steeples or spires of the churches, there are four or five lofty towers scattered in different parts of the city, most of which have their clocks and carillons. One of these, standing on the quay, is the *Herring Tower*, at which the company of merchants concerned in the herring fishery hold their meetings and keep their accounts; and this spot, on the return of the boats from the fishery, is said to exhibit one of the busiest scenes that occur in this great capital. There is another tower on the quay, named the *Serayershoek Toor*, or the tower of the mourners, so called from its standing on the spot where the wives and children of seamen were accustomed to take leave of their husbands and fathers on embarking on foreign voyages. It is now converted into offices for those who are charged with the duties of the port.

From the churches we proceeded to view the National Museum of Pictures in the *Trippenhuis* on the *Kloveniersburgwal*, which is open daily, except Sundays, to strangers. The name is taken from that of the original owner of the house, which was *Tripp*.

It is a good building containing, on two floors, seven or eight rooms, well filled with nearly five hundred pictures, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and many of them among the finest specimens of the several masters. Some of the best were removed from the *Stadhuis* when it became the palace; and to these were added others that were purchased at the public expense from private collections. All which are described in the guide books.

The total want of specimens of the school of Italian painting, might render the museum of Amsterdam of no great estimation in the eyes of those who can see nothing worth bestowing a look upon, but subjects treated in the manner which they are pleased to style the *beau idéal*; that is to say, to produce something that does not exactly exist in nature, but superior to it—angelic features, superhuman forms, and beings created out of the fervour of a heated and luxuriant imagination; the story wrapt up in some hidden meaning, which none but the painter himself can understand or explain; gods and goddesses, nymphs, cupids, lovers, and satyrs—in short, any thing that is not human or natural, if painted with fine flowing lines and warm colouring, is extolled as the link which connects painting with poetry; and so far the conception is just, as both of them, to ensure the praise and admiration of their votaries, must deal in fiction. The Dutch and Flemish painters are mostly content to follow nature, and only fail when they attempt something that is beyond her. Rubens himself never succeeds so ill as where he attempts what is called allegory. It is in some of those pieces where he found it necessary to introduce creatures like nothing that exists on earth, and where his females are such uncouth beings, as almost to justify the resemblance they were said by one of his critics to bear to Flanders' mares.

Our next visit was to the park or plantation—*plantatie*, as it is generally called by the inhabitants. It is situated near the southern extremity of the city, at the end of that noble street, the *Heeren Gragt*, and is surrounded by canals; and, according to the space it appears to occupy on the plan, may be about one thousand yards long by five hundred broad; or, in extent of surface, about one hundred acres; it contains some tolerably fine trees, and is laid out in straight walks, at right angles to each other. Near one corner is a small botanical garden, consisting chiefly of medicinal plants, but not to be mentioned after the garden of Leyden.

Not far from the park is the stone bridge over the *Amstel*, where this river enters the city in a fine broad sheet of water, and with so gentle a current as scarcely to be perceptible. It is called, one knows not why, the *Lover's Bridge*. It is said to be six hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy feet wide; it has eleven arches, with piers of stone masonry mixed with brick-work, apparently of solid and well-executed workmanship. From the centre of this bridge is a favourable view of the city on one side, and on the other an extensive prospect over the flat surface of this singular country, divided into squares and parallelograms, by means of dykes and ditches, called *polders*; spaces that contain, within their boundaries, villas and gardens, which are kept dry by innumerable windmills employed in pumping out the water.

Ascending the quay of the *binnen Amstel*, or the river within the city, we are led to the Exchange, under which it passes through a large arch; and at this point, over the centre of the arch, is conspicuously placed the figure of Mercury, of a colossal size—rather an odd appendage to be selected as the guardian deity of the temple, wherein all the mercantile and money concerns of the capital are transacted. For though this winged gentleman was the protecting deity of commerce, the Dutch were no doubt

aware, that among his other qualifications, he had the reputation of being well versed in the art of appropriating to himself what belonged to others. He is also renowned for activity and swiftness, which have not been supposed among the most prominent features of the Dutch character.

Like all the continental exchanges which resemble our own, that of Amsterdam is a quadrangular building, with an open square space in the middle, round which is an arcade or gallery, supported by forty-six columns, each being appropriated to some particular class of merchants or traders; and here people of all nations daily assemble in crowds, at a particular hour, for the transaction of business. This crowd were a very Jewish and shabby appearance, which made one of our party observe, that he never saw such a multitude of monied men together, that looked so very much like a set of pickpockets. Having since visited the stock exchange of London, and the bank rotunda, he is quite ready to qualify the harsh opinion he had pronounced on the merchants and money-changers of Amsterdam.

A similar crowd, with a good sprinkling of Jews, were loitering daily about the lottery offices, which are numerous in the neighbouring streets, and particularly about the Dam. The prevalence of gambling is a vice, from which the Dutch government has no scruple in deriving a considerable revenue.

The little time we had to spare would not admit of our visiting all the numerous institutions with which this city abounds, for the alleviation of human misery and distress in all their various shapes. The several hospitals, generally kept distinct, for the reception of the aged, the infirm, and the desolate; the blind, the lame, the widows, and orphans; for foundlings, and for those deprived of reason; of which, taken together, there appears to be not fewer than forty, most of them large and convenient buildings. The various prisons, and houses of correction and of industry, are said to be under a better system of control and management, than are most of a similar description in other parts of Europe.

These several establishments have been founded by, and derive their support either from the public, the several religious societies, or rich individuals, particularly widows who are left in good circumstances, and who are frequently most liberal contributors to charities of this kind. But to make ourselves acquainted with the details of the management of institutions of this kind required too much time for a flying visit, and we were therefore reluctantly obliged to be satisfied with viewing, as we did most of them, externally.

Whether these various establishments are capable of relieving the whole mass of human wretchedness which this capital, in common with all large cities, must contain, would require a long residence to determine; but we could not help making the same remark here as in Rotterdam—that in all our rambles we had not met with a drunken person in the streets; nay, more, that we had not observed a man, woman, or child, in rags, or met with a real object of compassion in any part of the town; and the only beggars that accosted us, and those were in some of the lower parts of the town, were decrepit old men. The truth is, that if a young sturdy beggar should be discovered teasing passengers for alms, the police would instantly seize hold of him and send him at once to one of the work-houses, where, if he refused to perform the task set him, he would be treated with a spell at the pump.

Those who are at the head of the police are not so squeamish in Holland as we are. There is none of that fearfulness and timidity,—none of the nonsensical speeches and conversations which our *Dogberys* of the East and of the West are so fond of making, for the pleasure of seeing themselves exhibited in the daily papers,—none of the gossiping, for the gentlemen of the press to detail in their respective journals, whenever a rogue or vagabond—especially one of notoriety—happens to be brought before them.

The law in Holland is clearly defined, and, if the fact be proved, the magistrate has no other line to pursue than to direct that the law shall take its course; and thus the public is relieved from a nuisance, and society benefited by the example. "All rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," which the act of Elizabeth, in our statute book, professes to set to work, the Dutch take good care shall be set to work; and they also take care to have ready in hand, what our statute likewise directs to have in hand, "a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, corn, and other necessary ware and stuff, to set the poor on work."

To aid the police in the praiseworthy task of finding useful labour for the poor and idle, "The Society of

Friends of Humanity and Public Utility," have established an agricultural colony called *Frederik's-oord*, near Stenwyk, on the eastern side of the Zuider Zee, where the land rises into barren heaths and downs. This institution is said to have answered so well, that the king of Denmark undertook to form a similar establishment in his dominions, which, however, failed.

No loose women are permitted to infest the streets of Amsterdam; and the public eye, therefore, is not offended by their indecent and immodest conduct. Private haunts of intemperance and debauchery, it is well known, are winked at, perhaps sanctioned, by the government, which could not be prevented either here or elsewhere; and on this ground it may, perhaps, be deemed politic to allow them. But those disgusting dens of profligacy, known by the name of *speel-houses* or *museums*, frequented by both sexes, and to which, on certain days of the year, respectable families were in the habit of taking their children, to witness scenes of vice in their most odious shape, in order to disgust them—a lesson of doubtful morality—can scarcely now be said to exist, except among the very lowest of the inhabitants.

The police of this city appears to be excellently regulated. Robberies or house-breaking are of rare occurrence. The minister intrusted with the police takes care to employ stout young men, who may be seen in the evening walking in pairs; and these are efficient guardians of peace and quiet during the night. Our new and excellent police establishment is not unlike that of Amsterdam.

Excepting about the quays, where there is always some show of business and bustle, and in the *Warmoes Straat* and *Calvers Straat*, in both of which are the principal shops for all kinds of wares and merchandise, and which may be compared, in point of wealth, with the Strand in London, but without the advantage of its side pavements, Amsterdam appeared to be just as dull and gloomy as the west end of London is in the month of October; and this arose apparently from the same cause, the merchants and gentry being at this time absent at their country villas, enjoying themselves,—some in the sports of the field, confined mostly to the shooting of rabbits, and others in the tulip and hyacinth beds of their neatly-trimmed gardens.

It was generally admitted that the trade, and consequently the prosperity, of Amsterdam had not yet recovered, since the peace, from the shock which they had here, as in Rotterdam, experienced by fraternizing with the French republicans; and it was also admitted, as a natural consequence, that the population had greatly decreased. The whale-fishery, once the source of great wealth, had entirely ceased; and the East India trade and possessions, to which had been mainly owing the prosperity, the splendour, and the maritime power of the nation, had now become a source of vast expenditure, without a hope of their ever recovering their ancient prosperity.

As a proof of the declining state of Oriental commerce, the East India House and its magazines on the island of Oostenburg are crumbling into ruins. They are fully sensible that they never can, under any circumstances, pretend to compete with the English and the Americans in the East India and China trade; and the opinion of the soundest politicians is, that the best thing they can do would be to abandon the trade and possessions altogether.

The bad management and grasping avarice of the Dutch servants in Java have created a rebellion among four millions of people, whom that active, intelligent, zealous, and humane governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, had made happy, prosperous, and free. Under his rule they had been relieved from the power of their oppressors, and freed from that impolitic and unjust system of exactions and forced deliveries of produce, which the Dutch had imposed on their land and their labour.

It was a great mistake on our part, in the negotiations for peace, to have voluntarily surrendered this fine island and its four millions of people to the Dutch, as an act of generosity to a fallen nation, for as to any claim on us, they had none. They never were, and it was not likely they ever would become, popular among the Javanese. Their system of policy has gone far to ruin this noble island, and they have reaped nothing but disgrace, expense, and embarrassment.

The same indication, which amounts nearly to proof of a decreasing population, that we noticed in other towns of Holland, struck us forcibly here. We did not see a single new house, or a house building in all Amsterdam; but we did observe three or four old ones pulling down in the Jews' quarter, with an intention, probably, of rebuilding them, as they stood on the margin of a canal.

The conclusion to be drawn from the few remarks we

made of Amsterdam is, what many persons have supposed to be the case, that it is a very dull, and therefore not a very interesting place. The fact, however, is not so: there is always something going on to excite attention. Mrs. Montagu says, that she never could understand what the expression "stock-still" meant till she visited Amsterdam, when she at once felt its full force. No doubt the "stocks" or "stakes," of which there are so many thousands along the quays of Amsterdam, were "still" enough; but the sea by which they are surrounded is not always so. The canals are "still," but the craft constantly moving about in them is not so. The quays of a town from which two thousand vessels clear out annually, or about six daily, are not likely to be "still;" and if Mrs. Montagu had gone *shopping* in *Warmoes Straat*, or *Calvers Straat*, she would not have found much "still" life there.

No city, for its size and population, abounds with more societies for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, than Amsterdam. It has an academy of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture. At the *Felix meritis*, a most respectable society for the encouragement of every branch of art, science, and literature, of physics, music, and even commerce and political economy, lectures are delivered and dissertations read on all subjects. They have a library stocked with books in all departments of science; a collection of plaster casts from ancient statues; a chemical apparatus, and a collection of mathematical, philosophical, and even musical instruments, and they give concerts. All these are contained in a very handsome building.

The Society of Public Utility is common to every city and town in Holland above the rank of a village. Schools of every kind are numerous. Those for the poor are said to be well attended by more than four thousand children: they are under the direction of a certain number of curators, who admit the children of the poor without distinction of religious sects.

The shortness of our stay would not allow us to form any correct conclusions as to the state of society. The ladies seldom appear in public, and rarely in the streets, excepting in the two where the principal shops are; and very few carriages of any kind are seen in Amsterdam. One of the most common, which serves the place of our hackney coaches, is a small-bodied coach, like a Brighton "Fly," without wheels, and fixed on a wooden sledge drawn by a single horse, and attended by a man who walks by the side, to prevent it from upsetting. The Dutch of both sexes now dress pretty much in the same manner as other Europeans. The Friesland ladies, however, have a peculiar head-dress, consisting of a small cap close to the head, to each side of which, covering the temples nearly as far as the eyes, is attached a plate of gold. The first impression which this odd appendage gives is, that the wearer must have been trepanned. This tasteless head-dress, with its cap and golden plates, is said to cost from ten to twelve pounds; but being a distinction from the vulgar, it is considered cheap enough. These Friesland ladies wear besides golden ringlets round the neck, and pendants from the ear. They are said to be exceedingly tenacious of their ancient customs and dress, and also of their language, which differs as much from modern Dutch as the Flemish does.

The dress of the ladies of Amsterdam is French; and that usually worn by tradesmen's wives and servant girls differs but little from that of the same classes in England, except that the latter description of Hollanders have rarely any summer covering on their head but a cap, and they frequently wear long cloaks with hoods, as in the Netherlands. The men also now dress much the same as with us. The little round hat, the puckered jacket, and the wide breeches of the men have entirely disappeared, except among some of the northern fishermen; and the same kind of hat, the jacket, and short petticoat, displaying a pair of sky-blue stockings, have been equally deserted by the females.

Both sexes appear healthy, which our doctors say they ought not to do in a climate so humid, and amidst a stench from stagnant canals so deleterious. The deaths, we understood, amount to about twenty a day; which, on a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, give an average of four per cent.; a much greater mortality than the average of European cities.

One cannot walk the length of a street in Amsterdam without meeting a certain gentleman dressed in black, with a crape depending from his hat, and a sheet of paper in his hand. He is known by the name of *aan-spreeker*, (announcer, or reporter,) whose business it is to go round to the relatives and acquaintances of a deceased person, to announce his death. To give notice to the friends of the birth of a child, a written bulletin is

frequently stuck up on the door-post of the house, stating the health of the mother and child to be, as usual, "as well as can be expected."

If Amsterdam should happily regain its former state of prosperity, it will either be necessary to build on the boulevards, or fill up the adjoining polders; though it is probable that, in such an event, another city would rise on the north side of the Ai, opposite to the old one, either by Buick-sluis, where the grand canal enters it, or at Saardam, or more properly Saandam, where the Czar Peter, under the name of Peter Michaelhof, learnt the trade of ship-building; and where the late Emperor Alexander, when at Amsterdam, visited the cabin and its homely furniture of his great ancestor.

The side of the Ai is preferable as a port to this on which the city now stands, being the weather-shore, and sheltered from all winds. The king is said to have it in contemplation to appoint commissioners to examine and report on his naval establishments. He could not do better than remove the dock-yard of Amsterdam across the water, as, in its present position, it is exposed to the prevailing winds. At present, however, it would appear more prudent to direct his attention to his army rather than the navy. He will find that a military navy is not to be made without an extensive mercantile navy, which he has not. Certain northern political economists, among their many absurdities, have hazarded the assertion that an efficient navy may be raised and maintained without merchant ships, colonies, or commerce. A nation that should be foolish enough to try the experiment would find itself much in the situation of the Israelites, who were required by the Egyptians to make bricks without straw. The Dutch have more sense than to be gulled by such fooleries.

CHAPTER V.

AMSTERDAM TO NIMEGLEN.

Having thus in two days satisfied our curiosity in regard to Amsterdam, visited several of its institutions, and seen externally every street almost in the city, having one of the days been on our legs full eight hours, we made our arrangements for departing the following morning on our way to Utrecht. The distance is twenty-two miles, which, in a *treckschuyt*; but the weather was threatening; and wishing to get to the Rhine as speedily as possible, that we might see the more of that noble river, we hired a *char-a-banc*, with a pair of horses, for which we agreed to pay sixteen guilders, and three more for the amount of the tolls, which are high in all parts of Holland. The rain began to fall, and continued incessantly; and as there was nothing remarkable to be seen in Utrecht, we determined to proceed as far as Amerongen, a small town, or rather village, about sixteen miles farther on. For this distance we bargained to pay fourteen guilders, and two more for the tolls, making the whole sum thirty-five guilders for thirty-eight miles, which was performed by two very indifferent horses without halting, except to give them a morsel of hay and a little water.

The first part of the road after leaving Amsterdam is through a continued avenue of moderate sized trees, bordered by canals, with gardens, villas, and the same kind of little summer houses we have so often mentioned as those overlooking the road. It was quite amusing and delightful to pass so many neat houses, "whimsically pretty," as one of our countrymen calls the country dwellings of the Dutch, surrounded by their little gardens, walled in, as it were, within square enclosures of four green dykes, and, as a necessary appendage, as many ditches. Sometimes these enclosures are of considerable extent, containing several villas, and the place shut in is then called a *polder*, and the greater part of the country around the capital is made up of an aggregation of these polders. It was some time before we had passed the last of these curious communities, when a causeway commenced that was raised a little above the level of that same kind of flat surface, which occurred on the opposite or western side of the Haarlem Meer. It was, in fact, a continuation of those flat meadows, intersected with ditches, very rich and green, with numerous herds of cattle grazing, but destitute of trees, and almost of any kind of shrubby plant, except a few willows along the margins of the ditches. To the westward were seen some sand-hills or dunes in the distance, which were on the boundary of the Haarlem Meer, terminating the horizon.

At the distance of some six or seven miles from Amsterdam, the face of the country begins to change for

the better. Something like woods and copses now began to show themselves, and the grounds were enlivened by good, substantial, and gentlemanlike houses, and these became more frequent as we advanced to the southward. The surface, too, was more broken and varied as we approached Utrecht. Here, indeed, the northern branch of the Rhine, which passes through the town of Utrecht, begins to show something like rising banks, and in passing through the town the stream is so far below the general surface of the country, that the streets and the houses are considerably above the level of the water, to which the inhabitants descend by ladders, sometimes from the second story. The fact is, that the general surface of the country having risen into something like hills at Utrecht, it was no easy matter to cause the river and its canals to rise to the level of the houses; they therefore sunk the houses to the level of the canals. We saw at once, therefore, that we must here take leave of the flat gardens, their fish ponds and ditches, and their corresponding little summer houses, which had afforded us so much amusement. The only striking object that appears from the road is the old church of Utrecht, partly in ruins, with its noble tower, said to be four hundred feet high. The once celebrated university has lost its character, and is nearly deserted by students, and the professors are said to be reduced to a state of great poverty. The population is reckoned at about thirty thousand, one half of whom are catholics. We had now to drive along a noble avenue of linden trees, three or four deep on each side of the road, and of an interminable length to the eye. We have been told, indeed, that the mall of Utrecht is the finest in the world; which, beautiful as it certainly is, cannot, as we all thought, be put in competition with those magnificent avenues of Hampton Court and of Bushy Park, whose noble trees of linden and horsechestnut far exceed in beauty any that Holland can produce. Neither has it any thing to compare with another of the few avenues which fashion has spared to England—that of the magnificent beech trees which leads to Stansted House, in Hampshire,—not yet quite defaced by the demolition which it suffered by the avidity of its late proprietor.

The road continues for a considerable distance to be shaded by this avenue of beeches, elms, and lindens; and, scarcely a house occurs on either side that has not a fine respectable appearance, with double or triple rows of fine trees leading up to it. The grounds, too, are frequently laid out with large plantations of various kinds of trees and oak copses, and the hedges which enclose them are also of oak. On a rising ground in the left, near the village of Zeyst, is a huge pyramid or mound of earth, said to be one hundred and fifty feet high, raised by the army of Marmont on the occasion of Napoleon being created emperor; but we could not discover that it was held in any kind of respect by the Dutch.

As we approached Amerongen the soil became more sandy, the general surface of the country more undulated, and we observed, for the first time since entering Holland, that rounded pebbles were imbedded in the banks by the road side, as if this indicated the ancient beach or bank of the Rhine, when that mighty stream may have flowed towards Utrecht in its integrity, and before it had been divided and diverted.

It has been observed that on the gates of almost all the villas or parks some inscription or motto is written up; here however the custom seems to be to publish in the same manner the name of the possessor of the domain, and generally with a notification to warn off poachers. Thus we frequently see "Jan Peterson's yacht," "private yacht," "myn eigen yacht"; that is, John Peterson's shooting-ground, private shooting, or for my own shooting. This kind of notice, it would seem, is effectual for keeping out poachers or intruders; for the game laws in Holland are as strict or more so than in England, and the license required for shooting is said to be much more expensive, and the penalty in proportion. It is not easy to imagine, however, what kind of game there could possibly be to hunt or shoot in some of these small domains of a few acres; but different notions of sporting are entertained by different nations: the *oude stadhouder* is said to have amused himself by coursing hares and rabbits in the court-yard of his palace, and the old king of Naples enjoyed the pleasure of shooting tame ducks from a window as they were driven past it in the pond. It may be taken for granted, however, that where there is plenty of game to eat, there must be plenty of game to shoot, and we experienced no want of it on our journey at table; but it did so happen that, in the whole of our route through

Holland, and along the Rhine as far as Mentz, from thence to Frankfort, and on our return from Cologne through the Netherlands, we never saw a single pheasant or partridge, either running or on the wing; yet the latter in particular was served up at table daily throughout the month of August. To make amends, hares and rabbits were seen skipping about in great abundance.

We were now travelling along a very extensive domain of a gentleman whose name, if it was not the name of his place, appeared at every little gate and opening of the wood—it was Brookhuysen, to which was here and there added "myn eigen yacht." This property continued for at least a mile, and the plantations of young firs that bordered the road were very extensive on both sides, and rabbits in scores were every where seen skipping across the road. We were now on rising ground, and had evidently taken leave of every thing like a level meadow, and all the open spaces in the woods and copses were under cultivation. Here too on the rising ground to the left we observed for the first time a few long-haired sheep browsing on the heathy land.

The crops on the right were chiefly confined to buckwheat, of which we passed some hundred acres by the road side in the course of the latter half of this day's journey; but this grain, with the exception of a few fields of oats and some patches of clover and potatoes, was the only kind that we observed. It is used here, as in China, for making the lighter and finer kinds of pastry. From the quantity of fresh ploughed land, however, it is probable that the wheat harvest had been got in and the stubble turned under by the plough. The road itself the whole way was smooth and beautiful, and as level as a bowling green, but in some few places, where the level surface was interrupted, it was covered with gravel.

The only inn at Amerongen is the post house, not very good as to accommodation, but the people extremely civil, and desirous of making it as comfortable as our unexpected visit and their means would allow, which is all that a traveller has a right to expect. We paid, however, for their civility—the charge for a bad supper, and an equally bad breakfast, with lodging, being twenty-seven guilders, or forty-five shillings, just about double of that which the best hotel in Amsterdam would have charged. Indeed we have invariably found, what is perhaps not unreasonable to expect, that at the first hotel, where the fare is best, the charge is least.

On the morning of the 15th at nine o'clock we left Amerongen, and proceeded with the same horses that had brought us from Amsterdam, and which were to carry us to Arnhem, a distance of more than twenty miles, for sixteen guilders. This town is not precisely in the direct road, but the rain which had continued incessantly to fall in torrents for eight and forty hours had made the lower and usual road quite impassable.

That, however, between Amerongen and Arnhem proved to be quite delightful, perfectly level, and with a very gentle curvature or rise in the middle. It was covered with clinkers, and we had often remarked, in passing over one of these roads, that the water never remained on any part of them. The last two days satisfied us, that let it rain as hard and as long as it may, not a drop of water will be seen standing on either any part of the middle or the sides of the road, provided it is properly kept in order, as they all seem to be. This may be noticed as a fact, but we were unable satisfactorily to account for it; perhaps, however, it may be explained by supposing the clinkers to be laid on a bed of fine sand, and this perhaps on faggots, which would let the water pass through the crevices between the bricks, and into the substrata that support them.

On approaching the ancient fortified town of Rheenen, the Rhine, or that branch of it which passes close by this place to the northward, now appeared in its natural character of a fine flowing stream, winding close along a bank on which we travelled, elevated several feet above its surface, it having here completely lost its slow and sluggish motion, more like that of an artificial canal than a river.

Rheenen is an ancient town, in which there is little to excite a stranger's attention, except it be the tower of the old church, which is a bold and striking specimen of heavy Gothic. In the neighbourhood of this town, the land appears to be neatly and carefully cultivated, chiefly with tobacco. It is planted in small squares of a rood, or sometimes less than a half a rood in extent, the side of each square being planted by a row of the large French kidney bean, or scarlet runners, which had now reached the height of six or seven feet, and formed a close hedge all round the little plantations to secure the

broad leaves of the tobacco plant from the wind. The bean was now in full blossom of scarlet flowers; and the ground on the right of the road being covered as far as the eye could reach with these patches of tobacco, the face of the country in that direction presented a very singular and beautiful appearance.

On the left of the road, the surface rose into hills of considerable height, sometimes covered with thickets of brushwood, mixed with small plantations, in some places, of Scotch firs and Weymouth pines, mingled with oaks, beech, and birch. These, with the heaths and the fern intermixed, gave this part of the country very much the appearance of many of the heath lands of England; the more so, as the road twisted and winded among them, as is usually the case in our own country.

A little beyond Rhoenen we descended to the valley of the Rhine on our right, where all was flat, and we observed in places extensive and high embankments to protect the plain against the encroachment of the river.

The approach to Arnhem is particularly striking. It is through an avenue of fine beech trees near two miles in length, and the vista terminated by a lofty old tower of one of the churches, with the Rhine on the right, and the rising grounds of the left covered with villas, and well clothed. The environs of Arnhem were really beautiful; perhaps they may but appear to greater advantage after leaving the sombre flats of the neighbourhood of Amsterdam.

On arriving at Arnhem, our horses, as may be supposed, were entirely knocked up; and as the finely paved road of clinkers had here ceased, and a sort of rude Macadamized road commenced, it would have been madness as well as an act of cruelty to have taken them on to the spot where we were to cross the Waal to Nimwegen. We therefore prevailed on our honest Dutch driver to let his char-a-banc proceed with us to that spot, a distance of about nine miles, with a pair of fresh horses from the inn, for which we were required to pay the reasonable sum of five guilders.

The moment we had got through the town of Arnhem, we crossed the Rhine over a long stone bridge, the approach to which, and for some time on the other side of it, was over a very execrable road. We were now on the level valley of the Rhine, and between it and the Waal; the surface was low and swampy, and the road continued very indifferent: it appeared as if we had two embankments, one on the left to keep out the Rhine, and an immense one on the right to prevent the encroachment of the Waal. It appeared also, as we afterwards found to be the case, that the great public road to Rhoenen, on which the rain here prevented us from travelling, was on the summit of this great bank.

We arrived about three o'clock at a small inn on the right bank of the Waal, directly opposite to Nimwegen, and the access to which is partly by a bridge of boats, and partly by a flying bridge, the former extending to about the middle of the stream on this side, and the latter over the other half next to Nimwegen. A ferry is not the most desirable method of crossing a rapid river; but of all the different kinds of ferrying, that by means of what is called a flying bridge is considerably the best and most convenient where it can be adopted, which is only where the river has a considerable current. An anchor is fixed at a certain distance up the stream, always greater than the breadth of the river, from which a cable of rope or chain passes to the platform of the ferry boat, which is here supported on a couple of large barges. This cable is buoyed up by passing over such a number of boats as may be found necessary. If the rudder of the large platform be moved so as to turn the heads of the supporting barges about a point of the compass towards the stream, so as to let it act against the sides of their bows, they will, of course, sheer across, or oscillate like a pendulum, with a slow and uniform motion, to the opposite side, the cable and its supporting boats edging over in the direction of the platform. By having the height of the platform the same as those of the two piers or landing places on the sides of the river, carriages of any size, carts or waggon, without unyoking the horses, may drive upon it and pass over without disturbing passengers or baggage within them.

The young Prince of Holland, whose expected arrival in Amsterdam had prevented us from seeing the palace, crossed over this evening in a carriage drawn by six horses, not one of which was taken out, nor did the coachman or postillions leave their seats.

Having got our dinner at the little inn, and the steam boat making its appearance, though at a considerable distance, we crossed over by the flying bridge,

and waited the arrival of the vessel at Nimwegen. The passage-money for six persons in the great cabin, which we fortunately had to ourselves, and a servant in the fore-cabin, from hence to Cologne, was one hundred and four guilders, or $\text{£}1.13s.$, the distance being more than a hundred miles.

On departing from Nimwegen in the steam boat, we took leave of the last town of the United Provinces of Holland that we should have the opportunity of seeing,—a country that, with all its ditches and its dykes, its sloots, sluices, and polders, is unquestionably one of the most singular, the most curious, and most interesting countries in the world; and as to the people who inhabit, and whose ancestors may fairly be said to have created it, though they have been represented as cold and uncourteous towards strangers, rude in their speech, and repulsive in their manners, we can, with honest truth, declare, that so far from experiencing any conduct of this kind, or having the slightest ground of complaint in any one instance, or in any part of the country from Rotterdam to Nimwegen, we never found them to be wanting in the common courtesies and civilities of life. They may, perhaps, be more cautious and reserved towards strangers than the natives of other European countries usually are; but a very short acquaintance banishes all restraint, and they become cheerful, open-hearted, and communicative. We are told, however, by certain philosophers who resolve the different temperaments and dispositions of men into the effect of climate, that a Dutchman must necessarily be grave and phlegmatic, from the animal spirits being subjected to a dull, dense, and humid atmosphere, to which they are almost constantly exposed. This doctrine is mere theory, like many others espoused by the ingenious author of "*l'Esprit des Loix*;" but experience having proved it contrary to fact, is now pretty nearly exploded.

But the Dutch have been accused of avarice and insulmacy. That the middle class of society are economical and parsimonious, is very certain; but their parsimony and economy are, in all probability, the natural result of industrious habits of trade, and of labour not the most productive of profit. Their young men, almost from the period of their infancy, are instructed in the pursuits of commerce, and learn at an early age to consider the great business of life to be gain, a portion of which is laid by every year.

"Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry breeds a love of gain."

In a somewhat higher class of life there is a general inclination to the prosecution of commercial pursuits, and indeed in all their undertakings they are equally industrious, persevering, and patient, with the labouring classes. We require no greater proof of the general character of this nation for persevering industry, and their unconquerable determination to overcome difficulties, than their successful exertions in braving and conquering the waves of the ocean—than the fact that, without a stone or pebble, they have raised the most splendid edifices; without a tree they have laid the foundations of large cities on piles of wood; without a stick of timber fit for a ship's top-mast, they built a navy that disputed the seas with the most powerful navy in the world; that almost without an acre of arable land they supplied the markets of half of Europe with grain; that with a country not larger than Yorkshire they were able to raise a respectable army, and to take a leading part in the politics of Europe; and it ought to be added that, in all their mercantile transactions, the Dutch are remarkable for their punctuality, integrity and honour. Their patriotism or love of country has always been a predominant feature in the Dutch character; in whatever part of the world a Dutchman may be placed, the word *Vaderland* bears a charm, and is never heard without exciting a sensation of pleasure in his mind.

But then they are accused of being cruel and inhuman; and with what justice, as a nation, they can be so accused, it would not be so easy to shew. The numerous charitable institutions of Holland, more particularly of Amsterdam, many of which are entirely supported at the expense of individuals, should alone be sufficient to disprove such an imputation. There is a little trait connected with one of these institutions, which shows them not only a humane but kind-hearted people. The hospital for the reception of the old and indigent of both sexes, on the quay of the Amstel, is contrived admirably for the comfort and convenience of the aged and infirm. The building is three hundred and sixty foot long by two hundred and thirty deep. A gallery on each of the three stories runs round the

four sides of the square, and behind it is a large garden for the inmates to walk in, and enjoy the fresh air. This building has a dining-room of one hundred and twenty-three feet in length, and an infirmary of the same dimensions. The year 1793 was the centennial anniversary of its establishment, and on this occasion the directors gave a feast to all the pensioners, amounting to upwards of six hundred and fifty, who were regaled in the most sumptuous manner, and the best part of Amsterdam were present to witness the joy of the old people on this occasion. The emperor of China therefore is not the only humane person who can enjoy the gratification of making others happy by his annual feast given to the most aged of his subjects.

The beneficent society and the charitable and disinterested subscribers to the agricultural establishment of Frederick's-ord is another proof of the active benevolence and humanity which distinguish the people of Holland. It is no speculation founded on the remotest chance of profit, but solely on that of relieving the distresses of their unfortunate fellow subjects. Of this small canton or district (which *oord* signifies) Mr. Jacob, the controller of corn returns, has collected a detailed and most interesting account from the published reports of its progress and condition. This benevolent institution, whose object is to lessen the burden of pauperism and improve the moral habits of the juvenile portion of it, is indebted for its origin and its successful progress to the intelligence, the zeal and indefatigable benevolence of General Van den Bosch. This officer, when in Java, purchased an estate and made the pursuit of agriculture his study. A Chinese mandarin with a number of emigrants from that country settled by chance near him. The general soon observed that, with all his labour and care, the crops of his Chinese neighbour greatly exceeded his own; he therefore took lessons of the mandarin, and such was the successful result, that, when he returned to Europe, the estate which had cost him twenty-five thousand rix-dollars, he sold for one hundred and fifty thousand.

The general, on his return to his native country, published a little tract on the practicability of instituting a general pauper establishment in the kingdom of the Netherlands. It happened that the good king (for so he may justly be styled) was in 1817 occupied with a plan for bringing into productive tillage an extensive waste of heath land between Maestricht and Breda. The attention of his majesty was drawn to that of the general. A society was set on foot at the Hague, for the intended experiment, under the patronage of the king, of which prince Frederick, his second son, was nominated president for life. Twenty thousand individuals became members, and their contributions amounted to seventy thousand florins, or 5,533 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling.

The first operation was to purchase an estate near the town of Steenwyk, on the confines of Friesland, Overijssel, and Drenthe, consisting of about one thousand three hundred English acres, together with two thousand six hundred acres of heath land, for which the society paid the sum of fifty-six thousand florins, or about 4,666 $\frac{1}{2}$. The river *Aa*, or *Au*, which runs through it, was made navigable for boats into the Zuider Zee. Buildings for fifty-two families, to consist of six to eight individuals each, a storehouse, a school, and a spinning house, were speedily erected.

All these operations were commenced early in September, 1818, and ere the 10th of November following, fifty-two indigent families sent by the communes entered upon their new habitations. To each family was granted seven morgen or fourteen acres of land. The whole outfit for each family, made on a minute estimate, was one thousand seven hundred florins, or 141 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling, which was to be repaid to the society in sixteen years, while the annual rent, with which the colonists were to be charged, was settled to be equal to the interest of the outfit; and such was the success of this small establishment, that, after a few years' experience, it was found that the annual excess of produce over subsistence, of each of the fifty-two families established at Frederick's-ord, amounted to one hundred guilders or florins, or $\text{£}1.6s.$ sterling.

Loans were now raised for extending the system, to be advanced by the king in his individual character, or by the government, or by the communes, or charitable corporations, or by individuals, each loan limited to five thousand one hundred guilders, or 425 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling, the exact outfit of three families: the advantage of thus grouping them together was, that two of them were to consist of six paupers each, and the third of six orphans or foundlings, not under six years of age, with a married couple, or a woman only to take charge of the children.

For every such sum the contributors had the privilege of sending three such families.

Sixty guilders were to be paid back yearly to the contributors, for the maintenance of each child, which in the orphan and poor-houses was found to cost nearly double; and it is reported that these twelve paupers do more than maintain themselves.

The first principle of this society is, that no colonist shall, even for the shortest period, be unemployed; and with this view they are under the inspection of the different officers, who exercise their respective duties with the strictness of military precision. General Van den Bosch, as superior director, superintended in person the whole establishment. A sub-director presided over one hundred families; a quarter-master over twenty-four families; a section-master over twelve, who was required to be a practical agriculturist. "Thus the whole mechanism," says Mr. Jacobus, "remembers that of an army, divided into sections, companies, battalions, and brigades." They are employed in various kinds of labour, as the preparation of lime from shells, making of bricks, building dwellings, barns, &c., but the greater portion is employed in field labour; the chief implements are the spade and the hoe, at which they soon become sufficiently expert. Every kind of labour is performed by the piece, nothing by the day. The women are employed in spinning and weaving. The amount of their earnings is regularly kept, and a card given which procures at the public store food and other articles at fixed prices. The labour with spades of six individuals in digging fourteen acres, and repeating the operation when required, the sowing, and harvesting, may be supposed to occupy but a certain portion of the fifty-two weeks; the rest is chiefly employed in preparing the composts for manure, and on this, in fact, the success of the colony almost wholly depends.

In the southern provinces similar plans have been put in practice.

We saw too little of female society to form any judgment as to the share which the ladies take in the amusements of their lords and masters. They are understood, however, to make excellent wives, and to manage the domestic concerns with fidelity and ability; "yea," as an old anonymous writer has it, "it is a general observation in this country, that where the women have the direction of the purse and trade, the husbands seldom prove bankrupts, it being the property of a true-born Holland wife, presently after marriage, to apply herself wholly to her business." It may also be mentioned that instances of infidelity are more rare in Holland than in any other nation, indeed they can scarcely be said to exist.

The middling and lower class of females are certainly not remarkable for their beauty; but their dress is not exactly calculated to set off their features to advantage. Among the better classes, Parisian fashions have crept in since they have had the advantage of a visit from the French court in Amsterdam.

On the whole we could not agree with the antithetical summary of the Dutch character and their country, which Sir William Temple has given us, without a good deal of modification; but this might strip his paragraph of much of its prettiness. He says, "that it is a country where the earth is better than the air, and profit more in request than honour; where there is more sense than wit, more good nature than good humour, and more wealth than pleasure; where a man would choose rather to travel than to live; will find more things to observe than desire; and more persons to esteem than love."

But we will conclude by adding, that there are no people in Europe so well governed as the Dutch, with so little expense, and with so little trouble, because they are sober-minded, quiet, industrious, and obedient to the laws; and because they have a king to whom they do but bare justice in styling him the "father of his people."

CHAPTER VI.

PASSAGE UP THE RHINE. FROM NINEGUEN TO COLOGNE.

The bad weather, which was but just clearing up this afternoon, had probably deterred passengers from embarking on board the steamer, which left Rotterdam in the morning, as there were not above half a dozen on board. We had therefore the pavilion, or stern cabin, wholly

to ourselves; which was so far fortunate, as it was necessary we should pass the night in the boat. We left Nineguen about six in the evening, and about nine reached Emmerick, the frontier town, which marks the territorial division of the king of the Netherlands and of Prussia, on the left bank of the Rhine. Here we were stopped about a quarter of an hour by a visit from the Prussian donaniers, who appeared to be military officers. They conducted themselves towards us with the utmost politeness, and were satisfied with merely opening our trunks, without examining or even touching any article within them.

We had not much to regret by passing up this lower part of the Rhine by night, as the whole country on both sides of the river is a dead flat, or nearly so, as far as Dusseldorf; and even there it does not much improve. Low natural banks, overgrown with reeds, rushes, and willows, not unlike the navigation among the Zealand islands; in some places the view shut out by artificial embankments; flat meadows of deep green, interspersed with corn fields, and here and there a poor looking village, make up, where the banks do not obstruct, the view, for the greater part, of the lower Rhine. In short, the surface on both sides differs not much from that of Holland, having the disadvantage of not being enlivened with those numerous and neat little painted houses, trim gardens, and avenues of trees, which, while they adorn, impart an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the inhabitants of the latter country, and which are here wholly wanting.

The greater part of the inhabitants who made their appearance in and about the villages on the banks of the Rhine, were clothed in rags, half naked, dirty, and sunburnt, almost to blackness. This was more particularly the case between Urdingen and Keiserswerth. Near the latter of these places we passed a long straggling village on the left bank, called Gölz, covered by, and in places concealed behind, an embankment, which had a mean and wretched appearance, though, Mr. Schræber* informs us, it possesses great historical interest, being once the Gelduba of Tacitus and Florus, where Drusus established a bridge across the Rhine. There is no vestige at present of any such work. Not only this village, but most of those we had passed, were every mark of extreme poverty. The houses mean; most of them in a ruinous condition, and surrounded with filth; the women and children, who were the only persons seen, were ill clad and disgustingly dirty, with ill looking, vacant countenances, and as brown as Portuguese. At Urdingen the Rhine is crossed by a flying bridge.

Hitherto we had scarcely seen a vessel of any description navigating this fine river; and among those few which were here and there lying at anchor under its banks, we did not observe a single one that carried the Dutch flag. It was not clear whether this circumstance was owing to any impediments caused by the discussions carrying on with the "Etats Riverains," in consequence of the treaty of Vienna, or merely to the difficulties and disadvantages occurring in a river navigation, with a current of at least four miles an hour, and in some of the contracted parts, five. Even our steamer could not make good above five knots in the most favourable parts, frequently not above four, and sometimes only three, and was obliged to cross constantly from one side to the other to catch the eddy water. The recent rains had considerably swelled the river, and of course increased the strength of the current.

On approaching Dusseldorf, the first hills are seen to mark their appearance at a short distance behind it. We had heard much of the beauty and bustle which might be expected at this German city, once famed for its gallery of pictures, but that portion of it at least which borders on the river showed no symptoms of either; and as we were only to stop half an hour to take on board some passengers, we did not think it worth our while to land. A ruined castle and the tower of a church with its ugly spire, blazing with twelve gilded suns, were the only objects that attracted our attention.

From Dusseldorf to Neus the river winds in an extraordinary manner, on account of its having, at some time or other, forsaken its ancient bed, which, however, it is

said to have done in the time of the Romans, when it flowed close to the walls of Neus, then called Novesium. This town stands at present at the distance of nearly two miles inland, so that nothing more of it than the lofty tower and the cupola of the church of St. Quirin can be seen from the river. On the top of the cupola is a full length colossal statue of the saint, which has a fine appearance even at this distance. It was at Neus that Drusus is reported to have thrown a bridge across the Rhine; and it was here that, in the year 1813, the allied armies effected their first passage across the river; and there is now, at the head of the reach before Neus, a flying bridge whose cable is moored at such a great distance up the stream, as to require eleven boats in a line to buoy it up.

No sooner had we passed the great bend in the river before Neus, than a range of fine blue hills showed themselves in the distance, and were seen to great advantage through a thin transparent ethereal mist, that happened just then to be spread over their sides, the exhalations probably from the late rains, which the sun was just then dispersing. After the eye had been accustomed so long, and so completely satiated, with looking on the everlasting deep green of the meadows, swamps, and dykes of Holland, and with the willows and rushes of the low banks of the Rhine, it was a great relief to survey the gentle acclivity which the face of the country now put on, commencing close to and ascending from the banks of the river. The rising grounds were covered with cornfields, copses, and plantations of wood, and backed by those distant hills, which were wearing so enchanting a hue.

Opposite to the Chateau of Denrath, the Rhine makes another extraordinary bend which opens out into one of the finest reaches we had yet seen of this great river. This chateau had all the appearance of being a good substantial house; it was backed by an extensive wood of beech trees, through which several avenues had either been cut, or the trees, as is most probable, had originally been planted in regular lines to form them. The grounds in front and on each side were in a high state of cultivation, and numerous peasantry of both sexes employed upon them. At the bottom, or, more correctly speaking, at the upper end of the reach stands the ancient town of Zons, exhibiting its two spires rising out of its two towers—the one square, the other round. From hence all this part of the grand Duchy of Berg, as far as the eye could take in the country, was backed by a long range of hills, well wooded in parts, and chequered with cornfields up to their very summits, so that the view was eminently beautiful.

On the left bank of the next reach of the Rhine is the town of Worringen, from whence the voyager obtains the first sight of the "Seven Mountains," rearing their blue heads just above the horizon.

Several villages now begin to appear in succession along both banks of the river, till we approach Rhynkassel, in the immediate neighbourhood of which the surface of the country appeared naked and sandy, but the river itself winded into a succession of broad reaches resembling so many lakes, especially that fine broad expanse of water, on the right margin of which the town of Wiesdorf is situated.

Here we first get sight of the city of Cologne, with its numerous spires and towers. Presently the town of Mülheim appears, situated on the right bank at the head of one of the finest reaches of the Rhine which we had yet passed. At this place, which is supposed to have been the capital of the Ubians, Caesar is said to have thrown a wooden bridge across the Rhine. In fact, a wooden bridge still exists across the river at this place, but it is only a flying bridge of the common kind. From this spot nothing can be conceived more striking and magnificent than the appearance of the city of Cologne, at the distance of three or four miles, situated at the head of a noble expanse of water, bordered by a rich and beautiful country on both of its margins. The ancient town of Deutz with its old Benedictine Abbey is immediately opposite to Cologne; and farther inland on the slope of the hills is beautifully situated the once splendid chateau of Bensberg, now stripped of all its magnificence, and converted, as we understood, into a hospital for the reception of lunatics.

We arrived at Cologne at eight o'clock in the evening, and took up our quarters at the Rhyneberg hotel, which

* The author of the best guide for those who visit the banks of the Rhine.

stands on the margin of the river, and immediately before which the steamboat lands her passengers.

COLOGNE.

Cologne, Cöln, or as the Germans call it, Keulen, is a fine old city, and at one time one of the most wealthy and flourishing cities of Germany. It still retains, on the lower part of the town, or that which is washed by the river, more evident vestiges of Roman remains than any other spot perhaps on the banks of the Rhine. In a great part of the wall which extends along the river—in the Pfaffenforte Gate, (the Porta Paphia or Flaminia of the Romans) on which appear the letters C.C.A.A. which the antiquarians interpret Colonia, Claudia, Agrippina, Augusta—in the *Thürms* or towers rising out of this wall—in the mount on which the ancient church of St. Mary stands, still called St. Mary on the Capitol—above all, in the numerous antiquities that have been, and continue to be, dug up, in the town and its environs, and which have recently been collected and arranged in two rooms of the museum—in all these we have evidences as strong "as proofs from holy writ," and almost as strong as Rome itself can boast, of the ancient Romans having had one of their fixed stations at Cologne. The numerous busts, the sarcophagi, the stones marked with the numbers of the legions stationed at this spot, form a most valuable collection for the historian, as elucidating the Roman establishments of their colonies in that part of Germany through which the Rhine flows.

Cologne was without doubt the Colonia Agrippina. It is said that the Emperor Constantine caused a stone bridge to be erected over the Rhine at Cologne, and that the foundations of the piers may still be seen when the water is low; all the guide-books say so and the inhabitants believe it, but no one that we fell in with was willing to own that he had seen them. We were twice at Cologne, but looked in vain for these piers, which after all may probably be nothing more than a ridge of rocks, visible only in a low state of the river.

Cologne is a large city, extending full two miles along the left bank of the Rhine, and about a mile inland, somewhat in the form of a crescent. It is said to contain from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants, an estimate which, judging from the extent and large space of ground unoccupied by houses within the walls, would appear to be exaggerated. These open spaces consist of gardens and vineyards, one belonging to the convents, from which an indifferent kind of Rhenish wine is still made, being the first place on ascending the Rhine where the grape is cultivated for that purpose. These gardens, with the public squares, appear to occupy a considerable portion of the city, perhaps not less than one third part of it. Besides, a city crowded with churches, chapels, and convents, and swarming with young priests and ancient nuns, living in a state of celibacy, is not one in which one would look for a dense population. It is stated in one of the guide-books that, previous to the occupation of the town by the French, it contained not fewer than twelve thousand mendicants, who had each his particular station, which, on his death, he left as an inheritance to his children. 'This tribe of beggars, with two thousand five hundred ecclesiastics and a proportionate number of nuns, must have composed nearly a third part of the whole population.

There are still left beggars enough, not only here, but, as we afterwards found, in every town and village we had to pass through, and also on the road, where every third or fourth foot passenger that we encountered, came running up to the carriage, holding his hat to the window, or poking it into the inside. Many young Germans having finished their education, or served their apprenticeships, and wishing to see the world, make no ceremony in asking alms to assist them on the road. This offensive and intrusive custom is more frequently practised, and thought less of, by decent and respectable people in appearance, in catholic countries, than in others where that religion does not prevail. At least it is so on the continent, where, in fact, they are regularly instructed in the practice of begging. The priests beg from the people, and the people from one another. In every church the brass box is carried round with a rattling of its copper pieces to attract the attention of the auditory. Other boxes are set up with alms in their lids, to receive whatever the "charitable and the humane" may please to put into them; and on particular fine days, as we witnessed in Cologne, the shops are converted into chapels, and the figures of Christ and the Virgin Mary exhibited with open doors, in order to collect money; and decent looking boys and girls mix among passengers in the street, urging them to give money. In the church at high mass, the old women, who generally compose two

thirds of the congregation, will drop their beads and stop in the midst of a prayer to ask a stranger for charity.

The city of Cologne with its churches, chapels, and convents, and its eighty-three towers and thirteen grand gates, which Mr. Schreiber has assigned to it, has certainly a very imposing aspect from the river. Some of the churches will amply repay the traveller for any spare time he may have to bestow on them, particularly that unfinished mass of building, called the Dom Church, which even in its present state is one of the finest monuments of Gothic architecture, and if ever it should be finished according to the original design, which is not very probable, would perhaps be the very finest specimen of this kind in all Europe. Looking at it externally, we observe over the tops of the houses that are clustered round it, a large mass of building, terminated by a high roof, surrounded by turrets and pinnacles, rising out of the most beautiful walls of florid Gothic, richly fluted and fretted, in which are numerous windows of stupendous height and dimensions.

This, which is the only finished part, is the choir, and at an immense distance from it, and apparently disconnected, the unfinished walls being concealed by lofty houses built close up to them, is seen a beautiful and magnificent but also unfinished tower of the same rich and florid Gothic, rising to the height of about two hundred feet, which is very little more apparently than the height of the choir. On the summit of this tower is an iron crane of very large dimensions, which was used for raising the stones; and as the progress of this noble building is said to have been put a stop to in 1499, and no attempt made since that period to finish it, this crane must have stood with its arm suspended in the air, a remarkable and conspicuous object, ever since—whether it was left by accident after the scaffolding had been removed, or by design, which is most probable, to impress on the beholder that the intention of finishing the building was not abandoned, is now useless to enquire; but we can safely say it is very improbable that another magnificent personage—to carry it out, on of his private fortune—will readily be found. It is remarkable enough that the name of the architect of this splendid building should remain unknown, but the original design is ascribed to the Archbishop Engelbert de Berg, whose successor commenced it in 1248.

A side tower, with a grand entrance between the two, is raised only to the height of twenty to thirty feet. By the original plan these two towers were intended to rise to the stupendous height of five hundred feet, which appears to be about the length of the nave and choir.

There is enough of the interior to show what the arrangements were intended to be. The columns that were to support the roofs were all up, amounting, as is said, to one hundred. They are of an immense size, but at present support nothing, the only ceiling being a temporary flooring of planks; and the great nave is entirely shut up. The service is performed in the choir, which is approached along the left side aisle, and these are the only two parts that are left open; and the only finished part is the choir, and the chapels which surround it. The altar is very fine, but not exactly corresponding with the lofty Gothic style of the windows, columns, and roof. It is a Grecian temple of an octagon form, with eight Ionic columns. On one side of it is the figure of the Virgin Mary with her child, and St. Peter with his keys on the other, two tolerably good statues in white marble. In the choir are two tombs of two archbishops of Cologne, Antony and Adolphus Schauenbourg, surmounted with two figures of white marble, which appeared to be well executed. By the side of the columns are figures of the apostles.

Behind the choir is the shrine of the three kings or magi, said to have been removed from Milan to Cologne in the year 1170, by the Emperor Frederic I., surnamed Barbarossa. Their names are Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar. The three skulls, which are all that remain of them, are said to have had crowns of gold ornamented with all manner of precious stones, which were lost or stolen when these highly esteemed relicts were carried off, in 1794, by the grand chapters of Cologne, who fled with them to Arenberg, to escape the rapacity of the French. They were returned in 1804, but as the Swiss in which they were sent away, and he hinted, what was not necessary, that they were; now only paste or glass, insinuating at the same time that the French had stolen the real ones, though in point of fact they were never within reach of the French.

The next church we visited was that of St. Peter, in which there is nothing remarkable either as to the architecture or decoration. Above the grand altar, however,

is a picture of Rubens, which is considered to rank among his best; though neither the subject nor the mode in which it is treated is calculated to give pleasure, but very much the contrary, to excite a painful sensation. It is the crucifixion of St. Peter with the head downwards, and the executioners straining their muscles and distorting their features in hoisting him up. The French carried it off and placed it in the museum of Paris, but were obliged to restore it at the end of the war.

St. Mary's is a fine old church, standing on a hill, to which we ascended by a flight of steps. On this hill it is supposed, as we have already observed, that the Roman capitol stood. There was no want of pictures in the choir, and on the side walls, but as we only saw it during service, and the church was full, we could not distinguish what the subjects were, or who were the artists. The church of the Apostles is a plain building, standing at the head of the largest of the five or six squares of the town. This square is planted round with trees, which afford a shady walk, and the centre is sufficiently large to allow of a parade, on which they mount guard every morning, and is capable of admitting from three to four thousand soldiers to be manoeuvred. The number of troops in Cologne was said to amount to about two thousand four hundred, who looked remarkably smart with their white belts over their blue uniforms turned back with red, and closely buttoned up to the throat. The Prussian officers, not only here, but in all the garrison towns, mix much in society, generally dine at the tables d'hôte, and are much respected as a body of well behaved, gentlemanly men.

From the churches we paid a visit to the Stadthuis, or hotel de ville, which is a very curious old edifice. The portico consists of a double arcade of heavy Gothic arches, with Ionic columns of marble between them. On the entablature between the two tiers of arches are six long inscriptions, much defaced, and not easily legible on this account, as well as from their height. One of them we could make out to be in the Latin language, and inscribed apparently to one of the Cæsars. It related to something which concerned the Ubii; perhaps a brief history of the colonisation of these people, who emigrated from the eastern or German side of the Rhine, and settled at Cologne under Claudius Cæsar, who, in compliment to his wife, called it *Colonia Agrippina*. In the portico, between the two tiers of columns, is a bas-relief representing, apparently, Hercules strangling the lion.

Observing near this spot a great concourse of people entering the doors of an old building in the name enclosure, we found that it contained a collection of paintings and Roman antiquities; in short, that it was a museum recently established. It consisted of six or seven rooms, the walls of which were well covered with a very extensive collection of pictures, mostly by old masters of the German school, many of them as far back as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and confined chiefly to sacred subjects; holy families, and other sacred personages, with the golden circle, or glory, as it is called, round their heads. There were besides a great collection of old portraits, and a few modern pictures; but there was then no catalogue, and from the general antiquity of the paintings, it probably would be no easy matter to prepare one.

The streets of Cologne are in so bad a state, that they would appear not to have been paved for a century; and what is equally bad, they are seldom, if ever, swept, or in any way cleaned. In the lower or most ancient part of the town, along the bank of the river, where the streets are exceedingly narrow and the houses lofty, the filth makes them almost impassable, and the stench highly offensive. The only scouring they get is from the torrents of rain falling from long spouts, which almost every house has projecting from the roof in the shape of dragons, snakes, and dolphins.

It may be doubted whether if the fifty or sixty thousand bottles of eau de Cologne, supposed to be manufactured here annually, were sprinkled over these streets, they would be thereby rendered sweet; perhaps, indeed, they would but only make them more offensive; for it happened to us, when crossing in a steamboat (from Ostend), that a shower of rain drove below some ninety or a hundred passengers, whose wet cloaks and coats, with the heat from the engines and the smell of fried oil, caused so moist, musty, and fetid an atmosphere, that the steward thought he could not do better, by way of correcting it, than to sprinkle a couple of bottles of eau de Cologne; but this increased instead of abating the nuisance, and made the stench intolerable.

Cologne has been called "the dirtiest and most gloomy city of its size in Europe," and "the people as motley

and miserable as the buildings." This is somewhat overcharged; for, in the higher part of the town, the streets are much wider and in better order, and as the Sunday we spent at Cologne was a fête day of some kind or other, we observed all the streets in that neighbourhood thickly strewn with oak leaves, from baskets carried by several hundred boys and girls, who had been attending divine service at St. Peter's church. In the same streets, also, we observed before the open windows and doors of several houses, small altars with Christ on the cross, and the Virgin decorated with flowers, and coloured glass beads, the object of which was to collect a few cents or groats from the poor.

We could not but remark that we never saw the churches so well attended in the whole course of our tour as those of Cologne: that immense building the Dom church was so crowded at the evening service, that it was almost impossible to squeeze in, but the attraction was a popular preacher, an elderly man, who was very energetic and animated; but it did not appear to us that either his enunciation or his action had any pretence to be considered as graceful.

At high mass on the Sunday morning, both at St. Peter's and St. Mary's, which we attended, the great majority of the audience consisted of females. In the forenoon the ordinary occupations seemed to be followed as on other days, and I found no difficulty in getting money at the bankers to enable us to proceed the following morning.

In the evening the bridge of boats, that connects Cologne with the small town of Deutz, directly opposite to it, was crowded with well dressed people of both sexes, this being, it seems, the favourite promenade in the summer evenings. A small toll of about a half penny is exacted at the entrance every time that a person passes. The company is not often disturbed by the opening of a passage to let vessels through, the trade apparently not being very active. Vessels lie on both sides the bridge, but mostly above it; their number might be from twenty to thirty, mostly of the long narrow class peculiar to the Rhine, and the lading appeared chiefly to be coals.

Cologne was once famous for its manufactures of cloth, but the wise magistrates of this city had the folly, on some riotous conduct of the weavers, to cause near two thousand looms to be burnt, the consequence of which was that the owners of them quitted the city, and carried on their trade in others, where a wiser policy existed. They also in the year 1616, in a fit of religious animosity, expelled every protestant from Cologne, though the persons of this community were the best and most industrious of their artisans.

They have still some trifling manufactures of cottons, of a coarse kind, and silks, of knit stockings, caps and gloves, of snuff, from one of which establishments we observed not less than four or five hundred men returning from their daily labour. The manufacture of eau de Cologne employs a considerable number of persons, and is said to produce a revenue of three to four hundred thousand francs. That brown pigment known to artists under the name of burnt Umber or Cologne earth, is prepared here from a species of earthy coal dug out of the mountains between Coblenz and Cologne.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM COLOGNE TO COBLENTZ.

Having satisfied our curiosity as to all that Cologne was likely to afford for our information or amusement, we hired a caleche and pair to take us as far as Frankfurt, from whence it had come the day before with a party. Our agreement was that we should stop at such places on the route as we might think fit, but not to exceed for the whole journey three days; and for this journey, which is at least one hundred and ten miles, we were to pay fifty-six florins, or *fl.* 13s. 4d. sterling, a sum that will not be deemed extravagant for the conveyance of seven persons and their baggage. This caleche is the kind of carriage most commonly in use along the Rhine, and indeed all over the Netherlands; it is not quite so commodious as the Dutch char-a-banc, but we contrived without inconvenience to stow six in the inside, all our baggage, part of which was placed in a large round basket under the seat of the driver, and the trunks were strapped on behind. The servant took his seat along with the driver.

On the 18th, at eight in the morning, we left Cologne, and arrived at Bonn about ten; the intermediate country well cultivated, but the surface rather flat, and devoid of much interest. The hills on our right, and those beyond the Rhine on the left, had now receded to a considerable distance.

It happened to be market day at Bonn, and the square in which it was held exhibited a novel and curious appearance in the assembled groups. In the centre of this square and down the whole length were about two hundred women drawn up in a long line of two deep, each having a clean white handkerchief neatly folded round the head. The chief articles of sale, which were carefully arranged in the middle space between the two lines, were greens and fruit of various kinds, bread, butter, and eggs. There was no noise nor tumult, and we could not but contrast the order and decorum that were here observed with what is usually seen in an English market, more especially in such a one as Covent Garden, where it would be no easy matter to oblige two hundred women to keep silence.

In the centre of the market-place is a pyramid and fountain, and the townhouse stands at the head of the square. It is supposed that the Roman general Drusus Germanicus threw a bridge over the Rhine at Bonn, but, in returning by water, we could not see any vestige of it. The neighbourhood of Bonn, however, is full of Roman antiquities, and many private collections of them are said to have been made there.

This city has recently revived one of those German Universities, where young men, like the polytechniques of Paris, fancy themselves to know more than their teachers, laugh at religion, set at defiance all authority, behave with insolence to their fellow citizens, lose all sense of decency, and muddle away their time in drinking-beer and smoking tobacco. They are, in fact, the fruitful nurseries of immorality, sedition and licentiousness. That of Bonn perhaps may be said to be as yet in a state of youthful innocence; and it was probably under this idea, and the influence of such names as those of Niebuhr and Schlegel, that had induced several English families to take up a residence at Bonn, for the benefit of their children's education, mostly however, as we understood, for the instruction of the female part in music, which is here much cultivated. The celebrated Beethoven and also Salmon received their musical education at Bonn. The population is estimated at about ten thousand, and a considerable portion is occupied in the manufacture of cottons and coarse cloths, alom and snuff.

The range of hills from Godesberg are seen to continue as far as that of Rolandsee, whose steep side descends to the very brink of the Rhine; and, on the opposite side of the river, the base of the "castled crag of Drakenfels," the first or northernmost of the Siebenbergen, or Seven Mountains, comes down close to the water's edge, in defiance as it were of its opposite neighbour. These two mountains of Rolandsee and Drakenfels form the grand portal or entrance into a deep, dark, and gloomy ravine, through which the contracted Rhine is seen to force its volume of water with an accelerated current.

When no longer hemmed in between the dark and glowing sides of the narrow portal or defile, its tranquil and expansive surface is interrupted only by two beautiful islands, the larger of which is called Rolandswerth, or Nonnewerth, the Island of the Nuns, so named from a celebrated convent erected on the island. A few of the nuns were still left when the empress Josephine visited this spot; and their situation, and the beauty of the islands, interested so much that humane and kind hearted woman, that by her influence she saved the convent from suppression. The nuns, however, were now all gone, but the convent was yet remaining, being converted, at considerable expense, into an inn or hotel; a speculation which, it seems, had not answered the expectations of the proprietor, who was endeavouring to dispose of the whole island of one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty acres, by lottery, in which, we were told, several of our countrymen in passing had taken tickets, "being so near to England." Unquestionably the island of Nonnewerth would form one of the most delightful summer retreats that could be desired; and as to its nearness to England, it may not, perhaps, occur to an Englishman, that the distance from London to Nonnewerth is several miles less than from London to Edinburgh. But this may easily be seen by placing one foot of a pair of compasses on a map of Europe, on London, and the other on Edinburgh, when Nonnewerth will be found to fall within the circle described by them. It is not surprising, therefore, that English adventurers should start for a prize that would give them possession of so lovely a spot. As an inn, it was objectionable on account of the trouble of crossing the water, and the less likely to succeed, from there being by the road side, directly opposite to it, a tolerably good and long established house.

The nunnery and Rolandsee, so near to each other, could not fail to give rise to some romantic tale, in a country where romance has always been highly cherished;

and accordingly Schiller has composed a ballad of Roland and his mistress, but shifted the scene into Switzerland. Tradition says that Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, caused the present ruined castle of Rolandsee to be built, in order to be near his mistress, who had become a nun at the convent of Nonnewerth.

Legends of this kind, whether founded or not, impart an additional interest to the romantic scenery of this and other parts of the Rhine; and they are so abundant, that almost every one of the numerous old castles has its legend of dragons and devils overcome, and ravished virgin released, by monks and Christian knights.

The other little island contiguous to Nonnewerth is called Grafenwerth, which, with the former, divide the Rhine into three parts, forming three rapid streams; and these being somewhat dangerous, are called by the boatmen "God's help."

The boatmen of the Rhine, in fact, require help, even where there is little or no danger; they are the most clumsy and inexperienced watermen, in the management of small craft, that can well be imagined.

Having passed these islands, we again witness the Rhine spreading out into a broad, expansive lake, its margins covered with numerous villages, those on the right bank being inhabited chiefly by men who work the quarries for slate and building stones. The level pieces of ground, next to the river, are exceedingly well and neatly cultivated with grain and vegetables, interspersed with orchards of fruit trees, apples, pears, cherries, and walnuts; and the sloping sides of the hills are covered with vineyards; and above these the higher parts are clothed with forest trees or coppice wood to their very summits.

Along both shores of this part of the Rhine, village after village succeed each other at short intervals; but at the upper end of the present reach, where the town of Unkel is situated on the right bank, and Oberwinter on the left, the mountains again begin to close and to put on a more rugged and picturesque appearance.

The mountains in this neighbourhood are composed chiefly of black basalt and argillaceous slate, with which almost all the houses of the towns and villages in the long defile of the Rhine are built and covered in; and with the former the streets are, for the most part, rudely paved. Vines are planted along the steep sides of the mountains on every little spot, however small, where any soil can be obtained.

After clearing the narrow pass of Andernach, the neat town of Neuwied, with its little blue slated roofs and white chimneys, appears at a distance on the opposite side of the river, the very picture of neatness and uniformity.

A little further one, we passed the small village of Weissenthurm, the white tower, a building apparently of no very remote antiquity, which stands near the end of the village. Close to this spot, on the right of the road, just above an orchard, an obelisk has been erected to the memory of General Hoche, with this simple inscription:

"The army of the Sambre and Meuse,
To Its Commander in Chief,
Hoche."

The French under this general crossed the Rhine at this place two or three times—the last on the 15th of April, 1797, immediately opposite to this village. An island in the middle of the Rhine, of which he first took possession, gave great facility in accomplishing the passage. It is also at this very spot that Cæsar is supposed to have crossed the Rhine.

Beyond this island, the river is again seen to spread out its waters, and the hills on the left bank to recede, leaving between them and the Rhine a well cultivated valley or plain, over which are scattered numerous villas, with extensive gardens and pleasure grounds, with fruit trees in the greatest abundance; and the road passes over this description of country at such a distance from the river as to conceal it from the sight; and it is only again approached on arriving at a large stone bridge thrown across the river Moselle, and whose tete-du-pont, at the opposite end, is the wall and gate of Coblenz. On the left of the road at a little distance from this city, and on the tongue of land which separates the Rhine from the Moselle, is the monument erected to the memory of the French general Marceau, who, at the age of twenty-six, and in the fourth year of the Republic, perished near Altenkirchen, by a rifle ball, while attempting to intercept the retreat of Jourdan. It is a truncated pyramid, on the four faces of which are long inscriptions in French, recording briefly the history of his military career. "Qui que tu sois," says one of them, "ami ou ennemi de ce jeune héros, respecte ses cendres." They were so re

spected; for his funeral was attended by the officers of the Austrian as well as the French army.

"Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career;
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And duly may the stranger, lingering here,
Praise for his gallant spirit's bright repose."

The bones of Hoeho, whose monument, as before mentioned, is at Wiesser-thurm, are said also to be buried here.

The city of Coblenz takes its name from the position it occupies on the point of land, formed between the Rhine and the Moselle,—*Confluentia*. Its shape is triangular, one side extending along the Moselle, the other along the Rhine, and the third side inland stretches between the two rivers. On the opposite side of the Rhine, is the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbirstein, "the Broad Stone of Honour," which is seen to frown over the small town of Thal, at its feet. The river is here crossed by a noble bridge of boats, which connects this fortress and town with Coblenz. The French, who destroyed every thing they could not keep, blew up the ancient works of Ehrenbirstein, at the truce of Leoben; and thus the poet has truly observed—

"Peace destroyed what war could never build."

The ruins of the ancient castles and towers, mixed with the rugged and shapeless crags, are said to have given to the commanding mountain of Ehrenbirstein a grand and imposing appearance from the opposite quay of Coblenz, but his Prussian majesty has thought fit to renew the fortifications, according to the modern picturesque plan of military works of this kind. In fact, the rugged summit of the rock has been smoothed down and levelled, and is now covered to an immense extent with bastions and batteries, with ramparts and round towers, which, but to look at from the opposite bank of the river, are enough to make a peaceable man tremble. These batteries, however, stiff and formal as they are, with the bridge of boats thrown across the Rhine, at one of its noblest reaches, gently flowing between its beautiful banks, the massive stone bridge which crosses the Moselle and forms a *tête-du-pont* to Coblenz, and the numerous towers and spires which rise above the walls and buildings of that city, compose one of the most magnificent views that the imagination can conceive, when seen, as we had the opportunity of doing on our return, from the middle of the Rhine about half a mile above the bridge of boats. Coblenz, however, is the last place that a peaceable man would choose to dwell in. Strongly fortified on every side, it would probably stand the siege of an enemy for many months; and if at last got possession of, the tremendous fortress of Ehrenbirstein, if opposed to the invaders, as would most likely be the case, would speedily batter down the city of Coblenz with its cannon, and with destructive shells lay it in ashes.

The distance from Cologne to Coblenz is about fifty-two miles, which we accomplished in eleven hours, with the same pair of horses that, as already observed, had arrived at Cologne only the evening before, from Frankfurt. The day was closing in when we entered the town; and as we left it early the following morning, we saw but little of its interior. Our hotel was the Drie Switzers, situated on the rampart, close to the river, in the neighbourhood of which every thing seemed to partake of the military character. It was the same from our first entry at the *tête-du-pont*, through all the streets, down to the brink of the river—nothing but soldiers, horse and foot, were parading the streets, and on leaving we observed the engineers busily employed in strengthening the old works inland and adding new ones; so anxious does his Prussian majesty appear to make any hostile passage of the Rhine, at this place, next to impossible, or at least not very practicable by a coup de main.

CHAPTER VIII.

COBLENZ TO FRANKFORT, AND BACK TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

On the morning of the 19th we proceeded from Coblenz through a pleasant country, but without any strongly marked features; the villages and scattered houses mostly surrounded by vineyards and orchards; the mountains receding on both sides of the Rhine, more tame than those below Coblenz, and well clothed to their summits with dense woods.

On proceeding along the left bank, we pass through the small town of Rhense. The Rhine here is of great breadth, and takes an immense sweep to the left, and in the deep bend is seen the village of Neidesperg, after which, on turning again to the right, we have the villages

of Mittelsperg and Petersperg, situated in the midst of rich meadows and orchards, above which, on the rising grounds, are extensive vineyards; while the opposite mountains on the right bank are wild and rugged; the villages at their feet mean in appearance; the few inhabitants who showed themselves wearing, in their dress and appearance, the marks of great poverty. At Boppard the Rhine resumes its former direction.

Boppard is a very curious old town, built on the ruins of ancient forts and palaces, erected in the days of the Romans and the Franks. Some old convents have been converted into more useful purposes than their original intent,—manufactories of cloth and cotton. The church is apparently not less ancient or curious in its Gothic structure, and its octagonal spires, than the convents. The houses appear to be built mostly of wooden beams, arranged in various directions, and the spaces between them filled up with lath and clay; the streets are narrow; and as the second and upper stories project beyond the ground story, the opposite neighbours might almost shake hands out of their gable ends. The wood work is generally painted black, and sometimes carved and twisted into a variety of shapes. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the streets are ill-paved, and miserably dirty; but this is not peculiar to Boppard, being the common characteristic of every Catholic town along the banks of the Rhine. Indeed it may be mentioned, as a general observation, that although the road which skirts the left bank of the Rhine from Coblenz to Bingen is one of the most level and beautiful, perhaps, in all Europe, the moment it comes within the verge of a town or village, it seems to be infected with the prevailing malady, and ceases to deserve any commendation.

This fine road is, by common accord, ascribed to the labour of the French army while it held possession of the country.

From Boppard to Salzig the mountains recede from the river, and the intermediate space is composed of meadows, neat cottages surrounded with gardens and orchards, in which are planted innumerable quantities of cherry trees, while walnut and ash trees, mingled together, mantle up the sides of the mountains and the ravines to their very summits. The Rhine here assumes the appearance of a vast lake, on the opposite or right bank of which are the ruins of the two castles, usually called the Two Brothers, of Liebenstein and Sternfels, concerning whom there is a legendary lore tale, which, by a little ingenuity and dramatic tact, might be made acceptable to a modern audience at one of the minor theatres.

We now approach a very romantic part of the river, and perceive at a distance the extensive ruins of Reinfels, and the ancient town of St. Goar, situated immediately below them. From this part of the road is opened out one of the most wild and rugged views of mountain scenery that we had yet appeared; the sides of the mountains looking like two black gigantic walls; the river, from a noble expanse, becoming at once narrow, deep, and rapid, and the navigation not by any means free from danger. The ruined fortress of Reinfels is pleasingly picturesque, and the most imposing of any of the ruined castles we had yet seen.

The town of St. Goar, like all those we have yet seen on the banks of this noble river, has but little to recommend it. The houses are mostly, like those of Boppard, in a wretched state of ruin, built of wood and clay, and the upper parts of them overhanging a narrow street, dirty and ill-paved; and we observed that the interior of many of them, which had the doors open, was equally dirty, and almost wholly destitute of furniture. The few inhabitants we saw were mostly women, ragged and squalid,—their yellow faces, black hair, and coloured napkins tied round their heads, gave them very much the appearance of the lowest class of Malays, as we see them in prints, or the lowest among the gypsy tribes.

We had here a specimen of the laziness of the men, which, being the common practice in all that part of the Prussian dominions through which we passed, had frequently attracted our notice. The toll bar is a long pole, turning on a swivel, between two posts fixed in the ground, on the side of the road opposite to the toll-house, and is weighed down by a heavy stone fixed on the shorter end, so as to keep it always open in the day time. It is invariably painted blue and yellow, in a spiral line, like our barber's pole. The driver never thinks of passing one of these toll bars without stopping, as he would otherwise be liable to a penalty. The collector, however, will rarely take the trouble to come out of the house to receive the toll, but puts out of the window a little purse, at the end of a long stick, for the money; and if a ticket be necessary, he returns it in a slit at the end of the same stick.

On the opposite side of the river is another small town called Goarhausen, directly over which is seen the old castle of Katz, or, as it is sometimes called, Neukatzenclieben. Mr. Schrieber says, this castle saluted Napoleon one day, which frightened his horse, and he gave immediate orders for its demolition.

It is at the foot of this Katzberg that the rugged and gloomy contraction of the river commences, of which we have just spoken. On entering the ravine, the first object that attracts the notice of the passenger is a naked mass of black rock, singularly curious, whose strata appear to have been thrown up and disrupted, and the great basaltic tablets and columns piled on each other in ludicrous disorder. This is the celebrated Lurleyberg, or repeating mountain, so called from an echo which, in certain positions, is said to repeat a voice or noise four or five times. This circumstance, together with the turbulent Rhine taking a sudden turn and foaming round its base, have given rise to a legend ten times told, and in ten different ways, about a water nymph and a prince palatine, which every traveller lashes up in a way that he supposes may be most palatable to his readers. This Ondine is said by some to have been mischievous, and that she used to charm the boatmen with her syren voice, and thus contrived to draw them into the whirlpool close to the rock.

We now approach Oberwesel, on the left bank, an old and impoverished town, with a remarkably fine Gothic church. Near the entrance of the town is a chapel, which, we are told by the guide books, was erected as a monument to the memory of a boy, named Werner, who had been stolen from his parents by the Jews, and murdered by them;—why, it is not said,—but the event is supposed to have happened in the year 1287.

The position of this town amid lofty and rugged mountains, and abounding with shattered towers and crumbling walls inclosing it, and in which are the remains of ten or twelve of the former still standing, and the distant fine scenery, viewed over the silvery surface of the Rhine, give to Oberwesel a more romantic character than almost any other spot.

A little beyond Oberwesel is the ruined castle of Schoenberg, perched on the summit of a lofty and picturesque rock, once the property of the family of that name, some of the descendants of whom are still in England, but write their name Schoenberg.

Another ruined castle is now visible on a lofty peak called Stalbeck; and in the midst of the Rhine stands the castle of Pfalz, built on a rock.

Opposite to this insulated castle, which is still in good repair, and on the right bank, is the town of Kaub, immediately under the ruined castle of Gutenfels, situated on the peak of a lofty rock. Kaub is celebrated by the passage of the army of Marshal Blücher across the Rhine at this spot, on the 1st of January, 1814. A little farther on, and on the left bank, stands the old town of Bacharach, situated at the foot of one of the loftiest points of the range of mountains, which is, nevertheless, covered with forest trees to the very summit. Above the town, and on the side of the hill, is a ruined old church or chapel, dedicated to a saint of the name of Werner, built of red sandstone, and one of the finest specimens of ferid Gothic architecture that we had seen on the banks of the Rhine. This chapel was dedicated to the boy, whom we have mentioned as being murdered by the Jews, and whose body floated against the stream as far as Bacharach;—a miracle that was highly deserving of being commemorated by a chapel.

Bacharach is a poor town, and in a more dilapidated state than any we had yet passed through. The houses, as usual, almost meet each other at the top; the streets, of course, are dark and dirty, and extreme poverty seems to be the lot of the majority of the inhabitants. Here, indeed, the Rhine is so closely hemmed in by steep mountains, as to admit of no other produce than what the vineyards afford, which may, perhaps, account for the Romans having considered Bacchus as the presiding deity of the place. In fact, the principal part of the food of the people, through the whole of the long ravine from Boppard to Bacharach, and as far as Bingen, must be brought to them from a distance, as, from the scarcity of land, wine and fruit are the only articles capable of being cultivated; and how the vineyards which we here see can possibly pay the labour of cultivation is quite a mystery. There is scarcely a patch of half an acre in any one continued space; mostly, not half a rood. Every little sheltered spot, however small, that possesses the least soil,—every little crevice between the naked rocks,—is choked up with vines; in many places the vine is planted in a basket, with adventitious soil, and sunk in the rocky fragments by the side of the hill. The care and the labour bestowed, though not toilsome, is constant; and the dis-

tance is frequently several miles which the poor cultivator has to go from his habitation to his vineyard,—we should rather say *hers*; for they appear to be chiefly women, who bear but very little resemblance to those fair and sylph-like damsels, with which painters are in the habit of peopling their vineyards, when assembled to gather the purple grape. A jacket and petticoat,—a dirty handkerchief tied round the head,—the legs and feet naked,—the features dark, dull, and unmeaning,—furnish the true picture of a female labourer of a Rhinish vineyard; and this was so generally the prevailing feature of the picture, in all places where the chief produce was wine, that we may, almost with certainty, come to the conclusion, that the culture of the vine is an indication of the poverty of those who perform the manual labour, however profitable it may be to the large proprietor.

From Bacharach to Bingen, and from thence to Mentz, or Mayence, the channel of the Rhine changes from the direction of north and south to that of east and west, in consequence of which the vineyards are chiefly confined to the right bank facing the south; and it is here that the vineyards of Asmanshausen, Ehrenfels, Rudesheim, Geisenheim, and Johannisberg, occur in succession.

Between Asmanshausen and Ehrenfels, the steep sides of the mountain, to the height of at least a thousand feet, are covered with vines, growing entirely on terraces, one rising above another to the very summit, the earth on which is kept up by well built stone walls, of five to eight feet in height; yet many of these terraces are not twice the breadth of the height of the walls that support them. Nearly opposite Bingen, and about Ehrenfels, we counted not less than twenty-two of these terraces, rising one above the other. It is remarkable enough that these fine walls, facing the south, are left naked, though they appear to be so admirably calculated for the vines to be led against their sides, and thereby not only to yield a larger crop of grapes, but to hasten their maturity; but this may, perhaps, be the very reason why they should not be so trained, as the vintage would fall at unequal times; or, as the walls are purposely built loose and without mortar, that the water may the more readily be drained off, such draining might probably injure the vine if trained against them; or, which is still more probable, the lack of soil would not admit of training the vines without injuring the standards in the terraces.

In proceeding from Bacharach, we first met with the old ruined castle of Fürstenburg, then Souneck, then Bausberg, and after that Falkenberg. This last was under repair, as we were told, for the residence of one of the young princes of Prussia, where his royal highness will find himself perched aloft in the air, like an eagle on his acie. The castle literally occupies the whole summit of the high pointed rock, which it will require some ingenuity to render accessible, even on foot, as the rock is precipitous on every side. This extraordinary habitation may truly be said, like Nick Bottom's tragedy, "to stand on the very pinnacle of its foundation."

On turning round to Bingerlock, as it is called, where the Rhine is more turbulent and more dangerous even than at its passage round the Lurleyberg, we pass the great southern portal of the ravine, and behold at once the mountains to diminish in height, and to recede to a considerable distance from the river; and the little town of Bingen, placed on an eminence amidst an immense extent of vineyards, opens out, standing conspicuous in the beautiful landscape now presents itself. The last mountain that closes this ravine is that of Rudesheim, with its terraces of vineyards creeping up its steep sides to the number of eighteen or twenty; the summit crowned with an old ruin, to which, as a matter of course, is attached a traditional legend, in which a dragon and a virgin are the chief dramatis personæ.

The romantic portion of the Rhine is that between Boppard and Bingen, in which the several reaches of the river form a constant succession of lakes, accompanied by the most enchanting and diversified scenery, encircled with a chain of the most picturesque mountains, some clothed with wood, others naked, black, and frowning with rocks, rearing their pinnacled heads under every fantastic shape, and scarcely distinguishable from the ruined remains of forts and castles, which are seen crowning their rugged summits, themselves "shaped as they had turrets been, in mockery of man's art;" while the narrow spaces between their feet and the margin of the lakes are smiling with cultivation, and enlivened with towns and villages in the midst of vineyards. Here, in short, is

On clearing the ravine, however, the scene was entirely changed, and the eye had now full scope to range round the whole of the southern, eastern, and western horizons. The sun was just setting as we left the dark and gloomy gulf, and its western rays, falling on the little town of Bingen, and the vine-clad side of the opposite mountain, afforded a contrast equally striking and agreeable. The broad expansive Rhine glistened in the sun beams, as its ample volume flowed majestically towards us, interrupted only by the *Maus-thurm*, or, as travellers interpret it, the tower of rats, which is built on a rock in the middle of the river, and by dividing the current, adds to the velocity and the noise of the Bingerlock, which is considered to be dangerous to navigation.

The endless succession of ancient dilapidated castles is generally spoken of by travellers with a degree of rapture in which some of us did not exactly partake. The eternal round tower, or stone cylinder, which always accompanies, and is always left standing amidst the castellated ruins, and that alone sometimes remaining, is the very reverse of picturesque. There is besides a moral feeling attached to them, that is apt to carry the recollection back to those days of feudal tenure, when murder and robbery were hardly considered as crimes; and when many an unhappy victim lingered out a miserable existence in the cells and dungeons of these ancient ruins, which still remain as memorials of the villainous scenes that have been transacted within their walls. A French writer thinks otherwise; he tells us how delightful he feels in transporting himself in imagination to those remote ages of ancient chivalry—those ages, as he calls them, of valour and virtue—in imagining himself to be surrounded by those *preux chevaliers*, the protectors of weakness, the defenders of a sex which in those days knew no other ornament but delicacy and gentility. Perhaps he would have been nearer the truth if, instead of *preux chevaliers*, he had painted these castles to his mind as the retreats of bands of brigands. Lord Byron, we suspect, has taken a juster view of them.

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, not less late
Than mighty heroes of a longer date."

As we were here to quit the Rhine, a word or two may be added on the general character of this interesting river. We frequently find the epithet "magnificent" coupled with the Rhine. To speak correctly, it is not sufficiently capacious to justify the application of that term; but to the eye of the traveller it possesses charms, abundantly superior to those rivers that are so truly magnificent, that one shore is frequently invisible from the other. The Rhine includes within its banks sublimity and beauty, softness and amenity. In gliding down the stream the eye embraces all these at a glance, and riots in endless variety,—the rugged and fantastic forms displayed by naked mountain tops, lying in picturesque with some ancient and ruined castle—the overhanging forest—the sombre crag mingled with the verdant vine—the neatly cultivated plain—the clustered town with its turreted towers and spires—the sequestered village, and the lonely cottage—the beautiful island, and the constant succession of new objects, and a new disposition of them,—these are the features ever varied that constitute the beauty, and afford that delight, which travellers rarely fail to derive from an excursion on or along the banks of the Rhine.

The town of Bingen is situated at the confluence of the Nahe with the Rhine, and is approached from the north by a stone bridge over the former, said to have been built, or its remaining piers at least built, in the time of Drusus. The situation is beautiful, and there was an appearance of industry and bustle which we had not witnessed since our departure from Amsterdam. A number of vessels were lying alongside the quay, and in every street were coopers, house carpenters, and masons, working at their several trades; the first preparing their large pipes for the approaching vintage, and the others on new houses building, and old ones repairing. Extensive floats of timber were lying along the quay and the shore, and about a dozen of those remarkably long and narrow vessels that navigate the Rhine were at anchor, having each a house on the deck, in which the owner or navigator with his whole family dwells. We remained for the night at the hotel of the White Horse, a good comfortable house, with a little garden by the river side, the people civil, and the charges remarkably reasonable. There is not much to be seen in the town.

On the morning of the 20th we proceeded on our route, which no longer skirts the margin of the Rhine, but passes in a direct line inland, and up a gentle ascent

through the midst of highly cultivated vineyards, far different, in size and luxuriance, from those small patches on the mountain slopes of the great ravine of the Rhine.

Neider Engelheim was the favourite residence of Charlemagne, where, it is said, he built a palace surrounded by a portico of a hundred columns, brought from Rome and Ravenna. We observed some ruins, but they might have been a church, a castle, or a palace, but looked more like an old barn than any of them. On the highest point of this elevated country, in a small copse on the right of the road, stands an obelisk, on the front of which is this inscription—

"Route de CHARLEMAGNE. Terminée en l'An 1.
du règne de NAPOLEON, Empereur des Français,
sous les auspices de Monsieur JEAN BON ST.
ANDRÉ, Préfet du Département du Mont-Tonnerre."

On the other three sides are the names of Entrepreneurs, Ingenieurs, &c. The proximity of Ingelheim may have suggested to M. Jean Bon St. André the introduction of the name of Charlemagne, where some have supposed he was born; and at the same time the implied compliment to Bonaparte, to whom and to Julius Cæsar this and others of his flatterers pretended to find in him a parallel. In restless activity, rapidity of movement, and unrelenting persecution of those who opposed him, Bonaparte might certainly be compared with Charlemagne. The enormities of the latter, however, were the results of fanaticism; those of the former, sheer pride and ambition, of which, as Byron says, he was the champion and the child, one

"Whose game was empire's, and whose stakes were 'honour,
Whose table, cartil—Whose dice were human beings."

MENTZ, OR MAYENCE.

Having passed the summit, we proceeded by a gentle descent, and a tolerably good road, planted on both sides with apple and other fruit trees, to Mentz, or Mayence. This city belongs to the territory of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt; but as the smallness of the contingent furnished by this German Prince to the confederacy would not admit of his placing a sufficient garrison in this important place, it was settled at the Congress of Vienna that it should have an Austrian and Prussian governor, in alternate years, and be garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian troops in equal numbers; but such rapid changes having been found inconvenient, and the garrison composed of the two nations not agreeing well together, it was afterwards settled that each governor should remain three years. The number of troops were at this time so considerable, that the whole town wore a military appearance. In the streets few persons were seen but soldiers. The old palaces, hotels, and convents were converted into barracks, and the finest houses in the town occupied by the Austrian and Prussian officers. With all this, Mayence appeared to be one of the duller towns, for its size, that we have met with. The entrance into the town is over draw-bridges, bastions, and all the various kinds of defences, and within it are barracks and guard-rooms in almost every street.

The fine old gothic tower, and, indeed, the whole of the exterior of the cathedral, built of red sandstone, with its fretwork and pinnacles, is a very striking object. The tower was once surmounted with a spire of wood, eighty feet above the present crumbling summit, but was burnt down by lightning. It is a remarkable fact, that there is scarcely an old church along the Rhine or in the Netherlands, that in some part of its history, has not been consumed wholly or in part by fire.

The interior corresponds in grandeur with the exterior; but when the French Jacobins took possession of it, as they did of all the churches wherever they went, to convert them into barracks, hospitals, and magazines for their armies, the Cathedral of Mentz was most scandalously and wantonly abused. The beautiful marble tombs were mutilated, the pictures destroyed, the bronze and iron railings torn up, the ceiling is blackened, obviously by fire, and full of holes, as if it had been pierced by shot. The Swiss of the church, in pointing out the various mischief committed by the French, added, that the people of Mentz would not be sorry to have them again, as they spent a wagon load of money when there. This was the only church, however, we had yet seen that had not undergone repair, and been purified from the defilement and mischief done by these unholty miscreants, and there appeared to be some feeble attempt making to put this also into somewhat better condition; but whether at the expense of the clergy, the inhabitants, or the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, we did not enquire.

In a small square on the left of the great street, which leads to the quay, is a handsome fountain, representing

"A bleeding of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-fields, mountain, vine,
And chieftest castles, breathing stern forewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin grates dwells."

the Rhine, under the personification of a well executed figure of an old man; and in this square is the public library, and the museum. The former we could not see as it was under repair, and the books were all displaced and on the floors of the rooms, but we went through the small collection of pictures, which generally speaking are not of the first class.

From Mayence a noble bridge of fifty-two pinnacles of boats crosses the Rhine to Cassel, a small fortified town. The Rhine is here not less than from seven to eight hundred yards across, and widens out to more than twice that breadth a little higher up, where it receives the waters of the Maine.

Below the bridge are moored in the river sixteen or eighteen water mills, which were all busily employed in grinding corn. This bridge, like those at Colubert and Cologne, has its convex side opposed to the stream, and like them also it furnishes a fine broad platform as a promenade for the inhabitants. There is, however, a very pleasant mall at the west end of the town planted with trees, extending down the bank of the Rhine above a mile, which is frequented for its shade in the heat of the day.

Being so near, not more than from six to seven leagues, to Frankfort, we determined at once to proceed to that city; and at the request of our very decent and well behaved driver, whom we brought from Cologne, we consented to go a little out of our way to the left of Cassel, to a village of which he was a native, in order to change our tired horses. These small animals are capable of performing an incredible quantity of work; and all the bait they get in the course of a day's journey is once, and sometimes twice, a loaf of rye bread, which they immediately devour with great eagerness, however tired they may be, and when they would refuse either hay or oats.

Having passed the hill of Hockheim and descended to the level plain, we entered upon an open and well cultivated country, a great part of whose surface had been covered with wheat, now all reaped and carried; a good deal of oats still remained uncut, and whole fields of poppy were under the sickle, from the prolific heads of which they express an oil. Beet and mangel-wurzel, clover and potatoes, were in great abundance, and large patches of hemp and flax intervened, but very few turnips. There was no appearance of meadow or grass land, and it is not easy to conceive from whence the large towns on the Rhine, the populous villages in the valley of the Maine, and the city of Frankfort, derive their supplies of beef, mutton, butter, and milk. Yet they have plenty of all, though we agreed that we had not tasted either good butter or good milk since we left Holland, nor had we observed a single cow all the way up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. The few that are kept must be confined to the shed, and fare very poorly. We observed along the road side, and subsequently along the whole of the Netherlands, women with large knives, bent like a reaping-hook, cutting the grass in the ditches and on the banks, and carrying it off in sacks as food for the cows; and in the vineyards of Hockheim they were taking off the purist shoots, and the superabundant leaves, of the vines, binding them in little bundles, and sticking them to dry on the tops of the stakes or espaliers to which the vines are bound; and this, we understood, was meant as winter food for the cows.

FRANKFORT.

Frankfort may be called a city of palaces. The houses of the merchants and the hotels are on a magnificent scale. Some that have been recently erected on a terrace, along the bank of the Maine, are particularly elegant, but not on so large a scale as some of the old hotels at which formerly the German princes used to reside, and many of which are still inhabited by the plenipotentiaries of the states of Germany who attend the diet. At the extremity of the terrace is the new public library, a chaste and handsome building, with a portico of the Corinthian order.

The library appeared to be well arranged, and particularly rich in ancient and modern history. It contained a few Roman and Egyptian antiquities, and some hieroglyphics of no great value. The view, from this terrace, of the river and its banks, and the stone bridge of fourteen arches, with the shipping lying below it, is lively and animating. The great street called *Zeil*, in which most of the hotels are situated, is, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe. We put up at the Weidenbusch, kept by Mr. May, a civil, obliging, and intelligent man. The eating and the wines were excellent, and the charge reasonable—three francs each at the table d'hôte and four in private—and some twenty or thirty different dishes

are generally served up. It was in vain here, and indeed every where, when we wished to dine alone, that we entreated to sit down to three or four dishes at most; there seemed to be a feeling that the house would think itself disgraced if a complete dinner was not served up. The dining room of this hotel appeared, by pacing, to be one hundred feet by forty-five; and the number of bed rooms in the house is ninety-one, most, if not all of them, double bedded. Mr. May has a cellar of wines, that few if any, of the London wine merchants would be able to purchase. The Swan, directly opposite, is another hotel apparently as large; but that of the Russians, for splendour and magnificence in the fitting up and furniture, outdoes all the others.

In Frankfort every thing wears the appearance of ease and prosperity; and none of its forty thousand inhabitants, that fell under our observation, wore the marks of poverty. The whole town is surrounded by the most delightful walks, in the midst of groves of trees, shrubby plants, and flowers, excepting the third side, which is terminated by a terrace along the river: and all these walks are attended, morning and evening, by large groups of well-dressed people of both sexes. The security of this free town is no longer trusted to redoubts, and ramparts, and glacis; all of them beyond the ditch, which might also be filled up and added to them with advantage, are converted into extensive gardens, open to all the world. Part of the walls and gates, however, are still preserved. Its little territory does not exceed twenty miles in its largest diameter. In this city, about ten thousand Jews are said to be locked up every night in a particular quarter of the town specially appropriated to this persecuted race.

We all regretted the necessity of an immediate return from a place that possessed so many sources of rational amusement; but we received here a piece of intelligence that made it necessary we should hasten our departure. By this we were prevented from visiting the old Doni church, and the several collections of pictures and marbles in the hands of individuals, and particularly the celebrated statue of the Ariadne, by Danneker, which is spoken of as rivaling any thing of a similar kind executed by Canova.

On returning to Mayence we took places in the steam vessel, which was to depart next morning for Cologne, where we arrived about five in the evening, of the following day, having started at six in the morning. In descending the Rhine we were detained one hour at Colubert, to have the baggage examined, which was done by the Prussian douaniers in the most gentlemanly manner possible, without the smallest expectation of receiving any thing, which, indeed, we were told, if offered, they would indignantly reject.

Nothing can be more delightful, in fine weather, than this passage down the grandest and most romantic part of the Rhine; and one only regrets the great speed at which the steamer descends, which, in the present case, could not be less than ten miles an hour. Hence we perceive, in quick succession, the ever-various features of the romantic and picturesque mountains, at one time appearing with naked and pinnacled summits, under every fantastic shape, at another clothed with orchards, vineyards, and forests, and every now and then surmounted by an ancient castle or convent in ruins. This great variety of objects keeps the eye and the imagination continually on the stretch, while the margins of the smooth and silvery Rhine, forming a chain of lakes, exhibit to the view cities, towns, and villages, interspersed with the varied scenery of corn-fields, groves, and orchards, and render it impossible to quit the deck for a moment.

In ascending the Rhine by land, along the fine road that skirts its left bank, the traveller has the opportunity of visiting these towns, and entering into all the detail of enquiry that leisure will allow; but from the high and overhanging mountains, under which he is conveyed, he is unable to comprehend within one grasp the whole of the scenery around him; whereas, in gliding down the middle of the river, every object on both sides is fully brought within the scope of simultaneous vision. It is, therefore, the best plan for those who may visit this delightful country, to take the line which we did; that is, to say, to ascend by land and descend by water.

Having hired a calèche at Cologne as far as Aix-la-Chapelle for sixty francs, we left this at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 23d; and at six in the evening arrived at Juliers, a small, clean, fortified town, garrisoned by about six hundred veteran soldiers of Prussia. Here we dined and slept at the Prince Eugene, where we had excellent fare, good beds, and the charge very reasonable. The road was an ill-paved causeway in the middle, for a

considerable part of the way, and deep sand in other parts.

The next morning we left Juliers and arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle in four hours; the road still pretty much the same, and the face of the country flat, cold, and uninteresting. A few patches of wood appeared here and there, but generally the culture of grain prevailed, chiefly oats, among which was interspersed a good deal of green crops, such as clover, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, and a few patches of turnips. Buck-wheat and poppy were also common.

CHAPTER IX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

This ancient town is situated in a valley nearly surrounded by hills, the most prominent of which is Louisburg on the north, and Salvatersberg in the same direction nearly, the latter of which is crowned with an ancient church. The pretty village of Borette and its wooded hills are to the south. These northern elevations are composed of friable sandstone and loose sand, among which are found different shells and the remains of several species of marine productions. It is probable that from these hills proceed those numerous springs of warm water for which Aix-la-Chapelle was once particularly celebrated, and from which it derives its Germanic name *Aachen*, the City of Waters, the *Civitas Aquisgranensis* of the Romans. The "Chapelle" was added to the name by the French from the church or chapel built, or supposed to have been built, by Charlemagne, and perhaps also to distinguish it from Aix in Provence and Aix in Savoy.

The old walls of the city enclose a very considerable extent of ground, which is not built upon, but laid out in gardens and walks. On the outside of the walls, the old ditches have been filled up and converted into walks and shrubberies, for the use of the inhabitants; a practice which of late years has become common in many of the Germanic and Belgic cities, and a very commendable one, which may be the means of saving them from the horrors of a siege in any future wars. The boulevards within the walls, which surround the town, have undergone the same conversion, and afford a pleasant walk. But the principal promenade appears to be that to the Louisburg, the slope of which descends to the very walls of the town, and a convenient carriage road, as well as a handsome footwalk, leads up to the summit; and here there is exhibited a most magnificent view round the whole horizon. On the highest point stands an obelisk, which is said to have been originally erected by the French, with an inscription in praise of Napoleon, who was never in want of flatterers; but which the Prussians, at the conclusion of the war, threw down. The king of Prussia, however, ordered it to be re-erected, *generously*, as one of those gentlemen who write "Guides" tells us, on the part of his majesty; but to cause the original inscription to be erased, and another substituted to record the rapid downfall of that extraordinary person, was not so very *generous*. We could find nothing however of the kind. The column, from the fractures and fissures in the stones, bore evident marks of having been thrown down and set up again, but the only inscription which appeared on one of its faces consists of the latitudes and longitudes of certain places at which the French had their stations, in carrying on the survey of the country.

The streets of the old part of the town are very narrow, and the houses high, as is usual in most German towns; and the architecture full of picturesque points and projections, and singularly interesting to the painter and the antiquarian. It would be endless to attempt a minute description of the various churches, convents, and other buildings of a public nature that meet the eye in strolling through the streets, but there are two edifices on which no traveller should omit bestowing his attention. The one is the Hotel de Ville, the other the old cathedral or Dom church. The old Hotel de Ville is in the market place, conspicuous enough by its two towers, one of which, or at least the lower part of it, is evidently, and is so recorded, of Roman structure.

In the centre of the market place, and before this town hall, is a splendid fountain: the water is received into a magnificent vase of bronze, about twice the diameter, so at least we supposed it to be, of that which is placed in the conservatory of Warwick castle; from this it is poured through the mouths of two dolphins, swimming in an inferior basin of stone, enclosed within an iron railing, but accessible on two sides to the public. The bronze vase, finely sculptured, is supported on a pedestal rising out of this basin, and from the centre

of the vase is another pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of Charlemagne about six feet high, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other the imperial globe surmounted by a cross. At a little distance, on each side of the fountain, is a large bronze eagle, mounted on a marble pedestal. This fountain, which has been carefully kept in repair from time to time, was erected in 1553, at the same time that the Hotel de Ville was finished, and under the auspices of the same burgomaster, Charus.

In the town hall of this ancient city, two several treaties of peace were signed, that of 1668, and that of 1748; and in the ancient chapel of Charlemagne, the ceremony of coronation of many emperors has been held. This old cathedral or Dom church had the honour, for so it was considered, of receiving a visit from Napoleon and Josephine; and after their fall in 1818, a congress of sovereigns was held in Aix-la-Chapelle, at which, among other important matters, it was determined to withdraw the allied armies from the occupation of France. On this occasion the late Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned by his late majesty George IV. to paint the portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, and other distinguished personages there assembled. He had a room allotted to him for this purpose in the town hall, which is carefully pointed out to strangers, and considered as a great honour that was done to the town.

The Dom church or cathedral, or, at least, the central part of it, was built by Charlemagne, under the direction of Eginhard, his biographer, in honour of Notre Dame. There is a legend concerning its dedication by Pope Leo III., in 804, the truth of which in those days was not called in question, though we of later times may be disposed to feel incredulous. It is merely this, that three hundred and sixty-five bishops, one for every day in the year, were summoned to assist at the consecration; but as two were wanting to complete that number, their places were supplied by two others, who had the complaisance to leave their tombs on so solemn an occasion, and returned to their earthly abode as soon as the ceremony had been duly performed.

The ancient part of this remarkable church is of an octagonal form, surmounted by a cupola. Two corridors, of a more modern date, one above the other, of the width of about thirty feet, open by a succession of arches into this octagon, which they surround, with the exception of one side, opening into the more modern choir, which is of the form of a quadrangle. From the corridors, particularly the upper one, or gallery, issue as many chapels as there are arches, each arch being opposite its chapel. These chapels, however, are still more modern, having at different times been added by different persons. The vaulted ceilings of the upper corridor are decorated with paintings of scriptural subjects by an Italian of the name of Bernardino, of clear and fresh colouring, and by no means ill executed.

In each arcade of the gallery, and between the massy pillars that divide them, are said to have been placed four beautiful and highly polished columns of granite and porphyry, which, among other robberies of the churches by the French, were torn away and sent to Paris; and four only of these have been returned.

In the seventh arcade of the upper corridor is placed the organ; and that opposite to it is occupied by the chair of Charlemagne, which, being undoubtedly genuine, is an interesting relic of antiquity, and of course highly valued, as it deserves to be, by the inhabitants of Aix. It consists of four slabs of white marble, rudely fastened together by iron clamps, and is ascended by several steps of the same material. Indeed there can be no question as to its identity with the real throne on which this monarch sat.

The tomb of Charlemagne, which is immediately under the centre of the dome of the octagon, was opened in the presence of the Emperor Otto III. The body, covered with the insignia of the empire, and decorated with the imperial jewels, was found seated on the chair in question, and placed on his knees was an illuminated copy of the Gospels, which is said still to exist. Otto carried away the insignia, which were afterwards used at the coronation of the emperors of Germany; and having satisfied his curiosity and his avarice at the same time, closed up the tomb. After this, in the year 1165, Frederic Barbarossa I. caused the tomb again to be opened, in presence of the bishops of Liege and Cologne, who had the body removed and placed in a magnificent sarcophagus, on the cover of which was engraven the Rape of Proserpine; and which is also said still to exist; but our enquiries did not tend to confirm the report.

The Swiss of the church, a shrewd and intelligent

man, informed us, that when Bonaparte remained a short time at Aix-la-Chapelle, he, with Josephine, paid a visit to the cathedral, attended by the bishop, who, on opening the wooden case that contains the chair of Charlemagne, invited Napoleon to seat himself on the chair of the man whom he wished the world to suppose he resembled—but Napoleon turned away. Whether it was a feeling of pride that told him he was superior to such a barbarian, and wished to show the by-standers that he did not consider it any honour to be thus associated with him, or whether he was apprehensive that the bishop might take the advantage while in it to press for some privilege, which, when so seated, he could not well refuse, were points that had not been settled by the good people of *Aachen*; but the latter was probably the real cause of his refusal, from the following circumstance, for the truth of which the same Swiss who attended us vouched of his own personal knowledge. He said that the good bishop, having failed with Napoleon, next invited Josephine to ascend the steps, which she, with her usual good nature, immediately condescended to do; and having seated herself on the throne of Charlemagne, the cunning prelate took the opportunity of preferring a request, which he hoped she would condescend to grant. It was a petition, ready drawn up, that she would use her good offices with Napoleon to present the church with a new organ, to replace the one which the French soldiers had destroyed when they made a barrack of the church. She did not hesitate a moment in asking and obtaining the boon; and the organ now in use is, therefore, and very properly, considered as a present of Josephine.

When Frederic caused the tomb of Charlemagne to be opened, he presented to the cathedral a magnificent chandelier of bronze gilt, about thirteen feet in diameter, which is still suspended over the large blue slab which covers the vault where the remains of Charlemagne are supposed to rest, and on which is engraved this simple inscription:—

Carolo Magno.

This stone is modern. The tomb of black marble which occupied its place was torn away by the French soldiers, and destroyed.

The choir, which communicates with the octagon by one of the lower arcades, is surrounded by windows of lofty dimensions. The ceiling is said to be one hundred and twenty-four feet high. Its walls are decorated with eight pictures on scriptural subjects, by Bernardino, and also by several pieces of Gobelin tapestry, the largest of which is uncommonly fine; the figures bold and spirited, the colours fresh and brilliant, and the tone of colouring equal to that of a picture of Rubens; the subject is the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. These Gobelins are held in such high estimation, and preserved with so much care, that they are only exhibited on each side of the high altar on festival days; but the Swiss produced them for our inspection.

In the choir, and facing the altar, is a well executed bronze eagle, mounted on a pedestal, which was given to the church by the Emperor Otto III., whose bones are preserved in a sarcophagus of white marble, immediately under the high altar. Above this the statue of the Virgin Mary is placed, who wears a crown of silver gilt, which, it is said, was presented, as a sacred gift, by her unfortunate namesake of Scotland.

The paintings in the several chapels of the cathedral are not such generally as to deserve much notice; but in that of St. Michael there is a small collection that well demands the attention of those who visit this church: and what stranger, it may be asked, will fail to do so?

Having gone round the various chapels, and enquired of the Swiss if there was any thing more to be seen, he replied that if we had any taste for *relics* he would desire a priest to show us a very large and splendid collection of these interesting objects; but our taste did not lead us that way. On asking him, however, what sort of relics he spoke of, he said they possessed among other things the real swaddling clothes of Jesus, a gown of the Virgin Mary, some hair of her eyebrows, the shoes or sandals of Joseph, with which he walked all the way into Egypt, and a thousand other little curiosities, which were only exhibited to the people once in seven years. As none of us had any great relish for these, we declined the attendance of a priest.

In the church of St. Peter we saw a relic of another description,—the complete body or skeleton of a certain Florida, a saint of course, wrapped up in silk clothes, and placed at full length in a glass case. The head only

was visible, and it was a mere skeleton; the teeth were quite perfect.—If the French had carried off these relics and left the pictures, the people of Aix would not have had much occasion to complain or lament their loss. The priests, however, had a higher notion of their value, and hurried them away into the interior of Germany, lest they should be deprived for ever of such valuable treasures. The Emperor of Germany, it is pretended, took title for their safe keeping, and retained among other things the sword of Charlemagne.

There are several churches in Aix-la-Chapelle besides the cathedral, that, from their antiquity and various ornaments, deserve to be visited, particularly that of St. Nicholas, which is a spacious and beautiful church.

Aix-la-Chapelle appears to be a very dull town. The baths once so celebrated are nearly deserted, Spa, and the neighbouring village of Borette, having drawn away the company, though they too, it is said, have given way, of late years, to Wiesbaden and other baths of Germany. It can boast but of little trade and few manufactures; the chief of which are woollen cloths, pins and needles—the latter article, when made up into packets, are marked as Whitechapel needles. The inhabitants are neither Dutch, Brabanters, nor Germans, but a mixture of all three, and speak a language which partakes of all and belongs to none. They have the character of being un civil to strangers, but in our short intercourse we certainly did not find them to be so.

CHAPTER X.

BELGIUM.

Leaving Aix-la-Chapelle on the morning of the 25th, it took us eight hours to reach Liege. The road was still paved, but kept in somewhat better order than we had found it on the other side of Aix. Several tough hills, however, contributed to make the journey tedious, though we were amply recompensed by viewing at more leisure the diversified face of the country, broken as it was into hill and dale, with now and then a rich and well wooded valley, whose verdant meadows, enclosed with hedges, were enlivened with numerous herds of beautiful cattle.

At the distance of twelve miles from Aix-la-Chapelle we came to a small town or rather village called Henrich-Chapelle, the approach to which on the summit of a hill is announced by a Dutch custom house, this being the frontier station between the Prussian and the Netherlands territory. Here our passport was *visied*, and we were asked if we had any merchandise or other articles that required to be declared? On answering in the negative, we were permitted to pass on without any examination of our baggage.

LIEGE.

From a steep hill the road winds down into the valley or plain on which Liege stands. This city is situated at the junction of the Ourt with the Meuse, where their united streams form a fine broad river, which flows through the heart of the town, and is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, of six circular arches, three of them being of very considerable elevation. A convenient quay for commercial purposes extends the whole length of the town, both above and below the bridge; and symptoms of a considerable traffic were apparent, from the degree of bustle on the quay in the shipping and landing of goods.

In the lower part of the town the streets as usual are narrow and the houses lofty, not much unlike some of the gloomy streets of Paris. Those of the upper part, on the side of the hill, are also narrow and inconveniently steep, being ascended in many places by flights of steps. There are two tolerably spacious squares, in one of which stands the town hall, and in the other the theatre. The latter is a handsome modern building, surrounded by an arcade; the former is an imposing old edifice, though somewhat heavy.

Liege has long been the principal place in the Netherlands for the smelting of iron and for the various manufactures of that and other metals, which, of late years, have been greatly extended. The hills which enclose the valley of the Meuse abound in coal, limestone, and iron, and capital only is wanting to carry on the works to a very great extent.

An Englishman of the name of Cockerell has established manufactures of several kinds, more particularly for the smelting and working of iron; and in some of them cannon is cast of the largest calibre, and steam engines of the highest power, and various other kinds of ma-

chinery, are here executed. The great bronze lion that surmounts the conical mound of earth, recently raised on the plain of Waterloo, was cast by Cockerell.

Commerce and manufactures rarely fail to draw in their train the means of promoting the sciences and liberal arts. King William, in his abundant kindness to his new subjects, has established at Liege a royal university for students in theology, law, and physic, which the advancing prosperity of the place now made it necessary to be enlarged, for the better accommodation of the increasing number of students; and there has also been recently added to it a botanical garden. Societies have also been formed for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, belles lettres and general literature. In short, every thing in and about the town appeared to us to be in a progressive state of improvement.

We left Liege on the morning of the 26th, along a smooth and level mountain road, sometimes running close under a rocky hill, and equally close to the margin of the river, and sometimes having a fine cultivated plain between us and the river. The hills on both sides were finely diversified with wood, and interspersed masses of rock, giving a picturesque appearance to the scenery. New buildings, with tall chimneys, sending out volumes of smoke, were seen in every direction, and announced the very common and extensive application of steam in their several manufactures; and numerous rail roads, from the hills to the river side, and heaps of coal rubbish and slag, were the certain indications of active industry and a manufacturing population.

The enterprising Cockerell has turned the ancient Chateau de Serعين, once the Archbishop's palace of Liege, into an iron foundry, where, it was said, upwards of two thousand workmen were employed, and iron goods manufactured from the largest steam engine to a pen-knife. Here, too, the good King William had contributed a considerable capital for the encouragement of his Belgic subjects, by giving them an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with every branch of the art.* A nursery had also been converted into a paper mill, constructed on the principle of those invented some time since in France, and now used in Scotland, by which sheets of paper a mile long, if the rollers can be made large enough to receive them, are capable of being manufactured in one continued piece. Cockerell's father is said to have been a cotton spinner in Manchester; one of those bold spirits who, if it was not himself, was one of the same kind, that made a boast that he would construct a machine, into one end of which a piece of cotton wool inserted should come out at the other end a ruffled shirt; to which another observed, that this shirt, put into one end of a machine of his contrivance, should come out a printed Bible at the other. Ridiculous as these boastings may appear, such a process would not be much more wonderful than that extraordinary piece of mechanism, constructed by Babbage, which not only calculates logarithms, but arranges the types in the frame ready for printing, without the possibility of an error.† Such are the extraordinary results of the "march of intellect," which does not by any means appear to have yet slackened its pace; nor will any one venture to predict where it will end.

HUY.

The usual indications of manufacturing industry and activity continued uninterruptedly as far as the town of Huy, at which place a stone bridge of seven arches crosses the Meuse. We found but little here deserving of attention, but were amused with a pleasing set of carillons, which played sweetly and correctly the Huntsman's Chorus in Freyschutz.

Nine miles beyond Huy is the town of Salayen; and here the valley of the Meuse becomes still more romantic and picturesque than farther down.

NAMUR.

Directly on a line with the river, we suddenly opened out, but at a considerable distance, the city of Namur with its domes, and its turrets and spires, all of them overtopped by a lofty mass of rock, surmounted with

castles and batteries, and round towers, that, seen even at this distance, satisfy the spectator as to their vast dimensions. On a nearer approach to the town, these formidable fortifications are the first objects that arrest the eye.

The entrance into Namur, from this side, is through an avenue of trees, and over a bridge of blue stone of nine arches.

We had often occasion to admire the vast superiority, in discipline and appearance, of the Prussian soldiers over those of the king of the Netherlands. Among the former are scarcely ever observed, in a whole regiment, a man above thirty years of age; they are all stout, handsome, well-made young men, generally between the ages of twenty and thirty, well clothed and well trained. It was quite beautiful to see them on the parade going through the several movements; and it was impossible not to be struck with their firm and upright carriage, and with the perfect accuracy with which they performed a simultaneous movement. The Dutch troops, on the contrary, exhibited a very remarkable contrast. Their clothing was generally put on in so slovenly a manner, as evidently not made to fit the wearer; their exercise was gone through in a careless and indifferent style; there was no firmness of step, and in marching it was laughable to see them frequently kicking each other's heels. They were, however, as well as the Prussians, mostly young men, and being natives of the same country, it is obviously the fault of their officers that they are so badly drilled.

Like the streets of most of the Belgic towns, those of Namur are generally narrow, and the houses lofty, but they appear to be kept in clean and good order, and some few have a tolerable width and bordered by good comfortable houses. The numerous work-shops, chiefly in the various branches of iron and brass ware, gave an appearance of active industry, which was not contradicted by the equally numerous shops which exhibited those articles of home-made manufacture. There was besides a good deal of traffic and bustle on the river.

We paid a visit to the cathedral, which is a very handsome specimen of modern architecture, of the Corinthian order, not more than seventy years old; but it experienced, like all the other churches, the bad usage of the French soldiery, who converted it into a barrack and a hospital.

It is now, however, kept in a state of good repair and perfect neatness. The interior of the dome is particularly light and elegant, and the whole floor, the steps and the altars, are entirely of marble of different kinds and colours. There are four pictures in this church, said to be by Rubens,—“The Salutation,”—“Christ healing the lame man at the Port of Bethesda,”—“Showing himself to the Apostles,”—and “The Crucifixion.”

As we had before us a long journey the following day to Brussels, and should probably spend some time on the field of Waterloo, we desired the servant girl to be careful not to omit knocking at our door at four o'clock; on which she significantly said, there was very little danger of any of us being asleep at that hour. On enquiring what she meant, she said the bell of the town hall, just by, would be sure to waken us; and she was quite right, for such a toll of about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, was certainly never before heard; it was just as if one of the most sonorous Chinese gongs was beating in the adjoining apartment.

WATERLOO.

On leaving Namur for Brussels, we took leave of the valley of the Meuse, and proceeded northerly by the small town of Jenappe, and by Quatre Bras, to the ever memorable and ever interesting plain of Waterloo, which no Englishman thinks of passing without making himself acquainted with the topographical detail, on the spot, of that tremendous conflict, which terminated in giving place to long-aflicted Europe.

The original features, however, of the ground, where the centre of the English line had its position, at the last desperate effort made by the enemy, are entirely obliterated; and the ridge which formed a part of Mount St. Jean is now levelled down with the rest of the plain. This was done for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient quantity of earth to form the great conical mound, on which the colossal bronze lion, which may serve either as the British or Belgic lion, is supported, the pedestal of which bears the simple inscription “June 18, 1815.” The mound and the lion have equally been the subjects of ill-natured censure; but the one containing the bones of friends and foes, who fell in that dreadful day, and the other composed of cannon taken from the

enemy, would appear to be aptly enough appropriated, as being at once a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb. The mound is intended to be placed on the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound. We first observed this conical mound from the heights of Quatre Bras, from whence it appeared in the horizon just like one of the pyramids of Egypt.

There have been so many plans and descriptions of the battle and of the neighbouring country, that it would be a waste of time and paper to repeat them. At the foot of the mound may be had plans of all sizes, both of the country and the battle, prints of the monuments that have been erected within and without the church, and every possible information that a visitor could wish for; and if these should not be considered sufficient, there are a dozen or two of clever and intelligent young fellows, who have found it worth their while to loiter about the ground in the expectation of visitors, and who have made themselves acquainted with the details of the battle, speaking English with tolerable correctness and fluency. In fact we were quite unprepared for these lackeys, the number of huts, sheds, and cottages, and the population which we met with on the plain of Waterloo. Even on the summit of the mound, which is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and ascended by two hundred and thirty-two rude steps of wood, placed by an individual up one of its sides, we found two women offering for sale cakes and wine, gin, and all manner of cordials.

The village of Waterloo is in the rear of the field of battle, and close to the forest of Soigny, which we passed through in the evening, over an indifferent kind of paved causeway. The trees are principally of beech, and some of them very fine, but the wood is fit for nothing but firewood, and is used solely for that purpose. The trees are so close together as to exclude every ray of the sun, and to impede the action of the atmosphere; and the consequence is that, when a log of beech wood is brought out of the forest into the open air, it rives and splits in a most extraordinary manner. This, indeed, is the case with most other woods grown singly and been thoroughly exposed to the air, artless liable to split, and therefore preferable in ship-building to those which have grown in a wood.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels is in all respects worthy to be considered as the capital of the Netherlands. The streets in the lower or more ancient parts of the town, about the gate where it is entered near the river Senne, maintain the usual character of a Belgic town, being narrow and the houses high, but on the upper or hill part of the city, the streets are spacious and the buildings magnificent. The ascent from the lower to the upper or court end of the town, is about as steep as, and the streets not unlike, those which run through Guilford or Lewes. Two palaces, one for the king, and another contiguous to it for the young prince, face the planted piece of ground called the park, which may be about the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields; it is laid out in the continental style of gardens, being intersected by straight walks shaded by trees, and embellished with statues, in praise of which much cannot be said. Directly facing the king's palace, and on the opposite side of the park, is the house of the Conseil de Brabant, now the Chamber of Deputies. All the houses in the four streets or rows that surround the four sides of the park are truly magnificent, and in general appearance equal, or nearly so, in point of architecture though not in size; and the houses in the adjoining square or *Place Royale*, with the church in the centre of one of its sides, and the two hotels of Belvue and de Flandres, are all splendid buildings. The former hotel makes up more than a hundred beds; and we sat down to a table d'hôte, at which were sixty-six persons, more than one half of them English.

In fact Brussels, next to Paris, is the most populous English colony in all Europe; and to lodge our countrymen comfortably and in the English taste, whole streets or rows of houses are building for their reception towards the outskirts of the town; and for their amusement, the old walls and ramparts have been demolished, and converted into a charming boulevard for a promenade; and along the *Allée verte*, beside the Antwerp canal, they were busily employed in laying out an extensive botanical garden, and in levelling the old fortifications in that quarter. No wonder that so many English families flock to this great city; many of whom, however, carry, with their money, their depraved habits and vicious propensities, and not a few a great deal of the latter without much of the former, inposing for a

* During the revolution of 1831, the king's name being connected with the manufacture, it was early marked as an object for destruction.—Ed.

† See Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, republished in New York, for an account of this wonderful mechanical contrivance. Also Babbage's own account in his book on the Economy of Manufactures, republished in Philadelphia, books which should be in the hands of every enquiring mind. The latter contains a popular account, which can be understood by all. Brewster does not hesitate to call it the most wonderful machine ever contrived. The small trial machine has fully answered the expectations of the inventor, who is now constructing one on a large scale.—Ed.

time on the inhabitants, who, however, had now become more cautious in trusting them.

All kinds of provisions, education in all its branches, public amusements, and the luxury of a carriage, may all be had here for about one half of what they cost in England; and there is no restraint, but what the law, mildly administered, imposes. Books of all kinds, particularly French and English, are carefully reprinted here, and sold for much less than the editions of our most popular works printed by Galgani at Paris. We have yet seen no place in the course of our tour, not even Frankfort, that wears the appearance of so much ease and prosperity as in the inhabitants of Brussels. There are, however, many dissatisfied spirits among them, especially the catholic priests, who hate the government of protestants, and the Jacobins, who hate all governments; but the mild and equitable rule of the king restrains to a certain degree if it cannot subdue their hatred.

We went through the king's palace, which had been newly furnished, and is one of the most habitable and comfortable houses of that denomination, perhaps, in Europe. The ball-room is the only large apartment, and is splendidly fitted up and furnished. It may be some eighty feet by forty, and very lofty. There is another room, perhaps somewhat smaller, which is called the picture gallery, but is as unworthy the name as the pictures are unworthy to be placed in it.

The palace is built round a large quadrangular courtyard, and contains the immense number of forty-four rooms, *en suite*, through all of which we passed. Behind the quadrangle is a garden, which had neither taste, nor neatness, nor rare plants, to recommend it to notice.

From the palace we crossed the park to the house of the *Conseil de Brabant*. The vestibule is very fine. Two wide staircases, one on each side, lead to the two chambers of peers and the deputies. The steps are of marble, and each of a single slab, the produce, as we understood, of the hills which enclose the Meuse. The chamber of peers on the right is merely a long room or gallery. On one side of it were two large pictures, painted by Oudever, the king's painter. One was the "Battle of Nicourt," the other, the "Battle of Waterloo."

The chamber of deputies on the left is on the same plan as that of the deputies in Paris; but it has no tribune, each member speaking from his place,—those who represent the provinces of Holland using the Dutch, and those of the Netherlands generally the French language.

At the further extremity of the quadrangular court, in which the collection of pictures is placed, occupying one wing, is a suite of rooms, appropriated to subjects in the several departments of natural history, among which is a collection of very superb specimens of Russian minerals, presented by the present empress. The birds are beautifully set up, but not very numerous, and the whole collection of animals well arranged and preserved with great care: what is of essential use to visitors, they are placed at a convenient height for the eye, and are properly labelled.

Another wing of the quadrangle is appropriated to the sittings of the royal academy of sciences and literature; and there is also a library under the same roof, and behind the building is a large garden, which was now closed, and in preparation, as we were told, for a botanical garden.

The church of Gudule, standing on the brow of the hill, is a magnificent specimen of the old Gothic style. It contains some very fine monuments; and the twelve apostles, at full length, and rather above the common size, are placed against twelve columns of the nave. The pulpit, by Quesnoy, is beautifully executed, and is probably not inferior to any piece of carving in wood throughout the Netherlands, which is saying a great deal, as this is the country, of all others, where carving in wood was carried to the greatest perfection. The subject of the Gudule pulpit is the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise. The pulpit itself is supported by the figures of our first parents and the angel, who is driving them out with a flaming sword. The face of Adam is concealed by his two hands placed before it, and his flowing hair; but the whole figure, by the attitude into which it is thrown, exhibits the strongest representation of grief and despondency that can well be imagined; while Eve turns round her piteous face, and looks at the angel in the most affecting expression of countenance, and a look "more in sorrow than in anger," evincing at the same time something not exactly of complaint, but as if she would say "Our

punishment exceeds our crime." The tree of knowledge, with its spreading branches, gives support to the canopy over the pulpit; and the huge snake, having succeeded in destroying the happiness of our first parents, is in the act of sucking away from its victims, and entwining itself round the back part of the pulpit, on which side its head is seen to have reached the top of the canopy. Here, however, on the highest summit, stands erect the figure of the Virgin Mary, bearing a long crozier, with the point of which she pierces the head of the snake. On either side, on the railing of the steps, are a number of birds and quadrupeds enjoying themselves, as it were, in paradise; those on the side of Adam being mostly of the larger species, and such as are endued with masculine strength, and those on the side of Eve, chiefly peacocks, parrots, and monkeys, which some may, perhaps, be disposed to think was intended as rather a malicious satire on the part of the sculptor, in having chosen such chattering for the accompaniments of mother Eve.

The Town-house of Brussels, and more particularly its beautiful spire, are scarcely, perhaps, to be equalled for elegance and lightness. This spire rises proudly eminent, to the height, it is said, of three hundred and sixty-four feet, exclusive of sixteen or eighteen feet of an iron rod which supports the full length figure of St. Michael, who, it must be confessed, has been treated rather lightly by converting him into a weathercock. Standing in the centre nearly of the city, this light and airy spire of exquisite workmanship is seen from every part of its outskirts, and forms a beautiful object from the park and its vicinity.

On the side opposite to that which the Town-hall occupies in the Grand Place, or market-square, is the ancient palace, of curious Gothic architecture, now converted into shops; but its gilding, its decorations, inscriptions, and other remains of its former splendour, are still visible, and may be made out by those who have time and patience for the task.

There are no towns on the continent that, like London, enjoy the inappreciable advantage and luxury of having a copious supply of pure water, brought up into all the floors of the houses if desired; but there are also few towns which, next to this advantage, have not the enjoyment of public fountains and public pumps; and in the decoration and embellishments of these structures, no expense appears to have been spared; and very often we find a great share of good taste displayed in them. To say nothing of the fountains, of which some are really splendid, the common pumps even of Frankfort, Mayence, and Cologne, and many of the towns of the Netherlands, are ornamental to the streets and squares in which they are erected. They are of various forms, but most commonly that of an obelisk, or the section of a pyramid, curiously carved with fretwork of different devices, and surmounted with statues of men or women, figures of lions, eagles, and other animals, and sometimes with a gilt crown, or armorial bearings.

Brussels has its share of both pumps and fountains; and among others, there is one of the latter in the corner of a street, of a singular kind, well known by the name of the Mannikin. It is the statue of a little boy beautifully sculptured in black marble, by Quesnoy, who sends forth night and day, without intermission, a copious stream of pure water. It is said that Louis XIV., when in Brussels, was so shocked at the mediocrity of this exhibition, that he ordered a suit of gold-laced clothes to be made for the manikin; and report says he is actually clothed in them, with a cocked hat and sword, on certain festival days, for the amusement of the inhabitants. If the fact be so, Louis must have intended to play off a joke on the good people of Brussels.

On the 29th of August, we left Brussels in a caleche and pair of horses, which we hired as far as Ghent—thirty-six miles, for two and a half Napoleons, or some-

—It is exceedingly to be regretted that Philadelphia with her ample supply of water, is entirely without the decoration of fountains. Nothing could be added in the way of ornament which would at the same cost be so effective. Rome in her days of prosperity boasted of one hundred thousand fountains; some of them were probably of little more exterior elegance than our hydrants, but we know from those which remain that many were very superb. The first cost of fountains in this city would be the only expense nearly so. We appeal to every traveller in Europe to confirm our opinion when we say, a really tasteful fountain adds as much to the beauty of a city as a splendid building. The councils who shall lead the way in their introduction to our public squares will merit the thanks of the community, and the names of the prominent actors in it will be transmitted to posterity along with those who conferred the great benefit on the city of plenty of wholesome water. We put it on record in 1833, that at present we have not a single public fountain in the inhabited part of this great city. There is one at Fair Mount and another in progress.—Ed.

what less than two guineas. About half way is the town of Alost, or, as the word signifies "to the east," it being the frontier town of old Flanders in that direction. It is not a very large but a neat town; and in its cathedral there is a picture of Rubens, which travellers generally go to see. The subject is Christ empowering Saint Roch to heal the sick; it is a well painted, but by no means a pleasant picture.

From Alost to Ghent, which is eighteen miles, an avenue of tall beech trees is continued almost the whole way without interruption. The causeway generally was well paved, and a very considerable number of men were employed in keeping it in good order; the surface of the country perfectly flat the whole way, and the uninterrupted tillage as neat and clean as a kitchen garden.

The number of women employed in the various operations of agriculture appeared to be at least equal to that of the other sex, and some of their employments were laborious enough, and to us appeared disgusting and degrading; for instance, we observed a young woman harnessed with a man in the painful labour of dragging a harrow over a surface of rough clods. Very few horses appeared to be employed, a single horse being frequently observed to draw a light plough through the loose and mellow soil.

We may here observe that, since we left Liege, the condition of the agricultural labourers, if we might judge from the appearance of the farm-houses and cottages, and villages, was somewhat superior to that of the same class further to the eastward. There was more neatness about the farm-yards, and more care taken in the preservation of every ingredient for the compost heap, so essential for keeping up the prolific quality of the soil. Their grain was carefully stacked, and their dwellings were white-washed, and kept clean before the doors, and these and the windows and the wood work generally were painted green; this contrast, however, does not apply so much to the state of agriculture of the country between the eastern and western portions of Brabant, as to the general appearance of the houses and the people; for nothing could exceed the neatness in which the land was cultivated the whole way along the banks of the Rhine and as far as Aix-la-Chapelle; the care and the labour bestowed on every part of it were little, if any thing, inferior to that of the Dutch Netherlands. But this neatness in the cultivation had no correspondence with the dress and appearance of the peasantry, whose extreme slovenliness and the filthy state of their dwellings were quite disgusting. All kinds of dirt were suffered to remain undisturbed before the doors, and it was not unusual to see a parcel of children nearly naked, paddling in pools of water—the drains from some neighbouring dunghill; but nothing of this kind is seen in Belgium.

GHENT.

Ghent is situated on the united stream of the Scheldt, the Lis and the Lieve. It is a fine old city, but, like all we have yet seen, the height of the houses and the narrowness of many of the streets give it a dull and sombre appearance. The cathedral is a fine old structure, at least equal to the church of St. Gudule at Brussels. It is said to have been built in the eleventh century, and finished as it now appears. It we clearly understood the *Suisse de l'Eglise*, the pillars and arcades which we went to see under the ground floor of the church, were the foundations of one still older, on which they rebuilt the present edifice. They correspond exactly, so that this vaulted under ground story is called a church under the cathedral. Almost the whole interior of this fine old building is of marble of various kinds and colours; the lower parts of the walls are lined almost wholly with black marble. Its two and twenty chapels are mostly of marble, with doors of brass. The altar-pieces and all the monuments are also of black and white marble, the former serving as pedestals or bases, on which the whole length figures of white marble, from the quarries of Genoa, rest. One of these, a bishop of Ghent, by Quesnoy, and another, a German bishop, by Paoli, are exquisitely fine. The pulpit is a finished piece of carving, supported by two statues of *Time* and *Truth*, under the figures of an angel holding open the "Book of Life" before the face of an old man; and on each flight of steps is the figure of an angel—the whole by Laurent de Veena.

Ghent is almost as much intersected by canals as if it were a town of Holland; and they talk of its twenty-seven islands and three hundred bridges, which are probably about three times the actual number. In the

architecture of the churches we observed nothing very remarkable, but the *stepped* gables of the houses give a peculiar character to the town. It has some good streets and open squares that are lighted with gas; and we could not but notice that a great many more well dressed people, both ladies and gentlemen, appeared abroad in the streets, than we had observed elsewhere; it appeared, however, that the greater part of them were English, who have congregated here in numbers as considerable, perhaps, as at Brussels. There are, no doubt, many inducements held out at Ghent for English families in moderate circumstances, to fix their abode there. All the necessities of life are abundant and cheap. There is an excellent college, at which the pupils are instructed in every branch of literature on the most reasonable terms; and no distinction made between protestant and catholic. There is an academy for the fine arts, which possesses a good collection of pictures, a public library, and a very good botanical garden, which was founded under the republican government of France, out of the gardens and grounds of a suppressed convent.

The distance from Ghent to Bruges is about thirty miles; and as the country is here one continued flat, we resolved to travel, by way of variety, in the trekschuyt, or, as they call it, the barge—a very commodious vessel, with good apartments and a canopy over the quarter deck. She is drawn by four horses, which proceed at a gentle trot of about four miles an hour, and they are changed at half way. The fare for this passage is five and a half pence, or four shillings and seven pence each person, a tolerably good dinner and beer into the bargain. For those who are not in haste, or for invalids, there is no mode of travelling to be compared to this for ease and comfort, and, at the same time, it enables the passenger to occupy himself in any kind of employment he may choose to engage in; and in the greater part of this particular passage there is nothing to distract his attention, the banks being so high as to intercept the view of the country. We could see enough, however, to satisfy us that the whole surface was in an admirable state of tillage. It is said, indeed, that in no part of the Netherlands are finer crops produced than in the district between this line of country and Antwerp, called the Waesland, which centuries ago was a continued waste of barren heath, naked sand, and splashes of water.

BRUGES.

It took us about eight hours to reach Bruges, a clean, quiet, flat town. Once the central mart for almost all the commerce of the Low Countries, it still exhibits the remains of former grandeur. With its commerce and its opulence, its population gradually fell to nearly one half of what it was. It is now said to contain about seven thousand houses, and thirty-eight thousand inhabitants. One portion of the population, and no inconsiderable one, ought not perhaps to be deemed as any very great loss,—that which peopled some dozen convents and abbeys, with their extensive establishments and large tracts of ground within the city walls, most of them now suppressed.

One of these, which still remains near the western extremity of the town, is the Beguine, an establishment for the support of old nuns. It is a large enclosure containing a handsome chapel, a number of very good and neat houses round a spacious square planted with trees, and gardens behind them. These clerical ladies are in the enjoyment of very comfort. There is a similar establishment at Ghent, the chapel of which we attended during service time, but were not much enraptured by the voices of these ancient virgins; indeed the whole of that institution was much inferior to this at Bruges.

Here we also visited an English nunnery which had been founded ninety-nine years ago. The old lay sister, notwithstanding her well trimmed beard, and a pair of mustaches, was a very intelligent and agreeable person, exceedingly communicative, and much pleased to see her country people, and lamented that she could not indulge us with admission to the cloisters, and the interior, but their regulations, she said, were strict and positive to allow no person to see any of the professed nuns, except their relations or their acquaintances at the *parlor*. Even the chapel, she said, had recently been closed against the public by an order from the government, but she would venture to show it to us, and indeed urged us to see it. This chapel is certainly the most perfect model of the kind that can be imagined. It is fitted up with good taste and elegance, and devoid of all trumpery decorations. Indeed there was nothing within it, with the exception of the altar, and scarcely that, to indicate that it was a place for catholic worship.

The number of professed nuns is forty, all from Eng-

land and Ireland. The whole sisterhood were expelled from this convent on the irruption of the French, and made their way to England; where they were received, and a convent fitted up for them, by Sir Thomas Gage. While there, the old lady said they were all very unhappy, though well treated; and though there were among them several young ladies unprofessed, and in frequent communication with their friends, there was not, while in England, a single case of desertion—such is the influence that is exercised over the minds of these young creatures, when once entered within the pale of monastic life.

Observing a large concourse of people not far from the convent, and proceeding towards that quarter, we saw in an enclosed piece of ground a number of persons dressed in green jackets, with bows and arrows, shooting at a small wooden figure of a bird, apparently not larger than a sparrow, perched at the top of a sort of maypole, about one hundred and fifty feet high. These archers, or toxophilites, for they were of that society, of ancient standing in Holland and the Netherlands, shot their arrows in turn; and in the course of about a quarter of an hour the bird was hit twice, which was the more dexterously done, as the wind was blowing strong.

This kind of pole may be observed in almost every village of the Netherlands, and for the double purpose of exercising the toxophilites at the mark on its summit, and also of decorating with garlands on fairs and festivals, when it is a common practice to grease or soap the lower part, and hang up a prize for him who has the skill, and can endure the fatigue, of ascending this slippery pole, so as to reach it.

The streets of Bruges are kept as clean as those of a Dutch town. The houses and shops are not elegant, but neat, and the people generally appear to be in decent circumstances. The shops and the markets are well supplied with every necessary of life; the fruit and vegetables are good in quality, and abundant. The great drawback is the want of good fresh water, which can only be had from a considerable distance. The cheapness of provisions, of house-rent, and of education, has induced many English families to repair to Bruges, as well as to Ghent and Brussels. Besides the very small expense of private teachers, they have the advantage of public libraries, reading rooms, collections of pictures, public and private, and an academy of painting.

We rambled through the northern side of the town, which consists of whole streets of cottages, mostly built on one plan, and kept neat and clean by whitewashing. All the women belonging to these cottages were busily employed in weaving lace before the doors, and in many places whole groups of them gossiping while fingering their bobbin with as much rapidity, and seemingly with as much ease and pleasure, as a young lady runs her fingers over the keys of a piano-forte. We understood that from seven to eight thousand women are employed on this species of manufacture.

The dress of the people of the Netherlands is not the most becoming, particularly that of the women. Except those who move in the higher sphere of life, and who imitate French and English fashions, the generality of citizens' wives and daughters wear, even in the warmest weather, long black cloaks, reaching to their heels, with deep hoods, which the old ladies generally draw over the head, but the young ones mostly turn down, in order to exhibit a neat cap, bordered with lace, always clean and as white as snow.

Finding that the departure of the steampacket from Ostend had been put off from the 2d to the 3d of September, we resolved to spend the day at Bruges rather than Ostend, which gave us an opportunity of seeing the churches of Notre Dame, or the cathedral, and St. Salvator. Notre Dame is a heavy mass of building, with a tower and spire, that belong to no specific class of architecture. The nave is divided from the side aisles by massive columns. The pulpit is one of those curiously carved fabrics, common to almost every church in the Netherlands. It is supported by the figure of the Virgin sitting on a globe. There are two pieces of sculpture in white marble, representing the Virgin and Child, that are extremely beautiful. The one near the high altar is esteemed the best, and, indeed, has been claimed as the work of Michael Angelo. It was found in a Genoese vessel, that had been taken by a Dutch privateer belonging to Bruges, and lodged in this church. Sir Joshua Reynolds is of opinion that it is of the school of Michael Angelo.

While looking with admiration at this beautiful specimen of sculpture, a gentleman of very respectable appearance went down before it on both knees, and with outstretched arms remained motionless for at least ten

minutes, looking intensely at the Virgin, after which he arose, made a profound reverence, and walked out of the church. This is the only act of devotion, or rather of idolatrous worship, that we had witnessed on the part of any male individual of a decent appearance in our whole route, and we never once observed a man to go into the confessional box, while women were entering them constantly.

Having heard much of the church or chapel of Jerusalem, we paid a visit to it, but were grievously disappointed. We found it a miserable little chapel that would with difficulty hold a hundred persons; but in one corner of it there is a sort of cave, to enter which it is necessary to stoop; and in this cave is the sepulchre of Christ, the same, we are told, as it is seen at Jerusalem. On entering, we perceived, by a glimmering light, an old woman kneeling before the recumbent figure of a man, with a pale face and a disgusting black beard, and the body covered up by a white sheet.

The old town house of Bruges well deserves to be noticed, forming one side of the great square or market place. The building itself has no pretensions to taste or elegance, having something of the appearance of large barracks. One of its largest sides, on the ground floor, is appropriated as a flesh market, which has the merit of being quite concealed from public view, like that under the town hall of Leyden; and the side next the square is the cloth market. The tower is rather remarkable and very lofty; it consists of three parts; the lower part is a heavy square Gothic structure, corresponding with the body of the building, and pinnacled at the four corners. Out of this rises a second square, of smaller dimensions; and the third stage, still more contracted, is an octagon. The height cannot be far short of three hundred feet.

We had frequent occasion to remark, in the course of our tour, that certain component parts of buildings, not very important in themselves, when common or oft repeated, will sometimes give a character to a town. Thus the lofty broad windows and large squares of glass distinguished the houses of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and the high steps and stoops, as they are called, before the doors, are characteristic of all Dutch towns. The painted wooden houses, the overhanging upper stories, and the plain corniced gables, are the common features of a Rhinish town; and the tall ornamented gable of many stories, with its fantastic scrawls and fretwork, is characteristic of Antwerp, while those of Ghent are generally a series of steps. The arched chimney of semicircular tiles, gives a marked feature to Bruges, as the forked chimney does to Amsterdam, where it sometimes appears with three arms.

We had frequent occasions to notice the contrast in appearance between the Prussian and the Dutch, or rather Belgian, soldiers when on the parade. One of these regiments, or several companies of one stationed here, attended divine service at Notre Dame, where all the music and singing were performed by the band and the soldiers. To us it had an odd appearance to observe three grenadiers, with their caps on, supporting the priest on each side of the altar, and the men remaining covered during the service. In marching to church, we could not but remark how loose and slovenly they were in their dress, and more loose in their step, and so careless in marching as constantly to be kicking and treading on each other's heels. When contrasted with the soldier-like appearance, the close buttoned up coat, the upright carriage and firm step of the Prussians, the difference of the two bodies of men, composed of the same people, was very remarkable. The fault, as we have before observed, must lie with the officers, for the men, though generally small, were young, and, by proper training, would easily be brought into a state of better order and discipline. It is just possible, as the *clite* of the Dutch army were assembling in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, to be reviewed by the king, the regiment in question might be chiefly composed of recruits.

On the 1st of September, about four in the afternoon, we embarked on the trekschuyt, not quite so commodious as the former one, and were landed in the evening on the quay of Ostend. The fare was one franc and one stiver, about eleven pence each person. The canal that connects these two towns is broad and deep, and nearly on a level with the surface of the country the whole way, which has much the appearance of Holland. In the best parts, where any thing like cultivation appears, the soil is heaped up in rounded ridges, and the deep furrows, we observed, were mostly filled with water. As we approached Ostend, the surface, particularly on the northern side of the canal, becomes more swampy, and the country puts on a more dreary appearance.

Here, on the 1st of September, they were busily em-

played in the very midst of haymaking, the uncult grass having much the appearance of being recently freed from immersion in water; yet at a short distance were villages, with their accompanying trees and their church spire, seen in every direction.

On landing, we found there was a considerable degree of alarm in Ostend on account of a fever that had broken out in the garrison; and to allay the fears of the inhabitants, a public notice was given out, stating the few deaths that had happened,—but which were so great, that if they had taken place in the same proportion in London, they would have given cause for apprehension that either the plague or the yellow fever or the cholera had got among us.

Little can be said in praise of Ostend. The town is neat enough, and looks lively, with its painted houses of green, blue, and yellow, which are the prevailing colours. The interior basin for shipping is large and commodious, and is bordered by a broad quay, which, by the grass springing up between the stones, indicated no overflow of trade. The entrance to the basin through the outer channel and harbour is difficult, and next to impossible when the wind blows strong off the shore. It is defended by a strong and regular fort, in which is the citadel. Great precautions have been taken to keep out the sea, by break-waters of wood and stone, but chiefly by a sloping glacis of stonework, on the top of which is a pleasant promenade, having the sea beach and the sands close beneath it.

We embarked in the common steamer, and in sixteen hours were landed on Tower Hill.

While these sheets were passing through the press, information has been received from Holland, that King William had refused to sanction Baron Chasse's capitulation, so far as it concerned other forts than that of Antwerp, and the general remained a prisoner of war in the hands of the French. By the terms of intervention agreed upon, the French had no right to proceed further; and having, moreover, agreed to evacuate Belgium, they had already commenced the retrograde march. Thus, though Antwerp has fallen, Holland yet retains the navigation of the Scheldt, and the dispute is probably no nearer an adjustment, than when France and England entered upon the shameful aggression. The prisoners of war were on their march to Dunkirk, to be kept as hostages for peace, in columns of 1000 men, each column escorted by a brigade of French troops. Their number amounts to between 7000 and 8000. In the mean time, England and France have undertaken to renew the war of protocols with Holland, and another negotiation may lead to a second warlike expedition against the Dutch.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.

BY C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

Under this somewhat astounding and formidable title, the ingenious author of "Constantinople in 1829," and "Romance of Italian History" has contrived to give us what is far more romantic and terrible, if we except, perhaps, the exploits on a larger scale of their illustrious cotemporaries—the robber kings and conquerors. Viewing them with an impartial eye, we can see between them too little distance, whether in act or spirit, to show any cause, why these brave though less legitimate claimants to renown should not aspire to the honours of historical companionship, and a place upon the same page with pontiffs, kings, and tyrants of every age or nation. * * * He has made his narrative, with some exceptions, one of the most entertaining, and much enlivened by personal anecdote and adventure. * * * Take it for all in all, Mr. M. has made a pleasant work, out of different and not unauthenticated materials; and if he have coloured a little too highly in such ground, the amiable error may be forgiven him.

* * * The postage on this periodical now is but one and a half cent for one hundred miles, and two and a half for a greater distance, as it is uniformly printed on one sheet.

LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF Banditti and Robbers.

BY C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

Author of "Constantinople in 1829," and "The Romance of Italian History."

In presenting to our readers the first American edition of the following work, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that the narratives are of very unequal merit. A part of both volumes having apparently been inserted with a view to increasing them to a required number of pages, without much reference to the amusement or information of the purchaser, and some of the tales being collated from books already before the public and well known, we have omitted a small portion, retaining, however, every thing likely to be read with zest, or in fact that is at all worth perusing.

In taking up Mr. Mac Farlane's work, considerable hesitation was felt as to the propriety of inserting it in the "Library"—its value would of course depend upon the manner in which the subjects were treated. We have no wish to supply a morbid appetite with tales of terror—nor should we have finally decided on printing it, had we not found, on a careful perusal, that the author had taken care to procure only authentic materials; and, as a chapter of the human heart, the histories are curious and affecting, while as stirring incidents they will fix and interest the reader's attention.—*Ed.*

GENERAL VIEW OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.

There are few subjects that interest us more generally, than the adventures of robbers and banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet our attention as much as the best fairy tales, and when our happy credulity in all things is woefully abated, and our faith in the supernatural fled, we still retain our taste for the adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands. Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity of experience and worldly wisdom can render us insensible to tales of terror such as fascinated our childhood, nor preserve us from a "creeping of the flesh" as we read or listen to the narrative containing the daring exploits of some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seated by our own peaceful hearth. It is another thing when we hear of these doings on the spots where they have just occurred, and may occur again: for in that case the idea that we may adorn a future tale, instead of telling it, is apt to make attention too painful, and the effect produced will be too intense, and will exceed that certain degree of dread and horror which gives us pleasure in romances, tragedies, and other efforts of the imagination. If we happen to be well protected at the time, and have a tolerable consciousness of security, then indeed we may doubly enjoy these tales on the spots—the solitary heath, the mountain-pass, or the forest—where the facts they relate occurred; but under general circumstances the exploits of a Pope Mastriello or a Mazzaroni will not be agreeable entertainment across the Pontine marshes or through the defiles of the Neapolitan frontier. I remember one dark night, in which, with much difficulty, we found our way from the Neapolitan town of San Germano to the village of Sant'Elia, in the bosom of the Apennines; that when a friend (my own companion) suddenly stopped and pointed out a place, and told the story of a robbery, and of a priest's having been murdered there a short time before, I could not help wishing he had kept his anecdote until we were ourselves in a place of safety—nor indeed help feeling rather uncomfortable until a white-faced chapel on the top of a little detached hill gleaming through the obscurity, showed us we were near the village we had been so long in search of.

But, to return to robber stories and their effects generally, it may be said that no species of narrative, except, perhaps, that of shipwrecks, produces a deeper impression on people of all ages and conditions. This conviction, and the circumstances of my having passed a number of years in the south of Italy—the land of brigandism *par*

excellence—and of having repeatedly visited the wildest parts of that country, and possessed myself there of some curious details, induce me to collect my own materials, and by uniting them to the authentic statements of others, to produce, for a winter evening amusement, a sort of history of banditti.

Before the reader proceeds further, I will warn him, that he will not find my robbers such romantic, generous characters, as those that occasionally figure in the fields of fiction. He will meet with men strangers to that virtuous violence of robbing the rich to give to the poor. They give to the poor indeed, but it is as spies and instruments of their own crimes, or at least in order to induce the poor to remain passive while they carry on their work of depredation against the rich. It could scarcely be deemed great liberality in men, who, fresh from the easy plunder of a treasure, should scatter a few dollars among the needy peasantry, but even these few dollars are given from motives directly selfish. Among Italian banditti, I never could hear of a Robin Hood, and still less of a refined metaphysical "Robber Moor," that high-minded, romantic hero of Schiller, who is driven to bold villany by the paltry, covert views of society.

The effect Schiller's tragedy of "The Robbers" produced on the romantic youths of Germany is well remembered; they became enamoured of a brigand's life, and thought the loftier and more generous virtues incompatible with a life of dull honesty and submission to the laws of society. But the *beau idéal* that deluded them was only ideal, and in reality robbers no more deliver touching monologues to the setting sun, than they unite elegance and virtue with violence and guilt; and when they took to the forest and the wild, and levied contributions (as several raw students actually did), they must soon have found they could qualify themselves for the gallows, without reaching the sublimities of poetry and sentiment elicited by the fervid imagination of the poet—who, be it recollected, was a strippling like themselves when he wrote "The Robbers."

The sober minds of British youth were never led by play, poem, or romance, to such a dangerous imitation; but I can well recall the time, when, with others of my own age, I fancied it one of the most romantic things possible to be a captain of bold banditti, with a forest more leafy than Arden for my haunt, and a ruined abbey or castle, or inaccessible cave for my home—with followers so true that they would rather die piecemeal than betray their captain or a comrade, and with the enviable *finale* to every day's perils and adventures—the jovial banquet, the song, the chorus, and the wild legendary tale, or recital of my own daring deeds. This was the dream of a boy; but even when I was emancipated from the pleasant enthrallments of "The Bandit's Bride," and similar productions, it was long ere I could divest brigandism of its cloak of romance, and see it in its own horrible nakedness. In my own particular case, which I dare say is not a singular one, the charm of banditti romance was strengthened and prolonged by the pictures of Salvatore Rosa and the prints from that great master and from our own Mortimer; and though I never went quite the length of a young friend, who, on seeing for the first time a savage, rugged mountain pass, with a torrent brawling through it, on the confines of Calabria, expressed a hurried regret that there were not a few of such figures as Salvatore depicted, to make it complete; still I rarely could see such a scene without fancying such figures, and as, between Spain and Italy, I wandered a good deal in my youth, in romantic scenery, the brigands by frequent association ideas became familiar to me, and were invested with all the picturesqueness of nature and of the painters. In this manner they were still somewhat ennobled in my eyes.

But even this minor degree of illusion had considerably given way to time and experience, and the stories of the vulgar atrocities of the banditti, which I had heard in Apulia, the Calabrias, the Abruzzi, and the Roman states, when chance brought me in contact and in safe colloquy with an ex-brigand, whose account of his own calling was well calculated to remove the slight degree of romantic feeling with which I could still reflect on the banditti.

It may be remarked here, that priests and monks have not done half the mischief which has been perpetrated by ballad-mongers, and story-tellers, and popular traditions, that have made the adventures of famous outlaws one of their favourite and principal subjects, and have described them rather with an eye to effect, than to truth or morality. Throughout Italy these ballads and stories are

almost as numerous as accounts of miracles and legends of saints. They are among the first things learned in childhood; their continual repetition familiarises the mind with lawless deeds, whilst their spirit of adventure has a strong fascination for a very sensitive and very ignorant people.

"Let who will make the laws of the country," says the Scotch patriot, Fletcher of Saltoun, "let me make the ballads, and I will form the people." A little reflection will show how much is contained in this remark. Were a proof required to support it, I would point to the nature of the general run of Italian ballads and to the character of the Italian people. And were I a despot as potent as a Chinese emperor, I would decree the destruction of all their ballads relating to brigandism, and would punish every teller of a story or a tradition on that subject—at least until the country were civilised, when they might be "said and sung" with no more evil consequences than attend the singing or recital of "Johnnie Armstrong," or "The bold Robin Hood," among us.

The great civilisers of countries are your road-makers. A MacAdam in Calabria would do more in suppressing banditti than twenty sanguinary governors, such as the French General Manlius, whose proceedings I shall have occasion to detail. Wherever good communications have been opened, the brigands have gradually withdrawn. This I have seen myself in Calabria, in Apulia, and in the Abruzzi. That this indeed *should* be the case will strike every body, but it is so in a degree which can hardly be understood by those who have not seen it. The sight of a new broad road seems to produce the same bewildering, terrifying impression on an Italian robber, that the magical mirror of Ruggiero did on the eyes of his enemies.

I remember once having to pass a district (not far from Taranto, the ancient Tarentum) which had long borne an infamous reputation. On speaking to a gentleman of the country, he assured me there was now no grounds for apprehension—that the government had finished a *strada nuova* three months before, and that not a single robbery had been heard of since. Indeed, I almost invariably observed in travelling in the provinces of the kingdom of Naples, that the spirits of my guides or multeters revived as we came to a bit of new road, and that they spoke of it as a haven of safety.

Hoping these brief general observations may not have fatigued the reader's patience, I shall now proceed to the most amusing and authentic narratives of banditti I can collect, begging him to bear in mind that robbers, like the heroes before the time of Homer, are frequently lost in obscurity—that history has disdained to record their exploits, which are only to be collected in the scenes which witnessed them, and from the occasional accounts of travellers.

THE ROBBER OF THE ABRUZZI.

"Of no avail," says the excellent Neapolitan historian Giannone, "was the horrid spectacle of the tortures and death of the chief Mangone; for very shortly after the kingdom was disturbed by the incursions of the famous Marco Sciarra, who, imitating Marcone of Calabria, called himself '*Re della Campagna*,' or 'King of the open country,' and asserted his royal prerogative at the head of six hundred robbers."

Favoured by his position in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and on the confines of another government—the papal states, which for many years have been the promised land of brigandism—this extraordinary robber attained the highest eminence in his profession. His band, so formidable in itself, always acted in concert with other bands of banditti in the Roman states; they aided each other by arms and council; and in case of the Romans being pressed on their side, they could always retreat across the frontier line to their allies in the Abruzzi, while, in the same predicament, the Abruzzese could claim the hospitality of the worthy subjects of the pope.

The same circumstances have strengthened the banditti in our own days, and rendered the country between Terracina and Fondi, or the frontiers of the papal states, and the kingdom of Naples, the most notorious district of all Italy for robbers.

But Marco Sciarra was moreover favoured by other circumstances, and he had the grasp of mind to comprehend their importance, to avail himself of them, and to raise himself to the grade of a political partisan—perhaps he aimed at that of a patriot. His native country was in the hands of foreigners, and most despotically governed by viceroys from Spain, who were generally detested by the people, and frequently plotted against by the nobility, who, instead of assisting to put down the *fuorusciti*, would

afford them countenance and protection, when required, in their vast and remote estates. A great part of the rest of Italy was almost as badly governed as the kingdom, and consequently full of malcontents, of men of desperate fortunes, who, in many instances, forwarded the operations of the robbers, and not unfrequently joined their bands. An accession like theirs added intelligence, military skill, and political knowledge, to the cause of the rude mountaineers of the Abruzzi.

In the course of a few months after the death of Benedetto Mangone, Marco Sciarra had committed such ravages, and made himself so formidable, that the whole care of the government was absorbed by him, and every means in its power employed for his destruction.

In the spring of 1588, he led his destructionists, before a force of government troops, into the States of the Church, which the vice-royalists could not invade without the permission of the pope. In the month of April the viceroys, Don Giovan di Zanica Conte de Miranda, applied to the Holy See for an immediate renewal of an *old concordato*, by which the commissaries and the troops of either government were authorised to have free ingress and egress in the Neapolitan kingdom and the papal states, to pursue robbers, crossing the respective frontiers as often as might be necessary, and by which the two states were pledged reciprocally to aid each other in the laudable duty of suppressing all bandits. Sixtus VI. complied with this reasonable request, by granting a breve for three months. Immediately the troops of the Viceroys Miranda crossed the frontiers in pursuit of Sciarra, who, being properly informed by numerous friends and spies of all that passed, turned back into the kingdom about the same time that his enemies quitted it; and avoiding the pass of Androtoro, where the Spaniards were in force, he was soon safe in the mountain.

The robber had the sympathies of all the peasantry on his side, and found friends and guides every where. Not so the Spanish commander in pursuit of him, who did not learn whereabouts he was for several days, when some fugitive soldiers brought him word that Marco Sciarra was in the kingdom, and had just sacked the town of Celano, cutting to pieces a detachment of troops that had arrived there. The Spaniard then recrossed the frontier, but nearly a whole day before he reached the country about Celano, Sciarra was again beyond the borders.

He had now, however, considerable difficulties to encounter. The officer had left a body of bold men behind him in the papal states, and these had been joined by several commissaries of the pope, who each led a number of soldiers, and carried with him his holiness's command to the faithful, not to harbour, but to assist to take the Neapolitan banditti wherever they might be. Sciarra had not expected so formidable an array on the side of Rome against him: he was several times hard pressed by the troops, but the peasantry, spite of the injunctions of the successor of Saint Peter, still continued his faithful friends. The historians who relate these events, especially record that, wherever he went, the robber was kind in conversation and generous in action with the poor, giving, but never taking from them; and paying for whatever his band took with much more regularity than did the officers of the Spanish troops. Consequently he was advised by some peasant or other of the approach of every foe, of every ambuscade of the troops, of every movement they made; and he finally escaped them all, keeping two forces, which might almost be called armies, at bay, the one on the Roman confine, the other on the Neapolitan, for more than a week.

He then threw himself back on the mountains of Abruzzi, where, by keeping himself in the most inaccessible places, with his men scattered in the most opportune spots, and regular sentinels stationed and guards distributed, he had invariably the advantage over the enemy. Indeed, whenever the troops mustered courage to approach his strong holds, which he was in the habit of changing frequently, they were sure to return considerably diminished in number, and without the satisfaction, not only of killing, but even of seeing one of the robbers, whose ambushes from behind rocks, or the shelter of forests and thickets, had so sure an aim.

Six months passed—the soldiers were worn out. The Spanish officer, who first led them on the useless hunt, was dead in consequence of a wound received from the robbers. Winter approached, which is felt in all its rigour on the lofty bleak mountains of the Abruzzi; the commissaries with their men, on the other side, had long since returned to their homes at Rome; and the viceroys' people now went to theirs at Naples.

After these transactions, Marco Sciarra was deemed all but invincible: his fame sung in some dozen of ballads, strengthened his *prestige* in the eyes of the peo-

ple; his band was reinforced, and he was left to reign a king, at least of the Abruzzi, and undisturbed for many months.

It was about this time that the robber chief's life was ornamented with its brightest episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and horses of the travellers, who had speedily obeyed the robbers' order, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of a striking and elegant appearance.

"*Faccia in terra!*" cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, careless of their menaces, still stepped up to Marco their chief, and said, "I am Torquato Tasso." "The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand; and not only was Tasso saved from being plundered by the mere mention of his name, but all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal, but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.

The viceroys was stung to the quick by the failure of his expedition, of whose success he had been so certain, that the court of Spain was given to understand their kingdom of Naples had nothing more to fear from the incursions of banditti; that the head of Marco Sciarra would soon decorate one of the niches in the Capuan gate. But Miranda was a man of energy, and in 1590 he renewed his attempt to exterminate the robbers. Four thousand men, between infantry and cavalry, marched this time into the Abruzzi, under the command of Don Carlo Spinelli. As the Abruzzese peasantry saw this formidable army enter their pastoral districts by Castel di Sangro, and traverse the mountain flat, "the plain of five miles," they whispered "The will of God be done! but now it is all over with King Marco!"

Marco Sciarro, however, had no such fears; but came boldly on to an open battle. With his increased forces he threw himself upon Spinelli in the midst of the viceroys' troops, which were presently disordered; he wounded with his own hand the grand Don, who turned and fled, but so severely wounded, that he was well nigh leaving his life in the mountains whither he had gone to take that of Sciarra. The soldiers followed their commander as best they could, leaving the robbers the full triumph of the field.

Marco Sciarra's courage and audacity were now increased a hundred-fold. He fancied he could conquer a kingdom; he invaded other provinces, and marching across the mountains of the Abruzzi, he traversed those of the Capitanata, sacking, without meeting with opposition, the towns of Serra Capriola and Vasto. Nor did he stop here: for he descended into the vast plain of Apulia, and took and pillaged the city of Lucera, a very considerable place, situated near the edge of the plain. The bishop of Lucera, who fled for refuge to one of the church towers, was unfortunately shot, as he presented himself at a window or loop-hole to see what was passing. Without being molested by any attack of the government troops, Marco Sciarra's band leisurely returned from this extensive predatory excursion, loaded with booty, to their Abruzzi mountains, which overlooked Rome, where their enterprising chief renewed his league with the banditti in the states of the pope, and encouraged them by the flattering picture of his splendid successes. But he had allies more important and dignified than these. The politics of states now became mixed up with his fate.

Alfonso Piccolomini, a nobleman by birth, but one of the many desperate revolutionists Italy has been fertile in the production of—a rebel to his sovereign the grand duke of Tuscany—had fled to Venice, where he obtained service as a soldier of fortune in the army with which that republic was then waging war with the Uscocchi. This man was enchanted with the stand Sciarra had made against the pope and the viceroys, neither of whom, at the time, was in good odour at Venice; and he induced the crafty senators to wink at his corresponding with, and favouring the bold Abruzzese, if he did not even do more, and (working on their jealousies of the power of the Spaniards and of the pope in Italy,) persuade them to assist the outlaw themselves with money and arms.

Marco Sciarra was every day gaining importance and strength by these manoeuvres, when a curious change took place. Here I entreat attention to the vindictive feelings, the utter want of principle, of decency, that marked the proceedings of princes and potentates in Italy in those days.

The grand duke of Tuscany, entertaining the most revengeful feelings against his rebel subject, made it a matter of embassy and degrading supplication to the Venetians that they would not only dismise from their service, but drive out from their states, Alfonso Piccolomini. But Piccolomini, it was replied, was a man of talent, and as a soldier they were well satisfied with his services.

Marco Sciarra, the Abruzzese (he did not blush to propose a brigand!) was the better man of the two to carry on their wars against the Uscocchi, rejoined the duke, who did all he could to make them substitute him for Piccolomini. The Venetians, however, turned a deaf ear to these representations, and the Tuscan refugee could defy the wrath of his sovereign as long as he enjoyed their protection. But in an evil hour Piccolomini returned a haughty, if not an insulting answer to the Capi, or heads of that mysterious, sanguinary government. The senators of Venice were almost as vindictive as the duke of Tuscany; they dismissed him from their service, and drove him out of their states—when he fell into the snares laid for him by his own sovereign, who put him to a violent death.

The oligarchy of Venice then thought of Sciarra, and sent to invite him to their service. He was to prosecute the war against the Uscocchi. But Sciarra, for the present, turned as deaf an ear to their proposals as they had at first done to that of the grand duke's, and remained where he was—the lord of the Abruzzi. He was not long, however, in finding that in the death of Piccolomini, who had so materially assisted him, he had sustained a severe loss, and Sciarra's fortunes were still more overcast when Pope Sixtus died and was succeeded by a better or more active pontiff, Clement VIII. The new pope shared all the feelings of the viceroy of Naples, as far as regarded the banditti, whom he determined to exterminate in his states. To this end he despatched Gianfrancesco Aldobrandini against them, with a permanent commission.

By a simultaneous movement a large body of the viceroy's troops entered the Abruzzi. The command of this, with absolute power, was given to Don Adriano Acquaviva, count of Conversano, a nobleman of courage and very admirable prudence. The first thing he attempted, and without which little indeed could be done in that wild country of mountains and forests, was to conciliate the affections of the peasantry, who had been so abused and oppressed by all his stupid predecessors in office, and the soldiery, that they could not but wish well to their enemies, the robbers. The count, therefore, abstained from quartering his troops in the villages; he imitated the conduct of Sciarra, and made them pay for whatever they consumed; he listened to the complaints of the aggrieved, and at last he so gained on the affections and better principles of the peasants, that they conspired with him for the extermination of the very banditti whom they had so often guided and concealed. With them, as guides, the soldiery had now a key to the mysteries and recesses of the mountains and forests.

Thus deprived of the protection of Piccolomini, pressed by Aldobrandini on the one side and by Conversano on the other, Marco Sciarra was fain to reflect on the tender made to him by the Venetian senators, and finally to accept the rank and service they offered him. They must still have thought him and those he could bring with him well worth having, for they despatched two galleys of the republic for their conveyance. In these ships Marco Sciarra embarked with sixty of his bravest and most attached followers, and, turning his back on his native mountains, sailed up the Adriatic to Venice. As soon as the Count of Conversano was informed of the robber chief's departure, he blessed his stars that the kingdom was quit of so dangerous a subject, and thinking now his business was over, returned to Naples, where the viceroy received him in triumph.

But the expatriating bandit left a brother behind him in the mountains of the Abruzzi; and Luca Sciarra, in due time gathered together the scattered bands, and commenced operations anew with considerable vigour. Meanwhile Marco and his men, who in their quality of subsidaries served the Venetian republic very much to its satisfaction, corresponded with their former comrades at home. Marco's glory could not be forgotten! The soul of their body was at Venice—every thing of importance was fomented by him, and he frequently employed his "leaves of absence" in visiting them, and leading them, as of yore, in the more hazardous of their enterprises.

He had now been heard of so long—his deeds had been so desperate but successful, he had teased so many dangers, that people concluded he must bear "a charmed life." His long impunity might almost have made him

think so himself, when, landing one day in the marches of Ancona, between the mountains of the Abruzzi and that town, where the pope's commissary Aldobrandini still remained, he was met by a certain Battimello, to whom, as to an old follower, his heart warmed—with open arms he rushed to embrace him—and received a traitor's dagger in his heart.

Battimello had sold himself to Aldobrandini, and received for himself and thirteen of his friends, a free pardon from the Papal government for his treachery. For some years after the death of Marco Sciarra, there was a pause in his profession, whose spirit had expired with him. Other times brought other robbers, but his fame has scarcely ever been equalled—never surpassed.

THE BRIGANDS OF CALABRIA.

Such was the indomitable spirit of the Calabrians, that when King Murat was at the extremity of their peninsula with a formidable French and Neapolitan army, with which he was to beat the English and take Sicily, they again revolted and rose in his rear. His communication with the capital was continually intercepted, and he was obliged to detach several battalions from his camp to proceed against the brigands, and keep the roads open. The author of the Letters upon Calabria, a French officer, as one who had experience in these matters, was ordered to march back, and he turned his eyes with deep regret from that island of Sicily, of which the French made so sure, but which they were never to get! When he arrived in the district of Castrovinci, which is situated at the entrance into Calabria from the side of the capital, he found the whole country in the hands of the brigands, or insurgents. The inhabitants of the villages bordering on the mountain of Campotemesi intercepted all communications, and plundered all the money forwarded to the camp, unless it was protected by a very powerful escort. Our author's battalion set about occupying the mountain passes with intrenched posts. This service presented great difficulties in consequence of the nature of their positions, and the character of the inhabitants, which was still more wild and ferocious than in the other parts of Calabria; and, moreover, the French were not at all acquainted with this part of the peninsula. The first place they halted at was Marmano. Here all seemed quiet; but at night three soldiers having gone out from a chûr where they were quartered, were at once poniarded. The syndic, or principal magistrate, and six other leading characters, were arrested, and because they could not, or would not discover the assassins, were detained as prisoners. Leaving behind a body of troops in a convent as a point of retreat in case of need, the author of the Letters and the rest of the French set forward to scour the insurgent villages. They traversed some frightful mountains and yawning gorges. The continual dread of ambuscade made their march very slow. The old, the sick, and helpless alone were found in the miserable villages through which they passed; all the rest fled at their approach. It was necessary to know where these were assembling; and to this end the advanced guard seized two ferocious looking beings employed in tending flocks, real savages, whose mountain jargon it was almost impossible to comprehend. After threatening these fellows with death, the French contrived to learn from them that a gathering of several thousand men waited their approach in a defile which they must necessarily pass. The French advanced with rapidity, and by making a detour, forcing their way through almost impervious woods, they came, unexpected, on a multitude of peasants who were lying on the ground, most of them fast asleep, and all without order or preparation for defence. A volley set them to flight, killing and wounding, however, some of them. The French pursued them at the bayonet's point to a deep dell, at the extremity of which stands the village of Orsomarzo.

"It would be extremely difficult," says the author of the Letters, when I leave to narrate this last and most desperate of his adventures in Calabria, "to meet with any situation more sublimely terrific and extraordinary than the spot where this village lies engulfed. Surrounded on all sides by gigantic mountains, terminating in conical points, it seems, as it were, placed at the bottom of a vast well. The descent is by a steep flight of steps, following the windings of a torrent, which rushes down with a loud roaring, and forms grand cascades. This torrent runs through the village, whence, finding vent in the narrow cleft of a rock, it fertilises a fine well cultivated country, which presents a most striking contrast with the horror inspired by this hideous abyss. It appears inconceivable how any human beings could

ever have thought of fixing their abode in such a place. The path which follows the course of this torrent is cut through the rock; and it is impossible to engage in any conflict there with safety, unless the heights are entirely commanded at the same time. After having guarded the principal entrance of this savage retreat, by a detachment placed on the top of the only mountain on which a body of troops could be stationed, but which, unfortunately, was rather too far distant, we went down the gulf, to Orsomarzo, to look for provisions, never once imagining that the peasants, whom we had so lately routed, would venture to show themselves again, during that day. We found the village quite deserted: every thing in it indicated the precipitation with which the inhabitants had fled from their homes. The doors of the greater part of the habitations were wide open, and we found in the houses provisions of every kind. While we were employed in collecting a stock, which should serve us for several days, we heard some shots fired, and at the same instant the surrounding mountains were occupied by a multitude of armed men. The detachment stationed at the entrance of the defile had just been attacked, and obliged to abandon its position, after having many men killed and wounded; at the moment we were advancing to its assistance, it was obliged to turn towards the village with the utmost precipitation. The peasants, who were in close pursuit, had nearly established themselves before us, so as to cut off all escape from this cut-throat abyss, where we were all now crowded together without any hope of being able to open a passage on that side. The detachment then hastened to the other outlet, where it was received with a shower of stones, and enormous pieces of rock hurled down from the top of the mountain. The latter crushed before my eyes two sappers and a drummer. Seeing that we could not encounter our murderous assailants in this passage, without the risk of utter destruction, we came to the resolution of hazarding every thing else to rescue ourselves from so dreadful a situation. Balls were showered upon us on all sides, and the piercing screams of women sounded horribly in our ears—screams which appeared to us those of the Furies impatiently waiting the moment when they were to feast upon our blood. The drummers beat the charge, and we rushed towards this fatal spot with the energy of despair. The light company, having crossed the torrent under a shower of balls, and with some difficulty climbed up the steep side of a mountain, whence the incessant fire of the brigands caused us considerable loss; and at length these brave men succeeded in opening a passage for us, which, nothing but the most desperate necessity could render practicable. The moment we gained the heights, our soldiers, absolutely furious, rushed after the Calabrians with all the impetuosity of rage. The greater part of them escaped, but a numerous group assembled on the point of a rock were massacred on the spot, or perished by flinging themselves down the precipices. This unfortunate check has cost us upwards of sixty men; and, moreover, many of us have wounds and contusions, and balls that are not yet extracted. We marched during that part of the night on our return to the convent at Mormano, before these peasants (the most determined of any we had yet encountered in Calabria) could have time to intercept us. We entered the town to the beat of drum."

The French always make the best of their reverses, and never acknowledge a defeat; but here, according to the officer's own showing, they were soundly beaten; and if credit is to be given to some people of the country I have heard speak on the subject, the affair at Orsomarzo was still more serious than he has represented it. This was shown, indeed, by the effect produced. The insurrection spread, and the commander of the battalion was obliged to beg for reinforcements.

But shortly after this attempt, Murat, returning humbled from his vain-glorious, futile attack on Sicily, having embarked at the little port of Pizzo, to creep along shore towards Naples, was driven by the British cruisers under the battery of Cirella, which place, only a few days before, had been attacked and nearly taken by the Calabrians. Here he communicated with the commandant of the station, our author's superior officer, and having praised the conduct of his troops, said that, after three

* It was at this place that Joachim Murat was taken and shot when he made his mad attempt to regain his kingdom. Never was madness equalled in his last career, when, of all parts of the kingdom, the French was most thoroughly detested. Four fellows had been the bravest of the brave; a man, too, with many kind and amiable qualities, and if he at all merited the death of a dog, he met with in the filthy courtyard of the gaol of Pizzo, (where, little more than a year after the event, I stood on the spot where he fell), it was by his having presided over the foul execution of the Duke D'Enghien.

years' hard service in such a country as Calabria, it was high time they should change quarters. He made a characteristic remark on the unfortunate business of Orsomarzo—"Why did you go down into that cut-throat place?"—However, you came up again like brave fellows!" and then, as soon as the English frigates left him, he continued his voyage along shore. The author of the Letters and his comrades soon went after Murat, following the movement of the army which returned to Naples by land; and he expresses his natural delight to be at last released from a wretched exile, and from a species of warfare which offered neither glory nor promotion, and left nothing in the end save disastrous chances.

On turning his back on the mountains and brigands of Calabria, of which, it must be confessed, he has given us some interesting details, he informs us of the French plans for future proceedings there. "Extraordinary measures of severity are now to be resorted to—measures unfortunately rendered necessary by the deplorable situation of the country, but the execution of which will always be repugnant to Frenchmen. It has been clearly proved, that notwithstanding all our courage, activity, and perseverance, still we contend with great disadvantage against men born in the country, lightly armed, supported by a part of the population, and accustomed from their infancy to shoot with a deadly aim. These considerations have induced the government to resolve upon adopting a new system, according to which the troops are only to be employed in compelling the inhabitants to extirpate the brigands of themselves, under penalty of being regarded as their accomplices and abettors. For this purpose, ten thousand men are to be spread over the two provinces;" &c.

And this new system was, indeed, soon set on foot, and these extraordinary measures of severity soon deluged Calabria anew with blood. In the French General Manhes, Joachim Murat found the very man to superintend or direct these massacres *en masse*, and the Calabrians the most ruthless enemy that had ever been let loose upon them. I have heard stories in the country that would make humanity shudder—for the sake of that officer, (he is still living,) I hope these were untrue or immensely exaggerated. Yet it remains undisputed, and has even been admitted by those who served under him or with him, that Manhes was a cruel, pitiless man to the Calabrians, the people of the Abruzzi, &c. and acted up to a system of blood without once relenting. No mercy was ever extended to the outlaws who fell into his hands. Villages, whole towns, through which the inhabitants had allowed the brigands a passage, felt his tremendous vengeance. Any peasant, without distinction of sex or age, who was found going out to labour in the country, with more than a small flask of wine and a morsel of bread, calculated to be just sufficient to support life for one day, was taken and shot; for Manhes, having made pretty sure of the towns and villages, whence the brigands could no longer supply themselves, thought, if he could prevent the peasantry from smuggling out provisions to them, that they must either surrender to him, or die of want in the mountain fastnesses to which he had driven them. If an honest man concealed, or corresponded with, or aided the escape of an outlaw—no matter, were it his own father, or son, or brother, he was forthwith executed. On one occasion, when a condemned brigand had escaped from the capella, or chapel, where it is usual to place criminals the night before their execution, he shot the priest who had been with him, alleging that he must have aided the robber in his flight.

By unusual severity like this, Manhes brought he put down brigandism in Calabria. The boast was partly made out by fact.

THE VARDARELLI.

Three brothers of this very respectable name enjoyed a higher and a longer celebrity than any, even of the Calabrian banditti, and may, perhaps, be entitled to the rank of the first brigands in modern times, of Naples—i. e. of Europe.

Hitherto their deeds have not met with regular historians; but the following are among the stories regarding them, which I picked up in the country. They may be considered as contemporary records, for when I collected them, the brigand brothers were alive, and pursuing their vocation with admirable activity.

The Vardarelli were of the superior class of peasantry—good Catholics, and faithful subjects of his Majesty Ferdinand IV.—at least, so they styled themselves, when the French occupation of the kingdom, irritated, some say, by the oppression of the foreigners, they took to the road, and levied contributions, after the manner of

their loyal countrymen in Calabria. They did not, it is true, confine their operations to the despoiling of the French and the officers of government—but then the mass of the Neapolitan nation became infected with Gallic principles, and untrue to the legitimate king—consequently amenable to the vengeance of the Vardarelli, as long as they had any thing to lose.

The birth place of these heroes was said to be somewhere in the mountains of the Abruzzi; but the spot where they first made themselves known as public characters, and which their exploits rendered famous for so many years, was the valley of the Bridge of Bovino—a long, narrow pass, through which runs the only road from Naples to the vast plains of Apulia, the province of Bari, Lecce, &c. I passed by the Ponte di Bovino early in the year 1816, when the mere mention of its name caused fear and trembling. I have been there several times since; the last time in 1824, when the vigilance and severity of General del Carretto had decorated it with the heads and mangled quarters of some half a dozen more modern, but less conspicuous brigands. It always struck me as being an admirable place for robbers—a circumstance equally perceptible to the people of the country; for though they have ceased since the days of the Vardarelli to form organized bands there, they have never failed *de tems en tems* to lie in ambuscade,* and commit robberies. The pass is in general steep, and in some points very narrow; a deep ravine, through which froths and roars a mountain stream in the winter season, is on one side of the road—hills covered with trees or underwood lie on the other. In its whole length, which may be about fifteen miles, there are no habitations, save some curious caves cut in the face of the rock, a post-house, and a most villainous-looking tavern, where, as I shall presently show, I once passed a night—and that, too, when my head was full of Mrs. Radcliffe, and banditti, and I quite new in the country. In some places the hill and the wood, or concealing thicket, is so close on the road on the one hand, and the ravine on the other, that it is really quite enticing. A shot from the one, and the man's business is done—and there yawns a dark, capacious grave, to receive his body when deprived of what it is worth. And then, as regards security, who would follow the experienced robber through the mountain wood, or down the ravine, or be able to trace him to the hiding places and holes in the rocks that abound there? Across the mountains he has a wide range of savage country, without roads—without a path: on the other side of the chasm the localities are equally favourable; here he can, if hard-pressed and long, throw himself into the impenetrable forests of Mount Garganus, there into the not less remote and safe recesses of Monte Volturno.

Over the narrowest part of the valley, situated on the summit of a lofty and abrupt mountain, from the dark walls of the town of Bovino, like the castle of a feudal chief—the more honoured robber of earlier times.

In this valley, then, the Vardarelli remained for many years, and many years will yet pass ere the traveller shall traverse it without hearing stories about them. During the short reign at Naples of Joseph Bonaparte, these robbers were so formidable, they so entirely commanded the valley of Bovino, that rarely could a company of travellers pass without being stopped; a government officer, a government mail, or the revenue from the provinces, never without a little army for an escort. And all these troops were at times unable to afford protection, but were themselves beaten off, or slaughtered by the brigands. A journey to the capital from the Apulian provinces, was then to the peaceful inhabitants (always, be it said, rather timid travellers) an undertaking of solemn importance and peril; before embarking on which, not only were tapers burned under every saint of the calendar, and every Madonna that could show a portrait, but wills were made, and such fearful adieux, that one might have thought the Val di Bovino the real valley of death, or that the wayfarers were a forlorn hope going to storm a fortress, whose walls were cannon-ball and grape-shot, with gunpowder for their cement and their base.

Joseph Bonaparte once went through this pass to visit the provinces of his kingdom, situated beyond them. An immense force went with him, yet the robbers were

heard to say afterwards, that had they known of the movement in time, they would have reinforced their troop with some other bands from the mountains of Basilicata and Calabria; pounced upon the king, and, God willing, carried him off, through the provinces just named, to Sicily, to King Ferdinand and the English. This might have been a mere bravado. The execution of such a plan would have been a splendid episode in the annals of brigandism.

It is to be remarked, that at this time the French confidently asserted, that the brigands here, as well as in Calabria, were protected and subsidised by the British government, and that the robber chiefs at the Ponte di Bovino were in possession of commissions signed by George III.

Joachim Murat, who succeeded his brother-in-law, whom Napoleon chose to transfer to Spain, was a man of more energy than Joseph, and with infinitely less talent contrived to render his government more popular, and indeed better than his immediate predecessor's. He set to work vigorously against the robbers, whose party was weakened as his gained strength, and as the nation at large gradually believed that the dominion of the French was this time to be an enduring one, and began to forget old Ferdinand.

The extensions of the robbers were checked, or limited; they could no longer range whole provinces, but at the Ponte di Bovino they were almost inexhaustible; and such were the advantages of the position, and the talents of the leaders of the band, that they continued to levy occasional contributions, and to elude all the vigilance of the numerous *gens d'armes* and police scattered over the country. At times, when they had not been heard of for weeks—for months—they would suddenly intercept the government *proccacis*, or carry off a party of travellers (known by them to be people of substance,) to their recesses in the mountains, where they would detain them until ransomed.

An event of the latter kind I had described to me at the not distant town of Foggia, by the Marchesa —, a native of the place, and one of the heroines of her own tale.

A marriage in the family was to take place—an important marriage, which, it was determined, from various considerations, should be celebrated at the capital. Accordingly, after due preparation, every thing was ready for departure:—bride and bridegroom, fathers and mothers, *compares* and *commarces*, brothers and sisters, cousins of both genders, relations of all degrees, and friends—a formidable caravan (numerically speaking) of itself, set off one fine morning from Foggia, with a valourous escort of Neapolitan *gens d'armes*. They crossed the open plain, they reached the Ponte di Bovino—the robbers had not been heard of for a long time—all was quiet! The people at the post-house, near the bridge, at the mouth of the valley, gave the most satisfactory accounts—and on the party went. They went as far as the most convenient spot for a robber's attack, but no farther; for there the cries of "*ferma assassini!*" "*facina infera!*" were heard; the mounted *gens d'armes* turned their horses' heads, and galloped off, and in the next minute the whole line of carriages was surrounded by the brigands, with their long guns in their hands, and their knives in their belts.

The general practice of these robbers, when no more than personal spoliation is contemplated, is to make their patients lie down on the ground, and then, while one set keep watch over them, with their guns double cocked and aimed at them, another set proceed to rifle them. But now the sufferers were surrounded by a portion of the robbers, and marched up the hill's side into the woods, where they waited until the "other gentlemen" had unpacked the carriages, and brought up the valubles. They then all set off together, and after a march, very fatiguing to the Foggia gente—particularly to the poor ladies, they halted at a large, low hut, in the middle of a thick wood. They were forced into the hut, where they found a group of women and children, and a rogue in the dress of a Capuchin friar, playing at cards with an old bedlam. There were two or three long benches in the hut, and on these, trembling and exhausted, the party sat down. Their apprehensions were of a very horrid nature. They expected something worse than robbery and captivity; for many of the banditti began to drink wine, and to honour the ladies of the party with their very particular attention. My friend the Marchesa — was a younger woman than when I had the honour of her acquaintance; the bride was very handsome, and more than one of the bride's maids were, at least, young. Just, however, as their alarm was reaching its most exquisite point, a noise was heard without the hut, and to the sounds of Don Gaetano, Don Ignazio,

* The postillions here have always a dog with them, that is taught to run about a hundred yards ahead of the horses, and to bark if he see or scent anybody lurking near the road. These dogs are said to be remarkably sure and sagacious. If the postillions hear their bark, they turn their horses' heads and gallop back. I once underwent a retrograde motion of this sort, and I never travelled so fast in my life, as the last time I returned through the Val di Bovino, with the Prince D'I —, in the middle of the night. Spite of the ascent, the postillion, who seemed to be in a fever of affright, galloped his horse nearly all the way.

two men, better attired, and of superior mien to the rest of the robbers, entered the hut—and all was silent! They were two of the chiefs. Encouraged by the more humane aspect of these men, the husband of mine informant approached them, and begged for protection for himself and party—the ladies joined in his entreaties.

"You have nothing to fear, Signor Marchese," said one of the chiefs, "you are in the hands of gentlemen, the faithful subjects of his Majesty Ferdinand IV. The Marchese expressed his satisfaction at the assurance, but begged he might be allowed to get out of such company, and continue his journey."

"We know you, Signor Marchese," said the chief, "and that you can afford a good ransom. We must detain you here until one of your servants goes to Foggia, and returns with it to a place we shall appoint."

This, to say the least of it, was a very uncomfortable prospect. The day was declining—it was impossible that the operations required by the robbers could be performed until the morrow, and there was no appearance of a single bed; the hut smoked, and smelt unpleasantly of mutton, for the women had commenced roasting a whole sheep, wool and all; in short, putting danger out of the question, and without calculating the number of ducats to be disbursed, it was a very uncomfortable prospect for the Marchese. He was feeling all this, when suddenly he was struck by the bronzed visage of a man he thought he had seen before somewhere. The Marchese thought so too, when told to look at him. As she looked, something like a tear came to the fellow's eyes; he threw his long gun in a corner, and, crossing the room, took the Marchese's hand, and respectfully kissed it. It was Gaetano, once their servant, a man to whom they had behaved with great kindness, years before, at Foggia.

After a proper recognition, this robber took the captains aside, and talked to them with great earnestness. His discourse was effective. A minute or two after, the chiefs told the Marchese that he and his companions might continue their journey, after leaving, in addition to what had been taken from the carriages, the property they had about them. There was a little murmuring among the robbers; but it was the will of the chiefs that so it should be! Their voices soon imposed silence. The gentlemen and ladies, glad to be off instantly at any cost, began emptying their pockets, and unburdening themselves of every thing, save essential clothing, under the eyes of the banditti, who contented themselves by passing their hands over their persons, to feel if nothing were concealed—just as a custom-house officer may do. The young bride, however, with all her fears, was very tenacious of a pretty pair of drop ear-rings. An impatient, brutal robber, stretched out his brawny hand, and pulled at them, until she shrieked with pain. On seeing this indecorous deed, one of the chiefs, without saying a word, raised the butt-end of his musket. It descended with tremendous force on the ruffian's arm, which instantly fell helplessly by his side. It seemed broken by the blow.

The fellow uttered a cry and a horrid oath, laid his other hand to the knife in his girdle; but he merely touched it, and slunk away to the farther end of the hut, feeling, perhaps, how injudicious it would be to attempt avenging himself on a chief, and in such a place as that, where he was surrounded by men devoted to him.

The travellers then descended the hill, in matter and spirits much lighter than they ascended it. Their carriages were found where they had left them on the road, along which two or three peasants alone were riding on asses, secure in their own poverty, and indifferent to the scene of the empty carozze, and broken boxes, and scattered packing-cases, they had just passed, and perfectly well understood, for such things were common in those days at the Ponte Bovino.

The postillions and drivers were for the most part collected, after a little delay; the chiefs assured the company that, from the reputation of "brava gente," given to them by Gaetano, they were safe for the rest of their journey, and their return from Naples even; and La Signora Marchesa and spouse, bride, bridegroom, and all, set off as merrily as could be expected, up the pass, towards Ariano.

During the remainder of the reign of Murat, who was destined himself to be put to death like a brigand in Calabria, where his officers had committed such cruelties for the extirpation of banditti, this band presented their calling with greater or less activity, according to circumstances. Many were the robberies they committed, but their acts of cruelty were few. Their favourite prize continued to be the *procaccio*, a kind of wagon, which travelled night and day to the capital, with remittances from the receivers of the different provinces; it also

carries merchandise, goods, parcels, and even passengers, and is generally escorted by an armed force.

"A famous captain of banditti," says K. Craven in his Tour, "who, during the latter part of the occupation of the kingdom of Murat, had successively gained possession of the contents of fourteen of these *procacci*, is said to have brought them all to the legitimate Sovereign (Ferdinand), on his restoration, and to have obtained his pardon in consequence."

The same gentleman gives the following amusing incidents.

"Some years back, a gang, or, as it is called in the language of the country, a *comitiva*, of robbers, having seized the *procaccio* going from Naples to the principal town in the province of *Basilicata*, with all the paraphernalia appertaining to the court of justice, newly established there, thought it a very excellent joke to put on the judges' robes and wigs, and go through the mock ceremony of a trial; the judicial forms of which most of them were but too well acquainted with. This self-elected tribunal pronounced sentence of death on the very first traveller who might fall in their hands; and the day did not pass without an opportunity of carrying it into execution."

"At Orsara, a small village between Bovino and Troja, the usual amusement of the boys on a feast-day is to divide themselves into two bands, one of which guards a little wooden cart, filled with rubbish, representing the *procaccio*, while the other performs the more glorious part of the *comitiva*, which attacks it, and which, it is needless to add, always gains the victory." Bring up a child in the way he should go, &c.

When the important revolutions in Europe of 1814 and 1815 proved again the dictum of Ariosto, that the Lily of France is destined never to take root in Italy, and Murat was hurled from his throne, the Vardarelli, as faithful subjects of his restored majesty Ferdinand, are said to have imitated the example of sundry of their *co-laborateurs*, and to have proposed renouncing their calling on conditions. But it is also said that the conditions were not agreed to by the government; and the more notorious fact is, that even when there were no Frenchmen in the kingdom, the robbers of the Ponte di Bovino continued their depredations, paying no more respect to the revenue of Ferdinand, than they had done to Joachim's.

The first time I went through the valley of Bovino, was in the year 1816, not nine months after the happy restoration alluded to, and the Vardarelli were then in high feature. God knows I heard enough of them from my fellow-travellers long before I approached the spot; and for my further edification, when, crawling over the Apulian plain, which I thought was to have no end, we came in sight of the high mountains and the town of Bovino, and the dark looking gap beneath it, they recapitulated every horror. It was evening when we reached the post house by the famous bridge at the mouth of the valley. Here four miserable looking gens d'armes *a pied*, with their carbines slung over their shoulders, got up in front of our still more miserable looking vettura, for our protection. I could not help thinking that our poverty was our best protection, as related to such a respectable band as the Vardarelli. The living part of the cargo consisted of a fat mendicant friar, a student, an old Greek woman from Corfu, who seemed to be the grandmother of all the Greek priests in the city of Lecce, where I had embarked with her; a pretty *parasana*, who was going to see a brother at Naples, who had been promoted to the rank of sergeant in the royal guards; myself, and a run-a-way English sailor I had picked up starving at Barletta, and was carrying on to the capital. Of one thing I was quite sure—that the soldiers, in case the robbers condescended to assault us, would be the first to run away, and I would about as soon have given my three carlins to the robbers as to the gens d'armes, which I was obliged to do at the end of their ride. My companions, however, were sorely afraid. The wild scene, and the time, and their whispering voices, (for the open-mouthed sonorous tones of the south had dropped into a general whisper as we went up the gloomy valley), did at last affect me, and I was glad when we reached our station for the night, the solitary taverna, though a more desolate, cut-throat looking place, can hardly be conceived.

The Rev. T. S. Hughes, one of the few English travellers that have gone through the valley of Bovino, and who must have passed somewhat more than a year before my first visit, gives this anecdote. "An occurrence had taken place connected with the very last journey of this vehicle (the *procaccio*) which threw all the country into alarm, and made every one advise us to proceed by sea

to Naples. At a celebrated pass in the Apennines, called the Ponte di Bovino, a large corps of brigands, collected behind the rocks, had fired a volley upon the carriage, killed the horses and postilion, burned all the letters, taken out an unfortunate officer, whom they shot on the spot, and carried away a still more unfortunate female to their haunts in the mountains. Traces of this outrage presented themselves to our eyes in numerous musket-balls at this time sticking in the body of the machine; but we judged it expedient to proceed immediately after the commission of such an act, since it was not very likely that it would be soon repeated. The terrors of our Italian companions amused us during the journey; but at the fatal pass their reason seemed almost overcome by their fears, which were not a little increased by a terrific thunder storm, whose echoes were fluently reverberated among the rocks and valleys. We stayed at the post-house two hours before the storm abated, and when we arrived at the spot where the late attack had been made, we observed one of the horses lying by the road side, and its flesh already half stripped from the carcass by birds of prey. As for the banditti, we saw none of them, except a few wretches bound with cords, in custody of the peasants, who, after this last outrage, had collected together in large bodies, headed by their priests, dispersed the villains from their haunts, and rescued the captive lady, much to the credit of Italian gallantry."

It was about a year after this that I was wandering in the same country, but in a different manner, for I had had enough of vetturini and their passengers. I had come on horseback from Lecce to Bari with the courier or post carrier, travelling the whole of one dark cold night and one day without stopping, except to change horses, and take a hurried morsel of food. This hasty way of proceeding would not suit for the rest of the country I wished to traverse, which was very interesting, and which I had never yet examined. So at Bari I determined to hire horses by the day, and from place to place, taking a man with the second horse with me, to return the beasts, and to act as my guide. I rode in one short delightful day from Bari to Barletta. Here again my ears were filled with tales of my old friends the Vardarelli, who had become naughtier than ever. Several people persuaded me not to continue my journey as I was doing, for I was now approaching their range of country, and I had some difficulty in hiring a man and horses. The next day, however, I struck over the plain of Apulia, visited the site of ancient Canne, and arrived in the afternoon at the town of Canosa, just in time to see a fight between some Carbonari and Caldairi, in which two men of the place were nearly killed, and one killed outright. What with factions and robbers this part of the kingdom of Naples was then in a pretty state!

I made Canosa my head-quarters for more than a week, exploring the country thence every day, and returning to sleep at night. Whilst staying here, the following news was received one morning, and disconcerted a courting match I had engaged in with some gentlemen of the town.

A Major —, a Swiss officer of talent and well-known courage in the service of King Ferdinand, had been sent down to Barletta with a force of light horse and light infantry, to keep the robbers in check, and if possible to destroy them. In consequence of some concerted plan, or of some hints given him, he marched from Barletta to Cerignola, a small town on the opposite side of the wild plain, a day or two after I quitted the former place. Lying quiet and *perdu* at Cerignola, he had received information in the night of the day before the news reached us at Canosa, that the Vardarelli had advanced again into the open country, and had taken possession of a *masseria*, or farm house, not far off. He instantly put his men in motion, but it was daylight before he reached the masseria. The robbers were on the alert; they had not, however, time to saddle and mount before the place was surrounded by the troops, who might be about ten times their number. Major — thought he had them in a trap, and sent forward a non-commissioned officer to summon them to surrender. The answer of the Vardarelli was pronounced by a musket, which wounded the soldier, and sent him groaning to the rear. The Swiss then determined to storm the masseria, but the walls that surrounded it were high and strong, he had no artillery, and when his men approached the heavy entrenchments, the robbers within fired at them through loop-holes, resting their long guns in the little embrasures, with so deadly an aim, that two were left dead, three or four wounded; the rest ran back as fast as their legs could carry them. The bold Swiss then encouraged his troops as best he could, and headed a num-

ber of them in a fresh attack on the gate; but his men were Neapolitans, the greater part of them slunk behind, and he himself was soon forced to fall back out of the robber's range of fire with a wound in the hand.

While storming from the pain he suffered, and at the pusillanimity of those he commanded, to his no small surprise Major — saw the gate a few minutes after thrown open, and the robbers issue forth well mounted and armed. Almost before he could give the word of command to concentrate, the Vardarelli dashed through the line of the beleaguers, who made way for them, and galloped across the plain. He put his cavalry in motion after them; but the men, protesting that their horses were no match for the fresh ones of the robbers, soon drew rein. The Vardarelli then halted, and after a shout of insulting triumph, calmly trotted off towards the mountains.

This event naturally made a great noise "all over the country," and as in prosecution of my journey I had to go through the valley of Bovino again, or into the very den of the robbers, innumerable were the warnings I received. A young lady of the house where I had been staying at Canosa, thought my peril so imminent, that in bidding me farewell, and recommending me to the Madonna's protection, and pronouncing in her patois, "God send you well through it!" absolutely shed tears. But I was eighteen years of age then, and tolerably adventurous; and, not to put my courage in too prominent a light, pretty confident that the Vardarelli would not notice a whimsical traveller with nothing but a little portmanteau and a sketch-book at his back, and a few ducats in his pocket. (As for the steeds I procured, two such wretched horses were never seen since Bolingbroke mounted King Richard.) Not to be too fool-hardy, however, as my friends flattered me by saying I looked *troppo distinto* (too distinguished a personage) as I was, I procured a rough brown peasant's cloak, which I wore over my English garments, and substituted the high conical hat of the country for my travelling cap. This *travestimento* was very complete. My own mother would hardly have known me, and as I rode down the hill on which Canosa stands, I nearly tumbled over my horse's ears, by laughing at the figure I was cutting.

That evening I stopped at Castelluccio, a little village very near the Ponte di Bovino, with a reputation little superior to Bovino itself. As I rode into the village after my guide, a lazy cooper of Canosa, I met three fellows with long guns walking leisurely out of it. They stared at us, but did nothing but interchange the "*buona sera*" (good evening!) with us. My man of the butts and casks would have it they were robbers. It might have been so, for they were ill-visaged dogs, but they never troubled me, though the bugs at my hostel at Castelluccio did most cruelly.

On starting the next morning very early, my companion regretted that no chapel was open in the village where he could refresh his soul with a mass, and when we entered into the mouth of the valley, there was no end to his crossing himself. I rode through the Val di Bovino, however, just as safely as I had done the year before, and reached the lofty town of Ariana, where all danger from robbers was supposed to cease, just as the sun was setting on one of the most extensive and lovely scenes it has been my lot to observe.

Shortly after my arrival at Naples, I learned that King Ferdinand, whose reign had been marked by two flights from his capital and continental dominions, and numerous other humiliations, had set the final signet to his debasement, by treating with and finally signing an act of capitulation with the Vardarelli, who were thenceforth admitted to his service and pay. The whole band was allowed to form a regular corps, still commanded by the same leaders, who received a monthly salary, and engaged to secure the valley of Bovino and the provinces which they had so long ravaged, from all similar attacks for the future. People in the capital stared at each other when this news was announced, and they reflected on the qualities of the contracting parties—a Bourbon prince, the king of the Two Sicilies, and an Abruzzese peasant, a brigand chief. But so it was! and even so weak was this despotic government.

"The most celebrated troop of robbers in our days," says R. K. Craven, "was that of the Vardarelli, who invested the provinces of Apulia and the borders of Basilicata and Abruzzi, and were supposed to have collected immense wealth. To trace the progress of a life like theirs, would be a difficult but not uninteresting task: by turns, soldiers, deserters, partisans, and traitors—by turns, imprisoned, punished, penitent, restored to society, or relapsed into guilt—exhibiting traits of singular personal bravery, united to instances of the most extraordi-

nary cunning—and occasional proofs of disinterestedness, contrasted with rapacity the most unbridled;—the recital of their adventures would by far surpass the legends of our most illustrious highwaymen, footpads, or swagglers.

"This band selected Apulia as the theatre best adapted to their system of depredations: its vast, unclosed plains, occasionally interspersed with patches of underwood, but in no part offering obstacles to the rapidity of their movements; the rare occurrence of large towns; the magnitude of the farms or *masserias*, where they were sure to find provisions, forage, and booty united; all these circumstances combining with their local knowledge of the country, and the terror which they had impressed on its inhabitants, had rendered their power sufficiently formidable to resist, or at least elude, the means pursued by government for their destruction. Well armed and accoutred, and excellently mounted, their troop was also trained to the most rigid discipline; and Don Gaetano, the elder of the brothers Vardarelli, as well as commander of the band, displayed an activity and skill worthy of a nobler profession. It should be observed that they seldom, if ever, attacked travellers; and their outrages were generally unsullied by cruelty, except in some cases of revenge for breach of promise; but this false glare of generosity and forbearance, as well as the ample rewards which they bestowed upon their spies and abettors, and the acts of charity by which they endeavoured to propitiate the feelings of the poorer class, rendered them only a more destructive scourge to the community at large. A person who had been a severe sufferer by their misdeeds very justly observed to me, that it was easier to give a hundred dollars to the poor out of the thousands stolen from the rich; and as their generosity could be estimated by this rule only, the motives of it may be duly appreciated.

"The Apulian farms consist of several buildings appropriated to the different branches of rural economy, which the nature of the soil admits of; and the number of individuals employed in the various departments of labour is sometimes very great, especially during the winter season, when the cattle are all collected in the *masseria* for the sake of a milder abode. All these attendants and their superiors, including the *agente*, or what we should call the steward, reside within the walls which always enclose these establishments. The reader may easily form some idea of the panic spread by the appearance of the Vardarelli in one of these colonies, composed chiefly of timid shepherds and their families, or labourers, as unused to the exercise as they are unprovided with the means of resistance.

"The robbers' marches, generally performed in the night-time, were so incredibly rapid, that the terror they inspired was equalled only by the astonishment created by operations apparently supernatural; and they have been known to have remained two or three days in one of these farms, before the inmates of those adjoining have been aware of their proximity. During this time they usually feasted on whatever the premises afforded, always obliging their inhabitants to partake of the fare prepared for them, through fear of poison. On an occasion of this nature, when the principal agents of the farm excused themselves from eating meat because it was a fast-day, Don Gaetano approved their abstinence, which, he assured them, quite agreed with his practice in general; but alleged his mode of life, and the uncertainty of his dinner hour, as an apology for the infraction of it. On removing from the scene of action, they always took with them what money could be collected, and as much grain as their horses could carry.

"Sometimes the demand, or rather command for forage, cash, provisions, and even clothes, was not made personally, but imposed through the medium of a letter to the superintendent of the farm. Neglect, or even delay, in complying with the summons, or the most distant appearance of treachery, was followed by the destruction of the cattle, and the conflagration of the buildings. In these cases the mandate was confided to a peasant or labourer, whom the troop might meet accidentally. Frequently they would stop passengers, and exact the exchange of good fresh horses against their own jaded ones; while more than once they have merely bartered their silver against an equivalent sum in gold, which might be found upon the person of the traveller."

For some time after their treaty with King Ferdinand, the Vardarelli very correctly kept their part of the engagement, and no robberies were heard of at the Ponte di Bovino, or in that neighbourhood. There was, however, a long accumulated account of vengeance scored

against them in the hearts of many individuals who had suffered from their rapacity or violence; the government, moreover, was said both to fear that by some sudden revulsion they would adopt their old modes of life, and to nourish a vindictive feeling against the men who had foiled them so often. Indeed, it was currently reported in the capital at the time, that the quarrel in which the daring brothers fell, was excited by the treacherous emissaries of government, who thus hoped to rid themselves of the Vardarelli without the open odium of treachery and cruelty to men they had honoured with a capitulation. Either of these causes might have produced the effect, or it might very well have been produced by a union of the two. Mr. Craven only alludes to the more apparent one.

"But it was not to be expected that so lawless a confederation should long continue faithful to their engagements, or that the inhabitants, smarting under the infliction of outrages so recent, should ever look upon the authors of them with any feelings but those of mistrust or revenge: in fact, about a month previous to my quitting Naples, they had been engaged in a serious contest with the natives of an Albanian village, called Ururi, on the borders of the Abruzzo; and these last, rising in superior numbers, killed the three brothers with nine of the troop, and compelled the remainder to seek their safety in flight. It was said that the principal promoter of this affray had lost his father by the hands of the Vardarelli. From that period the remnant of the band had retired to the neighbouring mountains, and had, under various pretences, eluded the order which they received, to unite, and present themselves at a stated spot, where the affair should be investigated. Aware, probably, of having been the aggressors in the conflict which terminated so fatally to their leaders, or, distrustful of the intentions of government, they had delayed obeying its commands; and I had purposely retarded my departure from the capital, to avoid the risk of falling in with them on their way to the headquarters of the district, where it was expected that by this time they might in all probability have arrived. At Troja, indeed, I was induced to look upon this event as certain, for that portion of their corps, which was dismounted, consisting of about thirteen, had assembled there a short time before."

We are now come to "the last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful history," and here Mr. Craven's narrative possesses the interest that only an eye-witness can give.

"At last I arrived at Foggia, the capital of the Capitanata, which has gates, but no walls, the houses being so irregularly scattered about, that it is difficult to fix precisely where the town begins. I could find no lodgings at the numerous inns which displayed their signs on either side of me, but were already filled by the arrivals for the ensuing fair, so that I had penetrated some way into the city before there appeared any chance of being accommodated at all; when, just as I had turned out of a street, or rather square, in which I had observed some troops drawn out as for a parade, a sudden volley of musketry, which I took for the crash of a building falling, followed by a general flight of the inhabitants, uttering cries of terror and dismay, arrested my attention: soon after, a gentleman hurrying by, desired me to alight, which I did, though utterly unable to guess the motive of this advice; while a second as strenuously recommended my remounting my horse and galloping away. The first idea that darted across my mind was that of an earthquake, and a number of persons rushing at once out of an adjoining house tended to confirm it. I walked on, in vain addressing the fugitives who passed me in every direction, till a boy took my horse's bridle, and led him through some obscure by-roads to an inn at the skirts of the town, where we took refuge in a room on the ground-floor, into which my servants and guide, together with all the horses and myself, entered as if by one common instinct, but still in total ignorance of the cause of alarm. The cries of several women, tearing their hair, and the incoherent exclamations they uttered, among which I could only distinguish the word *brigands*, at last led me to conjecture that a party of banditti had forced their way into the town, and were engaged with the regular troops. The door had been carefully barricaded at the moment of our entrance; but through the small windows several soldiers were observable lurking about in parties, with their muskets ready, and at times a dragoon passed at full gallop, apparently engaged in

* In the streets of Troja, Mr. Craven saw two of the Vardarelli band, whose stature and martial air, heightened by a picturesque but irregular uniform, attracted his attention to a degree which he could hardly think it prudent to repress, by informing him of their quality and profession.

pursuit. These circumstances, and occasional musket-shots, confirmed my suspicions; but that a gang of robbers, however daring and desperate, should have made an attack at mid-day on a large city respectably garrisoned, seemed so improbable that I continued in a state of doubt, till the son of my hostess made his appearance; and after being repeatedly kissed and wept upon by his mother and her dishevelled companions, he gave me a clearer insight into the affair, by relating, in an imperfect manner, the details, which were subsequently made known to me from a source more authentic, and which are as follow.

"The remainder of the Vardarelli band had presented themselves that morning at Foggia; they formed, in fact, part of the troops I had seen, and were at the moment I passed engaged in a war of words, which soon was waged with more deadly weapons. It seems that the general, who had received intimation of their arrival, gave orders for them to be inspected the instant it took place. After they had dismounted and given a satisfactory account of their late proceedings, they received directions to repair to Lucera, and there await further commands. This mandate they positively refused to obey, and a long altercation took place between them and an officer sent from the commander's house, before which they were ranged, to remonstrate on the imprudence, not to say temerity of their behaviour. The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his own apartment to speak to them: this they objected to do without their arms, which they declared they would never part from; and it is supposed that the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures; on which the other fired his musket at him, but having missed his mark, was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate. This was the signal of an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops who were drawn out close to them, which killed several, and spread consternation among the crowds of towns-people who had assembled on the spot. Fear of the band, who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses, escaped in different directions out of the town, though followed by cavalry, and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which having only one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time: the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedily a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions with their hands tied to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them, if they persevered in a resistance, which, from the local nature of their retreat, must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice, as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned, and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours afterwards the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies, covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.

"In about five hours some degree of tranquillity was restored to the city; and it was evident that the feelings of alarm occasioned by this singular event, and even those of aversion and universal reprobation which the excesses of the banditti had excited, now yielded to emotions of compassion, called forth by so terrific and untimely a death. Even the policy which prompted this severe punishment met with comments and constructions by no means favourable to those whose duty it was to inflict it.

"In the evening the shops were re-opened, and I ventured to send my letters of recommendation to the general commandant of the division, and the intendente, who

both showed me every attention and civility during my stay. But I had with me a document of similar import addressed to a very different character.

"On my leaving Benevento, one of its most respectable inhabitants, fearing I might encounter the Vardarelli troop on their way to head-quarters, gave me a letter of introduction to one of them, which he assured me would be the means of securing me from all such danger, as the existing uncertainty of their projects and movements might render possible if not probable. The robber to whom it was addressed had been employed on a farm of the writer, and retained a friendly and even respectful feeling towards his former master, which had shown itself on several occasions since they had parted. Curiosity led me to enquire whether this person was among the survivors of the dreadful catastrophe of the morning; and having sent to the prison where they were confined, for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, I was answered in the affirmative, and conducted, as I imagined, to the cell which contained the object of my enquiries. It seems that the substance of my message having been conveyed from mouth to mouth, had undergone a material change in its purport; and before I was rendered aware of the misunderstanding, I found myself in a low vaulted room, at the back of the public prisons, and standing opposite to several naked bodies exposed on some straw. One of these was pointed out to me as that of the individual whom I sought.

"The infliction of a sudden and violent death on a robust and active frame is far from producing those effects which the repeated attacks of disease, or the gradual decay of the vital powers, leave impressed in characters so awful or offensive on the human countenance. The setting rays of the same sun which had cast its morning radiance on beings moving in the full energy of existence, now shone on their lifeless but not inexpressive features. The turmoil of passions which had agitated the last dreadful moments of their existence was visibly, though variously depicted in every face, nor could the expression be mistaken; the sullen brow strongly contracted over the glaring eyeball, the pallid lip curled to a sardonic smile, each bespoke the final agonies of desperate bravery, ineffectual revenge, or the hopeless struggles of expiring crime.

"The colour of the cheeks was fixed, but not extinct, and nought but the attitude was that of death. They had been stripped of every article, save the reliquaries, or consecrated images, which the lower classes in Italy invariably wear round their neck, and which now rested on the ghastly wounds that disfigured their bodies, some of which were also blackened by smoke. None of these men were above the age of forty, while most of them were considerably younger. It was said that individuals of every nation were to be found in their ranks; but I believe that a Frenchman and a Hungarian were the only two who were not natives of Italy."

Thus ended the famous Vardarelli. The following amusing particulars are also from the pen of the gentleman who so vividly represented the scenes of their destruction. Mr. Craven went from Foggia to Cerignola, another town in the plain of Apulia.

"A letter, which I had brought from Foggia to the syndic, procured me a visit from that gentleman, and an apology for some delay in making it, occasioned by the return of his brother from the adjoining province of Basilicata, where, only a few days before, he had been carried by a party of fourteen brigands. This had happened on the very evening of that day which witnessed the destruction of the Vardarelli, and though the parties had no connection with each other, the coincidence was remarkable. It seems that this comitèe was but lately organized, and had hitherto confined its practices within the boundaries of Basilicata, to which it belonged; but tempted by the reputed wealth of the syndic of Cerignola, the banditti had lain in ambush for a whole night, near a house and farm which he possessed, three miles from the town, and after waiting all the next day, which his brother had spent there, in the act of superintending the rural concerns of the family, they seized upon him and an attendant at dusk, just as they were preparing to go home; and, crossing the Ofanto, which, at no great distance from the spot, divides the two provinces, they forced him to walk thirty miles in the course of that night, to

reach the mountain of Melfi. Here they halted among the woody recesses, which afforded them a secure retreat, and detained him, while they sent back his servant with the terms they fixed for his ransom, and powers to negotiate for its payment. The demand which they at first advanced was so exorbitant, that the wretched prisoner, aware of the inability of his relatives to raise a sum so considerable, assured them that they might as well kill him at once as require it. To this they very indignantly replied, that they were not wretches capable of committing murder, and assured him that he need fear no personal injury; although they had, for the sake of expedition and safety, urged the speed of his nocturnal progress by occasional blows, and followed his person with slight but frequent applications of the well sharpened points of their stilettes. They lowered, however, their demands; and, after a few days' negotiations, agreed to liberate him for the sum of twelve hundred ducats, a hundred yards of velvet for pantaloons, and several dozen of silver buttons and buckles for the same. The difficulty of purchasing these articles, without incurring suspicion, will account for their insertion as part of the ransom. If the reader asks how these treaties are carried into effect, and who the individuals are that act as negotiators, I can only say, that the principal sufferers are anxious to conceal the details of transactions forbidden by a law, which humanity and compassion always transgress. It is to be observed, that, except in revenge for treachery and evident breach of faith in the fulfilment of these agreements, the banditti have generally been found true to their word, while few among the unhappy objects of their rapacity have fallen victims to a spirit of wanton ferocity, and they are always restored for much less than the sum originally required. It is scarcely necessary to add, that I allude to this, not in extenuation of so abominable a practice, but merely as a custom which they probably adhere to so punctually, for the sake of inspiring greater confidence in their promises."

DON CIRO, OR THE PRIEST-ROBBER.

This extraordinary man, whose atrocities far exceed those of his contemporaries (and sometimes his friends) the Vardarelli, was born in the little Neapolitan town of Grottaglie. His parents, who were in easy circumstances, destined him for the ecclesiastical profession, which he entered very young. Having gone through the routine of a priest's education at the seminary and collegio, he was in due course of time ordained by the bishop of the diocese, and received the mass. The brothers of Don Cirò, most respectable farmers, and his uncle the Canon l'attaro, neither of whom ever took any part in his crimes, were alive and in the enjoyment of unblemished reputation a very few years ago, and are probably still living.

Don Cirò, even at an early period of life, showed very great talents—qualities indeed that might almost claim the high epithet of genius; but unfortunately he possessed also what so frequently accompanies genius, a most ardent and passionate temperament. With a disposition—a resistless impulse to love ever working within him, he was forbidden the indulgence of that most natural and potent of all passions by his sacred profession and his vows. Cirò Anicichiarico unfortunately became enamoured of a lady, his own towns-woman. This was the key to all his crimes. His passion was too impetuous to be concealed, and his town-folk talked lightly of him: a young man of the place, a school-fellow, and once a friend, met with more favour in the eyes of the lady than the priest could hope for. Cirò saw evidences of this one day. He rushed out of the house, and providing himself with a gun, lurked behind a wall until his rival should approach. The young man came, but never went from the fatal spot. Cirò, who was even then a good marksman, shot him dead, and slunk away fancying to escape discovery. Some rumours, however, were soon raised by the Motolesi, the family of the priest's victim. Cirò's thirst for vengeance was not satisfied with one murder; he had vowed to exterminate the whole family of the Motolesi. Their murmured suspicions perhaps hastened their fate; and one after the other every individual of that house, save one, had disappeared from the little town of Grottaglie. (The individual who escaped lived shut up in his house for several years, without ever daring to

go out, and the unhappy being, even fifteen years after the murder of his kindred, thought that a snare was laid for him when people came to tell him of the imprisonment, and shortly after, of the death of his remorseless enemy; and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to quit his retreat.)

When he had gratified his revenge, and found that the tardy justice of his country was about to proceed against him, he fled from his native town. Whether he became a brigand then, does not appear; but he shortly after played the part of a hero, for on learning that the government, ever injudicious and tyrannical, had thrown his innocent brothers into prison, "he flew," he said, "on the wings of fraternal love" to effect their release, and presented himself to the extraordinary judiciary commission of Apulia sitting at Trani. The innocence of his brothers was made evident, and they were released, but all the ingenuity and eloquence of the abbe (for he had attained that sacerdotal grade) could not save himself. Capital punishment, however, was then rare in the kingdom of Naples, and convicted and manifold murderer as he was, he was only sentenced to the galleys for fifteen years. For four years he was confined in the most horrid dungeons, never being sent to the place appointed for his transportation, though he several times petitioned for that removal, which would have enabled him to breathe fresh air at least for a certain number of hours each day. It would be too horrible to reflect on the workings of a mind like his, in darkness and utter solitude—in a very hell! from which, as might be expected, he came out a fiend indeed!

At the expiration of the fourth year of his dreadful confinement he contrived to escape. But whither could he go without friends or money? The government of his country had now passed into the hands of the French, who exercised it with more energy than the old Bourbons. But the provinces, as I have already explained, were overrun by desperate men, in whom, for a long time, were confounded the characters of brigands and political partisans. The Abate Ciro, therefore, went and joined one of the most notorious of these bands, which soon acknowledged him as their chief, and grew in numbers and prospered under his guidance and fostering talents. Under other circumstances he might have been an excellent soldier—he turned out a most accomplished bandit. Not one of the band could fire his rifle with so sure an aim, or mount his horse like the priest Don Ciro. In the course of his vagabond and hard life, being obliged to hide for seasons in the most horrible holes of the rocks or depths of the forest, and not unfrequently suffering the want of the merest necessities for human sustenance, he acquired a strength of constitution, a resoluteness of purpose, and an adroitness and cunning the most remarkable, even among men whose modes of life, of necessity, confirmed and strengthened the same qualities.

One of his first exploits, after escaping from the dungeons of Lecce, was to penetrate with his satellites into one of the first houses of the little town of Martano, where, after having offered violence to the person of its mistress, he murdered her, and all her people, and decamped with a large sum of ready money. This deed was followed up by numerous crimes of the like nature, until what with truth, and a little natural exaggeration, the amount of delinquencies was most fearful, and nothing was heard of but Ciro Anaciarichio. "This was so much the case, that some years after, when he thought it expedient to send in a justification of his conduct, he said that, "whatever robbery, whatever murder, whatever assassination was committed on the face of the earth, was instantly attributed to the Abate Anaciarichio."

The extent of this reputation could not but be dangerous to him—yet he continued, year after year, to elude every pursuit, and to baffle the many hundreds of soldiers that were occasionally sent against him. He was always well mounted. A retreat of thirty or forty miles in a day, was as nothing to him—and even when confidential spies had revealed the place of his concealment but a few hours before, and his pursuers came upon him with the full confidence that they should take him at last, his skill and activity always served him at need, and he escaped. This singular good fortune, or rather talent, of being able to extricate himself from the most imminent dangers, acquired for him, among the people, the valuable reputation of a necromancer, and upon whom ordinary means of attack had no power; and Ciro, becoming aware of this, neglected nothing which could confirm the idea, and increase the sort of spell it produced upon the ignorant, superstitious peasants. The country people, indeed, soon carried their fears so far, that they dared not execute, or even blame Don Ciro in his absence, so firmly were they persuaded that his demon would immediately

inform him of it and render them obnoxious to his bloody revenge.

Meanwhile, a robber by profession—an unholy wizard in the imagination of other men—a devil in reality, Don Ciro never wholly relinquished his sacerdotal character; on the contrary, he would frequently perform its functions, celebrating the mass and other solemn rites to the banditti—who are generally found in Italy to have a strong relish for religion, such as it is, and who will send a knife into your bosom while a crucifix and a reliquary repose upon their own. Further to strengthen the anomaly of his position as a priest, he was accustomed to declare the whole catholic priesthood recques without faith; and he affected himself a very libertine character, addicting himself in a particular manner to the perusal of indecent French songs, a whole collection of which was once found in his portfolio. Moreover, his passion for one woman generalised itself; and besides its accidental gratification, he had, at the period of his power, mistresses in all the towns of the province.

The other bands of banditti, compared with this priest-robber's, were angels of mercy. Yet in the course of perpetrating the most ruthless crimes, Don Ciro would sometimes indulge in whims to which he tried to give an air of generosity. General D'Ottavio, a Corsican in the service of Murat, had long been pursuing him with a thousand men. One day Ciro, whose audacity was frequently quite romantic, armed at all points, surprised the general, unarmed and alone, walking in his own garden. He discovered himself—pronounced his dreaded name, and remarked, that the life of the general, who sought his life, was in his hands. "But," said he, "I will pardon you this time, although I shall cease to be so indulgent if you continue to hunt me about with so much fury!" Thus saying he leaped over the garden wall and disappeared.

When King Ferdinand was restored to his states on the continental side of the Faro by the great political game of Europe, in which he had been about as neutral as a marker in whist, he recalled, as I have already mentioned, such as had been *fuorusciti* for political opinions. There were many robbers in this number, but Ciro Anaciarichio's crimes were of too deep a dye. Yet this bold villain did not fear to present himself to the public authorities at Lecce, claiming his majesty's amnesty. The magistrates gave him a safe conduct to the city of Bari, where he was to reside, under the eye of the police, for the present. He pretended afterwards that he felt remorse and repentance at this time, and even entertained a serious idea of shutting himself up in the college of the missionaries, and passing the rest of his days in fasting and prayers. "I was on the point," said he in his justification, "of following up my noble resolution, when the thunderbolt burst upon my head (*allorché intesi lo scroscio del violentissimo fulmine, che si scagliava sul mio capo*). I have not force enough to express to you, how my heart was rent, or the deplorable state which I miserably sank into, when I was secretly informed by a faithful friend, that my arrest was ordered on the cruel accusation of having infringed the royal mandate. I vanished like lightning from Bari; I went to the capital to obtain redress, and to discover once more the black conspiracy against me. All was vain. The hopes I had cherished disappeared; and while perplexed as to the steps I ought to take, the power of my relentless persecutors prevailed. At last I left the capital, and guided only by that fortitude and constancy so necessary in my misfortunes, I betook myself to my old haunts in the solitude of the forests, and recommenced a savage and wretched life."

This was at the end of 1815: towards the termination of the following year, Don Ciro, having well employed the intervening time, and now taking the alarm at the adoption of vigorous measures by the government to put down the brigands, conceived the bold idea of uniting all the various bands of robbers and outlaws, of whatever faction or denomination, to oppose the march of the king's troops with all the forces they could muster, and otherwise to assert henceforward one common cause.

The Vardarelli, the most conspicuous of the robbers, were then enjoying the honours of their royal capitulation and were in the king's pay; but Ciro knew there were grounds of fear and dissatisfaction existing among them, and hoped to induce them "to turn out" again. He therefore invited them, with the chiefs of other bands, to a personal conference, in order, in the first place, to treat of the measures to be pursued against General Church, who was coming into their provinces

at the head of the king's troops; and these worthies had, accordingly, two different interviews, the first at the end of 1816, in a little deserted chapel, where Don Ciro celebrated mass before he began the conference, and the second in the month of March or April 1817, in a farm between S. Eramo and Gioja. Gaetano Vardarelli differed as to the propriety of a junction. He represented that it would be well to act in concert, but still separately, and that they ought by all means to avoid a general insurrection, of which they might easily become the victims. "As long," said he, "as our bands are not numerous, government will be deceived, and make war upon us feebly, as it does now; but as soon as we form ourselves into a more important body, it will be forced to send an army against us." It appeared, that the Vardarelli, though dissatisfied, were inclined to wait events; and their advice, or non-adhesion, overset Don Ciro's grand plan.

But still bolder and more comprehensive was the next project of this extraordinary man. Seeing the country overrun by sects and secret societies, which, under the names of Carbonari, &c. aimed at political changes, differing in quality, but all equal in absurdity, and some of which exercised vengeance too horrible and rites too disgusting or ridiculous to mention,—he fancied that, by placing himself at the head of one of these, he could not only gratify his passion for plunder and revenge, but ultimately erect himself into the chief of a wonderful republic, whose influences were to be felt, not over Naples or Italy alone, but over the whole extent of Europe, whose monarchs, whether constitutional or absolute, were all to sink under the dagger of his votaries. Ciro Anaciarichio does not appear to have created either, but to have united two of these mysterious societies of cut-throats, who had assumed the names, the one of "I Patrioti Europei," (The European Patriots), the other of "I Decisi," (The Decided or Resolute). If the affiliation I have heard traced be correct, these sects both rose out of the Carbonari; and the moderate and respectable men—and there were many and many thousands such—that that secret society, ought to have paused and shuddered when they saw how easily their conduct might be imitated and perverted, and to what horrors secret societies might be turned. These associations of the "Patriots" and the "Decided" increased rapidly from the weakness of the government in neglecting, at first, to punish the guilty, and from the notorious corruption of the inferior government officers and lower clergy. It was found that priests were attached to all their camps and ramifications. Besides a robber-priest, Don Ciro, whose superior talent and remorseless mode of proceeding soon put him at the head of the whole, the arch-priest Cirino Ciccio, of Caemola, Vergine, of Coregliano, and Leggeri, filled important situations in the sect. The arch-priest Zurlo, of Valsano, particularly distinguished himself, and in his native town, and on Christmas eve, he renewed a scene of the middle ages,—he celebrated the midnight mass, armed from head to foot!

As soon as these bands (compared to whom the avowed brigands had hitherto been moderate and decorous associations) had acquired some strength, they sent detachments into nearly every town and village in Apulia. Supported by a larger troop in the neighbourhood, they soon became the despotic masters of solitary or insulated places. A horde of twenty or thirty of these ruffians, who pretended a more peculiar inspiration of republicanism and secret societyship, overran the country, disguised and masked as punchinellos, committing atrocities, in more ways than one, too unnatural and loathsome to bear repeating.

The most horrid crime perpetrated by the priest Don Ciro was under this disguise of the national buffoon. There was a beautiful woman in a remote village, of whom he had become passionately enamoured (after his fashion), but whom neither his presents, his promises, nor his threats, could seduce. It was carnival time, and on a certain evening she and her relations and friends were enjoying the pleasures of a dance and a feast. Don Ciro and several of his more desperate adherents came to the house, disguised as Punchinellos. At that season of madness, every house, where an entertainment is going on, is open, and as all the neighbourhood are masking and mumming, it is of course not easy, nor is it attempted, to distinguish who the thronging guests may be. Don Ciro proved himself an acceptable one by bringing a plentiful supply of excellent wine, in which he and his comrades pledged the company, and drank *brindis*, or rhymed toasts, of admirable facetiousness.

They then joined the dance, the disguised priest selecting the happy and unsuspecting object of his passion, for his partner. After numerous tarantellas, which, of all the dances I have seen, are the most calculated to irritate voluptuousness, the party sat down to an abundant supper, the piteous-robbet-priest still occupying the ear of the beautiful *pasana*, and only detaching his attention from her to make the party drink. As for himself, he merely touched the wine with his lips, and so remained perfectly sober, whilst all the rest of the men were fast approaching intoxication.

At what he considered an opportune moment, he quitted his pincinello squeak, resumed his natural voice, made himself known to the woman, and again pleaded his passion. The poor creature was as averse as ever. He then rose, beckoned to his companions, and wishing the festive party good night, left the house—which, in half an hour, was wrapped in flames. And so well laid were the robber's matches, and so drunk and stupefied the revelling peasants, whose wine had been drugged, that they all perished in the conflagration. Don Ciro himself, when in prison, and in the power of General Church, from which he knew there was no escape, related this atrocious exploit, nor did the near prospect of death induce him to make a single expression of remorse. He dwelt on the beauty of his victim, and his still existing mortification at his not having obtained her love, boasting that he had not often been so disappointed.

In places where open force could not be employed, the most daring disciples were sent in secrecy to watch the moment to execute the sentences of death pronounced in the mysterious society. In this manner, the secretary Perone plunged his knife into the bowels of an old man of seventy—the respectable Dell' Aglio, of Francavilla, and afterwards massacred his wife and servant, having introduced himself into their house, under pretence of delivering a letter; and in the same manner, the Justice of Peace of Lungo Rotondo and his wife were assassinated in their own garden.

These bloody secretaries would not suffer neutrality: it was absolutely necessary to join them, or to live exposed to their vengeance, which appeared to be inevitable. The society would pass a secret sentence of death, and proceed at once to its execution, or, if necessary, an individual would take the office upon himself, and wait days and nights, until he could strike the blow. The old man of the mountains seemed risen from the grave—the Apulian secretaries were as sanguinary and unerring as his tremendous satellites had been.

They did not invite the support of the rich proprietors and persons of distinction, against whom their hostilities were to be directed; but they unhappily found partisans among the less wealthy; and some few of the inferior gentry, who were jealous of the high nobility, also joined them. These men would probably have blushed at the idea of becoming brigands, yet could there be a more detestable species of brigandage, than what was revealed to them by Don Ciro and his associates? Even allowing that parts of his plan were not divulged to the more respectable of his secretaries, (who, in the long run, must have been the victims of the more villainous,) yet what sympathy can be inspired by the political aspirations of men who could ally themselves with known robbers and murderers, like Anicchiario and his gang? The government, instead of summoning the opulent proprietors to its assistance, offended and disgusted them by distrust. A meeting at the fair of Galantina, to deliberate on the means of checking the disorders, was cried down, and treated at Naples as a revolutionary proceeding. In extension, however, of this seeming imprudence of government it must be mentioned, that many of these gentlemen or noblemen, resident on their estates in the provinces, were themselves members of secret societies, which had all a political scope; they were not Patriots Europe, or Decis, but they were and after the events under discussion, know very well—the Neapolitan government also knew it, and they could hardly draw a line between the sects, the objects of all of which, as already mentioned, were revolutionary, and they feared all the secret societies alike. In the winter of 1816-17, I saw, partly accidentally, and partly through circumstances which I did not seek, but which it would be dishonourable to disclose, a re-union of these gentlemen. Some were provincial nobility, some noblemen from Naples, who only occasionally resided on their estates, some were substantial farmers. The hour of rendezvous was midnight—the house selected a solitary one, and the members of the club came singly, or in

parties of two or three each, on horseback, and without any attendants. This appearance of mystery and night-plotting, though sufficiently romantic, did not captivate me much, and young as I was, I could not help feeling that the outward and visible showing of these regenerators or reformers was against them. As one of the uninitiated, I was not admitted to their deliberations; but I was informed that they all tended to the establishment of a constitutional government in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

When the Decis became so formidable, these gentlemen, however, showed the purity of their intentions, by aiding the government to their utmost, as soon as more energy was shown, and by co-operating with General Church, with whom many individuals of this class served both as officers and private volunteers.

But at the same time, General Pastore, commandant of these provinces, and the Marquis Predicattella, Intendant of Lecce, inflamed party spirit by imitating the system of Canosa,* and setting up private societies to work against private societies: the national guard, under their orders, suffered itself to be partly seduced by the Patriotti and Decis secretaries, and a number of soldiers and some officers of the Crown battalion of reserve were similarly corrupted.

The number of these daring secretaries had arrived at its greatest height in the month of December 1817, or of January 1818. At this period they were estimated at 20,000 men! The mass of them lived at home, in apparent tranquillity, on the produce of their professions; but they were not the less active in committing unheard-of crimes, as their detection was the more difficult. Persons have been known, when in the power, and under the daggers of these ruffians, to sign contracts for the sale of their houses or lands, the objects of the cupidity of these desperadoes; the contracts were executed in all the forms of the law, and acknowledgments were given by the unfortunate owners for sums which they had never received.

The sittings of these societies were, at first, in the night, like the more respectable re-union I have mentioned, and were carefully guarded by sentinels; their military exercises took place in solitary houses, or suppressed and deserted convents; but taking courage by degrees, they were afterwards seen performing their evolutions by day, and in the open air. Most of them had fire-arms: all had poniards. They also began to organise a corps of cavalry.

The patent of this society sufficiently explained its objects. It was an oblong, square paper, or parchment. Two of the angles were ornamented with a skull, over one of which was inscribed "Sadness," and the word "Death" over the other. The opposite angles had cross-bones, with the inscriptions "Terror" and "Mourning." On the top of the patent were the faces and the cap of liberty, planted upon a death's head, and supported by two axes. At the bottom was a thunderbolt darting from a cloud, and shivering the royal crowns and the papal tiara. Stripes of yellow, red, and blue, the tri-colour of the society, surrounded the patent. The words of the patent were these:

"The Salentine Decision.

Health.

No. — Grand Masons.

"The Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer hopes to make war against the tyrants of the Universe, &c." (These words of which only the initials were given, were written in blood, as were several other parts of the document.)

"The mortal — is a Brother Decided. No. —, belonging to the Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer, spread over the face of the earth, by his decision, has had the pleasure of belonging to this Salentine Republic."

* The life of this mad partisan and plotter, the prince of Canosa, would be as amusing as that of any conspirator or brigand chief. He was the most fanatic of royalists, and fancied he could put down the Carbonari, or ultra-liberals, by means of the society of the Holy Blood, and ultra-Bourbonists. Blood and powder were nothing to him, he was a very different character, with nothing of the fanatic or madman about him. Indeed, I could almost say of him what Lord Byron did of Ali Pasha, of Janina, that he was one of the most amiable, gentlemanly old gentlemen I ever met. Cardinal Ruffo was, however, no more a very gallant, and much less a very good man, than the prince of Canosa. He was possessed with the society of ladies, whom, moreover, he seemed to possess the art of pleasing.

lian Decision. We invite, therefore, all philanthropic societies to lend their strong arm to the same, and to assist him in his wants, he having come to the Decision, that he will obtain Liberty or Death. Dated this day, the — of —, &c."

Here followed three signatures written in blood.

1st. Of the Grand Master, with four points after it, which indicated his power of passing sentence of death.*

2d. Of the Second Decided.

3d. Of the Register of the Dead, whose functions did not relate to the deceased members of the society, but to the victims they immolated, and of whom they kept a register apart, on the margin of which were found blasphemies and most infernal projects.

The excesses of such a society, directed by such a man or monster, as Ciro Anicchiario, may be easily conceived. But they were now drawing to their close. General Church, armed with the royal Alter-Ego, or with full and unlimited power, was sent into these distracted provinces, where his energetic and prudent conduct cannot be too much praised. He crossed the river Ofanto in the Apulian plain with 1200 men, chiefly of the foreign regiments in the Neapolitan service, formed by himself; among them were some companies of cavalry. He could depend upon this force, which was for the greater part composed of Germans, Swiss, Moreotes, and Albanians. The soldiery already in the country were only to be depended upon, after they had witnessed the firm determination with which the general set about his duty, and after the factious individuals, contaminated by the secretaries, had been weeded out. The same was the case with the militia.

Encouraged by the example set them by the dukes of San Cesareo and Monte Jasi, and others of the nobility and wealthy proprietors, several individuals even of the lowest class, furnished information concerning Don Ciro and his secretaries, and joined heart and hand in the measures for their extermination. The fear of not being supported had hitherto prevented these honest men from acting; but still the greater part of the inferior order were shy and silent, maintaining a line of conduct which indicated that they would not hesitate to declare for the secretaries, if the latter should succeed against General Church. This was particularly observed in the neighbourhood of Taranto, at Grottaglie, San Marzano, Martina, and Francavilla, the usual haunts of Don Ciro Anicchiario and his friends. When General Church first visited these places, the inhabitants looked on in gloomy silence, and no person saluted him; a poor old monk was the only person who bowed to him. The bandits and the barished were summoned for the last time before the royal commission at Lecce. Don

* They slaughtered with method and solemnity, or at least, the victims were enjoined so to do by their institutions. As soon as the secretaries employed on this service found it convenient to effect their purpose, at the signal of the first blast of a trumpet they unsheathed their daggers; they then stood in a circle, and the secretaries, at the third they gradually approached their weapons to his breast; and at the fourth, "with real enthusiasm," to use their cannibal language, they plunged them into his body. These four blasts were symbolised by the four dots after the Grand Master's name. When the Decis wrote to any one, not of the order, to extort contributions, or to command him to do any thing—it was these four points upon the paper, it was known that the person they addressed was condemned to death, in case of disobedience. If the person were not inserted, he was threatened with mortal punishment, such as laying waste his fields, or burning his house.

The execrable excesses of the secret societies had spread in the neighbourhood of Lecce, which is a large and fine city. A number of respectable young men were invaded by the spirit of mysticism, and suddenly became fanatic and bloody-minded. The madness that prevailed was almost unaccountable. At Gallipoli, the great port, which is about twenty-five miles from the city of Lecce, several young men, with nearly all of whom I had been acquainted, surprised a townsman in the olive groves near to the beautiful village of the Picciotti, where the Gallipolitan have their country houses, and murdered him in cold blood, after the fashion of *Fratelli Europei* and *I Perizi*. Each of them buried a stick in the body of the selected victim, whom they left dead and horribly mangled. They repaired by night and burned the body with dry branches and straw, and the olive trees, but they were discovered and their work, and shortly after arrested and brought to trial. They were all very young men—some of them mere striplings. One was the son of an old broker and English interpreter, to whom I had had frequent opportunities of being serviceable, and who in return had frequently sent this very youth to be my guide and companion through the country. I had always found him honest and kind-hearted, very intelligent, and quiet, even to meekness in his manner. A brother of his, who was also a great deal with me, and who I had known since he was a child, had been a great deal with me, and I had often seen him one day who a ruffian of Gallipoli, a galatiniano, and one in power, thought proper to insult me, for he deliberately offered to take upon himself the office of a Gallian Beg, and to quiet the bully by a thrust in the back. But this was a exhibition of gratitude for me!

When his father was in prison, the poor old father, who was the first to see his first-born year, wrote to me in Naples to beg, if I had any acquaintance or interest with persons about the Court, to make an application in favour of the youthful murderer. I had not, and should

Ciro sent in his justification, (a most remarkable composition, with considerable eloquence and ingenuity, and more impudence than can enter our conceptions;) but knowing his pardon to be hopeless, instead of presenting himself in person, he prepared to defend himself by his sectaries and arms.

General Church then made his military dispositions. He divided his troops into moveable columns, and placed garrisons upon some points where they were absolutely required, either from their commanding the vast plains of the country, or because they were strong enough to serve as places of retreat for the brigands. The moveable columns all operated towards a common centre, by gradually contracting the circle which embraced the towns of Grottaglie, San Marzano, and Francavilla. Other columns of reserve accompanied the general, who proceeded, with the rapidity of lightning, wherever the spies had traces of *Ciro Anicliarico*.

At first, confident in his resources, material and moral, the brigand-priest set a price on the head of the bold Englishman, but the general's proceedings soon undeceived him, and he was heard to murmur, while biting his thumb in token of rage and disappointment, "This is a different sort of man from those they have hitherto sent against me! I have fooled many a general—French, Italian, and Neapolitan, but this one will end by making a fool of me!"

He began to perceive that his resources became day by day weaker and weaker; his credit with the people of the country was no longer what it had been; his prestige was eclipsed to their eyes, and he had to dread that those who were still faithful to him, would soon fall from his side. If he could, he would then have escaped from the country which had so long trembled at his name. He privately reached the port of Brindisi, where he attempted to embark; but the captain of the vessel recognised him, and demanded 2000 ducats as the price of his safety; not having them about him to give, he wrote to his friends, who refused to advance the sum.

Pressed and surrounded more and more closely, pent in the arena, tied to the stake, Don *Ciro* resolved to risk a general rising of such of his allies as continued desperate, and a pitched battle with the royal troops. He fixed the 27th of February 1818 for this purpose, and appointed the place of rendezvous under the walls of San Marzano, but his final catastrophe preceded that date.

Ciro Anicliarico set out from Grottaglie on the 25th of January 1818, with forty horsemen and ten foot. At two o'clock in the afternoon he fell in with a detachment of General Church's cavalry, commanded by Captain Montorj, who charged him, and drove him as far as Neviers, a farm at the foot of the hill of San Marzano. *Ciro* there made a short stand, and then retreated up to the town itself in tolerably good order.

Captain Montorj followed and attempted to enter by the steep and narrow path which wound up to the town; but *Ciro* and his adherents of San Marzano repulsed him. The officer then turned the hill in order to scale it on the side of Manduria, but there too he was received by a shower of balls. He observed, however, that these were the same men who had repulsed him in the former attempt and had followed his movements, and hence concluded they were not sufficiently numerous to defend all the points at once, and that he should gain his object by deceiving them. Concealing himself behind one of the garden walls, he drew the robbers' attention by firing a carbine or two in that direction, and then he suddenly appeared in the opposite direction followed by most of his men. The stratagem succeeded: Montorj entered San Marzano, and the panic-struck followers of *Ciro* dispersed. The great object was to secure *Ciro*; but he was not to be found: he had made another (perhaps the hundredth) of his wonderful escapes, and was safe in the open country before the infantry of a moveable column arrived, which it did immediately after his flight from the town.

An instant census was taken of San Marzano, the mayor of which suggested to Major Bianchi, the commander of the column, a method of discovering the delinquents. Every house was searched, and the guilty were recognised by the smell or the blackness of their hands, a proof of their having recently handled fire-arms

and powder. Vito Serio, the brothers Francesco and Angelo Vito Lecce, Raffaele Zaccaria, and Pietro Barbazzi were arrested, and all executed on the 3d of February at Francavilla. Their heads were placed in front of the church of San Marzano. This church was blown down by a hurricane some months after, and the heads were buried beneath its ruins. Major Bianchi also took the black standard, and the insignia and decorations of Don *Ciro*, which General Church forwarded to Naples, where they were presented to the king by Prince Nugent, the captain-general.

Major Bianchi, following up his advantages, proceeded the next day to Francavilla. Here he found the inhabitants in the greatest fermentation, determined to break open the prisons and release those confined in them. Having ascertained who were the ringleaders, he lost not a moment in causing them to be seized in their houses. His gens-d'armes patrolled the streets with orders to lay hands on every individual they might meet bearing arms. He thus terrified the towns-people and quelled the tumult.

General Church then arrived in person: the troops concentrated on Francavilla, where a military commission was established to try the outlaws. Don *Ciro* had now been missing for six or seven days; not a word had been heard of him since his escape from San Marzano, but the general fancying he could not be far off, and that he was still in intimate correspondence with some individuals in that town, threatened it with plunder and destruction, unless its inhabitants enabled him to secure the person of the robber-priest within eight days. Trembling for their houses and property, the militia of San Marzano then undertook to pursue Don *Ciro*, and on the 6th of February they beset him in the *masseria* (or farm house) of Scascerba, not above ten miles from General Church's quarters at Francavilla.

The *masserie* in Apulia and the provinces of Bari, Otranto, and Taranto, are all built on the same plan, and are very capable of defence. The word is not rendered by "farm-house," which gives but an inadequate idea of the *masseria*. They date from the period when the incursions of the Turks and pirates were apprehended, and when the country people shut themselves up in their strongholds with their cattle and most valuable effects, in order to secure themselves from attack. A square wall of enclosure, sufficiently high and solid, generally surrounds the dwelling-house, built against one side, and containing three or four large habitable rooms, and sometimes a small chapel. The vast stables, granaries, and out-houses, within the walls, form a right angle with this dwelling-house, but without touching it. In the midst of the enclosure, at some distance from the surrounding walls, rises a round or square tower of two stories, standing quite alone. The ascent to the upper story is either by stone steps, inserted in the tower, by a drawbridge, or by a ladder easily drawn up into the tower. This description will enable the reader to understand how Don *Ciro* could make so long a resistance in the *masseria* of Scascerba.

He had arrived at this lonely place with some of his comrades worn out with fatigue, and had thought he could venture to repose himself there for a few hours. It was said that he had previously provided Scascerba and many other lonely *masserie* of the district with arms, ammunition, and some provisions. He was surprised at the sudden and hostile apparition of the militia of San Marzano, but not at all alarmed, making sure he could cut his way through them whenever he chose. Had he rushed out at once, he might have done so. He coolly stayed where he was, and let them form before the gate of the *masserie*. So strong was his spell on the minds of these men, that for a long time they hesitated to approach within range of his never erring musket—the first that did so, he shot dead from the outer walls. This delay, however, cost him dear.

The militia of San Marzano, though not brave, were this time in earnest, and having sent information to Lieutenant Fonsnorte, stationed at the "Castelli," a position between Grottaglie and Francavilla, that officer hastened to the spot with forty men of regular troops. As this force came in sight on the edge of the plain, Don *Ciro* bit his thumb until it bled, for he understood that a vigorous attack was to be made, and retreat was now hopeless. He soon, however, recovered his presence of mind, and locking up the poor people of the *masserie* in the straw-magazine, and putting the key in his pocket, he retired with his desperate followers to the tower. Having ascended to the upper story, they drew in the ladder after them, and proceeded to load all their guns, of which they had a good number.

It was now evening; the darkness of night must succeed the brief twilight of the south. That night must

have been a sleepless one for Don *Ciro*, though no attempt was made at storming his stronghold. The morning dawn, however, afforded him no comfort, for Captain Corsi had arrived from Francavilla with a detachment of gens-d'armes, and soon after Major Bianchi came to the field with other reinforcements!

The siege of Scascerba was now formed by one hundred and thirty-two soldiers; the militia, on whom little dependence was placed, being stationed in the second line, and at some distance.

Don *Ciro* vigorously defended the outer walls and the approaches to his tower from sunrise to sunset. In the night he attempted to escape, but the neighing of horses made him suspect that some cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be impossible to elude, and he saw pickets all around the *masseria*. He therefore retired, after having killed, with a pistol-shot, a voltigeur stationed under the wall he had attempted to scale. He again shut himself up in his tower, and employed himself all night in making cartridges. An afternoon, two nights, and a whole day had been spent, and Don *Ciro* was still the master of the whole enclosure, and the outer walls still the *masseria*! At daybreak, the besiegers tried to burst open the strong wooden gate of the outer wall: *Ciro* and his men creeping from the tower and under the wall by the gate, repulsed the assailants, killing five and wounding fourteen of the soldiers. A barrel of oil was then rolled to the gate, in order to burn it. The first man who set fire to it was shot through the heart. But its flames communicated to the door, which was soon accessible, and Don *Ciro* was obliged to retreat to his tower. How long he might have kept Major Bianchi at bay, had not a piece of artillery arrived, and had he not forgotten an important part of provision for a siege, is uncertain; but as the day advanced a four-pounder was brought to the spot, and pointed against the roof of the tower. This little piece produced great effect. The tiles and bricks which fell, drove Don *Ciro* from the upper to the lower story of the tower. The assailants, satisfied with the effects produced by the four-pounder, would not approach the tower; he had nothing to do in the way of firing at them, to keep up his spirits;—at the same time, and in this horrid state of inactivity or passiveness, he was tormented with a burning thirst, for he had forgotten to provide himself with water—and he never could drink wine.

At length, after some deliberations with his companions, he demanded to speak with General Church, who he believed was in the neighbourhood; then to the Duke of Monte Jasi—(he seemed to have had the ancient knights' anxiety to surrender to none save people of distinction);—but that noblemen being also absent, he condescended to capitulate with Major Bianchi. On their approach, he addressed the besiegers, and threw them some bread. Major Bianchi assured him that he should not be maltreated by the soldiery, of whom he had killed and wounded so many. He then lowered the ladder, descended from the tower, and presented himself to the major and his troops, with the words "Eccomi, Don *Ciro*,"—Here am I, Don *Ciro*!

His comrades then followed him. And how many were these desperate men, who had so long defended themselves against such a force? They were only three—Vito di Cesare, Giovanni Palmieri, and Michele Cuppili.

Their hands, their faces, their dress, were horribly begrimed by powder and smoke, but there was no appearance of wounds on their persons, and their countenances, particularly that of their daring leader, were firm and resolute in the extreme. The first thing Don *Ciro* did after surrendering himself to the soldiers, was, to beg them to give him water to quench his consuming thirst. He then delivered the key and desired them to liberate the people of the *masseria*, who had been locked up all this while in the straw-magazine. He declared that they were innocent, and as they came out of their place of confinement he distributed money among them. He patiently suffered himself to be searched and bound. Some poison was found upon him, which he said he would have taken in the tower had not his companions prevented him.

The besiegers and their captives now marched off for Francavilla. Don *Ciro* conversed quietly enough all the way with Major Bianchi, to whom he related the principal circumstances of his most extraordinary life.

In prison he was equally calm. He only appeared to be interested for the fate of some of his partisans, or *Decies*: he declared that they had been compelled by his threats and their own fears to do whatever they had done, and he entreated that they might not be persecuted.

On being placed before the council of war, presided by Lieutenant-Colonel Guarni, he addressed a speech to that

hardly have used it if I had. They were all condemned to the galley for life, and my former friend was sent to the port of Brindisi, where one of his brothers had a very respectable situation in the customs.

The fire that lies hid in the hearts of these people, under an exterior of indolence and apathy, is astonishing and fearful. As they now are, they may be inflamed for every evil. Were they benefited by education and good government for a few generations, they might become a nation of heroes.

officer, mistaking him for General Church. Among other strong arguments he used, was this—

"On the day that you, general, with the Duke of San Cesario and only a few horsemen, reconnoitred Grottaglie, I was there, with several of mine, concealed behind a ruined wall, close by the gate where you entered. I covered you with my rifle, and I never missed my aim at ten times that distance! Had not the feelings of mercy prevailed in my bosom, general, instead of being here to judge me, you would have been in your grave. Think of this, signor general, and let me meet with the mercy I have shown."

On being informed of his mistake, he insisted on seeing General Church; when this was refused him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate, drily saying, "Ho capito," (I understand.) He did not pronounce another word.

After sentence of death was passed, a missionary introduced himself, and offered him the consolations of religion. Don Ciro answered him with a smile, "Let us leave alone all this stuff and prating! we are of the same trade—don't let us laugh at one another!"

On being asked by Captain Montorj, reporter of the military commission which condemned him, how many persons he had killed with his own hand, he carelessly answered, "Who can tell?—they may be between sixty and seventy."

As he was led to execution, he recognised Lieutenant Fonsmorte, the officer who had been the first to arrive at the masseria of Scasceria with his regular troops. Don Ciro had admired his readiness and courage, and said to him, "If I were king, I would make you a captain."

The streets of Franeavilla, through which he passed, were filled with people; even the house-tops were crowded with spectators. They all preserved a gloomy silence.

On his arrival at the place of execution, Don Ciro walked with a firm step to his fatal post. He wished to be shot standing—but they ordered him to kneel. He did so, presenting his breast to the soldiers. He was then told that malefactors, like himself, were always shot with their backs to the soldiers: "It is all the same," he replied, with a smile, and then he turned his back. As he did so, he advised a priest, who persisted in remaining near to him, to withdraw, "for," said he, "these fellows are not all such good shots as I have been—they may hit you!"

He spoke no more—the signal was given—the soldiers fired at the kneeling priest-robber. Twenty-one balls took effect—four in the head! Yet he still breathed and muttered in his throat; it required a twenty-second shot to put an end to him! This fact was confirmed by all the officers and soldiers present at his execution. The people, who had always attributed supernatural powers to him, were confirmed in their belief by this tenaciousness of life, which was, indeed, little short of miraculous. "As soon as we perceived," said one of the soldiers very seriously, "that Don Ciro was enchanted, we loaded his own musket with a silver ball, and this destroyed the spell."

Thus fell in 1818, after fifteen years of a most lawless life, dating from his jealousy and first murder, Don Ciro Anicichiarico, of whom little else remains to be said, save that his countenance had nothing at all repulsive about it, but was, on the contrary, rather mild and agreeable; that he was master of a verbose but most persuasive eloquence, though pedantic in his style and over addicted to classical allusions and inflated phrases—the general defects of his countrymen, the Neapolitans.

The reader who has seen the destruction of their head, may feel some curiosity as to what befel the body of the sanguinary scot, the "Decisi."

The day after the death of Don Ciro, ten of the most criminal among them were led through the streets of Franeavilla to execution: two or three of them recognised at the windows the fathers, the sons, the widows, or relatives of those they had assassinated by the decision of their horrid secret tribunal, and asked pardon of them. But these were the only men among them who ever expressed the least feeling of repentance. All the others were so hardened and fanatical, that they gloried in, rather than regretted their crimes, and died with a ferocious indifference. Among their number were the grand master, the second Decided, and the registrar of the dead—the three dignitaries of the order.

The military tribunal afterwards brought about two hundred and twenty-seven persons to trial. Nearly half of these, having been guilty of murder and robbery by force of arms, were condemned to capital punishment, and their heads were exposed near the places of their residence, or in the scenes of their crimes.

The death of Don Ciro and his principal accomplices happily put a stop to disturbances, and to that atrocious system which had threatened to take a wider range. In a short time peace was restored to the desolated provinces. General Church used his absolute power with admirable discretion. Even his enemies soon admired, and then loved him. His established principle was, to listen to, or receive no accusations against political opinions, or connections with secret societies; but he punished crimes and deeds of violence with severity. He caused the accused to be tried without delay; hunted out vagrants; and dismissed from their situations all such government officers as could not be depended upon. Instead of seizing the people's arms without an equivalent, he caused their full value to be paid. He threatened with death such artisans as should dare to manufacture prohibited arms. He exhorted the confessors to endeavour to obtain possession of the poniards, or to oblige the penitents to throw them into deep wells. The city of Lecce, grateful for the blessings of restored tranquillity, voted a statue to the king, and a sword of honour to General Church, with the freedom of the city. And finally, in April, 1819, the following consoling circular was issued by the Neapolitan government.

"The reign of the assassins being at an end, and all the provinces tranquillised, it is resolved, in order to extinguish their memory, that the heads of the malefactors executed in pursuance of the sentences of the military commission, and which are exposed under the church towers, and other parts of the towns, shall be taken down and interred, and that the places where they were exposed shall be entirely cleaned and white washed. This letter shall be read by the arch-priests in all the churches."

This narrative is chiefly taken from a very curious, but, I believe, little known volume of the Carbonari, written by the late Baron Bertholdi, though published anonymously in London.

The portion of his volume which contains the adventures of Ciro Anicichiarico, marvellous as it at times may appear, is perfectly correct, for I was in the country at the time, knew several of the actors in those sanguinary scenes, and heard the stories from their lips. Well might Byron say, "Truth is stranger than fiction!" Where is the writer of romance that would feign such a life as that of this priest-robber?

ROMAN BANDITTI.

It has been my object throughout this work to collect my materials, as far as possible, from eye-witnesses of the deeds of the brigands, or persons who were near their haunts and the scenes of their exploits, and derived their information at the immediate source. To no one can I be more indebted than to our own gentle countrywoman, Maria Graham, from whom the following account is taken; nor can I preface the scenes and adventures to which she has given such animation and reality, better than by the words of her own introduction.

"These notices of the banditti might have been more full and more romantic, but the writer scrupulously rejected all accounts of them upon the truth of which she could not rely, thinking it better to give one authentic fact, than twenty doubtful, though more interesting, tales. The banditti, or fuorusciti of Italy, are what the forest outlaws of England were in the days of Robin Hood. They are not of the poorest or vilest of the inhabitants. They generally possess a little field and a house, whither they retire at certain seasons, and only take the field when the hopes of plunder allure them, or the fear of a stronger arm drives them to the woods and rocks. They live under various chiefs, who, while their reign lasts, are absolute; but as they are freely chosen, they are as freely deposed, or sometimes murdered, if they offend their subjects. To be admitted into the ranks of the robber banditti, a severe apprenticeship of all kinds of hardships is required. The address and energy displayed by these men, under a better government, might conduce to the happiest effects. But here the fire burns not to warm, but to destroy."

The great heat of Rome during the summer of 1819 drove the fair author, her husband, and Mr. Eastlake the distinguished painter, whose admirable pictures of the Italian banditti are so generally known and admired, to seek a cooler retreat in some of the mountains in the neighbourhood of the ancient capital of the world.

"Accident," says the fair author, "determined in favour of the little town of Poli, between Tivoli and Palestrina; and as circumstances occurred while we were

there of some interest, a sort of journal was kept of every thing material. During the last few days of our stay at Poli, the interest we had taken in the country people about us, was superseded by one to which a considerable degree of danger was joined. The banditti who had long infested the road between Rome and Naples, having been driven from their towns of Sotina, Frosinone, and Ferentino, partly by the Pope's edict, and partly by the march of a body of two thousand of his holiness's troops against them, had fled up the country and taken refuge in the wilds which border that great valley of the Apennines, formed by the course of the Anio, and separating the Mersian hills from those on whose edge Tivoli and Palestrina are situated. The highest point of this last ridge is the rock of Guadagnola, two hours walk from Poli. There one company of the banditti stationed itself, and thence made excursions to our very gates.

"The number of the inhabitants of Poli does not exceed one thousand three hundred; they are a very quiet simple people. The town stands on a narrow ridge of dark rock, between two mountain rivulets. The stone it is built of is so like the rock, that it looks as if it had grown out of it; and embosomed in thick woods, and overtopped by mountains, it shows like a mountain eagle's nest as one approaches it. It was a place of great consequence when the Conti, dukes of Poli, had under their dominion upwards of forty townships, and boasted of the cardinals, the princes, and the popes of their house! Their importance in the civil wars of Italy has given them a place in each of the three divisions of the Divina Commedia of Dante; but the title of the dukes of Poli is extinct, and their large possessions have devolved to other noble families."

The scenery around Poli, which is very accurately and strikingly described by our fair countrywoman, is of the most picturesque or romantic character, and no reader can well follow her, in her delightful excursions, through the wild wood, or the lonely valley, or to the mountain's top, where, as the sun is setting over the wide campagna, she pauses to read from Schiller the "Robber Moor's soliloquy," without wishing to be with her, though real and dreadful banditti were always close at hand.

"We had heard," writes she, a few days after her arrival, "from some peasants bringing their corn to be ground at the mills near Poli, that the robberies lately committed on the road between Rome and Naples, had determined government to raze to the ground the town of Sotina, which had opened its gates to the banditti, and held, in fact, long been their head-quarters. Indeed, the first report was, that the town had actually been battered down, and all the inhabitants put to death in the night. The peasants who gave this evidently exaggerated account, were of opinion that the men must certainly have been absent from the town, or they would never have suffered it to be so surprised; and, in that case, they foretold the most dreadful consequences to whomsoever should fall into their hands, by way of reprisal for the murder of their wives and children. At any rate, whether Sotina were destroyed or not, whether the brigands, who would certainly leave the towns as soon as they heard the severe proclamation issued against them, would direct their steps, was matter of serious and anxious conjecture. Two years ago, on a similar occasion, the noted Di Cesaris, who was shot in the spring of 1818 near Terracina, led his followers up these hills, and for nearly two months they subsisted on the spoil of the neighbouring townships. On such expeditions the banditti are always aided by the shepherds and goatherds, a race of men apt for their purposes, as their half-savage life, while it gives them enough intercourse with the towns to procure food and intelligence, detaches them so much from all social bonds as to render them indifferent to the crimes of others. The observation that the pastoral manners, which have been adorned with the fairest attributes of peace and innocence, are much better adapted to the fierce and cruel habits of a military life," is confirmed by the manners of the shepherds of these mountains. Where the townships have land enough to employ the inhabitants in agriculture and gardening, as at Poli, the inhabitants are kind and gentle; and when a robbery or outrage is committed, the first exclamation always is, he who has done the evil must be an idle fellow, who had not patience to wait while his bread was growing. But Capranica and some other mountain towns which have no arable land annexed to them, while they supply their neighbours with shepherds, also furnish their annual quota to the ranks of the banditti."

A band of gypsies, pedlars, rogues, and fortunetellers,

* Gibbon, Dee, and Fall, chap. xxvi.

as with us, suddenly made their appearance one afternoon at Poli. They seemed to be the forerunners of the brigands, who had been talked of during several days, for the next morning at dawn the gipsies disappeared, and it was ascertained to a certainty that a troop of banditti were at Guadagnola, a mountain peak, about two hours walk above Poli.

Early the day before, which was the 12th of August 1819, these robbers had seized two lads, assistants to a surveyor. They were employed measuring in the wood leading to Guadagnola, when two men, armed, came suddenly up to them near the little chapel to the Madonna, and seized the youngest boy, who was going along the road; the other was a few paces within the wood. The robbers called to him by the opprobrious name 'razza di cane,' and presenting their muskets, forced him to come to them; when giving him a blow, they forced him and his companion before them to an open space in the wood, where they found eleven of their companions sitting on the grass, engaged in different occupations; the two who had taken the lads being sentinels, posted to give notice of any approaching danger. Their chief object in seizing the boys appeared to be that of obtaining information as to the principal inhabitants of Poli, and their places of daily resort, in order to capture some of them if possible, and thereby obtain a good sum as ransom. But they had another reason for taking them, and detaining them the whole day; and this was to prevent their giving such information concerning them and their situation in the neighbouring towns, as might enable the townspeople, or the military, to surround them. They, therefore, kept them prisoners till night; treated them very well, and gave them bread and cheese, with some water, which was all they had for themselves, though the lads understood that they expected a provision of meat and some wine at night.

"During the time of their captivity, the lads had full leisure to observe the dresses and the employments of the banditti: the latter were chiefly gaming. As soon as two sentinels were placed, which were frequently changed, the party divided into different sets, one of which played at cards; another at morra, for a louis-d'or per chance; a third party danced, while a fourth listened to a story, or ballad, in all the careless profligacy of an outlaw's life. Their dress was picturesque, yet military.

"Every robber had a silver heart, containing a picture of the Madonna and child, suspended by a red ribbon to his neck, and fastened with another of the same colour to his left side.

"The boys described the robbers as being stout, active, young men, excepting one, who was very short and corpulent, with a bald head; he appeared to be the butt of the rest, and, like Yafstai, to be not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others: they called him the gourd-merchant, alluding to the gourdlike smoothness of his bald head. After asking about the different inhabitants of Poli by name, the brigands began to question their prisoners about the *ruere* English who were there; whether they did not go out into the woods to paint, and other questions of the kind. The boys being really ignorant, could give them no information about us, and very little about any one else; and therefore they were dismissed at night-fall, and made the best of their way home, where they were the first to give notice of the vicinity of the brigands, although several shepherds had seen them, and had even made purchases of bread and other provisions for them. The gonfaloniere then sent to Palestrina for the marshal of the district who alone can order out the civic guard."

When their secrecy was no longer of use to the robbers, or dangerous to the inhabitants, the shepherds confessed that the banditti had visited their sheep-cots, near Capranica, on the evening of the 9th of August. "Only the day after we had been on the very same rock," says our author, "to see the sun set from it; and as we listened to the distant sound of a bagpipe among the hills, a young lad who was with us, said, 'That is most likely a shepherd from the Abruzzi, or some of those wild Neapolitan places that harbour the outlaws.' The brigands ate two of the shepherds' sheep, merely skinning them, and roasting them whole, and honoured them with their company for two nights. They sent one of them to Poli for bread, keeping his companions as hostages, and threatening all the shepherds with death, if they revealed having seen them within eight days. These threats, which are usual from the brigands, and the facility of executing them on the poor shepherds, always in the open country and solitary places, would sufficiently account for the silence or collusion of the latter.

"With their hosts the banditti talked very freely,

treating of their own private histories and modes of life. They showed them the silver heart and picture of the Madonna, which each had suspended from his neck, saying, 'We know that we are likely to die a violent death; but in our hour of need we have these,' touching their muskets, 'to struggle for our lives with, and this,' kissing the image of the Virgin, 'to make our death easy.' This mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features in the character of the banditti of Italy.

"There was among this troop, which now so immediately interested us, shut up, as we were, at Poli," says Mrs. Graham, "one man from the neighbourhood, a shepherd, whose master had treated him rather cruelly, and who now said that he thought it high time to call upon his master, and thank him for his courtesy. This observation being carried to the master, he was, of course, careful not to go out of the town gates alone, unarmed, or on foot. However, the brigands made him pay for his safety, or that of his flocks, which were exposed in the country; for they sent him an order to provide a number of velvet suits, linen shirts, and drawers, and stout great coats, and to deposit them at a certain spot, by a given time, on pain of losing his flocks on the hills. The proprietor sent a messenger to Rome to enquire of the government, whether his property would be protected or guaranteed to him, if he refused to supply the robbers; or whether he should supply the robbers with the clothing required. The answer was such as to induce him to provide the articles demanded by the appointed day.

"The mareschal having arrived from Palestrina, in consequence of the message of the gonfaloniere of Poli, the civic guard was at last called out, and a singular scene presented itself, as we looked from our windows. The mareschal, with a single horse pistol stuck in his belt, was walking up and down, in consultation with the principal inhabitants of the place; for there was a pretty general expectation that the brigands would collect in greater numbers, and attempt to enter Poli that night. By-and-by, twelve or fourteen young men joined them, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces, of various construction; these formed the civic guard. Some of the guns were their own, others belonged to government, and were lent for the occasion. About ten o'clock, the party went to a little platform just without the principal gate, which usually serves as a play-ground for children, to fire at a mark, and try their powder, regardless of the spot being exactly within sight of the enemy's camp. At length they set out in pursuit of the brigands; but, as we afterwards learned, with little hope or intention of doing more than driving them from their immediate haunt in the neighbourhood, and perhaps alarming them; for many had gone out without powder and shot, and few with more than a second charge. Shortly after their departure, a party of nearly two hundred men, who had been out to collect and drive in the cattle from the hill, entered the town, with such shouts of joy and triumph that we thought that some detachment of the brigands had been met with and routed; but we soon discovered the very unusual sight of a herd of fat oxen, with cows and fine calves, or rather heifers, running down the street, followed by their drivers, and accompanied by all the women and children of the town. Towards night a lieutenant, with a very small party of his Holiness's soldiers, entered the town, in consequence of a message sent to Tivoli the night before; they were intended to assist the town guard, and created an unusual degree of bustle. The lodging and victualling them did not seem to be a matter very easily adjusted, nor indeed very agreeable. Their gay dresses and trained set formed no small contrast with the rustic air and coarse clothing of our old friends; and the superiority they assumed, seemed by no means pleasing to the Polesi. At length the lanterns, which had been moving up and down the street at least two hours later than they had ever done before, dropped off one by one, the expected attack on the town was forgotten, and the night passed quietly as usual.

"Early the next morning, another party of the towns-men, accompanied by most of the soldiers, set out in search of the brigands, and in the afternoon the party of the day before returned. They had found the lair of the robbers yet warm; the grass was trodden down; fragments of bread and other food, mingled with remnants of clothing, torn and cut packs of cards, and broken ornaments, lay strewn about the ground. The skin of a sheep was hanging on a tree; and every thing bore the marks of a very hasty removal. The guard found a shepherd, with some dressed meat, and employed in making sandals of a kid's skin; this they taxed him with having killed for the brigands; but he asserted that

he had taken it from the mouth of a wolf who had been at the flock the night before.

"The direction taken by the banditti, on the two following days, was by no means certain, and we began to hope that they had left the neighbourhood. But on the morning after, some women having reported that they heard a whistling in a deep glen, within a mile of the town, the road towards Palestrina, the civic guard was ordered out in pursuit, and one of our party determined to accompany it. A soldier and a spy headed the little troop. As soon as they got out of the town, and reached the wood, the soldier directed them to march in Indian file. Though the result of this third expedition was as unsuccessful as that of the two others, the danger, or at least the apprehension of it, was sufficient to show the temper of the people. As they approached the suspected spot, strict silence was kept. A woman, who acted as guide, at length stopped, and the party began to descend into a deep dell, with the utmost caution, and great difficulty. It was a romantic spot, the bed of a river, at this season almost dry; and one of the men, as he looked fearfully round, whispered, 'This is, indeed, a place for banditti.' In the absence of the robbers themselves, the peasants climbing among the loose stones at the bottom, made a picturesque addition to the natural wildness of the scene. Here some of the people were observed to lag, to the great distress of the foremost, who exclaimed, 'By heaven! these fellows are leaving us!' The sides of the ravine, where not rocky, are clothed with large chestnut trees and brushwood, so that the danger of the situation, supposing the brigands to be concealed among the trees, induced the soldier to look for a convenient place to ascend. There was a steep, narrow, sloping field planted with maize, with chestnut trees on each side: the troop climbed up to it in silence, and the soldier directed the men to lower their muskets, that they might not be seen over the top of the brushwood. The spy, who was foremost, advanced towards the trees, half raised his musket, and then stepped back to the soldier, and whispered, which made the people believe they had found the robbers; and one of them said, 'Here they are,' and hesitated.

"The wood was entered, but nothing found there; and the rest of the march was only a repetition of the same cautious walk. The spy, who had left the company to examine a narrow path, was nearly shot by one of the men, who heard a rustling among the leaves. A smoke at a distance, which at first gave some alarm, turned out to be nothing but some chaff which a peasant was burning. At length they arrived at the top of the hill, between Poli and Capranica, a station where they resolved to wait for another division of the towns-men, which had gone round by a different road. At length they appeared, but neither party liked to approach the other, till a certain red jacket was recognised, when they joined, and returned the shortest way home. While the first party had waited under the trees for the other, sentinels had been posted all round, at a hundred yards' distance. The rest amused themselves by climbing for squirrels' nests, and telling stories of one another, from which it appeared that more than one of them had escaped from prison for attempts at assassination. One in particular, who seemed a kind of barqueun among them, had had more than one hair-breadth 'scape when the sbirri were in pursuit of him. On one occasion he had escaped by leaping from a high window; and to prove that he had lost none of his agility, he diverted himself with climbing to the extremities of the high chestnut boughs, and dropping off them to the ground.

"Shortly after the return of the guard, we found that the banditti had really been in an opposite direction, on the heights of San Gregorio, whence they had taken a quantity of bread and wine. We therefore went out, and took a short walk without the gates. The near fields were more than usually peopled; for several small flocks and a few heads of cattle had been driven in from the hills, that they might go into the town at night for protection. We observed that the boy who went daily to cut wood for the baker had muffled the bell that hung round his ass's neck, in order to prevent the noise from betraying his master. The farmers who had occasion to go to the threshing-floors, all went well mounted, and with an attendant or two. On going home, we learned that a surgeon, and two or three other persons, had been seized by the brigands, and carried to the mountains, in order to obtain a ransom. They were inhabitants of Castel-Madama, a small town near Tivoli, and so named from Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. This news necessarily increased the consternation of the householders of Poli, who now resolved to make every effort to assemble and arm the young men of the town.

At night a small detachment of Polesi, which had been sent to join the people of Casapa in an attempt to drive the banditti from San Gregorio, where the tocsin had been sounded on the capture of the people from Castel-Madama, returned. They were sent back without attempting to do any thing, as it was feared that any open measures against the robbers, before the ransom was paid, would endanger the lives of the prisoners.*

On the 18th of August, the day of Saint Agapet, when there was a church festival and a fair at the neighbouring town of Palestrina, about two hundred and fifty persons ventured out from Poli to go to them. "One party preceded the other about half an hour, and both set off before daybreak. As the sun rose, the rear party were so alarmed that they began to think of returning home, seeing a number of persons through the trees, whom they at first took for robbers, but the sight of the women's white head-clothes satisfied them that they were townsfolk, and the two parties joined, and met with nothing farther to startle them on the road. Shortly after they left Poli, it was known that all the poor prisoners had been dismissed by the banditti; but those from whom they could hope to extort a ransom were detained. About noon a report reached us that one of the captives had been barbarously murdered; and towards night, as it had been ascertained at Tivoli that the surgeon, the only remaining prisoner, was safe, an order came to Poli for all the force it was possible to assemble to keep the pass of Guadagnola towards Poli, as every other avenue by which the brigands could escape was supposed to be already sufficiently guarded. This order arrived about sunset. Most of the men were absent at Palestrina, so that the boys and old people were collected in the street to choose out of. Their wives, mothers, and grandmothers, came out, each with her lantern, to beg that her husband or child might be left to guard her house, in case the robbers, taking advantage of the absence of the strong men, should attack the town. The families who possessed arms refused to lend them to the guard, and as it appeared that the night was likely to be wasted in alterations, the magistrates and the officer, who still remained in the town, resolved to enter the houses forcibly, and take what arms they could find. Two or three houses were accordingly entered, but it consumed the time equally, and the guns were so well concealed, that there was little chance of obtaining enough to arm the few men they could provide; therefore they resolved to wait till the morning, when the men would be returned from Palestrina. The scene in the streets, where so much public business is transacted, was not only quite new to us, but curious in itself. The armed and the unarmed, the willing and the unwilling, were all vociferating at once: the women were going about with their infants in one hand and a lantern in the other; now aggravating, now quieting the disputants. The people from the feast at Palestrina came gradually dropping in, laden with their nets or other fittings, and mostly half intoxicated, all mingling together, and talking of danger from banditti to be apprehended that night, or to be provided against next day, without ever considering that, while they were disputing, the ruffians would escape in any direction they chose. Such was the evening of the eighteenth. The morning of the nineteenth was not much more orderly. The men, indeed, sober, and in earnest, for this time, had armed themselves well, and were leaving the town in greater numbers than we had yet seen assembled. Their wives and children, believing there was now some real danger, were sitting lamenting in groups about the street; but they might have spared themselves the pain. The great mountain pass had been left unguarded for more than twelve hours. Half that time would have sufficed the brigands, with their active habits, to have escaped to a distance far out of the reach of pursuit."

Tired with being pent up, and of seeing a town with twelve hundred inhabitants kept in continual alarm, our courageous countrywoman and her two companions, with an escort, left Poli, on the 21st of August, for Tivoli. On her road she passed the Emperor Hadrian's villa, among whose ruins the robbers had passed the night, and then lay concealed. They must have seen her and her party pass, but as the number of their muskets were inferior, they did not risk an attack. She arrived safely at Tivoli, which she found in a state of still greater consternation than the little town she had left. Her escort joined immediately the people of Tivoli in pursuit of the outlaws, who were seen crossing the hills behind the town.

"Every day while we remained at Tivoli brought some new particulars concerning the march of the banditti. It was ascertained that their entire number amounted to about one hundred and forty, divided into companies not exceeding twenty in each, for the sake of more easy sub-

sistence. The head-quarters appeared to be at Rio Fredo, and in the woods of Subiaco. Their spies, and those who bought provisions for them, were lavishly paid, and the instances of any information being given against them were very rare. On one occasion, however, they had seized a ploughman belonging to Rio Fredo, and, after beating him, they had sent him to his house to fetch a few dollars, as the price of his future security while at work. On his way the ploughman met the robbers belonging to Subiaco, and gave them notice of the situation of the robbers. They desired him to fetch his money, and go to the appointed place with it, and if he found them still there, to leave a mark at a particular tree. Meantime they took measures for surrounding the robbers' lair, and having done so, waited patiently till the poor man had paid his money, and made the mark agreed on; and this they were more careful to do, as, had the brigands suspected he had given information, they would certainly have put him to death. As soon as they knew him to be safe, the hunters drew close round the enemy, who were seven in number, and fired: two were killed on the spot, and the five others, of whom one was found dead of his wounds near the place next day, left their fire-arms, and concealed themselves in the thicket of Arcimuzzo, between Rio Fredo and Subiaco."

"Every evening the episcopal church bell rang at Tivoli, to set the guards at the different bridges leading to the town, as the people were in nightly expectation, that the brigands would enter it in search of provisions, with the shepherds had become rather shy of supplying them, since two or three of them had been taken up and imprisoned for so doing. On the night of the 21st or 22d seven robbers had gone to San Vetturino, armed chiefly with bludgeons, and had taken nearly all the bread in the town, but had not carried off any of the inhabitants, who, in fact, are not rich enough to afford much ransom. But the most intrepid gang lingered about Tivoli, where there are a number of rich proprietors, who might have furnished a considerable booty."

"The body of a murdered man was found at the gate of San Gregorio, with twenty wounds, inflicted with knives. The brigands, emboldened by success, seemed determined to press closer round all the hill-towns. None of the principal inhabitants ventured toward the walls, and even the work-people were robbed of their ornaments, and their little savings." Such being the dreadful state of this part of the country, the spirited author and her friends abbreviated their villeggiatura, and leaving the lovely scenery of Tivoli—its cascade and grottoes, its woods and rocks, its villas and graceful ancient temples, returned to Rome early in September.

During her short stay at Tivoli she became acquainted with Signor Cherubini, the surgeon of Castel-Madama, of whose captivity among the robbers she had heard so much at Poli. He was a man of undoubted veracity, and bore a high character, not only as an able surgeon but a good man. He related to her every particular of his capture and liberation, allowing her to write them down; and she was afterwards so fortunate as to procure a circumstantial account written by himself to a friend, which abounds with interest, and striking traits of character.

Signor Cherubini was summoned early in the morning of the 17th of August to Tivoli, to attend a sick nun and a gentleman of that place, by a factor well known to him, and named Bartolomeo Marasca. They set off on horseback together, the factor being armed with a gun.

"We had scarcely passed the second arch of the ancient aqueducts," writes the poor surgeon, "when two armed men suddenly rushed out from the thicket and stopped the way, and pointing their long guns at the factor, who was riding a little before me, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former two. Both the factor and myself had dismounted at the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them, not by the road to Castel-Madama, but that to San Gregorio. The first question the robbers asked me, was, whether I was the prince of Castel-Madama, meaning, I fancy, the vice-prince who had passed the road a little before me.

"* After we returned to Rome, we learned, that the same gang had seized the arch-priest of Vicovaro, who, his nephew, having offered some resistance, was killed on the spot. The ransom demanded for the priest had a friend was so exorbitant that it could not be raised, on which the ruffians sent their cars to the families, and afterwards some of their fingers. At length I tired of waiting, and perhaps irritated by the complaints of the two prisoners, they murdered them! There is a sort of ferocious jollity among these brigands, more shocking, perhaps, than their actual cruelty. They had stripped the priest of his robes and clerical hat two or three days before they killed him: one of their number put on the sacerdotal clothing, and substituted for it linen, with his high crowned hat, which they forced the poor priest to wear."

To this I answered, that I was not the prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel-Madama; and to convince them that I spoke truth, I showed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio, I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch from me, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march, we met, at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my captivity; shortly after we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey. In the meadows by the last ruined aqueduct, the horses which the factor Marasca and I had ridden, were turned loose, and after passing a ravine, we began to climb the steepest part of the mountain with such speed, that together with the alarm I felt, made me pant so violently, that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the mountain, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. Marasca then talked a good deal with the brigands; showed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed me that I was betrayed by him."

The chief brigand turned to the poor surgeon, and throwing him his lancet case, said he would think about his ransom. The surgeon represented his poverty with tears, but his ransom was fixed as high as two thousand dollars; and pen, ink, and paper being produced, he was obliged to write for that sum, which he did, with all the earnestness that the presence of thirteen assassins, and the fear of death, could inspire. The thing was now to procure a messenger to carry this letter. This was soon done. A man was ploughing on the side of the hill lower down, and another, belonging to Castel-Madama, was seen in the flat below. They were both secured by the robbers, and dispatched with the surgeon's letter to Tivoli.

The brigands stayed where they were for three hours, when the apparition of an armed force in the country below induced them to decamp. They retired towards the most woody part of a still higher mountain. "After a long and most painful march, finding himself in a place of safety, the brigand chief halted, there to await the return of the messenger; but as that return was still delayed, the chief came up to me angrily, and said, that it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very band, who entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found his lifeless body. I was much alarmed at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death."

The terrified surgeon, who certainly in his narrative does not affect the virtue he had not, then told the robbers he might have written another letter to Castel-Madama with orders to sell whatever he possessed, and to send up the money immediately. This pleased them: another letter was written, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent off with it.

"After he was gone, I saw my companion the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after, he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he rose and cried most piteously, 'I have a wife and children, for God's sake spare my life!' and thus saying he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes; my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into his sheath: then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these words: 'Do you not fear? we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; and as you are not sbirro. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief, seeing that the money for me still did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid lest troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, 'How shall we dispose of our prisoners?'

We must either kill them, or send them home; but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me. I, remembering that I had a little money about me, which might amount altogether to thirty pauls, (three crowns,) gave them frankly to him to gain his good-will. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy."

It now began to rain very heavily—it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and no messenger returned. At last voices were heard on the hills. The robbers feared they might be soldiers instead of messengers, but they at last said, "come down!" There was an anxious silence, but no one came.

"After another short interval, we heard another voice also from above on the left; and then we said, 'Surely this must be the messenger.' But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and level with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them; and thus prepared to stand on the defensive, two men appeared among the trees: one of them the peasant of Castel-Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Tivoli, the other the ploughman of San Gregorio his companion. As soon as they were recognised, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel-Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money; it was all that could be got together in the town.' Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters? Being answered that there were two, he gave them to me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding the number exact, said all was well; praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present."

The robbers now released the poor peasants from San Gregorio. "I, therefore," says the surgeon, "with the peasant of Castel-Madama, remained the only prisoners; and we were made to march across the mountains. I asked why they did not set me at liberty, as they had received so considerable a sum on my account? The chief answered, that I must await the return of the messenger with the second letter, who had been sent to Castel-Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any money at Castel-Madama, and that if I was to remain out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw, who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of a mountain where there was some pools of water formed by the rain; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times; but I found it impossible to eat the bread."

"They continued walking over these mountain tops till midnight, when they met an ass and a shepherd. They mounted the worn-out surgeon on the ass, and the shepherd led them all to his hut, near which was a threshing-floor, and something much better for them, a sheep-fold, whence a sheep was speedily procured, skinned, and roasted. It was eaten, too, before the surgeon, who had dropped asleep near the blazing hearth, awoke. But the chief had reserved a few slices for him, which he now spit on his ramrod, roasted, and gave to him, apologising for the absence of salt. Save the chief and a sentinel or two, gorged with mutton and black bread, all the rest of the banditti were fast asleep on the floor, round the fire. "I could scarcely force myself," says the surgeon, "to swallow a few morsels; but I drank a little wine which had been found in a small barrel at the threshing-floor. This was the only time I saw any of the brigands drink any thing but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, lest it should be drugged; and that they always made whoever brought it drink a good deal of it; and if in two hours no bad symptoms appeared, then they used the wine."

From the shepherd's hut they went to the sheep-fold, where the robbers possessed themselves of some lumps

of boiled meat, a great coat, and some cheeses. Here the chief made the poor surgeon write another letter to Castel-Madama, telling his friends, that, if they did not send eight hundred crowns on the following day, the robbers would put him to death, or carry him to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than that sum. "I told the countryman, who was about to carry this letter, to tell my friends that if they found no purchasers at Castel-Madama for my effects, which I had ordered them to sell, they might send them to Tivoli and sell them there for whatever they would fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with the letter to Castel-Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of this civil proposal; so it was not done. The chief, however, wanted the countryman to set out the moment; but the countryman of Castel-Madama said, with his usual coolness, that it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during the night; on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheepcote all night, and set out at daylight. 'But take notice,' said he, 'if you do not return by the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheepcote with the eight hundred crowns, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini (the surgeon) into some pit.' The peasant tried to persuade them that perhaps it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time: but the chief answered, that they had no time to waste, and that if he had not returned by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini."

The robbers again put themselves in movement. There was an improvement in their road, for instead of the rough thickets, they came to fine tall timber trees, the boles of which were comparatively smooth, save where a fallen tree here and there lay across them. But the surgeon was spent with fatigue, and sore afraid, the threats of death constantly ringing in his ear.

"I therefore recommended myself to God, and was begging him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and taking me by the arm, assisted me to walk, and said, 'Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man of Castel-Madama (whom we had left at the sheepcote waiting for daylight.) I assure you that to-morrow, as soon as he returns, you shall go home free, however small be the sum he brings. Be of good cheer therefore, and do not distress yourself.' At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurances of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from heaven; and without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness."

They next laid themselves down to sleep in a thicket, the robbers spreading sheepskins for the doctor, and the chief wrapping up his legs in his own capote. Two men kept awake as sentinels.

"I know not how long we had rested," continues Signor Cherubini, "when one of the sentinels came, and gave notice of daybreak. 'Come to me when it is lighter,' said the chief; and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and, in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect on me. I started, and said, 'What bird was that?' They answered, 'A hawk.' 'Thank God!' I said, and lay down again. Among my sufferings I cannot forget the stinging and humming of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but after the death of poor Marsena, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience."

Soon after this they all arose, and after an hour's walk halted in another thicket, where they breakfasted. After their meal they lay down to sleep as before, all save one litigate bandit, who amused himself by reading the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. In an hour they awoke, and filed off, one by one, to a higher station, leaving a sentinel to guard the surgeon.

"In another hour," says Signor Cherubini, "the youngest man of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some new resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution; but he very soon said to me, 'Be of good cheer, for to-night you will be at home!'"

which gave me some comfort; but as I could not entirely

trust them, I had still an internal fear, which, however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards we were called to join the rest, our station being now on the mountain commonly called Colle Picione, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Montorella. There we remained the rest of the day, only going out of the way once, on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen by the goatherds; but we soon returned. Then the second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the president of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in putting them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks, without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses, without fear of treachery; but otherwise, they would not trust to, nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded any thing with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the pope's own lips. One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, now in the prison of Saint Michael in Rome. Another said to me, 'Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the prince, who, according to our information, should have passed by at that very time.' In fact, he was to have travelled that road; and just before I passed, not the prince, but the person commonly called so, the vice-prince, or agent, Signor Filippo Gazoni, had gone by, but, fortunately for him, they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking along leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti hit their fingers with rage when they found they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna delle Carmine round his neck, and said to me 'Suffer patiently, for the love of God.'"

"Then the chief of the robbers came to me, and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did, in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and showed it me. I found that he had broken the glass and the minute hand. He said, if I had any money, he would sell it me; but I gave it him back, saying nothing, but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now 'twenty o'clock.' He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to go back to the sheepfold which we had left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to my second letter to Castel-Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now at; and if he were not come he ordered him to wait three hours; and if he did not come then, to return to us alone. The shepherd obeyed, and, after about an hour and a half, he came back with the countryman and another shepherd who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts, of homespun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine; the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which they permitted me to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their *city* and for my *life*, which they had the goodness to spare. On my way homeward, the two men of Castel-Madama informed me, that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent the day before, with the first letter to Castel-Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day, at the hour and to the place ap-

* It will be remembered, that the Italians count time by twenty-four hours to the day. The first hour, or one o'clock, being always one hour after sunset.

pointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns, sent from Castel-Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money, after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen, who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished, half by Castel-Madama, and half by Tivoli. I went on towards Castel-Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town, I found a number of people, of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night, in the midst of such public congratulations and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle! I had hardly arrived when the Arch-Priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung, to call the people to the parish church. On the first sound, all the people flocked thither with me, to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God and to our protector Saint Michael the archangel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after, when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church, to offer up public supplications to the Lord, to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to show. I cannot conclude without saying, that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father; for, at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel-Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and sell their goods, in so short a time, and with such profusion for my sake. The same epoch will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signors Carloni and Celestini, both Romans, who with such openness of heart exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes."

Such is the narrative of Signor Cherubini, which, while it conveys striking pictures of crime and a lawless life, impresses the mind also with touching traits of punctuality, humanity, and generosity on the part of the peasantry and these poor Italians generally. The contrast of vice and virtue, of ferocity and kind-heartedness, is perhaps no where more evident than in Italy, where the social affections flourish in the midst of the hardest growth of crime and cruelty.

The stories told and believed by the peasantry, of the origin and initiation of most of the principal outlaws, are horrid in the extreme. Mrs. Graham, to whom I am indebted for so many interesting and characteristic details, furnishes the following, as "a pretty fair specimen" of the whole.

"A man who had accidentally committed homicide, being afraid of the consequences, fled from the States of the Church, to Conca, in the kingdom of Naples. There, being unprovided with a passport, he was taken up and imprisoned; but by the Grace of the Virgin and Saint John the Baptist, he escaped to the woods: there, after wandering a month, and being almost starved, he met the banditti, who invited him to join them. To this he, nothing loth, consented, when, to try his manhood, they gave him a piece of human flesh roasted at eat, telling him it was part of a Christian's heart! 'It might have been two hearts,' said the ruffian, 'but I would have eaten it!' He had then to perform a novitiate of two years, heaving wood, drawing water, and performing other menial offices; but, a year ago, he figured as the chief of a party among them."

But a probatoin infinitely more atrocious than this reprobate on human hearts, was related to myself in the year 1821, when I was travelling in the Abruzzi near the pass of Tagliacozzi, and not far from the frontier of the Roman states. The story was local, but my narrator, a peasant of the country, and then my guide, referred the event to rather a distant period of time.

A young man, who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to be Capo-banditto, in his stead. He had gone through his novitiate with honour, he had shown both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest nerved fellow of the set! The ambitious candidate offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve, and a monster

among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached.

"I will do it," said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission.

When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and waited, besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She, however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little villager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone.

But the affectionate girl, who might have loved him still in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succour on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief.

NEAPOLITAN AND ROMAN BRIGANDS.

SUNDRY ANECDOTES, FACETIOUS AND SERIOUS.

Many of the stories of the Roman and Neapolitan banditti are far from being so tragical a nature as those I have related. On the contrary, a jest book might be filled with very funny stories regarding them. The brigands were often facetious and full of frolicsome tricks, at the not very serious expense of those they waylaid, while at times they were the butts and victims to those who fell in with them.

As Lady B—— was travelling from Rome to Naples, with rather a numerous suite, she "fell among thieves." The robbers had a tolerable good booty, but there was one excellent laugh against them. Her ladyship's medical attendant had a large medicine chest in the carriage; this was immediately broken open by the robbers, who thought the neat and strong mahogany case must contain jewels or other valuables. They were disappointed, and somewhat puzzled, when they found a number of square crystal bottles, &c. Two of the robbers took out each one of these bottles, whose medical contents were liquid and bright—the one like rosolio, the other like maraschina di Zara. The two robbers concluded at once they were nothing else than these favourite liqueurs, or some foreign cordial of a similar nature and excellence; and anxious for the first draught, each put his bottle to his mouth, and did not withdraw it until he had taken a hearty swig. Then, indeed, the bottles were withdrawn, and dashed, with horrible curses to the earth; and the two rogues, with terror in their countenances, threw themselves on the doctor, in the same breath, threatening to kill him, and begging to know whether they were poisoned, and he could cure them? The worthy practitioner, who was an Irishman, and as such fond of a joke, would have had here a good opportunity of indulging in one, by making the trembling fellows believe for awhile that they had swallowed some infernal poison, worse than the *acqua tophana*; but under circumstances, and in the presence of armed banditti, he thought it more prudent to tell them that they had only swallowed a little medicine, which could do them no harm, however badly it might taste; and to reserve his laugh at them for taking his physic for sweet waters, till a more convenient opportunity.

In the next little anecdote, another brigand of another band cut a still more ridiculous figure. My friend Mr. W——, a merchant of Naples, was travelling post with a Swiss merchant, and had nearly reached the city of Capua, which is only about fourteen miles from Naples, when his carriage was suddenly stopped. It was night, but a beautiful moon—the moon of Naples, which, as the witty Marchese Caraccioli used to say, was worth a London sun, illuminated the scene, and allowed W—— to see that there were only three or four brigands near the coach, and that they had not yet knocked the position off the horses. W—— took his measures accordingly with great presence of mind and boldness. As the foremost brigand came to the side of the carriage, within reach, bawling and cursing for those within to come out and be robbed, he caught hold of the ruffian by the breasts of his jacket, and called out to the postilion to gallop off for Capua, where he should be well rewarded. The postilion, who had known him before on the road, took W—— at his word, and, with a boldness rarely found in his class, whipped his horses, that went off, as Neapolitan horses generally will do, "an end." As the postilion's whip touched the withers of his steed, a bullet whizzed past his head, but missed its aim. Away then went the carriage and the merchants and the robber as swift as the old witches in Goethe's *Faustus*; W——, who was a robust man, keeping a firm hold of the robber, who dangled—his head and shoulders in, and the rest of his body outside of the vehicle,—like a lamb or a calf over a butcher's cart. W——'s companion occasionally assisted him. After numerous but vain struggles to extricate himself from their grasp, the captured brigand, whose legs were bruised in the cruellest manner, begged the rapid carriage wheels, and his breath almost bumped out of his body, protested it was all a mistake, and begged most piteously to be released. The merchants, however, kept the prize they had made in so curious a manner, and soon arrived at Capua. This being a fortified town, most awkwardly for travellers, placed on the high road, they had to wait some time until a letter was sent to the commandant, and permission obtained to admit them. When the drawbridge was lowered, they rolled over it, with the robber still dangling at the coachside, and delivered him at the guard-house.

The next morning the merchants appeared before the justice of peace, and after their depositions had been received, the brigand was given over to the civil authorities, and cast into prison, where he lay for many months, without being brought to judgment. What finally became of him I know not; but I remember very well, that my friend W——, though he was rather proud of the novel exploit, had so much trouble in consequence of it, and the somewhat peculiar course of Neapolitan justice, that he used often to wish he had left the fellow in the road.

The next of my concluding anecdotes of Italian banditti on which I lay my hand, is of a more tragical nature. "In the month of March 1817," says a popular author of travels, "I was out with one of my friends on a shooting party near Aquila, when I heard the farmers talking of robberies without number committed by the troop of *The Independence*. There was much talent, and a Turkish bravery, shown in the manner in which they were achieved. I paid little attention to all this; robberies in these parts are so common; I was all eyes to observe the manners of the people. I gave some money to a poor woman who was with child, and who, I was told, was a soldier's widow, when one said to me: 'Oh sir, she is not to be pitied, she has the ration of the banditti,' and they went on to give me the following detail:—

"There is in this country a company of thirty men and four women, all mounted in a superior manner on blood horses. This band calls itself the troop of *The Independence*; its chief is a former *Marcheal-de-Logis* of king Joachim.† He orders such a landlord, or such a farmer, to put such a sum of money, on such a day, at the foot of such a tree; if not, he himself will be murdered and his house set on fire. When this troop are on the march, they send orders the day before to all the farmers on their route, to have a repast ready at such an hour, for so many persons, the best that their means will afford. This service is more regularly performed than the provision for the royal household in its progress through the country."

"About a month before I received this detail, a farmer, being piqued at the imperious manner in which

* Rome, Naples, and Florence in 1817, by (a fictitious name) the Count de Stendhal. The author's real name is Bayle.

† Murat.

the repast was ordered, sent information of it to the general, and the *Independents* were surrounded by a numerous band of infantry and cavalry; they fought their way through, covering the ground with the dead bodies of the soldiers, while not one of their own party fell. Learning the treachery of the farmer, they sent notice to him to settle his affairs. Three days afterwards they took possession of the farm, where they instituted a tribunal, and the farmer being put to the torture, confessed everything. After deliberating together awhile in secret, they approached the unhappy farmer, and threw him into a large cauldron which was upon the fire, fill of milk for making cheese. When he had boiled there for some time, they forced all the servants to eat of this infernal banquet.

"The chief could easily increase his troop to a thousand men; but he says that his talents for command will not go beyond a band of thirty, and he restrains himself to keeping up this number. He receives daily applications from people to be received into the band; but he requires a title, that is, wounds received in the field of battle, not certificates given from complaisance:—these are his very words.

"This spring, the peasants of these parts suffered very much from scarcity. The chief of the *Independents* distributed among the sufferers tickets upon the rich. The rations were a pound and a half of bread for a man, a pound for a woman, and two pounds for a woman with child. The woman who excited my curiosity, had for a month received six of these tickets in the week for two pounds of bread each. For the rest, no one ever knows where the band are to be found, they get all the spies on their side. In the time of the Romans this chief of banditti would have been a *Marcellus*."

Though there is a little exaggeration in this account, the main points are correct, more particularly that which regards the robber's provident care of the poor.

"I have done more acts of charity," said one of these brigands, when he fell into the hands of the law, "than any three convents in these provinces!" And so, perhaps, he had, and at as little cost to himself as the monks, who beg themselves (as he had stolen) from others, what they live upon and give to beggars.

Though the "*Independents*" may have been averse to increase their band with men, they seem to have been anxious to recruit it with women, for at the end of 1817, as I was crossing the range of mountains above Sora, that separates the Garigliano from the lake of Celano, in the Abruzzi, I heard the following event, at a little village where I stopped to refresh myself.

A pretty girl of the place, betrothed to a respectable young farmer, was carried off by the robbers as she was going with an old female relative to early morning mass at a chapel on the skirts of the village. The alarm was instantly spread, and a pursuit undertaken by all the fair captive's relatives and friends, with the agonised lover at their head. After scouring the country for several hours, without finding any trace of the brigands, many of the pursuing party, through fatigue and dread of advancing farther into the mountains towards the place where they had reason to apprehend the band was collected in force, lung back, and talked of returning home. The desperate lover would not pause a moment, but still hurried forward with a braver or more deeply interested few. But even these few, one by one, abandoned, what seemed so hopeless or desperate a chase, or, unable to keep up with the speed of the active, young lover, followed him trembling and panting, at a distance.

He was alone, and far a-head of them, when he heard a shriek. Flying in the direction of the sound, he soon came to a wooded hollow, where he saw through the boles of the trees his affianced struggling in the arms of a desperate-looking ruffian. Such a moment, to a bold young lover, was not a moment for hesitation or calculation,—he glided through the trees, and before the robber could seize his carbine, which lay only a few feet from the spot where his struggling victim had dragged him—almost before the robber could draw his dagger, he ran his sword home to his heart. The released girl threw herself into her lover's arms; but there was yet work to do ere he could resign himself to his transports. A second brigand, who had been stationed at the edge of the wood to keep watch, heard the shout of the lover as he made the assault, and the curse of his comrade or superior as he fell beneath it, and now rushed to the spot, with that brigand yell which the poor peasantry so much dread. The young man, with his weeping mistress still hanging on his neck, drew behind a tree—he had the advantage of a trifling elevation in his favour, and as the robber had his last step on this, and came close to him, he suddenly turned round the tree, put his foot on the

fallen ruffian, who still murmured in his throat, and with a pistol, shot the second villain through the body. Supporting and caressing the dear girl his valour had so opportunely liberated, he then made all the haste he could out of the hollow, and soon came in sight of the few friends who had followed him thus far, and of whom some had been brought to a stand still, and others put to a retrograde flight by the report of his pistol in the wood. The unexpected sight, and the triumphant shouts of the lover, with his recovered affianced one, brought them, however, speedily together, and they returned to the village, with more joy than they hoped for when they set out from it on their pursuit.

The band of the "*Independents*" was destroyed a few months after this event.

One of the boldest deeds of resistance to the brigands was performed by a major on Murat's staff, a native of one of the German cantons of Switzerland. His name was Volff. This officer was travelling post from Naples to Rome with despatches, in a little, low, open calèche: he had not even a servant with him. In the Pontine Marshes he was stopped by six sturdy and well armed brigands. Expecting no resistance from a single man, the robbers stood by the door of the carriage uttering tremendous curses and commanding him to descend. This he presently did; but as he left his seat he grasped a ready brace of pistols, and crossed his arms under his military cloak; and as he touched the ground he pressed a trigger on either side of him, and two of the brigands, who were almost in contact with his person, fell dead by the carriage. His sabre was as ready as his pistols—with it he cleft the head of one robber who fell, and wounded another, who then, with his two unhurt but terrified companions, took to flight, and left the officer master of the field.

The unluckiest thing the Neapolitan and Roman banditti about the frontiers did in my time was to take an Austrian colonel, on the staff of General Frimont, then commander in chief at Naples. They carried this officer to the mountains, where they kept him many days, which I have heard him describe as days of continual alarm and horror, and at last procured a good ransom for him. But a dreadful vengeance followed close on this complaisance, which had been necessitated by consideration for the safety of the colonel, whom the ruffians would most assuredly have murdered, had the ransom not been paid. Old Frimont sent nearly his whole force of jagers, or light troops, against them. Measures were concerted with the papal government. The Austrians were allowed free ingress into the Roman states; and they hunted the brigands in the mountains from place to place, with a most persevering activity. The shepherds and other peasants were seized, and forced to act as guides. The enraged Austrians were not restrained by many scruples. Wherever they found men with arms, they shot them: in some instances they burned down whole villages. The wives of the brigands, in the course of these tragical visitations, in several instances displayed a heroism worthy of ancient Roman matrons, and the soldiery were obliged to deal with them as though they had been men. An officer of jagers with whom I was acquainted, was shot in the shoulder, from behind a rock, by one of these heroines, who, when made prisoner, and threatened with instant death unless she showed the track of the brigands, clenched her fist, and said, looking at the rock from which they had dragged her, "Unbaptised dogs that ye are! you may as well attempt to make those stones speak, as to make me divulge where are my husband, my brother, and my friends!" And even when the jagers levelled their rifles and put their fingers to the trigger, not a word could they force from the woman, who muttered something to herself, as though a prayer to the Madonna, or her guardian saint.

There is very little doubt that the Austrians shot many a poor mountaineer that was no robber, but they certainly succeeded in putting down the banditti, who from that time (in 1824) never recovered their former importance and audacity, until the recent political troubles in Romagna.

The Austrians did not, however, achieve this without tremendous sufferings and losses. Frimont thought proper to keep forces in the lawless country he had purged. Those in the mountains fared pretty well, but the ranks of the poor jagers in the valley of the Garigliano, and in other low, marshy places, where they were stationed nearly a whole summer, were awfully thinned by malaria fevers of peculiar malignity. I had myself seen some time before, in the Abruzzi, a fine battalion of this truly excellent branch of the Austrian army; it was composed almost entirely of Bohemians, young and florid men. I

met the same battalion at the end of this year, and found one half of it dead or in the hospital! I enquired after three of the officers to whom I had been indebted for much civility while travelling, and was told that one of them, a noble young fellow of three or four and twenty, had left his bones by the banks of the Garigliano, the other two were gone to the hospital at Naples. This is something much worse than dying in the "deadly breach," or on the field of battle, where, at least, (if they do not mis-spell our names!) we may have the honour of ornamenting a gazette of victory or glory!

It was about this time, that I, who had twice gone safely through the pass of Forino, even when those *Corymbi* of banditti, the *Vardarelli*, were at the plenitude of their power, and who for seven years (in which I by no means led a sedentary or fixed life) had always escaped falling into the hands of a respectable band of brigands, fell unluckily under the clutches of a contemptible gang of novices and bunglers.

My friend, the Prince D'I——, among other meritorious exertions to improve his estates, had undertaken to drain an immense extent of land he held between the mouth of the river Volturno and the lake of Patria—an enterprise in relation, to the disgrace of his wealthy but unenterprising relations, and of the imbecile government of the time, which, instead of encouraging, thwarted him, he was left to fail and to ruin his fortune. The place was only some fifteen miles from the capital, and whilst the labours of digging canals and making embankments were in full activity, the prince was accustomed to go down three or four times in the week, carrying money on the Saturday to pay the labourers. I accompanied him very frequently. It was imprudent, no doubt, but though the prince had a good number of armed *guardi-ai* in his service, we always went without an escort and frequently without arms. Our road, after leaving the town of Pozzuoli, was chiefly through a solitary and wild country that bore rather a bad character; but no robberies had been heard of for a long time, and from the constant employment he gave to so many of the neighbouring peasantry, my friend might deem himself a popular character. In short, we had fifty times made the journey, and with good sums of money, without any *mauvais rencontre*, and thought we never should meet any, when early one fine spring morning, as we were driving in a little drosky, over a rough and narrow road that ran through fields of lupins, which in that climate grow to the height of six or seven feet, I was cut short in a story I was telling, by having a long gun put to my breast by a fellow who had been concealed in the lupin-field. At the same instant my friend received the same compliment, and our driver, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who was riding *en postillon*, was knocked off his horse. We had each a pistol and no more in the carriage, and these we had to draw from under the apron. My friend moved his arm to catch his,—I was disengaging my arm from my cloak to do the same, when with the cye of a military man he glanced at the fellows' guns, which almost touched our breasts, and saw they were full cocked. There was no chance—we had to draw our pistols from the pockets of the carriage and to cock them—and the robbers were swearing they would fire into our hearts, if we did not put our hands out of the carriage and instantly descend. Had we hesitated, of a certainty they would have shot us both from very fear, for as we afterwards learned they knew very well that the prince had pistols with him, and only a few days before we had been amusing ourselves on the estate by firing at a mark, when he, as a good shot, rather surprised the country people, from whom the rogues had all probability heard of his address. Whatever I might have done, he would not have missed his aim at twenty paces—but they were only their muskets' length from us. As it was, however, our case was hopeless, and hiding me in English, which he spoke very well, step out of the carriage, and say nothing to the ruffians, he asked them what they would of him. "Your money, you robber! you infamous assassin!" Was the reply of these honest men, who indeed kept up their courage, all the time they were with us and robbing us, by calling us these names and others, which those who knew the law Neapolitans may fancy, but which I may not repeat.

"Take it," said the prince, pointing to the canvas bags that lay at his feet, "Take it, and go to the devil!" He was a fine, athletic, commanding figure of a man, and well known to be a brave one—even then, completely in their power as he was, they were afraid to approach him to take the money, and insisted, with the most horrible oaths, that he should descend, or they would fire upon him. The fellow who seemed to be the leader of

the enterprise, had his finger on his trigger. I, who was standing by the road side with an ugly gun still at my breast, now thought it time to say, "For heaven's sake, come down." My friend stepped out of the carriage, and again told them to take the money and be off. But now, though a novice in his profession, one of the robbers, insisting on the *faccia in terra* ceremony, swore he would shoot us unless we lay down with our faces to the ground. This we would not do. In the next instant, the villain who had approached the carriage, cried "*Ecco le pistole!*"—Here are the pistols—it's all right—never mind now!" and taking out the brace, he threw away the priming, and, after dragging them, with their pans open, through the wet grass, he then threw them into the bottom of the carriage, and drew out the money, which was contained in two canvass bags.

All the while this was performing, the fellow who stood guard over me, trembled with agitation: he shook, indeed, to such a degree, that knowing, as I well did, the crazy nature of guns of common Neapolitan manufacture, and seeing his close to my body and ready to go off, I apprehended the bungler would shoot me without intending it—and once requested he would take it from my breast, as I was unarmed and could make no resistance.

When the money had been thrown in among the tall lupins, with a repetition of the pretty epithets they had already honoured us with, they lifted up the poor boy, who was almost dead with affright, from before the horses' heads, and made us get into the carriage and drive on. They swore they would shoot us if we looked back. This, however, we did when at a short distance, and saw them mount their horses, which had been concealed from us in the thick high lupin-field, and strike across the country.

The scene of the robbery was little more than a mile from the estate, where the prince, at the time, had several hundred men at work, and thither we now drove at a gallop.

The loss had been a heavy one—for owing to his not having made his payments to the labourers the preceding week, my friend had three thousand Neapolitan ducats, or five hundred pounds, with him in the bags. The robbers never touched our persons, or said a word about our delivering what we had in our pockets. Had they done so, I should have lost only a few dollars in silver and a watch of slight value, but they would have found on the prince rather a heavy purse of gold and a very valuable watch.

We soon reached the estate, where my friend, who had repressed his mortification and anger, gave them full vent, when a silly old man in his service as a sort of factor, recommended, as the first thing essential in such a case, that we should both get bed, to obviate the effects resulting from sudden alarm. This is a common Neapolitan practice, but, I believe, besides my friend's burst of rage and contempt, I stormed at the old fool as well, for proposing it in our case. We were presently on horseback with a formidable posse of *guardiani*, *fattori*, and *serenari*, all mounted and well armed, and, dividing into different parties, scoured the country in pursuit of the robbers.

From the solitude and wildness of the country, which for the greater part is covered by *pantani* or marshes, lakes, and almost impenetrable woods, we had slight hopes, when we set out, of catching them. Yet, from the shortness of the time that had elapsed, and the speed at which we rode, we were close upon them, and at one time fancied we should catch them, for we fell in with a poor old peasant woman who had just seen four men dividing two bags of money, which they were probably doing thus early for the convenience of carrying it—one thousand five hundred ducats, in silver, in each bag, being a good weight. Encouraged by this information, we galloped on. Smarting as we were under the recent outrage, had we caught the robbers, I am confident we should have taken justice into our own hands and shot them, without waiting for the tardy decisions of the courts—but, alas! we were not so fortunate. We hunted, in vain, through a complete labyrinth of cross-roads or rather paths, beat several woods, and interrogated several shepherds, in vain, and were at last obliged to return to our canal digging and embankments, with our original loss—and with our revenge ungratified.

When we returned to Naples that night, we had the consolation of hearing from all the friends we met, "I told you so!—I knew how it would be!—I wonder you haven't been both murdered long ago, going with money through that cut-throat country!" Some also talked about bleeding—but, in a metaphorical sense, surely my friend had been bled enough!

When we had dined we went to the minister of police, who was, where every Neapolitan who can afford it is at that time of the night, at the Opera. We went there too. The next morning, however, the prince saw the man in authority, who engaged that nothing should be neglected for the detection and arrest of the offenders. We were pretty certain that these men were not regular robbers, and that they belonged to the immediate neighbourhood of the estate. We had yet another clue—by a very extraordinary circumstance, all the money was in two earlin pieces (in value about eight pence each), and by tracing a sudden influx of this particular coin in any of the little towns or villages, a discovery might be made.

To be brief, in about a fortnight four men were arrested and thrown into the prison of the Vicaria at Naples. Some six weeks after their arrest, the prince, myself, and the boy who was driving us, were summoned to that prison, and asked if we could recognise the men if they were shown us. My friend and myself both confidently affirmed that we could, for we had marked them well during our short interview. The boy was less confident.

The prince was then conducted into a hall in the prison, leaving me and the boy together. In a few minutes a jailer returned without the prince, and desired me to follow him, which I did, leaving the boy alone. I was ushered into a dark, dirty apartment, where a dozen or fifteen ruffianly looking fellows were ranged in a line, and was told to point out among them the perpetrators of the robbery. Being short sighted I went close up to this villainous file, and as soon as my eye became accustomed to the faulty light of the place, I pointed out one of my *ci-devant* calculators.

"Touch him with your hand," cried a little man in the corner, who was noting down what passed.

I laid my hand on the ruffian, who said with a bold enough laugh "*Ah! signor mio, l' avete sbagliato grasso.*" (Ah, sir! you have made a gross mistake.) But when I laid my hand on a second, I saw that fellow's countenance change, and that he could scarcely avoid shrinking from my touch. When my recognition was finished, I was removed to another room and left alone, and the boy was called in. When the boy had picked out his men, they brought him into the room where I was, and then led us to the prince. It appeared that my friend, and myself, and the boy had selected the same individuals, only that the boy had at first been in doubt as to one of them.

On the strength of such evidence as this alone, one might have hoped for a speedy and decisive trial. But we were at Naples! I heard nothing more of the robbers for some months, when I was called to attend a trial, which, when I went to the court, I found, without learning why, was postponed.

In this interim there had been some talk in the neighbourhood, and even on the estate, that vengeance would be taken on us by the robbers' kinsmen and friends, for maliciously detaining in prison innocent, unfortunate men, which said individuals turned out to be, as we expected, of those parts, and acquainted with the circumstance that the prince carried good sums of money there every Saturday. For a month or so we had an escort of *guardiani*, but then went and came alone as before, frequently travelling in the darkness of night. I am fain to confess that at first, whenever I saw fellows skulking along the solitary roads with long guns in their hands, (which happened rather frequently, as, spite of the prohibition of government, nearly every peasant had his gun in that wild district,) I felt rather uncomfortable, and took care, at least, that my pistol should not be under the apron and uncocked. But this wore off, and we never heard of the prisoners' kinsmen and friends.

It was nearly two years after the offence that I was again summoned to the Vicaria. This time the trial really began; but there were only three prisoners produced—the fourth had contracted a disease and died in the prison! Had I met either of these men in the pursuit when my blood was hot, I should most assuredly have had the heart to blow his brains out. At the moment I was first confronted with them in prison, I might have borne to see one or two of them hanged; but after this long interval, in which one of them had died in a dungeon, in which I had been occupied by so many other thoughts, and feelings, and pursuits, in which, on the whole, I had enjoyed so much, and the three men, in whose hands my life had been, now crouching before me, emaciated and broken by their long and rigorous confinement, had suffered so much, I am sure, had I been able, I would have opened their prison doors and set them free. I felt sick at heart when I had to make my deposition.

One of the curious features in this extraordinary trial

was, that I was never put to my oath; for when it came to that test, the presiding judge, who knew very little of me, said that my word as an Englishman and a gentleman was enough! The compliment did not prevent my astonishment at the time, and my reference in my own mind to the modes of criminal procedure in my own country. My being a protestant, I fancy, could have nothing to do in the matter, and indeed in more than one instance I had been put to my oath in the kingdom of Naples before the health officers, on arriving at a Lazzaretto.

Besides my evidence, which I thought was full and decisive, there was that of the boy and of several other witnesses, including the old woman. When I thought sentence was going to be pronounced, the court broke up, and the prisoners were remanded. I stayed at Naples five or six months longer without hearing any thing more of the robbers; what became of them I know not, for at the end of that period I quitted the country, and transferred myself to a land where justice is much more summary—I mean Turkey.

It was said by many of the Neapolitans at the time, that the robbers, who had been taken long before they could possibly spend so considerable a sum, (a fortune almost to men of their condition in that country!) had made good use of it in delaying the law's severity. What I know is, that my friend never saw a earlin of his three thousand ducats.

But what I know also is, the proneness of the Neapolitans to speak ill of each other, and to vituperate their own government. I have, moreover, lived too many years in that country, to adopt the sweeping prejudices of hasty and unexamining travellers, or to believe all or even a tithe of what is asserted against the Italians generally; still, however, the facts were such as I have represented them, and the comments they must provoke, in whatever way we look at them, cannot be otherwise than most unfavourable to the criminal courts of Naples.

That beautiful country has now a new and young king, who has, it is said, already effected many salutary reforms; let us hope he has directed, or will direct his attention to the proper administration of justice, which will be a greater benefit to the Neapolitans, than, under circumstances, their Spanish Constitution could have provided.

And now good night to Italian brigands, and once more farewell to Italy—a country where my brightest days have been passed, for I can never hope to retrace the pleasant period of life between seventeen years and twenty-seven—a country for which I may assert a heart-warm admiration, knowing it and living in it so long as I have done, without, I trust, incurring the suspicion of sentimentalism or affectation—a country where I have had, and am confident still have, some of my best friends, and where, next to my native land, I should prefer to end my life, and find a quiet and a humble grave.

SICILIAN BRIGANDS.

The beautiful island of Sicily, which has generally had the fortune to be as badly governed as southern Italy—almost as often subjected to foreign invasion and conquest, also abounds, like Calabria, on the opposite side of the Faro, in mountains of most difficult access, and wild swamps, once fertile plains, that aided the island in its acquisition of its proud title of "The Granary of Rome," and has consequently abounded with banditti and men of the most desperate characters. Save in one solitary instance, there is little, however, in the lives of the Sicilian robbers, different from those of their near neighbours, the Calabrians. Their mode of plundering, their places of retreat, their general habits of life were the same; but they have not been so fortunate as the continental freebooters, in having good narrators of their exploits, nor have I been so lucky as to find one good eye-witness account of them. The first of the two anecdotes I have selected, came to me in the way of oral tradition, and the name of the hero has escaped me.

The peculiarity of this Sicilian robber's case is, that he used every thing single handed—he commanded no band, but *mannequins*, or large puppets the size of life, made and dressed up by himself, were his passive but effective satellites. He must have been an artist of considerable ingenuity, for his figures were perfect as far as brigand costume and ferocity of expression went. Their eyes were large and staring, their whiskers most tremendous, and their mouths, of course, were never seen to relax with a smile of good nature.

His plan of operation was simply this. He set up his puppets against a bank or hillock by some road side,

or among bushes or thickets hanging over the road—he contrived to make them hold long guns pointed down on the road, and their daggers and *couteaux de chasse* were visible in their bosoms or girdles. His position was always chosen where the road or mountain path was broken and tortuous, and where passengers would come suddenly in view of his troop and be covered by their musketry at the turn of a corner.

While they remained more immovable even than the Austrian sentinels at their posts, he kept a sharp look out from a point whence he could see the approaches by the road on both sides. If the travellers were numerous and well armed, he withdrew his men, like a prudent commander, and hid them and himself in the thicket; but if those who approached were less formidable, he placed himself by the side of his steady troop, and when the timid wayfarers popped upon the appalling spectacle of their fierce faces, and innumerable guns that seemed just going to be fired at them, he rushed upon them, well armed as he always was, and made them perform the "*faccia in terra*" evolution, which they readily did, under the impression that they would be shot by the figures on the road side if they disobeyed. He then made them give up their money or what moveable things of value they might have with them; and this also they did with promptitude, thinking a whole band of robbers kept guard over them. As soon as this agreeable operation was performed, he ordered them to rise and return the way they had come, swearing by the most tremendous oaths, that he among them who should dare to look back, was a dead man!

When the despoiled had departed, he relieved his guard, carried off and concealed his never murmuring adherents, until he should again think proper to take the field, and instead of dividing the spoils with greedy comrades, he put them all into his own pocket.

Numerous were the robberies committed by the solitary Sicilian in this ingenious manner, and as he was continually changing his scene of action, the whole island soon rang with the fame of his formidable band. Yet, do what they would, government could never trace them. Even when, as at times it happened, a military force was in the neighbourhood of the place where the depredation was committed, and sent in pursuit with the greatest alacrity, they never could come up with the banditti. Nor could promises or threats, or actual violence and torture, ever extract from the shepherds or the peasantry, scattered about spots likely to be their haunts, a confession that they had ever supplied the dangerous band with food—had ever even seen them. It may well be conceived that the pardon of accomplices and rewards offered to such of the band as would return to society, and "turn king's evidence" (as our Newgate phrase goes), were all thrown away, and that none of the robbers' gang would betray him. The trick, however, was detected at last. One day a considerable armed force came so suddenly upon the ingenious chief, who had not, perhaps, chosen his spot with his usual felicity, that he had not time to withdraw his faithful adherents before the *cacciatori*, or sharpshooters, were in front of them, and within rifle shot, summoning them to surrender.

"Lay down your arms and submit," cried the captain of the troop, "and no evil shall befall you from us—justice will deal with you, and our government is merciful!" There was no answer returned, and as the officer saw the robbers' guns still levelled at him and his men, he gave the word of command. "Present arms!"

The *cacciatori* levelled their rifles, but to their surprise the robbers neither spoke nor retreated, nor dipped behind the bushes, but stood there like targets to be shot at.

"Fire!" cried the captain.

The soldiers discharged their pieces. One of the robbers fell, another staggered, and remained declining from the perpendicular, but the others were as fixed as before, and to the no small surprise of the soldiers did not even return their fire.

The captain and his men thought they were entranced—fixed by a spell, or else planning some desperate manœuvre, nor did they fire again, until they had well looked to their flanks and rear, expecting an ambushed attack by others of this Pythagorean band.

At the second volley three more of the robbers fell, and then the soldiers boldly rushed forward to the thicket—when they had the satisfaction to find that they had been kept in awe by puppets, and had been firing at jackets and breeches stuffed with straw, two of which fierce figures, still alert, seemed to defy them to do their worst!

The mover of the *marionette* bandits had meanwhile

made good his escape, but he was caught, some time after the destruction of his band, in the commission of some paltry footpad robbery; and sent to the galleys, where he used afterwards to amuse his companions in captivity by relating his wonderful exploits as capo-bandito, or robber chief.

The second anecdote is worth slight mention.

A friend of mine, a young English merchant, tolerably well acquainted with Sicily and its language, travelling some years ago in the interior of the island, had to pass a place that for some months had enjoyed a disagreeable notoriety as being frequented by an association that levied contributions on the road, and occasionally forgot that commandment which saith "Thou shalt do no murder." About the hour of noon he reached a solitary taverna on the side of a lofty mountain, and here, though he knew it was the very worst place on his journey, he was obliged to stop to rest his tired mules. Making a virtue of necessity, my friend followed the very sinister-looking Boniface of the miserable inn to a little room, where a table was soon spread for him. The house afforded nothing but eggs, garlic, a little maccaroni, some sour bread and sour wine; but like an experienced traveller he had brought a good basket with him, and this being handed in, he began to make a hearty meal. He was considerably advanced in this pleasant operation, and, having swallowed a glass or two of generous Faro wine, was becoming very indifferent to banditti and the dangers of the road, when he was startled by a loud fierce voice speaking outside of the inn. He ran to the window, but on looking out, he only saw his muleteer, who had evidently been disturbed in a slumber, rubbing his eyes, and the brawny back of a tall man who was gliding into the house. He thought the latter might be the landlord, and returned to his seat and table, but before he could reach the next morsel to his mouth, he heard heavy footsteps approaching the door—in the next moment, the door flew open, and a man of almost gigantic stature, with a long gun in his hand, a brace of pistols and a long knife in his girdle, entered the room. My friend started up. The intruder eyed him from head to foot, and his countenance, before one of the mildest now relaxed, and he said, "Oh! you are an Englishman, are you?—Pray don't let me disturb you." He was about to turn out of the room, when my friend, recovering his presence of mind, paid him the compliment, never omitted in Sicily or the south of Italy, when one is found eating, of inviting him to partake with him. The intruder declined, but my friend not confining himself to a mere empty compliment (and among the Sicilians and Neapolitans it is no more) pressed him to share his meal, and the stranger, placing his long gun by his side, sat down.

He declined partaking of a pasticcio, or meat-pie, because it was a fast day, but accepted of some good biscuit and English cheese, which he declared to be excellent, and drank freely enough of the Faro wine.

By degrees, the two became very sociable. They talked about the English army that had been in Sicily, (almost the only place I have had the fortune to visit, where the English have left grateful hearts behind them;) then of the Neapolitans, whom the stranger of course hated; then of one thing, and then of another, until my friend alluded to the state of the roads and the banditti.

"You are safe from them," said the stranger, touching my friend's glass with his own, "take my word for that! I am their chief—Don Cesare!"

My friend, though he had some slight suspicion or misgiving, concealed his emotion as much as he could, and even went so far as to mutter the formula of politeness—that he was much honoured in making his acquaintance. He could not, however, conceal his real feelings from the quick-eyed Sicilian, who said, as though his delicacy was hurt by his suspicion, "*Signor, mi fute torto*: Sir, you wrong me; I would not, for the wealth of all Palermo, hurt a hair of your head, or take from

"This trick has been repeated in our days in the south of France, and I remember well, the perpetrator of it was either a Sicilian or a Neapolitan." My companions in the diligence:—said the late Mr. Henry Matthews, who was travelling at the time from Montpellier to Beziers, "were all on the *qui vive*, for the car was beset by a host of robbers, who were armed with single footpads. This fellow had practised most ingenious stratagems to effect his purpose. He manufactured ten men of straw, and drew them up in the road in battle array; and advancing some distance before him, he ordered the diligence to stop, threatening, if the least resistance was offered, to call up his companions and put all the passengers to death. In this manner he laid the whole party under contribution, among whom were two Sicilian merchants, whose names were heavily rubbed—*Poor of an Italian*, p. 305. I have heard this story much better told. My narrator dwelt particularly on the rage of one of the passengers, a French officer—a *véritable monarque*—on his discovering that he had been terrified into, or out of discretion—by ten men of straw!"

you, without your free will, so much as this bit of biscuit. I have served your countrymen—I wish they were back again. I have eaten their bread, and though circumstances have made me what I am, I will continue to be the friend of every Englishman I meet."

Quite tranquillised by these words, and the earnest manner in which the brigand uttered them, my friend gave appropriate thanks, and then made free to ask what were the circumstances that had driven him to such a dangerous profession? The robber replied without any shyness.

It appeared that Don Cesare was one of those Sicilians who, when the Neapolitans made their revolution in 1820, aimed at still further changes, or at rendering their island independent of the continental kingdom to which it has been so long linked. These men, who were very numerous, would have had nothing of the benefits of that constitution which their fellow subjects, the Neapolitans, without knowing what it was, had adopted from the Spaniards, but insisted on separating from them and erecting Sicily into one independent state, with a king and constitution of its own. In attempting to effect this, much crime and cruelty were committed, much blood was shed; and, be it said in justice, considerable determination and valour shown by the lower order of the Sicilians, particularly at Palermo, where for some time they kept at bay a whole Neapolitan army, commanded by General Floristan Pepe, a brother to, but an abler man than, William Pepe, the hero of Riети. The Sicilian patriots, however, could not succeed; and, not many months after, when the Neapolitan constitution was "whistled down the wind," and old King Ferdinand re-ristinated, that sovereign thought fit to investigate the offences of his Sicilian subjects. Some were arrested and thrown into prison; some hid themselves, and some, among whom was my friend's acquaintance, Don Cesare, fled to the mountains, and turned brigands.

When my friend's curiosity was satisfied on this head, he ventured to express his surprise at the liberty of range the robber allowed himself, and to ask if he were not afraid the people of the country would lay hands on him? To this, Don Cesare said, that besides his own gun and knife, he had always the arms of others near him; that in a minute he could surround the house where they were with his trusty followers; and that to the country people they knew their own interests too well to interfere with those who never harmed them, and who, after all, were nothing less than unfortunate honest men that had attempted to rid the island of the Neapolitans.

By this time the refreshed mules were at the door of the hostel; so, thanking Don Cesare for his civility and communicativeness, as that preparatory step to every departure from an inn, he called the ill-looking Boniface for his bill. The host only followed the usual practice, by asking a young Englishman somewhat more than double what he would have asked a Sicilian. My friend, without a remark, drew out his purse: the robber snatched it from him, and shut it up in his broad, horny hand. "No, sir, this shall never be—the account is not just," said he; and then turning to the host, he bade him have a conscience, and not assassinate a stranger, and an Englishman, in that way.

The innkeeper muttered something: my friend, who did not wish to have words about what after all was a mere trifle, not amounting to more than five or six shillings, begged for his purse, that he might pay the demand; but the robber would suffer no such thing, and still clenching the money in his fist, he turned again to Boniface, and said, he would *fare il conto*, or make the bill.

This accordingly he did, marking the articles, such as "a feed for two mules," "ditto for one muleteer," "bread," "fried eggs," &c. on his fingers, and then putting the precise price to each, he summed up a total which might have met the approbation of even Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. He next counted out the money into the palm of the host, who seemed not to dare to make any other remark, and twisting up my friend's purse as though it was never more to be opened, he restored it to him with a short piece of Italian advice to be more careful of its contents.

At the inn door he helped my friend to mount his mule, and when he offered him his hand, and would have bidden him farewell, the robber whispered—"No, we must not part company so soon; there are others may meet you between this and the next town; I will see you in safety." They then went on, the robber striding by the side of my friend's mule, and talking all the way in a cheerful tone. They had not gone much more than a mile when three wild-looking fellows were seen descending from the mountain's side towards the road, which

there ran through a deep winding hollow. As these men approached, they called on the travellers to stop, and had levelled their guns at them, when Don Cesare, who had been concealed from them by the mule, and the person of my friend, stepped forward in the road, showed himself, waved his hand backward, and cried out in a voice like thunder, "In diavolo, canaglia! addi su amici! *Santu Diavolone!*" or "Back, you blackguards, these are friends! Saint Devil! get ye back!" The three ruffians recovered their guns, threw them over their shoulders, and without saying a word returned up the mountain.

The robber-chief took no notice of what had happened, but walking a little ahead of the mules that he might be seen, continued in conversation on indifferent subjects until they came to a fair piece of newly-made road, inclosed on either side by magnificent ledges, (common things in Sicily and Calabria,) composed of the gigantic, Indian-gif plants, and high flowering geraniums. "Here you are safe," said the robber, grasping my friend's hand; "this road winds round the hill to the town of San Giovanni, and here we must part!"

"Yes," said the muletter, addressing my friend, "Yes, Don Giorgio, it is only a quarter of an hour to San Giovanni!"

"Don Giorgio," said the outlaw: "is that your name? It is the name of your king whom I have served! May the blessed Virgin go with you," and giving a last friendly squeeze to my friend's hand, he turned back, shouting as he went, "*Viva il Re Giorgio!*" Long live King George!

He had not been gone many minutes, when my friend heard one of those long shrill whistles which the Sicilians and Calabrians are particularly expert in producing, by applying their fingers to their tongue and lips. The young Englishman turned his head, and presently saw above the hill round which he was winding, the gigantic figure of the outlaw, accompanied by three other men, striding up the mountain. The chief also happened to turn his head nearly at the same instant. He waved a silk handkerchief, and again shouting "*Viva il Re Giorgio!*" thus took his last farewell!

The muletter, who had preserved a respectful silence, only broken by a word or two, as long as the outlaw was with them, now gave way to his tongue. "Don Cesare," said he, "is a robber—there is no doubt of that; some say an assassin, though, for my part, I believe he has only killed five or six Neapolitans; but there is much that is good in him for all that!" After my friend's experience, it was not for him to contradict the muletter's assertion.

SPANISH BRIGANDS.

For brigands, Spain stands next in rank to the kingdom of Naples and the states of the church. The reasons are too obvious to require any explanation here. In comparing the Italian with the Spanish bands, from the accounts I have read and heard, I should be inclined to say that the latter were generally more brutal and ferocious, and less romantic—if, after all I have said, the reader will still deem the term romantic at all applicable to the Italian banditti.

POLINARIO.

My first anecdote of Spanish robbers is rather of an agreeable character. It is extracted from the work of a recent traveller, from Mr. Inglis's "Spain in 1830." Our countryman in the course of his peregrinations, stopped one night at a posada, or inn, in the south of Spain, and sat down to sup at a sort of *table d'hôte*, with such company as had gathered at the said place of repose and refectation.

"Towards the conclusion of supper, a guest of no small importance took his place at the table: this was no other man than the celebrated Polinario, during eleven years the dread of half Spain, and now following the honest calling of guard of the Seville diligence. I never saw a finer man, or one whose appearance more clearly indicated the profession which he had abandoned. I could not help fancying that his countenance expressed a certain lawlessness of mind, and contempt of peaceable persons like myself, which an assumed suavity of manner was unable altogether to conceal: this suavity of manner is, however, very remarkable, and I believe is in perfect accordance with his conduct when a robber; for

* I do not know why, but the Sicilians and Calabrians have made his satanic majesty a saint. *Santu diavolo*, with its suggestive *Santu diavolone*, is continually in the mouth of both. It is as much their individual oath as certain two monosyllables are those of the English.

Polinario was never guilty of any act of wanton cruelty or barbarity, but along with the most fearless courage, he always evinced a certain forbearance, not uncommon among Spanish banditti; but in him, having a deeper sense than the mock civility of a Spanish thief, arising rather from a softness at heart, which afterwards led to a change in his mode of life. The history of this change is curious, and I pledge myself for its authenticity.

"The usual range of Polinario was the northern part of the Sierra Morena and the southern parts of la Mancha; and here he remained during eleven years.

"A few years ago, understanding that the archbishop of Gaen would pass the Sierra Morena in his carriage, without other attendants than his servants, he lay in wait for the prelate, and stopped his carriage. The archbishop of course delivered his money; and Polinario having received it, asked his blessing: upon this, the archbishop began to remonstrate with the robber, setting forth the heinousness of his offences, and the wickedness of his life: but Polinario interrupted the archbishop, by telling him it was of no use remonstrating upon his manner of life, unless his grace could obtain a pardon for the past; because, without this, it was impossible he could change his mode of living.

"The archbishop of Gaen is a good man; and feeling a real desire to assist Polinario in his half-expressed desire of seeking a better way of life, he passed his word that he would obtain for him his majesty's pardon; and Polinario came under a solemn promise to the archbishop, that he would rob no more. In this way the matter stood for eleven months; for it was eleven months before the archbishop could obtain the pardon he had promised; and during all this time Polinario was obliged to conceal himself from the pursuit which the offer of a considerable reward had long before instigated. At length, however, the pardon was obtained; and Polinario was free to lead an honest life. He admits, however, that he is not contented with the change, and makes no hesitation in saying, that the promise made to the archbishop alone prevents him from returning to his former profession; but he says the archbishop kept his word to him, and he will keep his word to the archbishop."

During the peninsular war, Napoleon, who then drew his resources from so many countries, and had established the conscription, and by making war the only profitable occupation, had awakened a military spirit nearly all over Europe, had, as it will be remembered, a number of Italian regiments in the field. Besides the officers of these regiments, many young Italians of good families, particularly Neapolitans, were to be found on the staff of King Joseph, who had done ill, as far as his happiness was concerned, to quit the sure throne of Naples for the very uncertain one of Spain. Though his government was not a very popular one at Naples, during the short time it lasted, the monarch had made such good use of his leisure, and of the lax morality then prevailing, that at his departure for Spain, he was sincerely regretted by a number of gay dames, who, having no longer his liberality to look to, warmly recommended their brothers, their cousins, &c. to be provided for in his new kingdom. It was curious enough to observe, that, in many instances, these young Italians, now sent to assist in the subjugation of Spain by the French, were descended from Spanish families, whose founders had served and found fortune in the Spanish armies that had subdued Italy, and under the great Captain Gonsalvo di Cordova and others, had established the dominion of Spain in the Milanese and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in spite of all the efforts of the French. The shoots that Spain had thrown out in foreign conquest, were now returning to strike at her own proud trunk and root! The hero of the following robber story was not, however, of Spanish lineage, but descended from an ancient family originally of the republic of Genoa, and long settled in the kingdom of Naples, where their possessions, particularly in Calabria, were at one time of an enormous extent: nor though on the staff of King Joseph, and a personal favourite of his, did Don Francesco owe his post, or his hopes of advancement, to sister or cousin, or any relation, or connection, or friend of the female gender whatsoever. The name and rank of his family had had their influence of course, and Joseph, who was far from being either adventurous or courageous himself, admired those qualities in others; and there was not a person about him more distinguished by them than the young Italian.

Whenever there was any thing daring to be done, whenever there was a message to be carried that required extraordinary speed, of all the aides-de-camp and others, Don Francesco was always the first to offer himself. But there appeared to be no danger whatever, and there was

no need for haste when he met with his adventure. The intrusive king had been for some time at Madrid. England had not yet armed Wellington to do wonders, Spain seemed prostrate before the French, and though an occasional deed of blood showed their antipathy to the intruders, the destructive guerrilla warfare was not yet commenced; and though an occasional robbery was heard of, the country was not held as being much infested by banditti, and officers came and went, only accompanied by their orderlies.

Don Francesco was, therefore, despatched one morning, with only one man, a steady, old Polish trooper, to carry some instructions to a small corps of the French army in cantonments, not many miles from Madrid. Having delivered these, he was to visit some outposts scattered round the country, and then return to head-quarters at his own leisure, or rather, there was no precise time fixed for his return. He arrived safely at the cantonments, and having finished his short business, would have proceeded farther that evening, but the colonel commanding there was a countryman, and an old friend, and he pressed him to stay dinner, and then it was too late to go any further that night. At the colonel's table were two young Frenchmen, who talked of relieving the ennui of "country quarters" the following morning by a shooting excursion, and as the ground they intended to beat was the same over which Don Francesco's road lay, it was agreed, not only that they should start together, but that he, having finished his inspection, should join them, and take a day's sport.

Accordingly, they set off in high spirits the next morning, Don Francesco followed by his staunch pole, but the French officers with no attendant, save a young, naked legged Castilian, who carried their game bags, and acted as guide. They parted company at the head of a little valley or hollow, about two hours before noon. There was no inn or posada near, but a scattered village seemed to lie midway up the hollow, and here it was agreed Don Francesco should join the young Frenchmen early in the evening, and after passing the night at the village, they were to continue their sport on the morrow. As he rode on his way he heard rather an active firing on the side of his friends, and anxious to have a share of such good sport, he put spurs to his horse, and did not draw rein until he came up to one of the French pickets. He here finished his business in a very short time, and obtaining a fresh horse, proceeded to do the rest of his duty. He now found he had more ground to go over than he had imagined, and when he returned to the post where he had left his own horse, it was much later than he could have wished. To increase his comfort, a sergeant of tirailleurs, who had the command, assured him that in spite of all the troops scattered over the country, the Spaniards were daily becoming bolder, and showing that they detested the French—that a commissary of the army, and an officer of the line, had been assaulted, not many days before, in the very district he had to traverse, and had escaped being murdered almost by miracle; and finally, he added, that even before the French invasion, the place bore a bad name for robbers. The young Neapolitan thought his friends had been rather unlucky in the choice of their shooting ground; but he could hardly fancy breaking his engagement, and late as it was, he mounted his own steed, which was by this time well refreshed, and set off at a hand-gallop for the glen where he had left them. The old Polish trooper, who had heard the dialogue between his master and the sergeant, would, of a certainty, have rather *rebrousse chemin*; but he was accustomed to danger, he was piqued too by the seeming indifference to it in Don Francesco, and he could not conceive (he had yet to learn what the Spaniards were) that the peasantry would dare to attack an officer of rank so near the French forces.

They reached the glen where they had left the two Frenchmen in safety, but it was dark, and when they rode up to what they had taken in the morning for a village, nearly every white spot, instead of being a house, was a calcareous rock. There were, however, among these deceptive projections some half dozen of miserable cottages, where Don Francesco confidently expected to find his friends; but where, on enquiry, he found them, not, and if the words of the inhabitants were to be taken, no such persons had been seen there since the morning. Rather inclined to be angry at any thing had happened to them, Don Francesco was about to turn his horse's head, when an old goatherd addressed him, and told him he had seen the two strangers cross the hills at the top of the glen, and that doubtless they would be found at a farm-house in that direction—not more than a good league off, where the game was most abundant.

Spirited on by this intelligence, the young Neapolitan took the direction pointed out to him, and, darker and darker though it became, he and his follower contrived to make good speed for half an hour, when they thought they ought to be near the said farm-house. But when they slackened their pace, and peered through the night-gloom, and listened to catch, if it might be, the barking of a dog, or the tinkling bells of a sheep-fold, or any thing to announce the neighbourhood of a farm or a cottage, they could see nothing, but that the rough path they had hitherto followed now lost itself in a labyrinth of other paths, and nothing in the world could they hear but the pattering of their horses and the murmur of the night-wind among the brush-wood that grew on every side of them. The country also seemed to be wilder and more desolate even than that they had left—and a country more treeless, houseless, uncultivated, barren, and utterly desolate, than that round Madrid, is scarcely to be found in Europe. Don Francesco, however, was not to be turned back; and, indeed to go back to the pickets, or to attempt reaching the cantonments, would now have been as difficult as to find out the farm-house. He did, therefore, what is perhaps as wise a thing as a man can do under such circumstances, he threw the reins on his horse's neck, and let him choose his own way. The sagacious creature had not gone far, when he drew up his head, and then threw out his nostrils, and then neighed, and the moment after a little glimmering light gave an additional proof that they were near some habitation. "It is the farm-house we are seeking," thought the young man; and going on in the direction of the light, they soon found themselves before a long, low wall, in which, after groping for some time, they found a strong wooden gate. As they struck upon this, the light disappeared—then they heard a slight noise—and the light re-appeared, but lower down than it had been seen before. They then heard the sounds of the opening of a door, and then a light was seen approaching them. Nothing doubting but that his friends were within, Don Francesco now called out their names. There was no answer given; but presently the gate before which he stood was unbarred, and they were admitted into an open yard, which seemed to have stabling and barns round three of its sides. From the readiness with which they had gained admittance, both master and man were confirmed in their opinion that their friends must be there, and retired to rest; and they asked no questions, until their conductor, an old Spaniard, led them to the door of the house, on whose threshold there stood another Spaniard, who seemed to wear a hospitable smile on his countenance. After a courteous salutation, the young officer asked whether there were not two Frenchmen within.

They were not—they had not been seen—but had they come, there would have been a welcome for them, as there was for these caballeros who now arrived, was the reply. The fellow's manners were good; there seemed an air of mildness and respectability about him—the night without was as dark as ever, and a cold rain, that had been threatening for some time, now began to pelt most pitilessly; so wishing his friends, wherever they might be, as civil a host and as good a lodging as he seemed to have lighted upon, he gave his horse to his orderly, and walked in. The apartment had nothing remarkable about it. Its inmates were, an old woman, another man, whose countenance was not very prepossessing, but not much wilder or more forbidding than the general run of the dingy Castilian peasants, and to these was presently added, besides the host who had entered with Don Francesco, a young and rather pretty girl, who seated herself near the fire, which burned in the centre of the room. To her, of course, the young soldier's attention was presently turned. He saw her lean her head on both her hands, as though suffering from pain; and then he saw, or fancied he saw, that she looked at him now and then—looked at him with uneasiness. Perhaps, however, this only struck him afterwards.

As an Italian, whose language is itself so like to the Spanish, Don Francesco had not had much difficulty in learning the latter idiom; he had now, moreover, been some months in the country, and being rather of a literary turn, he had paid some attention to its books and grammar, &c.—things which the French were very apt to despise. And then the French, generally, as all we know, have a remarkable inaptitude for languages; so much so, that there was not one in a thousand among them, who, even after several years' residence in Italy, could express himself in that beautiful tongue with any thing like propriety of idiom or accent.

As he spoke to them, the Castilians made the remark with astonishment, that Don Francesco spoke such

Spanish as they had never heard from the mouth of a Frenchman.

"I am no Frenchman," said he.

This assertion evidently produced a considerable effect: the Spanish girl fixed her large black eyes on him; the man, who seemed the master of the house, asked him of what country then he was.

When he replied he was an Italian, the host rejoined, "Oh, then you are half a Spaniard—but you are here with the French army after all!"

As Don Francesco was thinking he did not altogether like the tone with which the last words were pronounced, and the expression of countenance that accompanied them, his Polish trooper, who had been busy with the horses, came in, and stepping up to his master, whispered in French, "I hope, sir, we have got into friendly quarters—but there is something I don't quite fancy—there are several desperate looking fellows in the stable, and I am almost sure, the old goatherd who directed us hither is one among them!"

Startled as he was at this information, the young soldier, however, preserved his presence of mind: he felt that if they had really fallen into a trap, escape by force was utterly impracticable; and that the best thing he could do, was to keep a watchful eye on his friends within the house, and to tranquillise his faithful companion, who might be on his guard as to what was going on without. So, affecting to treat lightly the trooper's suspicions, and only telling him to keep the saddles on the horses, and to have their reins ready on their necks, he gave him part of the supper and wine his host had provided, and dismissed him, with a recommendation to sleep as lightly as though he were picketed in the field with the enemy close before him. While he took his own supper, Don Francesco continued his conversation with the Spaniards. So quiet and well disposed did they all again seem, that his apprehensions almost entirely left him, and he taxed himself with folly for having suspected any evil at their hands.

It was by this time waxing late—two of the Spaniards and the old woman had retired one by one, very devoutly wishing him "*la buena noche*," and that the saints might guard him. The young girl lingered still, but she, too, withdrew at last. Don Francesco then enquired his way for the morrow's journey, and expressing his intention of setting off at daybreak, begged to be shown to his place of rest. His complacent host regretted that his accommodations were not better, and led him up a tottering wooden staircase, or rather a broad-stepped ladder, into a large dark room, which seemed to prolong itself over part of the stabling. There was a narrow window at each end of the room, from one of which he fancied the light that first attracted him must have proceeded. The floor of the room was partly covered with grain and household provisions, but near the farther end, to which they advanced, there were two low couches, one of which was already occupied by somebody with a large Spanish capote thrown over him. The host, putting his finger to his mouth, as if to prevent talking, which might disturb the sleeper, pointed to the mattress in the opposite corner; and no sooner had Don Francesco thrown his military cloak upon it, than whispering him a good night, the host instantly withdrew, and carried the lamp with him. As he descended the ladder, he drew a trap-door after him, and the young soldier heard the noise, as if of a sliding bolt, to secure the door.

This jarred unpleasantly on Don Francesco's nerves. Instead of throwing himself at once on the couch, he grasped his pistols, which he had kept about his person, and drawing his sword, groped his way to the upper end of the room by which he had entered. The intense darkness of the night had somewhat abated—a glimmering of uncertain light penetrated through the low narrow windows which were opposite to each other, and fell on two small spaces of the flooring, but all the rest of the long room was wrapped in a gloom so dense, that he could not see the bright blade of the weapon he held in his hand. With some difficulty he piloted himself through the heterogeneous materials that encumbered the apartment, and by kneeling down and feeling the rough boards with his hand, he detected an iron ring which raised the trap-door. To his surprise and relief, when he applied his arm's strength to this, the door opened at once, and proved his ear had deceived him as to its being fastened. He again thought himself a fool for harbouring suspicion; but before returning to his resting-place, he listened a few seconds at the aperture he had made by only partially lifting up the door. At first all was silent as though he had held his ear over an opened tomb, and then he heard the low murmuring of a voice below as if in prayer. Encouraged by the latter circumstance, and

fully deciding once more that he was in the hands of good honest people, he groped his way back to the couch. Still, however, spite of himself, there was a lingering of doubt and suspicion, and before he threw himself on his mattress, he crept across the room to the side of his sleeping companion. Whoever this was, he seemed to sleep most peacefully—with his capote drawn over his head, not even his breathing could be heard.

"People do not sleep this way in a den of robbers and murderers," thought Don Francesco, who at length wrapped his own mantle about him and laid himself down. All remained quiet—he thought a little of the events of the day, and his disappointment, and again hoping that his unpropitious friends had come to no harm, and had found as good lodgings as he had done, he gave way to fatigue and drowsiness and was falling asleep—when he was suddenly started by the creaking of a door. Quick as he was, before he grasped his sword and pistols and rose to his feet, a door, which he had not observed in the darkness, was opened between him and the bed on the opposite side of the room, and a little yellow lamp, as though of a light screened, rushed into the apartment.

Though the prospect of a hopeless struggle now presented itself, and the chill of despair fell on his heart, the young soldier levelled his pistol with a steady aim, and had nearly pressed the ready trigger, when he saw that the figure which stole into the room was that of the young Spanish damsel, whose conduct and looks below stairs had attracted his attention.

"Stranger!" said she in a fearfully agitated whisper, "put up your arms and follow me—there is hardly a minute between you and murder!"

"Ah! is it so!" said the young man, gasping for breath.

"You will be the first guest that leaves this room alive," said the girl: "But haste, or you will be too late!"

"Then let me rouse also this man who sleeps so soundly," said Don Francesco.

"Think of yourself—he needs not your care!" said the girl.

Even in that extremity of danger the brave soldier could not reconcile himself to the thought of leaving a fellow creature to the knife, and he stepped to the other side of the room. The trembling girl moved with him, drew the capote from the body, and holding down the lamp she held, and turning away her own eyes, disclosed to those of Don Francesco the ghastly countenance of one of the young Frenchmen he had been in search of.

As to what passed after this horrid disclosure, as to his feelings or his actions, for some seconds, the young man could never render an account. What he first recollected was standing at the head of a flight of rough stone steps that descended from what appeared to be a hayloft into the courtyard, with the Spanish girl pointing to the wall that enclosed the court. While standing here listening to the directions the girl was giving him, as to the road he was to take to reach Madrid—he heard the well-known voice of his poor faithful trooper utter a French exclamation, and the next instant the report of a carbine shot, and then the noise of a deadly scuffle proceeded from that part of the stable which now seemed to be immediately beneath his feet.

"Oh, fly!—it is your only hope—may God go with you!" muttered the agonised girl, still pointing to the wall. More than half stupefied, Don Francesco crept down the stone steps; but as he descended, he saw a man who had come out from the lower apartment or from the stable, advance across the courtyard to the narrow space between the foot of the stairs and the foot of the outer wall of the farm he had to climb. He then heard a long heavy groan—and then four more Spaniards came out and joined the man he had just seen. "The dog of a Frenchman is done for," said one, whose voice seemed to be that of the host, "but he has wounded me sorely in the arm. Quick, however! the noise will have awakened his master, and we shall have trouble in despatching him!"

Don Francesco turned his head—the light and the girl were gone—the door at the top of the staircase seemed closed; but dark as it was, and though he had now crouched in the smallest compass possible under the rude stone balustrade that ran along one side of the steps, he dreaded they must discover him even from below as he lay there, for by this time one of the men had brought out a lamp.

"He remains quiet, however, as yet," whispered another voice below; "perhaps the report of the fellow's

gun has not awakened him—let us up, and finish him at once." The speaker's foot seemed to be on the first step of the stone stairs, the light moved in the same direction, and it was impossible Don Francisco could have escaped another moment, when a shrill female shriek was heard at the opposite end of the house, and a voice cried "The Frenchman!" "The officer!" The Spaniards, fancying their aroused victim was there attempting his escape, rushed in that direction; whilst Don Francisco, understanding and availing himself of the feint which evidently proceeded from the girl, glided down the stairs, vaulted over the wall with some difficulty, and ran with all his speed from the accursed spot.

Though out of their lair, he was still far from being out of danger. They had horses, and would no doubt speedily pursue him; and then, in the darkness of the night, and in a wild country he had never before traversed, he could not tell whether he was following his young deliverer's directions, or running into fresh scenes of danger—perhaps returning on the very den from which he had escaped. Indeed, in a very short time he heard the hollow, rapid beat of horses' hoofs on the dark heath. The sounds did not, however, seem to approach—on the contrary, they waxed fainter and fainter, until they died away in the direction he fancied must be immediately opposite to that he was taking. Thus encouraged, he summoned up all his strength, and ran for a long time; but the returning agony of his apprehension may be conceived, when he was suddenly brought to a pause by hearing the sound of horses' feet right before him, and advancing to meet him. There was not a tree, a bush on the wide open heath to conceal him from his blood-thirsty pursuers. Fortunately, however, he had retained his dark grey cloak, and wrapping himself in this, he laid himself flat on the ground, hoping that its colour, which assimilated with that of the heath, would prevent him from being discovered. The galloping horses came nearer and nearer; he saw them take the very direction of the spot where he lay. And now another dreadful thought struck him. It might very well be that one of the villains in their haste had mounted his own favourite steed, which, if it came near where he lay, was almost certain to betray him, by stopping or neighing, and thus he would be discovered, even if he escaped the searching eyes of the murderers. He grasped his pistols; his sword was out of its sheath, as it had been since his retreat down the stairs of the house, and thus he lay with the resolution to sell his life dearly.

Meanwhile the horsemen came close upon him—so close, that at one time he thought he should be ridden over; but they passed the spot where he lay without discovering him. He remained supine as he was till the sounds of the hoofs and the villains' dreadful imprecations died away on his ear, when he rose, and again ran forward for some time at the top of his speed.

By this time the first rays of morning began to appear. Light, however, was of little service to him in that monotonous, unknown country, as to assisting him to find his way, but, on the contrary, if his pursuers still persisted in their search, it would betray him to them. He had run himself out of breath, and was so overcome by fatigue, that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground. Having rested for awhile, he resumed his journey, and soon came to a tolerably good, and what seemed a frequented road. As he hesitated here what direction he should now take on this road, the distant, measured sounds of a drum faintly struck his ear; he bent his head to the earth, and then heard distinctly enough that it was a French drummer beating the reveille. Choked by these welcome tones, he pursued his way, and in about a quarter of an hour, as day broke into fulness of light, he saw a low, little village close before him, with a detachment of French troops mustering on its outskirts. Setting up a shout of joy, he ran on to the village, where he was presently safe among friends and comrades. His tale of horror was soon told, and a plan of proceeding arranged; but more than two hours passed ere he was sufficiently refreshed to mount a horse, and head the troops in search of the assassins. Unfortunately, too, there was no cavalry on the spot; and what with the difficulty of retracing his steps, and time lost on false scents, it was near noon when Don Francisco drew up the troops before a solitary farm-house, which, from the little he had been able to see of it in the obscurity of the preceding night, he thought must be that which he had escaped from. After having shouted in vain, the soldiers scaled the walls, and burst open the gate. The door of the dwelling-house was merely secured by a latch, and when he entered it, if the absence

of every inmate had not been proof enough, Don Francisco could have sworn to the apartment. He rushed up the ladder to the accursed loft, expecting to find the body of his friend, but it was gone, and no trace of blood, or of any thing connected with him, was left there. Some of the soldiers meanwhile had gone into the stables, which they found as empty as the rest of the house—all the horses had been removed, as also the body of the poor Pole; but on some straw, in a corner of the stable, they found a little pool of blood. This was the only evidence of crime the premises retained. On looking over the house, it was discovered that the provisions, and nearly all the portable articles of household furniture, (few, and simple enough in Spain) had been carried off. It was vain to think of pursuing the fugitives; they failed in their search after the bodies of the young officer and the Pole; and then Don Francisco marched his men to the huts where, on the preceding night, he had spoken with the goatherd. The huts were as empty as the farm-house!

To conclude a long story, the murderers were never caught. The companion of the murdered Frenchman, and the boy that had accompanied them, were never more seen or heard of; and it was supposed that, separated by accident, or the design of the Spaniards, from his friend, this second Frenchman met the fate of the first, and that the guide also was killed.

I set aside two or three horrible and disgusting stories of Spanish robbers to make room for the following interesting anecdote, (communicated to me by my kind and talented friend Mr. Brockedon,) which shows them in a better light.

A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerrilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodging for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy, which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability, never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take.

The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape.

The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent.

"But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them."

The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so.

"But, my good Señor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!"

"Well, if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!"

"They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself.

The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to show him to his resting place, when his companion, raising his hand, said, "Not yet, Señor, not yet! listen!" and he continued in an under tone. "It was my fortune some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena, alone, like you; it was occupied then as now, by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he

had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety."

"A much better thing this than a king's passport," said the astonished Englishman. "Pray what was it? and did it succeed?"

"It was only a button," replied the Spaniard: "it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is!"

After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously-figured silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra.

"But were you really attacked on your journey?" enquired the merchant.

"The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button; to-morrow you will see whether it have lost its charm."

With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule, by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the *Salteadores* were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they showing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button.

At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed more to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loth, he dismounted and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button—met him on the threshold, with the words and the gestures of an hospitable welcome! His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold, but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend.

"I got here before you," said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof!"

The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savory and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life.

The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said,

"These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerrilla, I shed my blood for my country, for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you—that is enough! say no more!"

The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good-humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The

merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it.

"You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, "and whoever has the button to produce will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adieu!"

The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey.

Some time, I believe some years, after this adventure, the English merchant heard, with deep regret, that the Spanish robber chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he had ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.

SCHINDER-HANNES (JACK THE FLAYER), OR THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

This famous brigand, whose trial occupies a conspicuous place among the modern *Causés Célèbres*, was, at the beginning of the present century, the terror of the Palatinate, and of the other provinces on both sides of the Lower Rhine; and the boldness and extent of his depredations entitle him to a foremost rank in the annals of modern brigandism. We indeed look in vain for his equal in northern Europe. This man's real name was John Buckler, and he was born in 1779, at Mülken, on the right bank of the Rhine. His descent and training were good. His father, as fond of a vagrant life as he himself became, forsook his wife and family and enlisted in an Austrian regiment; soon growing tired of the army, or of the Austrians, he deserted from them, and fled to the Prussian territories, where his wife and his son John, then nine years of age, joined him. The elder Buckler obtained employment as forest keeper, and was able to send his son to school, where Master John was instructed in the Lutheran communion. He might have continued an honest lad for some time longer, but one day, when he was about sixteen years old, a publican entrusted him with a whole *louis d'or* to purchase some smuggled brandy for the house—this temptation was too strong for the virtue of Hannes, who spent the money in a jollification with his comrades, and then, afraid of the consequences should he return home, he decamped and wandered about the country. The first thing he appropriated to himself, after the publican's *louis d'or*, was a horse, which he stole, carried off, and sold.

At this time he could hardly have entertained a proper notion of the rights and dignity of the profession to which he had made a promising enough novice; for the next thing he did was to go and hire himself as a servant and aide-de-camp to the public executioner at Barenbach. Hannes, however, could not conquer his love of society; he was always fond of his glass of Rhenish, and of two or three jolly fellows to drink it with. There was a butcher belonging to a neighbouring town with the same propensities, and who probably had a certain sympathy with the executioner's man, arising from a similarity of profession. The slayer of sheep and oxen, and the assistant to the slayer of men, soon became very intimately intimate. Hannes swore he had not known such a good fellow since the lads with whom he had spent nine *hous* *louis d'or*, and the butcher swore Hannes was a "prime one"—fit for any thing. This butcher himself was of a certainty fit for the gallows, for, tired of killing other people's sheep, or sheep he paid the market price for, he induced Master John to go out and steal sheep and sell them to him at Kirm—at his great prices.

This contraband trade could not last long, pleasant and profitable as it was. Hannes was arrested and conveyed to prison, and might have furnished some employment for his master the executioner, had he not ingeniously contrived to escape from his place of confinement. Wandering afterwards in the wild regions of the Hochwald, he fell in with Finck and Black Peter, the captains of two bands of daring outlaws, who had long been distinguished in their calling.

The circumstances of the time contributed to the formation of these predatory bands, and here, as we have shown elsewhere, the field for their excesses had been prepared by political misfortunes and vices, without which no numerous associations or freebooters can long exist.

"The wars of the French revolution had raged for years, during which time the states bordering on the Rhine were continually over-run by troops, French and German; the fields had been ravaged, the cottages pillaged and burnt, the cattle carried away, forced contributions in money and kind exacted; most of the landholders and farmers became ruined, and the poorer class of labourers and artisans were absolutely starving, and these, as a last desperate resource, began thieving—some for the mere object of supporting existence; others, animated by a principle of revenge against their armed oppressors. Of the latter sort was the notorious band of Pieckard, in Belgium. The political state of the country favoured their impunity. The little German governments, ecclesiastical and secular, into which it was parcelled under the old system, had been either suppressed by the French, or were allowed to drag on a precarious existence, powerless and detached from the former imperial confederation. In one part the French laws had superseded the German, but were not yet consolidated and enforced, and the subordinate agents of justice had become remiss in their duties, from the contagious example of general disorder into which society was thrown. Mechanics of all trades, vagrants, pedlars, strolling musicians, labourers, woodmen, Jews, formed the first band of robbers that appeared on the right or German side of the Rhine, as early as the years 1793-4." Surely such fatal results as these ought to have weight with the ambitious wagers of war, and with such as with uncertain prospects of success would revolutionise a country. It is not the excesses of the army in the field that are alone to be feared—it is not the passions and the vices of soldiers that are alone to be provided against; but the disorder and licentiousness of a despoiled and embittered populace, that are almost as sure to follow in the train of war and revolution, as one wave of the sea rolls in the train of other. But a book devoted to robbers is not likely to reform conquerors, so let us return to the life of our robber of the Rhine.

The daring bands among whom he fell in the wild country of the Hochwald readily admitted Hannes as a member, and soon had reason to applaud his activity, address, and bravery. But after committing various depredations, and such as stealing horses (to which he seems to have had all a Yorkshireman's partiality), &c. he fell a second time into the hands of justice, and into a prison. His good luck and talents did not, however, desert him, and a second time (taking some of his comrades in the band, now fellow-prisoners, with him) he contrived to escape, by breaking through a wall of the prison of Sarsbrück. He must have been rather careless, or confident in his own resources; for not long after he was seized in another part of the country, and after an examination, committed to a dungeon in the strong tower of Simmern.

This was the third time Master John was in prison, and the old proverb saith, "take care of the third time"; but he was as lucky as though it had been only his first, he threw with fortune. By means of a broken knife, he contrived to remove a board in the wall of his dungeon, whence creeping into an outward apartment, he wrenched the iron bars from the window, and leaped out from a considerable height. He fell in his descent, and a heavy stone, which he had loosened, fell after him, and wounded him severely in one of his legs. Spite, however, of this wound, he managed to crawl along in the dark to a neighbouring forest, where he lay concealed for two whole days, without food, and without assistance.

On the third, he found his way to the snug, retired house of an old associate, where his wound was dressed, and where he received all the succour and sympathy his case demanded. He soon recovered, and showed that his hair-breadth escapes, and pains, and sufferings, had brought about no penitence. He began his career of highway robbery and general brigandism in company with numerous associates, who continued to increase under the shadow of his *prestige*, talents, and energy, and who, for these qualities, now acknowledged him, not as a simple comrade, but as their chief. The other banditti, and even the sanguinary Black Peter himself, by degrees, submitted to his authority or advice. No expedition of moment was planned and undertaken, save by the directions of the famous jail breaker, who thus became the soul of the complicate body. It was now, in the plenitude of his power, that Master John Buckler acquired the name of Schinder-hannes, or Jack the Flayer. He was young, rather handsome, clever, as we have seen, and a popular man with the fair sex, having had sundry love adventures of considerable *éclat*. But his qualities as a romantic hero were soon increased, for he fixed his affections upon a pretty girl, one Julia Blasius, whom, in

defiance of the church, it appears, he called his wife. The fair Julia, the daughter of a fiddler and hornblower of some eminence, accompanied him occasionally in his expeditions, dressed in male attire.

The audacity of Schinder-hannes's hand is almost incredible, and can only be understood by reference to the state of the country, as I have described it. The travellers on the highway did not offer sufficient booty; they proceeded to force open houses, and to attack whole villages, carrying on at times a sort of regular fight with the inhabitants. In these operations, the captain, with one or two of his cleverest men, was always the first to enter the house, having left part of his troop to guard the approaches, and to fire upon any one who dared to come near. His introductory essay in this line was made in the year 1800, on the house of a gentleman named Riegel, who lived at Otzweiler. Schinder-hannes, with fourteen of his men, armed with firelocks, suddenly appeared one night at the house of an honest miller in the immediate neighbourhood. They came with a good appetite, and imposed on the hospitality of the miller for a good supper, which they ate, and then went to work—and, at first, in a peaceful way enough, for they knocked a rat-tat at Mr. Riegel's door, which was opened by that gentleman's son-in-law. Schinder-hannes and two of his men rushed in, when their behaviour became less civil. They began to ill-treat the inmates, and threatened Mrs. Riegel with death if she did not reveal where the money was concealed. But still worse followed; for while the good lady was shrieking in the hands of the robbers, her husband, trying to escape through a window, was fired at, and killed on the spot; and her son-in-law was severely wounded. The report of firearms alarmed the neighbours, who sallied out in great numbers; and then the banditti thought it prudent to retire, which they did, keeping up a running fire against their pursuers.

It is to be remarked in Schinder-hannes's depredations, that the Jews, who are numerous in that part of Germany, and often wealthy, were the principal victims of them. He, indeed, seemed to consider that people as legitimate plunder; and strange as it may now appear in more civilised, settled, and tolerant days, many people of the country, who were not robbers, apparently entertained the same opinion. He assailed the house of a rich Jew named Wolf, at Ottenbach, and carried off a considerable booty. At Merxheim, the *rent-meister*, or magistrate of the place, pointed out to him another Jew of the name of Bær, as a man of wealth, and as one who had rendered himself obnoxious to the people; and immediately acting on the suggestion, Schinder-hannes attacked and plundered the house with little obstacle. The robbers fell in with the watch, to whom they plainly stated they were going "to rob a Jew," upon which they were allowed to pass!

The spring and autumn were the favourite seasons for these expeditions; and Saturday nights were preferred for a curious reason. It appeared on their trial, when the robbers were finally brought to justice, that most of Schinder-hannes's *baldevers*, or spies, and some of the brigands themselves, were Jews, who, in the leisure of their sabbath-day, could more conveniently attend to the business of crime and rapine.

But still, it must be repeated, it is chiefly as sufferers that the Jews figure in Schinder-hannes's exploits. One day this bold robber, being posted in ambuscade near the high road, with only two of his followers, saw a caravan of about forty-five Jews returning from a fair at Kreuznach. As they came near, he challenged them and ordered them to halt, which they all did at once, before three men. They turned out not worth the trouble of stopping; they had only a few kreutzers apiece, which they had gained by trafficking at the fair. The numerous robbers despised so paltry a booty, and left the Jews their leather purses. But Schinder-hannes was in a peculiar mood, and he ordered them all to pull off their shoes and stockings. In a minute every Jew among them pulled off his shoes and stockings.

Schinder-hannes then made them throw them all in a heap on one side of the road, and he and his companions, with their gun-stocks, so tossed and tumbled and mixed the shoes and stockings, that fellows so parted company, it would have been a difficult job indeed to find out a pair among them, or for any man to fit himself to his own, even if ten minutes had been allowed him.

"Now then, Jews," cried Schinder-hannes, "take you every one of you his own stockings and his own shoes, put them on, and decamp instantly. Be honest, if you can, and take no one's things but your own. I will shoot every one of you that takes another man's shoe or another man's stocking! Quick! quick! he is a dead man who is the last to be fitted to his own, and off, as sure as

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my name is Schinder-hannes!" And he and his followers levelled their muskets at the bare-faced Jews.

Well nigh heretofore of their senses, by the dread which the threat and the name of the robber inspired, the poor Jews threw themselves altogether on the heap by the roadside, and began scrambling for their shoes and stockings, cufing, and scratching, and abusing one another in their hurry and impatience. When Schinder-hannes had amused himself for awhile with this ludicrous spectacle, a subject worthy of Hogarth or Wilkie, he walked off with his comrades almost dying with laughter.

The mere name of the robber, whose exploits were spread far and wide, now struck terror into every breast. By a political alternation of kindness and severity, he imposed on the common people; and, by degrees, even the wealthier class, who had suffered from him, dreaded Schinder-hannes so much, that, far from daring to inform against him, they avoided even the mention of his name. Unlike the Italian banditti of the Apennines, who live in wilds and gloomy solitudes, these robbers of the Rhine frequented the most joyous and peopled scenes. "They appeared in the open day, and in the very scenes of their robberies; they lounged in public houses, went to dances and festivals, and were generally treated with great deference. When danger was near, they separated, and each repaired to his home, in various parts of the country, until called again by the captain on some new expedition." Besides the fair Julia, many of the band had equally devoted wives, or innamoratas, who were made useful to the lawless community by procuring information, selling the goods plundered, and obtaining passports to proceed from one state to another.

The robbers must have invoked many a "blessing on the Rhine!"—for that noble river often bore them and their spoils to a place of safety and convenient sale. After a successful expedition on one side of the Rhine, generally the left bank, they were accustomed to cross the river, where they would remain quiet for some time, and dispose of their plunder. They changed costume and appearance according to circumstances. Schinder-hannes was very happy in his disguises, and so confident, that he once for a considerable time passed himself off as a steady merchant, and even repaired to the great trading mart, Frankfort. He ran, however, his risks. In 1801, he had a narrow escape in an affray with a party of soldiers in the electorate of Mayence, with whom he engaged in a drunken brawl at a public house; on another occasion, after pillaging the house of a Jew at Bayreuth, in the Palatinate, he was so closely pressed by a party of chasseurs, that he was obliged to seek concealment in a hayloft. The soldiers visited his hiding-place, but he again miraculously escaped. But this escape was his last: he had worn out his extraordinary good luck, and the career of his crimes was now drawing near its end. He was closely watched and tracked to his haunts; he could no longer prosecute his expeditions without imminent peril—for even the peasants were now on the alert against him. He had risen and thrived during the confusion and horrors of war, but peace had now been made between France and Austria, the provinces on the Rhine had consequently been restored to tranquillity and security, and the administration was in the hands of men of energy, who determined to extirpate the banditti.

Schinder-hannes for some time wandered from place to place, but he every day found his resources failing him, and was at last arrested on suspicion. Fortunately for him, however, nobody knew him, and when making a virtue of necessity, he was fain to sink from the dignity of a captain of robbers to the grade of a common soldier, and addressed himself to an Austrian recruiting captain, he was readily accepted, and enlisted under an assumed name. He marched with the rest of the recruits to Linbourg, and might have marched thence to some snug mud village in Hungary, where nobody would ever have known him, and have escaped the pursuits of justice for his past misdeeds; he might have commenced a new career of crime in another and a distant theatre; or he might have reformed, and become the sergeant-major and the ornament of an Austrian regiment; but, as he was walking through the streets of Linbourg, he was accidentally met by a peasant who recognised him, and denounced him to the magistrates as the famous Schinder-hannes—the robber of the Rhine! No sooner was he denounced and produced by the officer to whom he

enlisted, than the whole town flocked to see the man of whose exploits they had heard so much. Schinder-hannes had cultivated too numerous an acquaintance to hope to escape detection; he hung down his head; but he was sworn to by many who had met him on the road in the exercise of his calling. The Austrian captain gave him up to the civil power, and Schinder-hannes, after a career of unexampled audacity and success, (for this part of Europe,) which had lasted five years, was taken by a strong escort to Mayence, in May 1802. As soon as he saw himself in the hands of the French gens-d'armes, he cried "I am lost! now, indeed, it is all over with me!" On his arrival at Mayence, he was brought before the judges of the special criminal court, and to them he at once and freely gave a detailed account of his life and adventures. Such of his accomplices as were still living, were successively secured, and after eight months spent in investigations, and in receiving depositions against the robbers, in February 1803 the criminal court of Mayence declared itself competent to proceed on the trial of the accused. Omitting the doubtful or the frivolous, no less than fifty-three serious and substantiated charges were brought against Schinder-hannes. His accomplices arrested were sixty-seven. Among this number figured old Buckler, the forest-keeper, Schinder-hannes's father; the robber's mistress Julia Blasius; various other women, wives, mistresses, and sisters of the banditti; several itinerant musicians, Jews, a miller, &c. The acts of instruction, deposition, and interrogation produced for this extraordinary trial, filled, when printed, five thick folio volumes.

The public trial did not commence until the 24th of October 1803. Three of the accused had died meanwhile in prison, but sixty-five were brought before the court. One hundred and thirty-two witnesses appeared for the prosecution, and no less than two hundred and two for the prisoners. The first and second days of the trial were employed in reading the act of accusation. The whole trial occupied twenty-eight days. Schinder-hannes was firm and bold, and even gay. He entertained the hope that he should escape the capital punishment; but on the deposition of the miller's mother of Merxheim, to whose arm the robbers had applied a burning candle to extort her money from her, Schinder-hannes's countenance fell; till then he had succeeded tolerably well in making himself out, a criminal indeed, but not averse to cruelty or the shedding of blood, but at that moment he said, in a sad, despondent tone, "It is all over! I hear the scream of the bird of death!"

The horrid punishment of being broken on the wheel, which had been usually awarded to culprits of his class in that country, now presented itself to his imagination. The boldest might tremble at such a fate! He asked the president whether he was so to suffer? When answered that that species of punishment had been abolished by the French law, he recovered his self-possession, and added—"If I have wished to live, it is only because I intended to become an honest man!" During the whole of the trial he constantly endeavoured to screen his father and his mistress. It appeared, however, in evidence, that Julia had accompanied him in some of his minor expeditions, especially to the house of Isaac the Jew usurer; and that his parent also had participated in some of his crimes.

After a most patient investigation, Schinder-hannes was found guilty of all the charges, and with nineteen of his accomplices condemned to death. Fifteen more of the culprits, among whom was Schinder-hannes's father, were sentenced to hard labour in irons, for various terms, from six to twenty-four years; two others, with one of the women, to two years imprisonment; Julia Blasius to two years in the house of correction; and two other women to be expelled from the French territory. The rest were acquitted.

Schinder-hannes heard the sentence with much indifference, save when he evinced a lively satisfaction on hearing the lenient punishment of his mistress, and that his father's life was to be spared. He asked to speak with the president; but it was not to say one word for himself; it was only to express his hope that his father, his Julia, and his child, might be taken care of after his death.

On the morning of the 21st of November, the day fixed upon for the execution, a clergyman visited the prisoners. Schinder-hannes told him he was resigned to his fate, and respectfully requested him to bestow his spiritual care and consolation on certain of his comrades who needed them more than he did. He, however, expressed a wish to take the sacrament. When he arrived at the place of execution, he hastily climbed up the scaffold, and examined the guillotine with minute attention: he was curious to know whether its stroke was as prompt and sure as he had been given to understand it was, and put the question with an unflinching tongue.

On being answered in the affirmative, he turned round and addressed the crowd. "I have deserved death," said he, "but ten of my companions die innocent!" meaning, probably, that these ten had never been guilty of murder—the only crime, in his idea, that merited death. He then laid his head on the block, and found the transition from this world to the dread unknown, quite as rapid as the executioners told him it would be through the agency of their apparatus. The subalterns followed their captain, and the execution of the twenty culprits occupied only twenty-six minutes, making one minute eighteen seconds for each man!

The destruction of this daring band cleared the Rhine of robbers; but the inhabitants on the banks of that beautiful river will long retain the traditions of Schinder-hannes.

HUNGARIAN ROBBERS.

This story was told me by an Italian officer, who was serving, at the time he first learned it, with the "Grande Armée" of Napoleon. It seems to me to contain one of the most striking, most dramatic, and terrible scenes that can be conceived, and I have only to regret that I lack the talent or power of telling the tale of horror so well as it was told to me.

It was a few weeks before the termination of the short, but (for Austria) fatal campaign of 1809—that campaign which, though nobly by the Austrians, ended in their seeing Bonaparte dictate to their prostrate empire from their capital, and shortly after claim as his bride the daughter of the sovereign he had so injured and humbled—that an Hungarian horse-dealer left Vienna to return to his home, which was situated in an interior province of his country.

He carried with him, in paper money and in gold, a very considerable sum, the product of the horses he had sold at the Austrian capital. To carry this in safety was a difficult object just at that time; for troops, French and Austrian, were scattered in every direction, and he knew by experience, that it was not always safe to fall in with small parties of soldiers, even of his own country or government, (to say nothing of the French,) but that Croates, and wild Hussars, and Huns, and others that fought under the Austrian eagle, were seldom over scrupulous as to "keeping their hands from picking and stealing," when opportunity was favourable or tempting.

The dealer, however, relied on his minute knowledge of the country he had traversed so often; on the bottom and speed of his thorough bred Hungarian horse;—and having obtained what he considered good information, as to the posts occupied by the belligerents, and the range of country most exposed to the soldiery, he set out from Vienna, which he feared would soon be in the hands of the enemy. He went alone, and on his road carefully avoided, instead of seeking the company of other travellers, for he reasonably judged, that a solitary individual, meanly dressed as he was, might escape notice, while a party of travellers would be sure to attract it.

By his good management he passed the Hungarian frontier unharmed, and continued his journey homeward by a circuitous unfrequented route. On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The

dealer told them all he knew. The host then enquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family, who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards.

When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep.

He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving, when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorosity of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner, but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold.

"Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble."

"There is no fear of that," said the younger man, also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knick about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!"

"Do my bidding," said the old man, sternly; "would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?"

As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or

vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "He is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster."

"I have it, here it is," said the son; "a purse and a pocket-book."

The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation, and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment.

No sooner were they fairly gone, than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed to the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night watch. The night watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep and acquainted with all that had happened.

In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from the inn, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death, but as the party went round to the stables, they heard a noise; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate with the traveller and some half dozen armed men ran to the stable door—this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave.

The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by the gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrates and their friends and neighbours, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the harder villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly, but at length rising, he said to those who held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed and uninvolved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! who says I am a murderer?"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw by the lamps the night watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out "How is this? who is this?" and rushed together to the bed side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest

townspeople. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself, shrieking and frantic, carried back into the inn by main force.

The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town jail, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence, and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance, and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.

The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF INDIA, OR THE ROHILLA ROBBERS.

The following account, which is from the pen of the lamented Bishop Heber, is replete with interest, and offers one passage, than which nothing can be well more impressive and dramatic. It is, moreover, strictly confirmatory of what has been already several times advanced: that, as justice and mildness of government wear men from rapine and crime, so too tyranny and oppression drive men to them; and when, under the latter circumstances, the nature of the country is favourable, abounding in forests and mountain recesses, and touching on the confines of another state, an extensive system of brigandage will almost invariably result.

"The conquest of Rohilkund by the English, and the death of its chief in battle, its consequent cession to the Nawab of Oude, and the horrible manner in which Sujah ud Dowlah oppressed and misgoverned it, form one of the worst chapters of the English history in India. We have since made the Rohillas some amends by taking them away from Oude, and governing them ourselves; but, by all I could learn, the people appear by no means to have forgotten or forgiven their first injuries."

Their insubordination and violence are favoured by the nature of the locality just alluded to—their province is in the immediate neighbourhood of Oude, and a vast forest exists along the whole of their eastern, southern and northern frontiers.

"In this forest a great Rohilla robber, or rebel chief, is by many supposed to have lurked the last seven years, for whose apprehension government have vainly offered no less a sum than 10,000 rupees. Many robberies are, certainly, still perpetrated in his name; but the opinion of the magistrates at Shahjehanpore is, that the man is really dead, and that his name only, like that of Captain Rock, remains as the rallying point of mutiny. The military officers of our dinner party had often been in this forest, which they describe as extensive, and in some places very picturesque, with some few tracts of high land, whence, even in this neighbourhood, the snowy range of Himalaya is visible."

"The Rohilla insurgents are usually very faithful to each other, and as in Oude there is neither police nor pursuit, it very seldom happens, if they once escape, that they can be laid hold of afterwards. One of the most notorious of them, who had long eluded justice, came into the hands of government not long since, under very singular circumstances. He had passed over into Oude, and bought a zemindarrie there, which was last year seized on, under circumstances of excessive injustice, by the servants of the king's favourite, who, at the same time, carried off one of his wives. The zemindar, equally high spirited and desperate, rode immediately to Lucknow, sealed, by the assistance of his servants, the wall of

the minister's private garden, and waited there well-armed, but alone, till his enemy should make his appearance. The minister did not himself appear, but his two youngest sons came out to walk with their ayahs.* The Rohilla knew them, pounced on them like a tiger, and holding them between his knees, told the terrified women to go and call their master. The palace was soon in an uproar, but he sat still, with his back against the wall, the infants under his knees, and a pistol in each hand, calling out, 'Draw near and they are both dead.' The minister wept and tore his flesh, promising him every thing if he would let them go; to which he answered, 'The restoration of my wife, my own safety, and the guarantee of the British resident for both.' The Robbler ran like one frantic to the English residency, begging for God's sake, either Mr. Ricketts or Major Raper to go with him. The latter went, and the Rohilla, after a horrible pause, in which he seemed still to be weighing the sweetness of revenge against the promises held out to him, rose, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was not, however, satisfied with the security of his continuance in Oude, but soon after surrendered himself to the British, saying that he must look forward to a confinement of some time, but he preferred their severities to the tender mercies of the minister, who, in spite of his promises, had, he was convinced, already laid snares for him. He is now a prisoner in the castle of Allahabad, and it is generally believed that he has made his peace, and that his confinement will not be a long one, though his offences before were serious enough."

Our scops that are scattered in strong detachments up and down this lawless district, have, generally, plenty of work on their hands, what with the wilfulness of the Rohillas in refusing to attend to the decrees or decisions of government, in matters of disputed property, and "an inveterate habit of 'lifting' cows and sheep, which the beggarly zemindars and idle long-legged 'gillies' of one village are apt to feel a pride in exercising against those of the next."

The Rohillas seem particularly addicted to horse stealing, and to long-tailed horses. "Take care of that long-tailed horse of yours!" was the first caution the bishop received. "Keep him carefully at night, under the sentry's eye, or you will never carry him over the ferry of Anopshahr!" The second horse of the amiable prelate being a short-tailed one, was supposed to be safe.

MEWATTIES—BHEELS—BAUGRIES—MOGHIES—GWARRIAS—THUGS.

Central India was devastated by associations of wretches who for the most part subsisted entirely on plunder. Some of them seem to have struck their baneful roots in the country long ago, others to have arisen under the Mahratta system, and the times of revolution and trouble, which would naturally tend to give strength to the old and birth to the new—and facilities to the execrable operations of all. Sir John Malcolm has described, in a striking manner, the desolation which ensued from letting loose a population composed of such iniquitous materials. Only those who resided in walled towns were safe from the ravages and massacres of the banditti. The state of the unprotected parts of the country near the Vindhya mountains and the river Nerbudda, where hundreds of villages were seen deserted and roofless, is described by Captain Ambrose, one of Sir John Malcolm's officers: in the year 1818, he ascertained the names, and the names of the villages they belonged to, of eighty-four individuals who had been killed by tigers; these ferocious animals have literally usurped the country, and fought with the returning inhabitants for their fields. Authentic documents also testify that in the state of Holkar, in 1817, sixteen hundred and sixty-three villages were deserted, or, as the natives emphatically term it—"without a lamp," a phrase that denotes the extreme of desolation. All this ruin had been affected by the banditti of Central India.

To proceed with these robbers, the Mewatties are, or were an ambiguous race, half Mahomedan, half Hindoo, who were not only robbers and assassins, but, according to Sir John Malcolm, the most desperate rogues in India. It is delightful to learn from Bishop Heber, that they were in a great measure reclaimed, even when he travelled through the scenes of their crimes, which he did with perfect safety; and to contrast this with the former state of the country, when it was as dangerous as the interior of Arabia is at this moment, and when merchants were obliged to travel in caravans, and to pay

high rates for protection to every paltry plundering Raja. "This neighbourhood," says the bishop, speaking of part of the province of Delhi, "is still but badly cultivated; but fifteen years ago it was as wild as the Terra, as full of tigers, and with no human inhabitants but banditti. Cattle stealing still prevails to a considerable extent, but the Mewatties are now most of them subject either to the British government or that of Bhurtpoor, and the security of life and property afforded them by the former, has induced many of the tribes to abandon their fortresses, to seat themselves in the plain, and cultivate the ground like honest men and good subjects."

The Bheels who inhabit the wild and mountainous tracts which separate Malwa from Nemaour and Guzerat, are a totally distinct race, insulated in their abodes, and separated by their habits, usages and forms of worship, from all other tribes of India. According to Bishop Heber, they were unquestionably the original inhabitants of Rajpootana, and driven to their fastnesses and desperate and miserable way of life by the invasion of those tribes, wherever they may have come from, who profess the religion of Brahma. "This the Rajpoots themselves virtually allow, by admitting in their traditional history, that most of their principal cities and fortresses were founded by such or such Bheel chiefs, and conquered from them by the children of the sun."

Here we have again, as it were, the Gael retreating from the Sassenach, and indemnifying and avenging himself by foray, blood, and plunder.

Thieves and savages as they were, the British officers who conversed with Bishop Heber, thought them on the whole a better race than their conquerors. Their word is said to be more to be depended on: they are of a franker and livelier character; their women are far better treated and enjoy more influence; and though they shed blood without scruple in cases of feud, or in the regular way of a foray, they are not vindictive or inhospitable under other circumstances; and several British officers have, with perfect safety, gone hunting and fishing in their country, without escort or guide, except what these poor savages themselves cheerfully furnished for a little brandy.

"In a Sanscrit vocabulary, seven hundred or more years old, the term Bheel denotes a particular race of barbarians living on plunder; and the Mahabharat, an ancient Hindoo poem, gives the same description of them. At all times formidable, they became the general terror of Central India under the guidance of Nadir Sing. This chief committed a murder, or rather caused it to be committed. The English had now the power of administering justice, and the following instance, which occurred on the trial of Nadir Sing, is strongly characteristic of the Bheel race.

"During the examination into the guilt of Nadir, when taking the evidence of some female prisoners, it appeared that the father and husband of one of them, a girl about fourteen years of age, had been instruments in committing the murder of which Nadir was accused. She was asked if they put the deceased to death; 'Certainly they did,' was her firm reply; 'but they acted by our Dhumnee's (or lord's) order.

"That may be true,' it was remarked, 'but it does not clear them; for it was not an affray; it was a deed perpetrated in cold blood.'

"Still,' said the girl, 'they had the chief's order.'

"The person" conducting the examination shook his head, implying it would not be received in justification. The child, for she was hardly more, rose from the ground where she was sitting, and, pointing to two sentries who guarded them, and were standing at the door of the room, exclaimed, with all the animation of strong feeling, 'These are your soldiers; you are their Dhumnee; your words are their laws; if you order them this moment to advance, and put me, my mother, and cousin, who are now before you, to death, would they hesitate in slaying three female Bheels? If we are innocent, would you be guilty of our blood, or these faithful men?' After this observation she re-seated herself, saying, 'My father and husband are Nadir's soldiers.'

The chiefs of the Bheels, indeed, who were usually called Blomeahs, exercised the most absolute power, and their orders to commit the most atrocious crimes were obeyed, (as among the sectaries of the old man-of-the-mountain,) by their ignorant but attached subjects, without a conception, on their part, that they had an option. But Nadir Sing was banished for the murder alluded to.

his son, who had been carefully educated at Sir John Malcolm's head-quarters, succeeded to his authority, and there is now no part of the country where life and property are safer than amid the late dreaded Bheels of his father.

The Bheels excite the horror of the higher classes of Hindoos; by eating, not only the flesh of buffaloes, but of cows; an abomination which places them just above the *Chunnis*, or shoemakers, who feast on dead carcasses, and are not allowed to dwell within the precincts of the village. The wild Bheels, who keep among the hills, are a diminutive and wretched-looking race, but active, and capable of great fatigue; they go armed with bows and arrows, and are still professed robbers and thieves, lying in wait for the weak and unprotected, while they fly from the strong. Their excesses, however, are now chiefly indulged in against the Hindoos. "A few months since," says Bishop Heber, "one of the hazards of Nee-much was attacked and plundered by a body of the 'hill people'; and there are, doubtless, even in the plains, many who still shiver at their late anarchy, and exclaim amid the comforts of a peaceful government,

'Give us our wives and our words,
Our luts and caves again!'

"The son of Mr. Palmer, chaplain of Nusseerabad, while travelling lately with his father and mother in their way from Mhow, observed some Bheels looking earnestly at a large drove of laden bullocks which were drinking in a ford. He asked one of the Bheels if the bullocks belonged to him. 'No' was the reply, 'but a good part of them would have been ours, if it were not for you English, who will let nobody thrive but yourselves.'

On first approaching the Bheel villages, the bishop observed a man run from the nearest hut to the top of a hill, and give a shrill shout or scream, which he heard repeated from the furthest hamlet he could see. "I asked the meaning of this," he continues, "and my guards informed me that these were their signals to give the alarm of our coming, our numbers, and that we had horse with us. By this means they knew at once whether it was advisable to attack us, to fly, or to remain quiet, while, if there were any of their number who had particular reasons for avoiding an interview with the troops and magistrates of the low lands, they had thus fair warning given them to keep out of the way. This sounds like a description of Rob Roy's country, but these poor Bheels are far less formidable enemies than the old Mac Gregors."

"This ancient people are very expert in the use of the bow, and have a curious way of shooting from the long grass, where they lie concealed, holding the bow with their feet. Besides, against their prey, quadruped, biped, and winged, the Bheels use the bow and arrow against fish, which they kill in the rivers and pools with great certainty and rapidity. Their bows are of split bamboo, simple, but strong and elastic. The arrows are also of bamboo, with an iron head coarsely made, and a long single barb. Those intended for striking fish, have this head so contrived as to slip off from the shaft when the fish is struck, but to remain connected with it by a long line, on the principle of the harpoon. The shaft, in consequence, remains floating in the water, and not only contributes to weary out the animal, but shows its pursuer which way he flies, and thus enables him to seize it.

They have many curious customs, that date from very remote antiquity. One of them was witnessed by Bishop Heber, and described in his usual felicitous manner.

"A number of Bheels, men and women, came to our camp, (near Jhaloda,) with bamboos in their hands, and the women with their clothes so scanty, and tucked up so high, as to leave the whole limb nearly bare. They had a drum, a horn, and some other rude minstrelsy, and said they were come to celebrate the *hoolee*. They drew up in two parties, one men, one women, and had a mock fight, in which at first the females had much the advantage, having very slender poles, while the men had only short cudgels, with which they had some difficulty in guarding their heads. At last some of the women began to strike a little too hard, on which their antagonists lost temper, and closed with them so fiercely, that the poor females were put to the rout, in real or pretended terror. They collected a little money in the camp, and then went on to another village. The *Hoolee*, according to the orthodox system, was over, but these games are often prolonged for several days after its conclusion."

As bishop Heber advanced in the country infested by the Bheels, he met caravans of Brhijjrees, or carriers of

* Sir John Malcolm himself. He was assisted on the trial by Captain D. Stuart, who noted down the girl's expression.

* Nurses or governesses.

with their neighbours, and completely beyond the reach of a government which requires proof ere it will punish. The evil is supposed to have increased since the number of spirit shops has spread so rapidly in Calcutta. "These fountains of mischief are thronged both by the Hindoo and Mussulman population, especially at night; and thus drunkenness on ardent spirits, and the fierce and hateful passions they engender, lead naturally to those results which night favours, at the same time that the drinking shops furnish convenient places of meeting for all men who may be banded for an illicit purpose.

AFGHAN ROBBERS.

The mountain tribes of the Afghan race who dwell in Caubul, between India and Persia, are nearly all robbers; but like the Arabs, unite pillage with pastoral or other pursuits, and commit their depredations almost exclusively on the strangers that travel through their countries. Although I am not in possession of any striking stories of their actions, there are two or three of these tribes that may claim attention from their peculiarities.

There is, for example, that of the Jadrans, a race of goat-herds, who wander continually with their goats through the thick pine forests that cover their mountains, and are in appearance and habits of life more like mountain bears than men. They are not numerous; their wild country is never explored by travellers, and they are never by any chance met with out of their own hills. They are sometimes at war with their neighbours, and always on the look-out for travellers on the road from Caubul through Bughush, near the pass of Peiwar, whom they invariably plunder.

More important than these bear-like robbers, are the Vizeerees, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive country among the mountains, which are also here covered by pine forests, but contain some few cleared and cultivated spots. Their habits are almost as retiring as those of their neighbours, the Jadrans, and Mr. Elphinstone found it impossible to meet with a Vizeeree out of his own country. Those of the tribe who are fixed, live in small hamlets of thatched and terraced houses; in some places they live in caves cut out of the rocks. Some of these rise above each other in three stories, and others are so high as to admit a camel. But most of the tribe dwell in black tents, or moveable hovels of mats, or temporary straw huts; these go up to the high mountains in spring, and stay there till the cold and snow drive them back to the low and warm hills. Their principal stock is goats; but they also breed many small, but serviceable horses. They have no general government; but are divided into societies, some under powerful Khans, and others under a simple democracy; they are all most remarkable for their peaceful conduct among themselves; they have no wars between different clans, and private dissension is hardly ever heard of, and yet they are all robbers!

Notorious plunderers, however, as they are, the smallest escort granted by them, secures a traveller a hospitable reception through the whole tribe.

They are particularly remarkable for their attacks on the caravans, and migratory tribes to the west of the pass of Gholairce. No escorts are ever granted, or applied for there; the caravan is well guarded, and able to deter attacks or fight its way through. No quarter is given to men in these predatory wars; it is said that the Vizeerees even kill a male child that fell into their hands; but they never molest women; and if one of their sex wander from a caravan, they treat her with kindness, and send guides to escort her to her tribe. Even a man would meet with the same treatment, if he could once make his way into the house of a Vizeeree; the master would then be obliged to treat him with all the attention and good will which is due to a guest. Such is their veracity, that if there is a dispute about a stray goat, and one party will say it is his, and confirm his assertion by stroking his beard, the other instantly gives it up, without suspicion of fraud.¹⁸

These mountain robbers have really exalted notions of what is due to the greater sex. So kind to the stray wives or daughters of others, unlike savages or semi-barbarous men, who throw off from their own shoulders nearly all drudgery and labour save that of the chase, or the care of their flocks, these Vizeerees do not require any labour from their women. But not only this; a most extraordinary custom is said to prevail among them—a female prerogative that has no parallel among any other people upon earth, and that reverses what we are in the habit of considering the natural order of things

—the women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives!

"If a woman is pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin which she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is immediately obliged to marry her, if he can pay her price to her father."¹⁹

The Sheeraunees are a tribe more important still, great part of whose country is occupied by the lofty mountain of Tukhti Solimann, and the hills which surround its base. Many parts of it are nearly inaccessible; one of the roads is in some places cut out of the steep face of the mountain, and in others supported by beams inserted in the rock, and with all this labour is still impracticable for beasts of burden.

The habits of a pastoral, wandering life, dispose to robbery; but unlike the other tribes, the Sheeraunees are essentially an agricultural people, keeping their valleys in a high state of cultivation, by means of damming the hill streams to irrigate them; and yet they are, perhaps, the greatest robbers of all these Afghans.

They are governed by a chief called the Neeka, or grandfather, who is superstitiously revered by them, and left in possession of an extraordinary degree of power. He commands them in their predatory expeditions, and before the men march they all pass under his turban, which is stretched out for the purpose by the Neeka and a Moolah. 'This, they think secures them from wounds and death.

They respect none of the neighbouring tribes that pass through their country, in their annual pastoral migrations; they attack them all: they may, indeed, be said to be at war with all the world, since they plunder every traveller that comes within their reach. They even attack the dead!

"While I was in their neighbourhood," says Mr. Elphinstone, "they stopped the body of a Douranee of rank, which was going through their country to be buried at Candahar, and detained it till a ransom had been paid for it."

This is rather worse than a barbarous law that has lingered on even in England to our days, and allows the creditor to arrest the corpse of a debtor. These Sheeraunees, however, enjoy the reputation of unblemished good faith, and a traveller who trusts himself to them, or hires an escort from among them, may pass through their country in perfect security. Mr. Elphinstone says that these curious robbers are very punctilious in their prayers, but do not appear to feel much real devotion. In confirmation of this opinion, he adds the following amusing anecdote.

"I once saw a Sheeraunee performing his Namaz, while some people in the same company were talking of hunting; the size of deer happened to be mentioned, and the Sheeraunee, in the midst of his prostrations, called out that the deer in his country were as large as little bullocks, and then went on with his devotions!"

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA.

The following account of a most extensive combination of outlaws, will not we trust be deemed tedious, though there is more detail than mere amusement would seem to require. It is the only accessible abridgement of a very long history, which is less known perhaps than most other important items of American annals. Captain Burney's work is an expensive one, in five quarto volumes, the fourth containing the history of the Buccaneers; the exact title is "A Chronological History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea." These five volumes will be found on the shelves of the Philadelphia Library.—Ed.

Scarcely any class of robbers have been more conspicuous, or have operated on a grander scale, than the Buccaneers and Filibusters of America. I remember, when a child, being horribly amused by a book that was popular at the time as it probably still is with young people, which contained the lives of many of these notorious characters, with minute accounts of their crudelities and atrocities. The book is probably as fresh in the memory of most of my readers. It is not my intention to draw from it, or to give a ghastly interest to the present work, by quoting how the monster Morgan tortured his captives, or made them "walk the plank," or similar matters, but to give a brief sketch of these daring ad-

venturers from Captain Burney's voluminous, but interesting and authentic work, which in itself contains a mine of geographical and various information, first collected by the Buccaneers. All the other histories of these men, and they are numerous, are, as Captain Burney remarks, "boastful compositions which have delighted in exaggeration; and what is most mischievous, they have lavished commendations upon acts which demanded reprobation, and have endeavoured to raise miscreants, notorious for their want of humanity, to the rank of heroes, lessening thereby the stain upon robbery, and the abhorrence naturally conceived against cruelty."

Captain Burney thus describes the origin of these lawless associations, which for two centuries were allowed to carry on their depredations.

"The men whose enterprises are to be related, were natives of different European nations, but chiefly of Great Britain and France, and most of them sea-faring people, who being disappointed, by accidents or the enmity of the Spaniards, in their more sober pursuits in the West Indies, and also instigated by thirst for plunder, as much as by desire for vengeance, embodied themselves under different leaders of their own choosing, to make predatory war upon the Spaniards. These men the Spaniards naturally treated as pirates; but some peculiar circumstances which provoked their first enterprises, and a general feeling of enmity against that nation on account of her American conquests, procured them the countenance of the rest of the maritime states of Europe, and to be distinguished, first by the softened appellations of freebooters and adventurers, and afterwards by that of buccaneers."

Spain, indeed, considered the New World as treasure-trove of which she was lawfully and exclusively the mistress. The well known bull of Pope Alexander VI. gave what was then held as a sacred recognition of these exclusive rights. Unaccountable as such folly may now appear, it is an historical fact that the Spaniards at first fancied they could keep their discovery of the West India islands and of the American continent a secret from the rest of the world, and prevent the ships of other nations from finding their way thither. When, in the year 1517, about twenty-five years after their first settlements, the Spaniards found a large English ship between St. Domingo, and Porto Rico, they were overcome with rage and astonishment; and when this same ship came to the mouth of the port of St. Domingo, and the captain sent on shore to request permission to sell his goods, Francisco di Tapia, the governor of the Spanish fort, ordered the cannons to be fired at her, on which the English were obliged to weigh anchor and sheer off. The news of this unexpected visit, when known in Spain, caused great inquietude, and the governor of the castle of St. Domingo was reprimanded, "because he had not, instead of forcing the English ship to depart by firing his cannon, contrived to seize her, so that no one might have returned to teach others of her nation the route to the Spanish Indies."

In the plenitude of her power and pretensions, however, neither the French nor the English, though when taken they were barbarously treated as pirates, were to be deterred. According to Burney, as factor to some English merchants, and many adventurers soon followed him. The French, who had made several voyages to the Brazils, also increased in numbers in the West Indies. All these went with the certainty that they should meet with hostility from the Spaniards, which they resolved to return with hostility. That they did not always wait for an attack, appears by an ingenious phrase of the French adventurers, who, if the first opportunity was in their favour, termed their profiting by it, "*dédommager par avance*." To repress these interlopers, the jealous Spaniards employed armed ships, or *guarda-costas*, the commanders of which were instructed to take no prisoners! On the other hand, the intruders joined their numbers, made combinations, and descended on different parts of the coast, ravaging the Spanish towns and settlements. A warfare was thus established between Europeans in the West Indies, entirely independent of transactions in Europe. All Europeans not Spaniards, whether there was war or peace between their respective nations in the Old World, on their meeting in the New, regarded each other as friends and allies, with the Spaniards for their common enemy, and called themselves "Brethren of the Coast."

Their principal pursuit was not of a nature to humiliate these desperate adventurers, for it was hunting of cattle, the hides and suit of which they could turn to profitable account. "The time when they began to form factories," says Captain Burney, "to hunt cattle for the skins, and

¹⁸ Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, by the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, vol. ii. p. 97.

¹⁹ Idem, p. 99.

to cure the flesh as an article of traffic, is not certain, but it may be concluded that these occupations were begun by the crews of wrecked vessels, or by seamen who had disagreed with their commander; and that the ease, plenty, and freedom from all command and subordination enjoyed in such a life, soon drew others to quit their ships, and join in the same occupations. The ships that touched on the coast supplied the hunters with European commodities, for which they received in return, hides, tallow, and cured meat."

When the Spanish court complained to the different governments of Europe, of which these men were the natural subjects, it was answered: "That the people complained against, acted entirely on their own authority and responsibility, not as the subjects of any prince, and that the king of Spain was at liberty to proceed against them according to his own pleasure." But the lion-hearted Queen Bess retorted more boldly. "That the Spaniards had drawn these inconveniences upon themselves, by their severe and unjust dealings in their American commerce; for she did not understand why either her subjects, or those of any other European prince, should be deluged from traffic in the West Indies. That as she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by the donation of the bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places others than those they were in actual possession of; for that their having touched only here and there upon a coast, and given names to a few rivers and capes, were such insignificant things as could no ways entitle them to a property farther than in the parts where they actually settled and continued to inhabit."*

"The Brethren of the Coast" were first known by the general term of *Hijabuster*, which is supposed to be nothing but the French sailors' corruption of our word "freebooter." The origin of the term buccanier, by which they were afterwards designated, is of curious derivation.

"The flesh of the cattle killed by the hunters was cured to keep good for use, after a manner learned from the Caribbee Indians, which was as follows: the meat was laid to be dried upon a wooden grate or hurdle, which the Indians called *barbecu*, placed at a good distance over a slow fire. The meat when cured was called *buccan*, and the same name was given to the place of their cookery." From *buccan* came the verb *buccaner*, which the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* explains to be "to dry red, without salt," and then the noun *Boucanier*, quasi buccanier.

This curious association, that united the calling of hunters and cruisers, was held together by a very simple code of laws and regulations. It is said that every member of it had his chosen and declared comrade, between whom property was in common while they lived together, and when one of the two died, the other succeeded to whatever he possessed. This, however, was not a compulsory regulation, for the buccaniers were known at Europe. There was a general right of participation insisted upon in certain things, among which was meat for present consumption and other necessities of life. It has even been said that bolts, locks, and every kind of fastening were prohibited as implying a doubt of "the honour of their vocation." Many men of respectable lineage became buccaniers, on which it was customary for them to drop their family name, and to assume a *nom de guerre*. "Some curious anecdotes," says Captain Burney, "are produced, to show the great respect some of them entertained for religion and morality. A certain illiberal captain, named Daniel, shot one of his crew in the church, for behaving irreverently during the performance of mass. Ravenau de Lussan took the occupation of a buccanier, because he was in debt, and wished, as every honest man should do, to have wherewithal to satisfy his creditors."

In the year 1625 the English and French together took possession of the island of St. Christopher, and five years later of the small island of Tortuga, near the north-west of Hispaniola, which continued to be for some years the headquarters of the buccaniers, who, whenever the countries of which they were natives were at war with Spain, obtained commissions from Europe, and acted as regular privateers in the West Indies, and on the Spanish main.

In 1638, the Spaniards in great force surprised the island of Tortuga, while most of the adventurers were absent in Hispaniola engaged in the chase of cattle, and barbarously massacred all who fell into their hands. The Spaniards did not garrison the island. Soon after their departure, the buccaniers, to the numbers of three hun-

dred, again took possession of Tortuga, and then for the first time elected a chief or commander.

As the hostility of the buccaniers was solely directed against the Spaniards, all other Europeans in those latitudes regarded them as champions in the common cause; and the severities which had been exercised against them increased the sympathy for them in the breasts of others, and inflamed their own hearts with the thirst of revenge. Their numbers were speedily recruited by English, French, and Dutch from all parts, and both the pursuits of hunting and cruising were followed with redoubled vigour. At this time, the French in particular seemed to pride themselves in the buccaniers, whom their writers styled "*nos braves*." The English contented themselves with speaking of their "unparalleled exploits."

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the French addicted themselves almost exclusively to hunting. Hispaniola was their great resort, and as the Spaniards found they could not expel them from that island, they themselves destroyed the cattle and wild hogs, in order to render the business of hunting unproductive. This drove the French to other branches of industry, equally opposed to the inclinations of the Spaniards; for finding the chase no longer profitable, they began to cultivate the soil and to cruise more than ever.

The extermination practised upon them by the Spaniards whenever they fell into their hands, seems to have been admitted as a standing and praiseworthy law among the latter people, while it naturally produced an equally sanguinary retaliation on the part of the adventurers. The cruelties of the Spaniards were much circulated in Europe in the form of popular stories, and produced a great effect. A Frenchman, a native of Languedoc, of the name of Montbars, on reading one of these stories, conceived such an implacable hatred against the Spaniards, that he went to the West Indies, joined the buccaniers, and pursued his vengeance with so much ardour and success, that he obtained the title of "The Exterminator."

Pierre, a native of Dieppe, whose name was graced with the adjunct of "Le Grand" was another famous French buccanier. In a boat with only twenty-eight men, he surprised and took the ship of the vice-admiral of the Spanish galleons, as she was sailing homeward with a rich freight. He did not, however, disgrace his exploit by massacre, for he set the Spanish crew on shore at Cape Thuron, and carried his prize safely to France.

A native of Portugal, styled Bartolomeo Portuguese, also rendered himself famous about this time for his numerous and wonderful escapes in battle and from the galleys.

"But," continues Captain Burney, "no one of the buccaniers hitherto named, arrived at so great a degree of notoriety as a Frenchman called François L'Olonnais. This man, and Michel le Basque, at the head of 650 men, took the towns of Maracaibo and Gibraltar, in the gulf of Venezuela. The booty they obtained by the plunder and ransom of these places was estimated at 400,000 crowns. The barbarities practised on the prisoners could not be exceeded. L'Olonnais was possessed with an ambition to make himself renowned for being terrible. At one time, it is said, he put the whole crew of a Spanish ship, ninety men, to death, performing himself the office of executioner, by beheading them. He caused the crews of four other vessels to be thrown into the sea; and more than once, in his frenzies, he tore out the hearts of his victims and devoured them! Yet this man had his enemies; so much will loose notions concerning glory, aided by a little partiality, mislead even sensible men. The career of this savage was terminated by the Indians of the coast of Darien, on which he had landed."

The buccaniers now became so formidable, that several Spanish towns submitted to pay them regular contributions. They were commanded at this time by one Mansvelt, whose country is unknown, but who was followed with equal alacrity by both French and English, and who seems to have been more provident and more ambitious than any chief who had preceded him. He formed a plan for founding an independent buccanier establishment, and at the head of five hundred men took the island of Santa Catalina for that purpose from the Spaniards, and garrisoned it with one hundred buccaniers, and all the slaves he had taken. A Welshman called Henry Morgan, was the second in command on this expedition. Mansvelt died of illness shortly after, when the garrison he had left was obliged to surrender to the Spaniards.

On the death of Mansvelt, Morgan became the chief, and the most fortunate leader of the buccaniers. A body of several hundred men placed themselves under

his command, with whom he took and plundered the town of Puerto del Principe in Cuba. At this place a Frenchman was foully slain by an Englishman. All the French took to arms, but Morgan pacified them by putting the murderer in irons, and afterwards hanging him at Jamaica. Morgan, however, whom the old English author of "the Buccaneers of America" styles Sir Henry Morgan, did not respect the old proverb, of honour among thieves; in consequence of which, most of the French separated from him. Yet he was strong enough shortly after to attack Porto Bello, one of the best fortified places belonging to the Spaniards. His bravery and his wonderful address are overshadowed by the shocking cruelties he committed in this expedition.

In the attack of a fort, he compelled a number of priests, monks, and nuns, his prisoners, to carry and plant the scaling ladders against the walls; and many of these poor creatures were killed by their countrymen who defended the fort. A castle that had made a bold resistance, on surrendering, was set on fire, and burned to the ground with the garrison within it. Many prisoners died under the tortures that Morgan inflicted on them, to make them discover concealed treasures, which frequently had no existence, save in the capidity of his imagination.

In the brilliancy of this success, the French forgot Morgan's peccadilloes in money matters, and joined him again in great numbers. There was one large French buccanier ship, the commander and crew of which refused to act with him. The crafty Welshman dissembled his rage, and pressingly invited the French captain and his officers to dine on board his own ship. These guests he made his prisoners, and in their absence easily took their ship. The men he put in charge of this prize got drunk on the occasion, and the ship was suddenly blown up; whether from the drunkenness and carelessness of the English, or the direful revenge of some Frenchmen, remains matter of doubt. The number of the French prisoners is not mentioned, but it is said, that three hundred and fifty Englishmen perished with this ship, which was the largest of the fleet.

Morgan's next operation was an attack on Maracaibo and Gibraltar, which unfortunate towns were again sacked. These merciless desperadoes were accustomed to shut up their prisoners in churches, where it was easy to keep guard over them. At Maracaibo and Gibraltar, in this instance, so little care was taken of them, that many of these unfortunate captives were actually starved to death in the churches, whilst the buccaniers were travelling in their dwellings.

Morgan was near being destroyed on his return from these places, for the Spaniards had had time to put in order a castle at the entrance of the Lagune of Maracaibo, and three large men of war had arrived, and stationed themselves by the castle to cut off the pirate's retreat.

But the Welshman fitted up one of his vessels as a fire-ship, in which were stuck logs of wood, dressed with hats on to look like men, and which in every thing was made to bear the appearance of a common fighting ship. Following close in the rear of this mute crew, he saw two of the Spanish men of war blown up, and he took the third. He then passed the castle without loss, by means of a stratagem, by which he threw the stupid garrison off their guard. The value of the booty obtained was 250,000 pieces of eight.

The year after this expedition, (in July 1670), a solemn treaty of peace, known in diplomacy under the name of the "Treaty of America," and made, in the view of terminating the buccanier warfare, and settling all disputes between the subjects of the two countries in the western hemisphere, was concluded between Great Britain and Spain. But the buccaniers cared nothing for treaties, and would not be pacified. On the contrary, as soon as the news of the peace reached them, they resolved, as of one accord, to undertake some grand expedition, of which the skilful Morgan should have the command. In the beginning of December 1670, thirty-seven vessels, having on board altogether more than two thousand men, joined the Welshman at Cape Tibour, the place of general rendezvous he had himself appointed. Lots were then cast as to which of the three places, Cartagena, Vera Cruz, and Panama, should be attacked. The lot fell upon Panama, which was believed to be the richest of the three.

Preparatory to this arduous undertaking, Morgan employed men to hunt cattle and cure meat, and sent vessels to procure maize, at the settlements on the main. For the distribution of the plunder they were to obtain, specific articles of agreement were drawn up and subscribed to. Morgan, as commander in chief, was to re-

* Camden's Elizabeth, A. D. 1680.

ceive one hundredth part of the whole; each captain was to have eight shares; those who should be maimed and wounded were provided for, and additional rewards promised for those who should, particularly distinguish themselves by their bravery and conduct. On the 16th of December, the fleet set sail, and on the 20th they retook the island of Santa Catalina, which Morgan, who had embraced the notion of Mansvelt to erect himself into the head of a free state, independent of any European nation, resolved should be the centre of its establishment and power. The buccaneers next took the castle of San Lorenzo, at the entrance of the river Chagre, on the West India side of the American isthmus, losing one hundred men in killed, and having seventy wounded. Of three hundred and fourteen Spaniards who composed the garrison, more than two hundred were put to death.

Morgan had now a *piéd-à-terre*, and a good place of retreat on one side of the wild and perilous isthmus; he accordingly set his prisoners to work to repair and strengthen the castle of San Lorenzo, where he left five hundred men as a garrison, besides one hundred and fifty men to take care of the ships which were left in the Atlantic, while he should go to the shores of the Pacific. It was on the 18th of January 1671, that he set forward at the head of twelve hundred men for Panama. The length of the march from ocean to ocean was not long, but rendered tremendous by the nature of the intervening country and the wildness of its Indian inhabitants. One party of this pirate army, with artillery and stores, embarked in canoes, to ascend the river Chagre, the course of which is very serpentine. At the end of the second day they were obliged to quit their canoes, for a vast number of fallen trees obstructed them, and the river was found in many places almost dry; but the way by land offered so many difficulties to the carriage of their stores, that they again resorted to their canoes, where they could, making very little way. On the sixth day, when they had nearly exhausted their travelling store of provision, and death by hunger in that horrid wilderness stared them in the face, they had the good fortune to discover a barn full of maize. The native Indians fled at their approach, and could never be caught. On the seventh day they reached a village called Cruz, which was set on fire and abandoned by its inhabitants, who fled as the buccaneers approached. They, however, found there a sack of bread and fifteen jars of Peruvian wine. They were still eight leagues distant from Panama. On the ninth day of the journey, they saw the expanse of the South Sea before them, and around them some fields with cattle grazing. As evening approached, they came in sight of the church towers of Panama, when they halted and waited impatiently for the morrow. They had lost in their march thus far, by being fired at from concealed places, ten men; and had ten more wounded.

The city of Panama is said to have consisted at that time of seven thousand houses, many of which were edifices of considerable magnificence and built with cedar; but no regular fortifications defended the wealth and magnificence of the place. Some works had been raised, but in most parts the city lay open, and was to be won and defended by plain fighting. The buccaneers asserted that the Spaniards had a force amounting to two thousand infantry and four hundred horse; but it is supposed that this was in part made up of inhabitants and slaves.

When the buccaneers resumed their march at an early hour next morning, the Spaniards came out to meet them, preceded by herds of wild bulls, which they drove upon the adventurers to disorder their ranks. But the buccaneers, as hunters of these wild animals, were too well acquainted with their habits to be discomposed by them; and this attack of the van does not seem to have had much effect. The Spaniards, however, must have made an obstinate resistance, for it was night before they gave way, and the buccaneers became masters of the city. During the long battle, and, indeed, all that day and night, the buccaneers gave no quarter. Six hundred Spaniards fell. The loss of the buccaneers is not specified, but it appears to have been very considerable.

When master of the city, Morgan was afraid that his men might get drunk and be surprised and cut off by the Spaniards: to prevent this, he caused it to be reported that all the wine in the city had been expressly poisoned by the inhabitants. The dread of poison kept the fellows sober. But Morgan had scarcely taken up his quarters in Panama when several parties of the city burst out into flames, which, fed by the cedar wood and other combustible materials of which the houses were

chiefly built, spread so rapidly, that in a short time a great part of the city was burnt to the ground. It has been disputed whether this was done by design or accident—by the buccaneers or the despairing Spaniards; but it appears that Morgan, who always charged it upon the Spaniards, gave all the assistance he could to sea of the inhabitants as endeavoured to stop the progress of the fire, which, however, was not quite extinguished for weeks. Among the buildings destroyed, was a factory house belonging to the Genoese, who then carried on the trade of supplying the Spaniards with slaves from Africa.

The licentiousness, rapacity, and cruelty of the buccaneers had no bounds. "They spared," says Exquemelin, a Dutchman, and one of the party, "in these their cruelties, no sex nor condition whatsoever. As to religious persons (monks and nuns, he means) and priests, they granted them less quarter than others, unless they procured a considerable sum of money for their ransom." Detachments scoured the country to plunder and to bring in prisoners. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped with their effects by sea, and reached the islands that are thickly clustered in the bay of Panama. But Morgan found a large boat lying aground in the port, which he launched and manned with a numerous crew, and sent her to cruise among those islands, to take on board which the aims of a convent had taken refuge, and where much money, plate, and other effects of value had been lodged, had a very narrow escape from these desperadoes. They took several vessels in the bay. One of them was large and admirably adapted for cruising. This opened a new prospect, that was brilliant and enticing; an unexplored ocean studded with islands was before them, and some of the buccaneers began to consult how they might leave their chief, Morgan, and try their fortunes on the South Sea, whence they proposed to sail, with the plunder they should obtain, by the East Indies to Europe. This diminution of force would have been fatal to Morgan, who, therefore, as soon as he got a hint of the design, cut away the masts of the ship, and burned every boat and vessel lying at Panama that could suit their purpose.

At length, on the 24th of February 1672, about four weeks after the taking of Panama, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering ruins of that unfortunate city, taking with them one hundred and seventy-five mules loaded with spoil, and six hundred prisoners, part of whom were detained to carry burdens across the isthmus, and others for the ransom expected for their release. Among the latter were many women and children, who were made to suffer cruel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and artfully made to apprehend being carried to Jamaica and sold as slaves, that they might the more earnestly endeavour to procure money for their ransom. When these poor creatures threw themselves on their knees, and weeping and tearing their hair, begged of Morgan to let them return to their families, his brutal answer was, that "he came not there to listen to cries and lamentations, but to seek money." This idol of his soul, indeed, he sought from his comrades as well as his captives, and in such a manner that it is astonishing they did not blow his brains out. In the middle of his march back to the fort of San Lorenzo, he drew up his men, and caused every one of them to take a solemn oath, that he had not reserved for himself the concealed plunder which he had delivered all truly into the common stock. (This ceremony, it appears, was not uncommon among the buccaneers.) "But," says Exquemelin, "Captain Morgan having had experience that those loose fellows would not much stickle to swear falsely in such a case, he commanded every one to be searched; and that it might not be taken as an affront, he permitted himself to be the first searched, even to the very soles of his shoes. The French buccaneers who had engaged in this expedition with Morgan, were not well satisfied with this new custom of searching; but their number being less than that of the English, they were forced to submit."

As soon as the marauders arrived at San Lorenzo, a division was made of the booty, according to the proportions agreed upon before sailing from Hispaniola. But the narrative says, "Every person received his portion, or rather what part thereof Captain Morgan was pleased to give him. For so it was, that his companions, even those of his own nation, complained of his proceedings; for they judged it impossible that, of so many valuable robberies, no greater share should belong to them than two hundred pieces of eight per head. But Captain Morgan was deaf to these, and to many other complaints of the same kind."

Morgan, however, having well filled his own purse,

determined to withdraw quietly from the command: "Which he did," says the narrative of the buccaneer, "without calling any council, or bidding any one adieu; but went secretly on board his own ship, and put out to sea without giving notice, being followed only by three or four vessels of the whole fleet, who, it is believed, went shares with him in the greatest part of the spoil."

The rest of the buccaneer vessels left before the castle of San Lorenzo at Chagre, soon separated. Morgan sailed straight to Jamaica, where he had begun to make fresh levies of men to accompany him to the island of St. Catalina, which he purposed to hold as his own independent state, and to make it a common place of refuge for pirates; but the arrival of a new governor at Jamaica, Lord John Vaughan, with strict orders to enforce the late treaty with Spain, obliged him to abandon his plan.*

The buccaneers, however, were not put down by this new governor of Jamaica, but under different leaders continued their depredations for more than twenty years longer. Lord John Vaughan proclaimed a pardon for all piratical offences committed to that time, and promised a grant of thirty-five acres of land to every buccaneer who should claim the benefit of the proclamation and engage to apply himself to planting. I am startled almost most into incredulity by what follows.

"The author of the History of Jamaica says, 'This offer was intended as a lure to engage the buccaneers to come into port with their effects, that the governor might, and which he was directed to do, take from them the tenths and the fifteenths of their booty as the dues of the crown, and of the colonial government for granting them commissions.' Those who had neglected to obtain commissions would of course have to make their peace by an increased composition. In consequence of this scandalous procedure, the Jamaica buccaneers, to avoid being so taxed, kept aloof from Jamaica, and were provoked to continue their old occupations. Most of them joined the French filibusters at Tortuga. Some were afterwards apprehended at Jamaica, where they were brought to trial, condemned as pirates and executed."

A war entered into by the English and French against the Dutch, gave, for a time, employment to the buccaneers and filibusters, and a short respite to the Spaniards, who, however, exercised their wonted barbarous revenge on their old enemies, whenever and in whatsoever manner they fell into their hands.

In 1673, for example, they murdered in cold blood three hundred French filibusters, who had been shipwrecked on their coast at Porto Rico, sparing only seventeen of their officers. These officers were put on board a vessel bound for the continent, with the intention of transporting them to Peru; but an English buccaneer cruiser met the ship at sea, liberated the Frenchmen, and, in all probability cut the throats of the Spaniards.

Ever since the plundering of Panama by Morgan, the imaginations of the buccaneers had been heated by the prospect of expeditions to the South Sea. This became known to the Spaniards, and gave rise to numerous forebodings and prophecies, both in Spain and in Peru, of great invasions by sea and by land.

In 1673 an Englishman of the name of Thomas Peché, who had formerly been a buccaneer in the West Indies, fitted out a ship in England for a piratical voyage to the South Sea against the Spaniards; and two years after, La Sound, a Frenchman, with a small body of daring adventurers, attempted to cross the Isthmus, as Morgan had done, (though not by the same route,) but he could not get farther than the town of Cheepo, where he was driven back. These events greatly increased the alarm of the Spaniards, who, according to Danpierre, prophesied with confidence "that the English privateers in the West

* This audacious and barbarous rover went to England, where he so ingratiated himself with King Charles II. or with his ministers, that he received the honour of knighthood and the appointment of commissioner of the admiralty court in Jamaica. In 1670, when Sir John Carlisle, then governor of that island, returned to England on the plea of bad health, and left as deputy governor, Morgan the buccaneer, the plunderer of Panama, but who was now in reality Sir Henry Morgan. In his new capacity he was far from being favourable or lenient to his old associates. "Some of whom suffered the extreme hardship of being tried and hanged under his authority." Morgan was certainly a villain of the first water, for when a crew of buccaneers, most of whom were his old countrymen, fell into his hands, he delivered them over to the law, was strongly suspected of having sold them to the vindictive Spaniards. His "brief authority" only lasted till the next year, when he was superseded by the arrival of a new governor from England. He continued, however, to hold office in Jamaica during the rest of the moral reign of Charles II. though accused by the Spaniards of conniving with the buccaneers. In the next reign the Spanish court had influence sufficient to procure his being sent home prisoner from the West Indies. He was kept in prison three years, but no charge being brought forward against him, the worthy knight was liberated.

Indians would that year (1675) open a door into the South Seas."

But it was not till five years after, or in 1680, when, having contracted friendship with the Darien Indians, and particularly with a small tribe called the Mosquitos, the English adventurers again found their way across the Isthmus to those alarmed shores. Some of these Mosquito Indians, who seem to have been a noble race of savages deserving of better companions than the buccaneers, went with this party, being animated by a deadly hatred of the Spaniards, and an extraordinary attachment to the English.

The buccaneers who engaged in this expedition were the crews of seven vessels, amounting altogether to three hundred and sixty-six men, of whom thirty-seven were left to guard the ships during the absence of those who went on the expedition, which was not expected to be of long continuance. There were several men of some literary talent among the marauders, who have written accounts of the proceedings, which have the most romantic interest. These were Basil Ringrose, Barty Sharp, William Dampier, who, though a common seaman, was endowed with great observation and a talent for description, and Lionel Wafer, a surgeon providently engaged by the buccaneers, whose "Description of the Isthmus of Darien" is one of the most instructive, and decidedly the most amusing book of travels we have in our language.

It was on the 16th of April, that the expedition passed over from Golden Island, and landed in Darien, each man provided with four cakes of bread called dough-boys, with a fusil, a pistol, and a hanger. They began their arduous march marshalled in divisions, each with its commander and distinguishing flag. Many Darien Indians came to supply them with provisions, and to keep them company as confederates; among these were two chiefs, who went by the names of Captain Andreas and Captain Antonio.

The very first day's journey discouraged four of the buccaneers, who returned to their ships. The object of the expedition was to reach and plunder the town of Santa Maria, near the gulf of San Miguel, on the South Sea side of the isthmus; and on the afternoon of the second day they came to a river, which Captain Andreas, the Indian chief, told them, crossed the isthmus and ran by Santa Maria. On the third day they came to a house belonging to a son of Captain Andreas, who wore a wreath of gold about his head, which made the buccaneers call him "King Golden Cap."

Wherever there were Indian habitations, they were most kindly and hospitably received. On the evening of the fourth day, they gained a point where the river of Santa Maria was navigable, and where canoes were prepared for them. The next morning as they were about to depart, the harmony of the party was disturbed by the quarrel of two of the buccaneer commanders. John Coxon fired his musket at Peter Harris, which Harris was going to return, when the others interfered and effected a reconciliation. Here seventy of the buccaneers embarked in fourteen canoes, in each of which there went two Indians to manage them, and guide them down the stream. This mode of travelling, owing to the scarcity of water and other impediments, was as wearisome as marching. After enduring tremendous fatigue, the land and water party met on the eighth day of the journey at a beachy point of land, where the river, being joined by another stream, became broad and deep. This had often been a rendezvous of the Darien Indians, when they collected for attack or defence against the Spaniards; and here the whole party now made a halt, to rest themselves, and to clean and prepare their arms.

On the ninth day, buccaneers and Indians, in all nearly six hundred men, embarked in sixty-eight canoes, got together by the Indians, and glided pleasantly down the river. At midnight they landed within a half a mile of the town of Santa Maria. The next morning, at day-break, they heard the Spanish garrison firing muskets and beating the *réveille*. It was seven in the morning when they came to the open ground before the fort, when the Spaniards commenced firing upon them. This fort was nothing but a stockade, which the buccaneers took without the loss of a single man—an immunity which did not teach them mercy, for they killed twenty-six Spaniards, and wounded sixteen.

The Indians, however, were still less merciful. After the Spaniards had surrendered, they took many of them into the adjoining woods, where they killed them with their spears, and if the buccaneers had not prevented them, they would not have left a single Spaniard alive. The long and bloody grievances these savages had scored against their conquerors, was aggravated here by the circumstance that one of their chiefs, or, as the bucca-

neers call him, the King of Darien, found in the fort his eldest daughter, who had been forced from her father's habitation by one of the Spanish garrison, and was pregnant by him!

The Spaniards had by some means been warned of the intended visit to Santa Maria, and had secreted or sent away almost every thing that was of value. "Though we examined our prisoners severely," says a buccaneer, "the whole that we could pillage, both in the town and fort, amounted only to twenty pounds' weight of gold, and a small quantity of silver; whereas, three days sooner we should have found three hundred pounds weight in gold in the fort." It ought to be mentioned, that the Spaniards were in the habit of collecting considerable quantities of gold from the mountains in the neighbourhood of Santa Maria.

This disappointment was felt very severely, and whether it was previously decided, or now entered their heads to seek compensation for this disappointment, the majority of the buccaneers resolved to proceed to the South Sea. The boldness of this resolution will be felt by reflecting, that they had only canoes to go in, and that they might meet at their very outset a lofty Spanish galcon or ship of war, that might sink half of their frail boats at a broadside. Some of them, indeed, were deterred by this prospect. John Coxon, the commander, who had fired his musket at Peter Harris, and who seems to have been a contemptible bully, was for returning across the isthmus to their ships, and so were his followers. To win him over, those who were for the South Sea, though they had a mean opinion of his capability, offered him the post of general, or commander in chief, which Coxon accepted, and it was on the condition that he and his men should join in the scheme, all the buccaneers went together. The Darien chief Andreas, with his son Golden Cap, and some followers, also continued with the rovers, but the greater part of the Darien Indians left them at Santa Maria, and returned to their homes.

On the 17th of April, the expedition embarked, and fell down the river to the gulf of San Miguel, which they did not reach until the following morning, owing to a flood tide. They were now fairly in the South Sea! The prophecy of the Spaniards was accomplished, and the buccaneers looked across that magnificent expanse of waters with sanguine hope. On the 19th of April, they entered the vast bay of Panama, and fortunately captured at one of the islands, a Spanish vessel of thirty tons, on board of which one hundred and thirty of the buccaneers immediately threw themselves, overjoyed to be relieved from the cramped and crowded state they had endured in the canoes—though of a certainty, even now, so many men on board so small a vessel, could leave small room for comfort.

The next day, they took another small bark. On the 22d, they rendezvoused at the island of Chepillo, near the mouth of the river Cheapo; and in the afternoon began to row along shore from that island towards the city of Panama. The Spaniards there had obtained intelligence of the buccaneers being in the bay, and prepared to meet them. Eight vessels were lying in the road; three of these they hastily equipped, manning them with the crews of all the vessels, and with men from shore; the whole, however, according to the buccaneer accounts, not exceeding two hundred and thirty men; and of these, one third only were Europeans—the rest mulattoes and negroes. The great disparity therefore was in the nature of the vessels. "We had sent away the Spanish barks we had taken," says one of the buccaneers, "to seek fresh water, so that we had only canoes for the fight, and in them not two hundred men."

As this fleet of canoes came in sight at day break on the 23d, the three armed Spanish ships got under sail, and stood towards them. The conflict was severe, and lasted the greater part of the day. The Spanish ships fought with great bravery, but their crews were motley and unskilful, whilst the buccaneers were expert seamen, and well trained to the use of their arms. Richard Sawkins was the hero of the day; after three repulses, he succeeded in boarding and capturing one of the Spanish ships, which decided the victory. Another ship was carried by boarding soon after, and the third saved herself by flight. The Spanish commander fell with many of his people. The buccaneers had eighteen killed, and above thirty wounded. Peter Harris, the captain, who had been fired at by Coxon, was among the wounded, and died two days after. As for John Coxon, who was nominally general, he showed great backwardness in the engagement, which lost him the confidence of the rovers. The Darien chiefs were in the heat of the battle, and behaved bravely.

The buccaneers, not thinking themselves strong

enough to land and attack Panama, contented themselves with capturing the vessels that were at anchor in the road before the city. One of these was a ship named the *Trinidad*, of 400 tons burden, a fast sailer and in good condition. She had on board a cargo principally consisting of wine, sugar, and sweetmeats; and, moreover, a considerable sum of money was found. In the other prizes they found flour and ammunition. Two of these, with the *Trinidad*, they fitted out for cruising.

Thus, in less than a week after their arrival on the coast of the South Sea, they were in possession of a fleet not ill equipped, with which they formed a close blockade of Panama for the present, and for the future might scour that ocean.

Two or three days after the battle with the Spaniards, discord broke out among the buccaneers. The taunts and reflections that fell upon the General, Coxon, and some of his followers, determined him and seventy men to return, by the way they had come, across the isthmus to the Atlantic. The Darien chiefs, Andreas and Antonio, also departed for their homes, but Andreas, to prove his good will to the buccaneers, who remained in the South Sea, left a son and one of his nephews with them.

Richard Sawkins, who had behaved so well in the battle, was now unanimously chosen general or chief commander. After staying ten days before Panama, they retired to the island of Tabago, in the near neighbourhood. Here they stopped nearly a fortnight in expectation of the arrival of a rich ship from Lima. This ship came not, but several other vessels fell into their hands, by which they obtained nearly sixty thousand dollars in specie, 1200 sacks of flour, 3000 jars of wine, a quantity of brandy, sugar, sweetmeats, poultry, and other provisions, some gunpowder, shot, &c. Among their prisoners was a number of unfortunate negro slaves, which tempted the Spanish merchants of Panama to go to the buccaneers, and to buy as many of the slaves as they were inclined to sell. These merchants paid two hundred pieces of eight for every negro, and they sold to the buccaneers all such stores and commodities as they stood in need of.

Ringrose, one of the buccaneers, relates that during these communications the governor of Panama sent to demand of their leader, "Why, during a time of peace between England and Spain, Englishmen should come into those seas to commit injury? and from whom they had their commission so to do?" Sawkins replied, "That be and his companions came to assist their friend, the king of Darien, (the said chief Andreas), who was the rightful lord of Panama, and all the country thereabouts. That as they had come so far, it was reasonable that they should receive some satisfaction for their trouble; and if the governor would send to them 500 pieces of eight for each man, and 1000 for each commander, and would promise not any further to annoy the Darien Indians, their allies, that then the buccaneers would desist from hostilities, and go quietly about their business." The governor could scarcely be expected to comply with these moderate demands.

The General Sawkins, having learnt from one of the Spaniards who traded with the buccaneers, that the bishop of Panama was a person whom he had formerly taken prisoner in the West Indies, sent him a small present as a token of regard and old acquaintanceship: the bishop in return sent Sawkins a gold ring!

Having consumed all the live stock within reach, and tired of waiting for the rich ship from Peru, the buccaneers sailed on the 15th of May to the island of Otogo, where they found hogs and poultry, and rested a day. From Otogo they departed with three ships and two small barks, steering out of the bay of Panama, and then westward for the town of Pueblo Nuevo. In this short voyage a violent storm separated from the ships the two barks, which never joined them again. One of them was taken by the Spaniards, who shot the men; and the crew of the other contrived to reach Coxon's party, and to recross the isthmus with them. On reaching Pueblo Nuevo, the buccaneers, instead of meeting with an easy prize, sustained a complete discomfiture, and lost their brave commander Sawkins, who was shot dead by the Spaniards, as he was advancing at the head of his men towards a breastwork. "Captain Sawkins," said his comrade Ringrose, "was a valiant and generous spirited man, and beloved more than any other we ever had among us, which he well deserved." His loss not only disheartened the whole, but induced between sixty and seventy men, and all the Darien Indians, to abandon the expedition and return to the isthmus.

Only one hundred and forty-six buccaneers now remained with Bartholomew Sharp, whom they had chosen commander, but who, though clerk enough to write and

publish, on his return to England, a very readable account of his adventures, did not at first shine as a leader. In their retreat from Pueblo Nuevo, they took a ship loaded with indigo, butter, and pitch, and burned two others. They lay at anchor for some time at the island of Quibo, where they pleasantly and profitably employed their time in taking "red deer, turtle, and oysters, so large, says Ringrose, that they were obliged to cut them into four quarters, each quarter being a good mouthful."

On the 6th of June, Sharp, who had boasted he would "take them a cruise, whereby he doubted not they would gain a thousand pounds per man," sailed with two ships for the coast of Peru. But on the 17th he came to anchor at the island of Gorgona, where the buccaneers idled away their time till near the end of July, doing nothing worthy of mention, except killing "a snake eleven feet long, and fourteen inches in circumference."

On the 13th of August they got as far as the island of Plata, where Sharp again came to anchor. From Plata they beat to the south, and on the 25th, when near Cape St. Elena, they captured, after a short contest, in which one buccaneer was killed and two were wounded, a Spanish ship bound for Panama. In this prize they gained 3000 dollars. The ship they sank, but it is not said what they did with the crew; as, however, Ringrose makes particular mention that they "punished a liar and shot him upon deck, casting him overboard while he was yet alive," it is to be presumed he was the only sufferer, and that the crew were kept to work as seamen or servants, or in hopes that they might be ransomed, or merely until some convenient opportunity were found for dismissing them.

One of the two vessels in which the buccaneers cruised, was now found to sail so badly, that she was abandoned, and they all embarked together in the Trinidad. On the 4th of September, they took another ship bound for Lima. It appears here to have been a custom among the buccaneers, that the first who boarded, should be allowed some extra privilege of plunder; for Ringrose says, "we cast dice for the first entrance, and the lot fell to the larboard watch, so twenty men belonging to that watch entered her." They took out of this prize as much of the cargo as suited them; they then put some of their prisoners in her, and dismissed her with only one man standing and one sail.

Sharp passed Callao at a distance, fearing the Spaniards might have ships of war there. On the 26th of October, he attempted a landing at the town of Arica, but was prevented by a heavy surf, and the armed appearance of the place. This was the more mortifying, as the stock of fresh water was so reduced, that the men were only allowed half a pint a day each; and it is related, that a pint of water was sold in the ship for thirty dollars. They bore away, however, for the island of Llo, where they succeeded in landing, and obtained water, wine, flour, fruit, and other provisions, and did all the mischief they could to the houses and plantations, because the Spaniards refused to purchase their forbearance either with money or cattle.

From Llo, keeping still southward, they came, on the 3d of December, to the town of La Serena, which they took without opposition. They here obtained, besides other things, five hundred pounds weight of silver, but were very near having their ship burned by a desperate Spaniard, who went by night on a boat made of a horse's hide, blown up like a bladder, and crammed oakum and brimstone, and other combustible matters between the rudder and the stern-post, to which he set fire by a match, and then escaped. From La Serena, the buccaneers made for Juan Fernandez, at which interesting, romantic island, they arrived on Christmas day, and remained some time. Here they again disagreed, some of them wishing to sail immediately homeward by the strait of Magalhães, and others desiring to try their fortunes longer in the South Sea. Sharp was of the homeward party; but the majority being against him, deposed him from the command, and elected in his stead, John Watling, "an old privateer, and esteemed a stout seaman." Articles between Watling and the crew were drawn up in writing, and subscribed in due form.

One narrative, however, says, "the true occasion of the grudge against Sharp was, that he had got by these adventures almost a thousand pounds, whereas many of our men were scarce worth a groat; and good reason there was for their poverty, for at the Isle of Plata, and other places, they had lost all their money to their fellow buccaneers at dice; so that some had a great deal, and others just nothing. Those who were thrifty, sided with captain Sharp, but the others, being the greatest number, turned Sharp out of his command; and Sharp's party were persuaded to have put to sea, seeing they were the fewest, and

had money to lose, which the other party had not." But Dampier says, Sharp was dismissed the command by general consent, the buccaneers being satisfied neither with his courage nor his conduct.

John Watling, as Richard Sawkins before him, had a glimmering of devotion in his composition. He began his command by insisting on the observance of the Lord's day by the buccaneers. "This day, January the 9th, 1681," says Ringrose, "was the first Sunday that ever we kept by command, since the loss and death of our valiant commander Captain Sawkins, who once threw the dice overboard, finding them in use on the said day." On the 12th of January, they were scared away from their anchorage at Juan Fernandez, by the appearance of three sail, and left behind them on shore, William, a Musquito Indian.

The three vessels, whose appearance had caused them to move in such a hurry, were armed Spanish ships. They remained in sight two days, but showed no inclination to fight. The buccaneers had not a single great gun in their ship, and most have trusted to their musketry and to boarding; yet it seems they must have contemplated making an attack themselves, as they remained so long without resigning the honour of the field to the Spaniards. They then sailed eastward for the coast of the continent, where they intended to attack the rich town of Arica.

On the 26th of January, they made the small island of Yunque, about twenty-five leagues from Arica, where they plundered an Indian village of provisions, and made prisoners of two old Spaniards and two Indians. The next day Watling examined one of the old Spaniards, concerning the force at Arica, and taking offence at his answer ordered him to be shot—which was done! Shortly after, he took a small bark, laden with fresh water for the little island, which was destitute of it.

The next night Watling, with one hundred men, left the ship in the boats and the small bark they had taken, and rowed for Arica. They landed on the continent about five leagues to the south of Arica before it was light, and remained there all day concealed among the rocks. When the shades of night fell, they crept along the coast without being perceived, and at the next morning dawn Watling landed with ninety-two men. They were still four miles from the town, but they marched boldly and rapidly forward, and gained an entrance with the loss of three men killed and two wounded. Though in possession of the town, Watling neglected a fort or little castle, and when he had lost time and was hampered by the number of prisoners he had made for the sake of their ransoms, and the inhabitants had recovered from their first panic, and had thrown themselves into the fort, he found that place too strong for him. He attacked it, however, making use of the cruel expedient of placing his prisoners in the front of his own men; but the defenders of the fort, though they might kill countrymen, friends and relatives, were not by this deterred, but kept up a steady fire, and twice repulsed the buccaneers. Meanwhile the Spaniards outside of the fort, made head from all parts, and hemmed in the buccaneers, who, from assailants, found themselves obliged to look for their own defence and retreat. Watling paid for his imprudence with his life, and two quarter-masters, the boatswain, and some of the best men among the rowers, fell before the fort. When the rest withdrew from the town, and made for their boats, they were harassed the whole way by a distant firing from the Spaniards, but they effected their retreat in tolerably good order. The whole party, however, narrowly escaped destruction; for the Spaniards had forced from the prisoners they took, the signals which had been agreed upon with the men left four miles off in charge of the buccaneer boats; and having made these signals, the boats had quitted their post, to which the rowers were now retreating, and were setting sail to run down to the town, when the most swift of foot of the band reached the sea-side just in time to call them back. They embarked in the greatest hurry and ran for their ships, too much disheartened to attempt to capture three vessels that lay at anchor in the roads.

In this mismanaged attack on Arica, the buccaneers lost between killed and taken, twenty-eight men, besides having eighteen wounded. Among the prisoners taken by the Spaniards, were two surgeons, to whom had been confided the care of the wounded. "We could have brought off our doctors," says Ringrose, "but they got to drinking while we were assaulting the fort, and when we called to them, they would not come. The Spaniards gave quarter to the surgeons, they being able to do them good service in that country; but as to the wounded men taken prisoners, they were all knocked on the head!"

The deposed chief, Barty Sharp, was now reinstated in the command, being esteemed a leader of safer conduct than any other. It was unanimously agreed to quit the South Sea, which they proposed to do, not by sailing round the American continent by the strait of Magalhães, but by recrossing the isthmus of Darien. They did not, however, immediately alter their course, but still beating to the south, landed on the 10th of March at Guasco, whence they carried off one hundred and twenty sheep, eighty goats, two hundred bushels of corn, and a plentiful supply of fresh water. They then stood to the north, and on the 27th passed Arica at a respectful distance: "our former entertainment," says one of the buccaneers, "having been so very bad, that we were no ways encouraged to stop there again."

By the 16th of April, however, when they were near the island Plata, where on a former occasion many of them "had lost their money to their fellow buccaneers at dice," the spirits of some of the crew had so much revived, that they were again willing to try their fortunes longer in the South Sea. But one party would not continue under Sharp, and others would not recognise a new commander. As neither party would yield, it was determined to separate, and agreed, "that which party soever upon polling should be found to have the majority should keep the ship." Sharp's party proved the most numerous, and they kept the vessel. The minority, which consisted of forty-four Europeans, two Mosquito Indians, and a Spanish Indian, took the long boat and the canoes, as had been agreed, and separating from their old comrades, proceeded to the gulf of San Miguel, where they landed, and travelled on foot over the isthmus by much the same route as they had come. From the Atlantic side of the isthmus they found their way to the West Indies. In this second party were the two authors, William Dampier and Lionel Wafer, the surgeon. Dampier published a brief sketch of this Expedition to the South Sea, with an account of his return across the isthmus; but of the latter the most entertaining description was written by Wafer, who, meeting with an accident on his journey back, which disabled him from keeping pace with his countrymen, was left behind, and remained for some months the guest of the Darien Indians. Living among them as he did, he had ample opportunity of informing himself of all their manners and customs, and I know no book that gives so complete and amusing a picture of the habits of savage life, unless it be the volume on the New Zealanders, published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge."

Sharp, with his diminished crew, which must have been reduced to about seventy men, sailed with the ship northward to the gulf of Nicoya. Meeting no booty there, he returned to the island Plata, picking up three prizes in his way. The first was a ship called the San Pedro, with a lading of cocoa-nuts, and 21,000 pieces of eight in chests, and 16,000 in bags, besides plate. "The money in bags, with all the loose plunder, was immediately divided, each man receiving two hundred and thirty-four pieces of eight. The money in chests was reserved for a future division. Their second prize was a packet from Panama bound to Callao, by which they learned that in Panama it was believed that all the buccaneers had returned over land to the West Indies. The third was a ship called the San Rosario, which made a bold resistance, and did not submit until her captain was killed. She came from Callao with a cargo of wine, brandy, oil, and fruit, and had in her as much money as yielded ninety-four dollars to each buccaneer. Through their ignorance of metals they missed a much greater booty. There were seven hundred pigs of plate which they mistook for tin, on account of its not being refined and fitted for coining. They only took one of the seven hundred pigs, and two thirds of this they melted down into bullets and otherwise squandered away. After having beaten along the coast, coming at times to anchor, making a few discoveries, and giving names to islands and bays, but taking no prizes, they sailed early in November from the shores of Patagonia. Their navigation hence, as Captain Burney remarks, was more than could be imagined: it was like the journey of travellers by night in a strange country without a guide. The weather being very stormy, they were afraid to venture through the strait of Magalhães, but ran to the south, to go round the Tierra del Fuego. Spite of tempests, clouds, and darkness, and immense ice-bergs, they doubled in safety the redoubtable Cape Horn, nine months after their comrades, who went back by the isthmus of Darien, had left them.

On the 5th of December they made a division of such of their spoils as had been reserved. Each man's share amounted to three hundred and twenty-eight pieces of eight.

On January the 28th, 1682, they made the island of Barbadoes, where the British frigate *Richmond* was lying. "We having acted in all our voyage without a commission," says *Ringsrose*, "dared not be so bold as to put in, lest the said frigate should seize us for privateering, and strip us of all we had got in the whole voyage." They, therefore, sailed to Antigua. People may say what they choose about the virtues of old times! It is a notorious fact that statesmen and the servants of government were in those days corrupt, rapacious, dishonest. It seems to have been an established practice among the buccaners to purchase impunity by bribing our governors of the West India islands. But at Antigua, Sharp now found, as Governor, Colonel Codrington, an honest man, who would not allow his lady to accept of a present of jewels sent by the buccaners as a propitiatory offering, nor give the buccaners leave to enter the harbour. The buccaners then separated. Some stole into Antigua on board of other craft; Sharp and some others landed at Nevis, whence they procured a passage to England. Their ship, the *Trinidad*, which they had captured in the Bay of Panama, was left to seven desperadoes of the company, who having lost every farthing by gaining, had no inducement to lead them to England, but remained where they were, in the hope of picking up new associates, with whom they might again try their fortunes as free rovers.

When Bartholomew Sharp arrived in England, he and a few of his men were apprehended and brought before a court of admiralty, where, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, they were tried for piracies in the South Sea. One of the principal charges against them was taking the Spanish ship *Rosario*, and killing the captain and one of her men. "But it was proved," says the author of an anonymous narrative, who was one of the buccaners tried, "that the Spaniards fired at us first, and it was judged that we ought to defend ourselves." I can hardly understand how it should have been so, but it is said. From the general defectiveness of the evidence produced, they all escaped conviction.

Three of Sharp's men were also tried at Jamaica, one of whom "being wheeled into an open confession, was condemned and hanged; the other two stood it out, and escaped for want of witnesses to prove the fact against them."

"Thus terminated," adds Captain Burney, "what may be called the First Expedition of the buccaners in the South Sea; the boat excursion by Morgan's men in the Bay of Panama being of too little consequence to be so reckoned. They had now made successful experiments of the route both by sea and land; and the Spaniards in the South Sea had reason to apprehend a speedy renewal of their visit."

And indeed their visit was repeated the very next year. "On August the 23d, 1683," says William Dampier, who had not had enough of his first expedition, "we sailed from Virginia, under the command of Captain Cook, bound for the South Seas." Their adventurous, dangerous mode of life must have had strong charms for them, for besides Dampier and Cook, Lionel Wafer, Edward Davis, and Ambrose Cowley, went for the second time, and indeed nearly all of their crew, amounting to about seventy men, were old buccaners.

Their ship was called the *Revenge*, and mounted eighteen guns: an immense superiority over the craft with which they had already scoured those seas, and which had not even a single large gun on board.

Quite enough has been said to give the reader a notion of the mode of proceeding and living of these marauders. Without including an account of the discoveries they made in the South Sea, and the additions Dampier and Wafer procured to our knowledge of the natural history of those parts of the globe, and of the manners and habits of the savages who inhabited them, a continuation of the narrative of the buccaners would be monotonous; and to include these would occupy too much space, and not be germane to a work like the present. I will, therefore, mention only a few particulars, and hasten to the extinction of these extraordinary associations.

When the *Revenge* got into the South Sea, they were surprised to find another English ship there. This ship had been fitted out in the river Thames, under a pretence of trading, but with the intention of making a

piratical voyage. Her commander was one John Eaton, who readily agreed to keep company with Cook. Cook died in July, just as they made Cape Blanco, and Edward Davis, the second in command, was unanimously elected to succeed him. This man, though a buccaneer, had many good and some great qualities. Humane himself, he repressed the ferocity of his companions; he was prudent, moderate, and steady; and such was his commanding character, and the confidence his worth and talent inspired, that no rival authority was ever set up against him, but the lawless and capricious freebooters obeyed him implicitly in all that he ordered. For a long while he maintained his sway, not only over the two ships already mentioned, but over another English vessel, and over two hundred French, and eighty English buccaners that crossed the isthmus of Darien, and joined him, besides other parties, that went from time to time to try their fortunes in the South Seas.

By far the most interesting incident in the history of these marauders is found in this their second expedition in the Pacific. On their first cruise, when under the command of Watling, the buccaners having been suddenly scared away from the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez by the appearance of three armed Spanish ships, left behind them one William, an Indian of the Mosquito tribe, whose attachment to the English adventurers has been mentioned. The poor fellow was absent in the woods, hunting goats for food for the buccaners at the time of the alarm, and they could spare no time to search after him. When this second expedition came near Juan Fernandez, on March 22d, 1684, several of the buccaners who had been with Watling, and were still attached to their faithful Indian comrade William, were eager to discover if any traces could be found of him on the island, and accordingly made for it in great haste in a row-boat.

In this boat was Dampier, who, marauder though he was, has described the scene with exquisite simplicity and feeling, and Robin a Mosquito Indian. As they approached the shore, to their astonishment and delight they saw William at the seaside waiting to receive them.

"Robin, his countryman," says Dampier, "was the first who leaped ashore from the boat, and running to his brother Mosquito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when the ceremonies were over, we, also, stood gazing at them, drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

William had by this time lived in utter solitude for more than three years. The Spaniards knew that he had been left behind at the island, and several ships of that nation had stopped there and sent people in pursuit of him, but he, dreading they would put him to death as an ally of their persecutors, the English buccaners, had each time fled and succeeded in concealing himself from their search.

When his friends first sailed away and left him at Juan Fernandez, William had with him a musket, a small horn of powder, a few shot, and a knife. "When his ammunition was expended," continues Dampier, "he contrived, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife, leaving the pieces of iron first in the fire, and then hammering them out as he pleased with stones. This may seem strange to those not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than what the Mosquito men were accustomed to in their own country." He had worn out the English clothes with which he had landed, and now had no covering save a goatskin round his waist. For fishing, he made lines from sealskins cut into thongs. "He had built himself a hut, half a mile from the seashore, which he lined with goatskins, and slept on his couch or *barbecu* of sticks raised about two feet from the ground, and spread with goatskins." He saw the buccaners' ships the day before, and with his quick sight perceived at a great distance, that from their rigging and manner of manœuvring they must be English; he therefore killed three goats, which he dressed with vegetables, and when his friends and liberators landed he had a feast ready prepared for them.

After having cruised for four years, Davis and many

of his companions returned to the West Indies in 1688, in time to benefit by a proclamation offering the king's pardon to all buccaners who would claim it and quit their lawless way of life. "It was not," says Captain Burney, "the least of fortune's favours to this crew, that they should find it in their power, without any care or forethought of their own, to terminate a long course of piratical adventures in quietness and security."

By a short time after the return of Davis, all the buccaners, both French and English, had quitted the South Sea, most of them having effected a retreat across the isthmus, in which they met with some most desperate adventures. They continued their depredations for a few years longer in the West Indian seas, and on the coasts of the Spanish main, but they never returned to the Pacific.

On the accession of William III. a war between Great Britain and France, that had been an unusually long time at peace with each other, seemed inevitable. The French in the West Indies did not wait for its declaration, but attacked the English portion of St. Christopher, which island, by joint agreement, had been made the original and confederated settlement of the two nations. The English were forced to retire to the island of St. Nevis. The war between France and England, which followed, lasted till nearly the end of William's reign. The old ties of amity were rent asunder, and the buccaners, who had been so long leagued against the Spaniards, now carried arms against each other, the French acting as auxiliaries to the regular forces of their nation, the English fighting under the royal flag of theirs. They never again confederated in any buccaneer cause. Had they been always united and properly headed—had conquest and not plunder been their object, they might gradually have obtained possession of a great part of the West Indies—they might at once have established an independent state among the islands of the Pacific ocean.

The treaty of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697, and the views of the English and French cabinets as regarded Spain, and then, four years later, the accession of a Bourbon prince to the Spanish throne, led to the final suppression of these marauders. Many of them turned planters or negro drivers, or followed their profession of sailors on board of merchant vessels; but others, who had good cruising ships, quitted the West Indies, separately, and went roving to different parts of the globe. "Their distinctive mark, which they undeviatingly preserved nearly two centuries, was their waving constant war against the Spaniards, and against them only."—Now this was obliterated, and they no longer existed as buccaners.

I conclude with the words of Captain Burney, in which will be found a melancholy truth, but which, I hope, from the amelioration of our colonial governments and our general improvement, will soon, as regards Englishmen and present times, appear like a falsehood.

"In the history of so much robbery and outrage, the rapacity shown in some instances by the European governments in their West Indian transactions, and by governors of their appointment, appears in a worse light than that of the buccaners, from whom, they being profligate ruffians, nothing better was expected. The superior attainments of Europeans, though they have done much towards their own civilisation, chiefly in humanising their institutions, have, in their dealings with the inhabitants of the rest of the globe, with few exceptions, been made the instruments of usurpation and extortion."

"After the suppression of the buccaners, and partly from their relics, arose a race of pirates of a more desperate cast, so rendered by the increased danger of their occupation, who for a number of years preyed upon the commerce of all nations, till they were hunted down, and, it may be said, exterminated."

All my readers will remember that there has been a doubt expressed, whether or not a dignity of the English church had not been in early life a buccaneer and a robber. I say all will remember it, because Lord Byron alluded to the circumstance in a note to "The Corsair," one of the finest of his poems.

As, however, the passage is short as it is curious, I will quote it here.

"In Noble's continuation of Granger's Biographical History there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it—

"There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer;

and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is archbishop of York. We are informed, that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnett's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeaconry of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Münster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop, he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaner should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages, and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ church college, Oxford? These arguments do not appear to me to be very conclusive. Dampier, Lionel Wafer, Sharp, and others of the buccaners, were men of considerable education. From their acquirements to the classical accomplishments of Blackbourne is indeed a step, but still it is only a question of degree, and in associations where there were such civilised men as they, there might be one still more cultivated, like Blackbourne. I have no anxiety to prove the identity of a robber and a bishop, but think there can be nothing so very improbable in the story, that a wild youth, even though educated at "Christ church college, Oxford," should have been a buccaner in the West Indies, and then have returned, and, after a dubious reformation of his morals, have attained high church preferment, by his talents, his intrigues, or by a fortunate patronage. "He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this, however, was turned against him, by his being said, he gained more hearts than souls."

Mr. Mac Farlane having, in the preceding narrations, confined himself to a particular class of American buccaners, we have prepared the following brief notices of Captain Blackbeard and Kid, who were long the terror of the American colonists, and give them in place of some familiar and less exciting relations, which have been omitted.

Mr. Watson, the annalist of Philadelphia, bears ample testimony that the legends of the pirates were of deep interest in the time of our forefathers; so much so, that the echo of their recitals, far as we are removed from their effects, has not ceased to vibrate upon our ears. The annalist had not access to the "History of the Pirates," from which we have drawn our information, but he has inserted some particulars relative to their appearance in this city and neighbourhood which deserve a place here. He says—

"Mrs. Bulah Coates, (once Jaquet,) the grandmother of Samuel Coates, Esq. now an aged citizen, told him that she had seen and sold goods to the celebrated Blackbeard, she then keeping a store in High street, No. 77, where Benninghove now owns and dwells—a little west of St. Andrew street. He bought freely and paid well. She then knew it was him, and so did some others. But they were afraid to arrest him lest his crew, with whom they should bear it, should avenge his cause, by some midnight assault. He was too politic to bring his vessel or crew within immediate reach; and at the same time was careful to give no direct offence in any of the settlements where they wished to be regarded as visitors and purchasers, &c."

"Blackbeard was also seen at sea by the mother of the late Dr. Hugh Williamson of New York; she was then in her youth coming to this country, and their vessel was captured by him. The very aged John Hutton, who died in Philadelphia in 1792, well remembered to have seen

Blackbeard at Barbadoes after he had come in under the act of oblivion. This was but shortly before he made his last cruise, and was killed in 1718. The present aged Benjamin Kite has told me, that he had seen in his youth an old black man, nearly one hundred years of age, who had been one of Blackbeard's pirates, by impressment. He lived many years with George Gray's family, the brewer in Chestnut street, near to Third street. The same Mr. Kite's grandfather told him he well knew one Crane, a Swede, at the upper ferry on Schuylkill, who used to go regularly in his boat to supply Blackbeard's vessel at State Island. He also said it was known that that freebooter used to visit an inn in High street, near Second street, with his sword by his side. There is a traditional story, that Blackbeard and his crew used to visit and revel at Marcushook, at the house of a Swedish woman, whom he was accustomed to call Marcus, as an abbreviation of Margaret.

"How long Blackbeard exercised his piracies before the years 1717 and '18, which terminated his profligate career, I am not enabled to say, but in this time the MSS. papers in the Logan collection make frequent mention of him and others, as in that hateful pursuit.

"In 1717, James Logan writes, saying, 'We have been extremely pestered with pirates who now swarm in America, and increase their numbers by almost every vessel they take—[compelling them to enter by coercion or otherwise.] If speedy care be not taken they will become formidable, being now at least fifteen hundred strong. They have very particularly talked of visiting this place; many of them being well acquainted with it, and some born in it, for they are generally all English, and therefore know that our government can make no defence.'

"In October, 1718, James Logan again writes to Colonel Hunter, the governor of New York, by express, saying, 'We are now sending down a small vessel to seize those rogues, if not strengthened from sea. We are in manifest danger here, unless the king's ships (which seem careless of the matter) take some notice of us; they probably think a proprietary government no part of their charge. It is possible, indeed, that the merchants of New York, some of them I mean, might not be displeased to hear we are all reduced to ashes. [Even so early it seems there were jealousies of trade.] Unless these pirates be deterred from coming up our rivers by the fear of men of war outside to block them in, there is nothing but what we may fear from them, for that unhappy pardon [the same Teach before embraced,] has given them a settled correspondence every where, and an opportunity [mark this] of lodging their friends where they please to come to their assistance; and nowhere in America, [mark this.] I believe, so much as in this town.'

"Such was the picture of piracy which once distressed and alarmed our forefathers, and shows in itself much of the cause of the numerous vague tales we still occasionally hear of Blackbeard and the pirates."

From a very scarce book now before us, entitled "A General History of the Pyrates, from their first rise and settlement in the Island of Providence to the present time, by Charles Johnson, 4th edition, London, 1726," which was evidently prepared with constant reference to authentic documents, we have collected the following particulars.

BLACKBEARD.

Edward Teach, better known by the name of BLACKBEARD, was born in Bristol, England, and for a considerable period was engaged in privateering from the Island of Jamaica. He acted as a private sailor till the year 1716, when a Captain Hornigold, a noted pirate, raised him to the command of a sloop he had made prize of. He continued in company with Hornigold until the latter was captured. In the spring of 1717 they sailed together from the Island of Providence for the American colonies, and took in their way a vessel from Havana, which they plundered, and a sloop from Bermuda, from which they took only a few gallons of wine, and dismissed her. They also captured a ship from Madeira, bound to South Carolina, from which they got considerable plunder.

After cleaning their vessel on the coast of Virginia, they started for the West Indies, and on the voyage made prize of a large French Guineaman. After various cruises they were shipwrecked on the coast of North Carolina when Teach, hearing of a proclamation by which all pirates who surrendered were to be pardoned, went with twenty of his men to the governor of that state, and received certificates of having complied with its terms.

But it does not appear that their submission was from any reformation, but only to gain time to prepare for a renewal of their deeds of iniquity. An opportunity soon presented, with a fair prospect of success, Teach having in the interim cultivated a good understanding with Charles Eden, the governor above mentioned. He had brought in, some time before, a merchantman, of which, says Johnson, Eden contrived to give him possession, through a packed vice-admiralty court, held at Bath Town, though it was notorious that he had never held a commission in his life, and that the vessel in question belonged to English merchants had been taken in time of peace. Before Teach sailed he married a girl of about sixteen, the governor performing the ceremony—this, it is said, made his fourteenth wife! What acts of piracy he committed on this voyage we have no data for ascertaining.

In June 1718, he steered his course for Bermuda, and met two or three English vessels, which he robbed of provisions, stores, and other necessities. When near Bermuda, he fell in with two French ships; one of them was loaded with sugar and cocoa, and the other in ballast; the latter he dismissed, with both crews on board; the other he brought to North Carolina, where the governor and the pirates shared the plunder. Teach and his officers having made affidavit that they found their prize at sea, without a soul on board, the governor's obedient court condemned her—his excellency having sixty hogsheads of sugar for his dividend, and his secretary, Mr. Knight, one; the collector for the province received twenty.

But this affair was not yet completed; the ship remained, and it was possible somebody might come into the river who would recognise her, and thus discover their villany. Teach, thinking it would be most prudent to destroy her, under pretence that she was in a leaky condition, and by sinking would destroy the entrance to the harbour, procured an order from the governor to set her on fire, which was accordingly done. She was burnt to the water's edge, her hull sunk, and with it their fears of her ever rising in judgment against them disappeared.

Blackbeard now entered on a petty course of piracy, infesting the whole colonial coast, but more particularly the waters of Virginia and the Delaware. In November, 1718, Governor Spotswood of Virginia offered a reward for Teach, dead or alive, of one hundred pounds; for every other commander of a pirate ship, forty pounds; for inferior officers, from fifteen to twenty pounds; and for every private, ten pounds.

On the 17th of the same month, Lieutenant Maynard sailed from Kiptopean, in James river, in search of Blackbeard. On the 31st, in the evening, he came to the mouth of Omecock inlet, where he got sight of the pirate. This expedition was managed with the greatest secrecy, the officer prudently stopping all boats and vessels he met with in the river, to prevent any intelligence reaching the outlaws. But, notwithstanding this caution, Blackbeard had information of the design from Governor Eden, his secretary, Mr. Knight, having written him a letter, with the information that he had sent him four of his men, who were all he could muster, reminding him to be on his guard. The pirate, having frequently before been falsely alarmed, paid little attention to the advice, nor was he fully aware of the expedition till he actually saw the sloops. He immediately put his vessel in a state of defence. Having but about twenty-five men on board, he told them to sell their lives dearly, and then sat down to a drinking frolic with the master of a trading sloop, who it was suspected was rather too intimate with the pirate for his own credit.

Lieutenant Maynard came to anchor in front of the inlet, but in the morning weighed, and sent his boats ahead of the sloops to sound. On coming within gunshot of the pirates, he received their fire, and hoisting the king's colours, stood directly for the enemy, when Blackbeard cut his cable, and endeavoured to make a running fight, keeping up a continued fire with his guns, which Maynard could only answer with small arms, the shallowness of the navigation precluding their carrying cannon. In a little time Teach's sloop ran aground, but the lieutenant's drawing more water he could not come near him, and therefore anchored within gun-shot. In order to lighten the vessel, so as to run him aboard, Maynard threw over all the ballast and water, weighed, and stood for the pirate. Blackbeard hailed him with an oath, and demanded who they were and whence they came. The lieutenant made answer, "You see by our colours that we are no pirates." Blackbeard ordered him to send a boat aboard, that he might see who he was, but he was answered that they could not spare the boat, but

would come aboard with the sloop as soon as they could. The pirate took a glass of liquor, and drinking to his opponent, swore he would neither give nor receive quarters; Maynard replied, he expected none, nor would he give any.

By this time, Blackbeard's vessel made an attempt to escape as the sloops were rowing towards him, and he fired a broadside, charged, says the historian, "with all manner of small shots." The deck of Maynard's vessel being unprotected, twenty of his men were either killed or wounded, but the crew still kept to their oars, determined on capture. Fearing another broadside, the lieutenant ordered all the men below, except the helmsman, who, with himself, solely occupied the deck. The helmsman was ordered to lay close, and the hands below had received previous orders to be instantly ready on a given signal. When the two vessels came in contact, Teach's men threw case-bottles on board of Maynard's, filled with powder and small shot, slugs, and pieces of lead or iron, with a lighted match in the mouth. Exploding on the deck, they would have done great execution, if the men had not been in safety in the hold. Blackbeard, seeing few or none of the hands, told his men that they were all killed, except three or four, and proposed to jump aboard, and cut them to pieces. No sooner said than done; under the smoke of one of the exploded case-bottles, he sprang on deck, followed by fourteen men, who were not perceived off. The signal being given, in a moment the two parties were engaged in deadly combat, Blackbeard and the lieutenant firing the first shots at each other, by which the pirate received a wound. They then engaged at arms' length with swords, till the lieutenant's weapon unluckily broke, when, stepping back to cock a pistol, Blackbeard raised his cutlass, and was in the act of striking, when one of Maynard's men gave him a terrible wound in the neck and throat, Maynard receiving only a small cut over his fingers.

The parties were now closely and warmly engaged, the lieutenant and twelve men against Blackbeard and fourteen, "till the sea was tintured with blood round the vessel." Blackbeard received a shot in his body from Maynard's pistol, but still stood his ground, fighting with great fury, till he had received twenty-five wounds, five of them by shot. At length, as he was cocking another pistol, having already fired several, he fell dead on the deck. Eight of his men shared the same fate, and the others, much wounded, jumped overboard, and called out for quarters, which was granted, though it was only prolonging their lives a few days. The second sloop under Maynard's command, which had been aground, now came up, and attacked the men in Blackbeard's vessel who had not boarded, and came off equally victorious.

Here was an end to the great terror of the colonies, and of a wretch, who, had he been employed in a good cause, might have passed for a hero. Lieutenant Maynard deserved great praise for his bravery in following such a desperado with very small vessels, whose draught would not admit of their carrying either ordnance or a sufficient numerical force.

When they got possession of the piratical vessel, they found a negro with a lighted match in the powder room, waiting for commands to blow all up, which were to have been given if Maynard and his men should enter and seem likely to prove victorious; the intention having been to destroy the conquerors with themselves, and from this they were only saved by the prudent precaution of the commander in keeping his men in the hold till the pirates left their own vessel. The negro, when he found how things were going, could scarcely be persuaded from setting fire to the powder.

The lieutenant caused Blackbeard's head to be severed from his body, and hanging it up at the bowsprit head, sailed for Bath Town, to procure surgical aid for his wounded men. In rummaging the pirates' sloop, several letters were found which discovered their correspondence with Governor Eden's secretary, of which the following is a copy, preserved in Williamson's History of North Carolina.

"My friend—

"If this finds you in the harbour, I would have you make the best of your way up as soon as possible your affairs will let you. I have something more to say to you than at present I can write. The bearer will tell you the end of our Indian war, and Ganet can tell you in part what I have to say to you, so refer you in some measure to him.

"I really think those three men are heartily sorry at their difference with you, and will be very willing to ask your pardon. If I may advise, be friends again; its bet-

ter so than falling out among yourselves. I expect the governor this night or to-morrow, who I believe would be likewise glad to see you before you go. I have not time to add, save my hearty respects to you, and am your real friend,

"T. KNIGHT."

Some traders in New York were also implicated by the letters found on board.

When the lieutenant came to Bath Town, he seized the governor's store-house, and his sixty hogheads of sugar, as well as honest Mr. Knight's. The latter did not long survive this discovery; being apprehensive he might be called to account, he became ill with fright, and died in a few days.

After the wounded men had recovered, the lieutenant sailed back to James river, with Blackbeard's head still at the bowsprit head, having on board fifteen prisoners, thirteen of whom were afterwards hanged. It appearing on trial that one of them, Samuel Odell, was taken out of the trading sloop only the night before the engagement, he was pardoned. Odell had no less than seventy wounds in various parts of the body, notwithstanding which he lived and was cured of them all. The other person who escaped the gallows was named Israel Hands. He happened not to have been in the fight, but was taken afterwards ashore, at Bath Town, having been some time before disabled by Blackbeard in the following manner. One night, when drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another individual, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately drew out a small pair of pistols, and, blowing out the candle, discharged them at his company. Hands was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution. Blackbeard being asked the meaning of this, coolly answered with an oath, that if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was. Hands being taken, was tried and condemned, but pleaded his majesty's pardon, and by some juggling escaped with his life.

Teach owed his nickname of Blackbeard to the extraordinary quantity of hair with which his head and face were covered. His beard was of a jet black, in full keeping with his black or bloody flag, and suffered to grow to an extravagant length. It came entirely up to his eyes, and he was in the habit of twisting it with ribbons into small tails, and turning them up about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters; and still further to render his horrible countenance terrific, he stuck lighted tapers under his hat, which appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him appear altogether like a demon. His disposition corresponded to his appearance, a more reckless wretch having rarely graced the annals of piracy. He appeared desirous to impress his followers with the belief that he was a devil incarnate. On one occasion, when intoxicated, he proposed to his followers to make a little hell of their own, and see how long it could be borne. Accordingly, three or four of them descended to the hold, and closing up all the hatches, filled several pots with brimstone, and then set it on fire. They bore the effluvia as long as possible, but being nearly suffocated two of the men called out for air, and after some time their commander opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he had held out the longest. Sitting up with his comrades the night previous to his death, one of them asked him, in case he was killed, whether his wife knew where he had buried his money. He answered, that "nobody but himself and old Nick knew where it was." An idea long prevailed, and still exists, for aught we know, in various parts of the neighbouring states, that Blackbeard had deposited pots of money in various secure places. The writer has met with more than one instance of positive belief in these idle stories, and his friend Mr. Watson, in his very amusing book, says—

"The conceit was, that sometimes they killed prisoners, and interred him with it, to make his ghost keep his vigils there as a guard 'walking his weary round.' Hence it was not rare to hear of persons having seen a shipook or ghost, or of having dreamed of it a plurality of times; thus creating a sufficient incentive to dig on the spot.

"Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed."

"Colonel Thomas Forrest, who died in 1828, at the age of 83, had been in his early days a youth of much solie and fun, always well disposed to give time and application to forward a joke. He found much to amuse himself in the credulity of some of the German families. I have heard him relate some of his anecdotes of the

prestigious kind with much humour. When he was about twenty-one years of age, a tailor who was measuring him for a suit of clothes happened to say, 'Now, Thomas, if you and I could only find some of the money of the sea-robbers, (the pirates,) we might drive our coach for life!' The sincerity and simplicity with which he uttered this, caught the attention of young Forrest, and when he went home he began to devise some scheme to be amused with his credulity and superstition. There was a prevailing belief that the pirates had hidden many sums of money and much of treasure about the banks of the Delaware. Forrest got an old parchment, on which he wrote the dying testimony of one John Hendricks, executed at Chestnut for piracy, in which he stated he had deposited a thess and a pot of money at Cooper's Point, in the Jerseys. This parchment he smoked, and gave to it the appearance of antiquity; calling on his German tailor, told him he had found it among his father's papers, who got it in England from the prisoner whom he visited in prison. This he showed to the tailor as a precious paper, which he could by no means lend out of his hands. This operated the desired effect.

"Soon after, the tailor called on Forrest with one Ambruster, a printer, who he introduced as capable of 'printing any spirit out of hell,' by his knowledge of the black art. He asked to see the parchment; he was delighted with it, and confidently said he could conjure Hendricks to give up the money. A time was appointed to meet in an upper room of a public house in Philadelphia, by night, and the innkeeper was let into the secret by Forrest. By the night appointed, they had prepared by a closet a communication with a room above their sitting room, so as to lower down by a pulley the invoked ghost, who was represented by a young man entirely sewed up in a close white dress, on which were painted black-eyed sockets, mouth, and bare ribs with dashes of the thighs blacked, so as to make white bones conspicuous. About twelve persons met in all, seated around a table. Ambruster shuffled and read out eards, on which were inscribed the names of saints, telling them he should bring Hendricks to encompass the table, visible or invisible he could not tell. At the words, John Hendricks 'du verfluchter cum heraus,' the pulley was heard to reel, the closet door to fly open, and John Hendricks with ghastly appearance, to stand forth. The whole were dismayed and fled, save Forrest the brave. After this, Ambruster, on whom they all depended, declared that he had by spells got permission to take up the money. A day was therefore appointed to visit the Jersey shore, and to dig there by night. The parchment said it lay between two great stones. Forrest, therefore, prepared two black men, to be entirely naked, except white petticoat-breeches; and these were to jump each on the stone whenever they came to the spot, which had been previously put there. These frightened off the company for a little. When they next essayed, they were assailed by cats, tied two and two, to whose tails were spiral papers of gunpowder, which illuminated and whizzed, while the cats howled. The pot was at length got up, and brought in great triumph to Philadelphia wharf; but oh, sad disaster! while helping it out of the boat, Forrest, who managed it, and was handing it up to the tailor, trod upon the gunnel and filled the boat, and, holding on to the pot, dragged the tailor into the river—it was lost! For years afterwards, they reproached Forrest for that loss, and declared he had got the chest by himself, and was enriched thereby. He favoured the conceit, until at last they actually sued him on a writ of treasure trove; but their lawyer was persuaded to give it up as idle. Some years afterwards, Mr. Forrest wrote a very humorous play, (which I have seen printed, and a copy of it is now in the Philadelphia Athenaeum,) which contained many incidents of this kind of superstition. It gave some offence to the parties represented, that it could not be exhibited on the stage. I remember some lines in it, for it had much of broken English and German-English verses, to wit:

"My dearest wife, in all my life,
Ich neher was so frightened,
The spirit come and I did run,
'Twas just like tender mit lightning."

"Several aged persons have occasionally pointed out to me the places where persons to their knowledge, had dug for pirates' money. The small hill once on the north side of Conates street, near to Front street, was well remembered by John Brown as having been much dug. Colonel A. J. Morris, now in his ninetieth year, has told me, that in his early days very much was said of Blackbeard and the pirates, both by young and old. Tales were frequently current that this and that person had

heard of some of his discovered treasure. Persons in the city were named as having profited by his depredations. But he thought those things were not true.

"As late as the year 1792, the shipcarpenters formed a party to dig for pirates' money on the Cohocksine creek, northwest of the causeway, under a large tree. They got frightened off. And it came out afterwards, that a waggish neighbour had enacted *diabolus* to their discomfiture."

Smith, the historian of New York, remarks—"It is certain, that pirates were frequently in the Sound, and supplied with provisions by the inhabitants of Long Island, who, for many years afterwards, were so infatuated with a notion that the pirates buried great quantities of money along the coast, that there is scarcely a point of land, or an island, without the marks of their *auri sacri fumes*. Some credulous people have ruined themselves by these researches, and propagated a thousand idle fables, current to this day, among our country farmers." To prove the fallacy of these stories no argument is necessary; Williamson states that Blackbeard's "treasures, which vulgar credulity, prone to believe a wonderful story, had passed to his account, were of no use to himself at least. The man who is said and believed to have buried pots or chests of money, in every deep creek along our coasts, had not the means of supporting himself on shore when he left off cruising."

Johnson has one more anecdote of this famous freebooter, with which he closes his annals of Captain Teach. Those of his crew who were taken alive, told a story in which they placed implicit reliance,—that when out upon a cruise, they discovered there was one man on board more than their complement. He was seen for several days among them—sometimes upon deck, and sometimes below—but was entirely unknown to any of the hands, and disappeared suddenly, without any one's knowledge. This individual these superstitious and ignorant wretches firmly believed was the devil!

CAPTAIN KID.

Captain Kid's piracies are of an earlier date than Blackbeard's, and, being carried on at a greater distance from our shores, excited less attention among the mass of the people. From Johnson's history, and other sources the following facts have been collected.

It appears, that before the Earl of Bellmont sailed to take command as governor of the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, in 1698, he became acquainted with Robert Livingston, Esq. the ancestor of the present Livingstone of New York, who was then in England, prosecuting his own affairs before the Council. The earl took occasion to mention to Mr. Livingston the scandal which attached to the province on account of the pirates. The latter confessed the reports in circulation were well founded, and introduced the earl to Captain Kid, whom he recommended as a man of integrity and courage, well acquainted with the pirates and their rendezvous, and who would undertake to apprehend them, if the king would employ a good sailing frigate of thirty guns and one hundred and fifty men. Bellmont laid the proposal before the king, who consulted the admiralty upon the subject; this project was, however, dropped, and Mr. Livingston then proposed a private adventure against the pirates, offering to be concerned with Kid to the amount of one fifth of the cost of outfit, and to be himself responsible for Kid's faithful execution of the commission. The king then gave his approval to the plan, and reserved to himself a tenth share, to show that he was concerned in the enterprise. Lord Chancellor Somers, and others of high standing, joined in the scheme, agreeing to make up a sum of six thousand pounds, leaving the management of the whole affair to Lord Bellmont, who gave orders to Kid to pursue his commission, which was in the usual form.

Kid sailed from Plymouth from New York, in April, 1696, bearing also a commission, to justify him in taking French merchant ships, King William being then at war with that nation. His vessel, the *Adventure Galley*, carried thirty guns and eighty men; on the voyage they captured a French "Banker," and, arriving at New York, Kid advertised for more men, offering every one who joined a share of what should be taken. His company was thus increased to one hundred and fifty men, with which crew he sailed, first for Madeira, where he took in wine and other articles, and proceeded to Bonavista, to procure salt. He now bent his course to Madagascar, the known rendezvous of pirates, where he arrived in February, 1697.

The pirates were most of them out in search of prey, so that according to the best information Kid could obtain, there were none of their vessels about the island. After watering and taking in provisions Kid steered for the coast of Malabar, and made an unsuccessful cruise. It does not appear that, up to this period, he had any design of turning buccaneer himself, for on the last named voyage he fell in with several India ships, richly laden, to which he offered no violence, though his crew was numerous enough to have captured the whole; he soon, however, began to open his views to the men, by informing them that the Mocha fleet, which was to set sail shortly, would make their fortunes. Finding that none of them made any objection, he ordered a boat out, well manned, to go on the coast to make discoveries, commanding them to take a prisoner and bring him aboard, or procure intelligence by any other method. The boat returned in a few days, bringing him word that they saw fourteen or fifteen ships ready to sail, some with Dutch and others with Moorish flags.

Kid must have determined to turn pirate in consequence of his disappointments and apprehensions lest his owners, on discovering his want of success, should dismiss him. Whatever his motives might have been, he soon fell in with the fleet, and firing into a Moorish ship the others bore down upon him, and obliged him to sheer off; but, having commenced hostilities, he soon captured a small vessel, belonging to Moorish merchants, the master of which was an Englishman, named Parker; Kid forced him and a Portuguese, the only Europeans on board, to join his crew, the first for pilot, and the other as interpreter. He also used the men very cruelly, causing them to be hoisted up by their arms, and drubbed with a cutlass, in order to make them confess where their money was concealed, but as they had neither gold nor silver on board, he took nothing from the vessel but a little coffee and pepper.

The news of this piracy soon spread, and a Portuguese man-of-war was sent out in search of the new pirate; meeting with Kid, a savage battle was fought, in which both ships were more or less injured, and our hero, finding the enemy too strong for him to entertain the hope of coming off conqueror, hoisted sail and made off.

Meeting with better success soon after, Kid was seized with a fit of penitence, entreating fears that his conduct would eventually bring him to the gallows; after overhauling a Dutch ship without committing any violence, his crew mutinied, and the dispute ended with his laying one of his men dead at his feet. His conscience does not appear to have troubled him long. Coasting along Malabar, he met a great number of boats, all of which he plundered, as well as a Portuguese ship, of which he kept possession a week, and having extracted some cases of India goods, thirty jars of butter, with some wax, iron, and a hundred bags of rice, he let her go.

Landing on one of the Malabar islands for wood and water, his cooper was murdered by the natives, upon which Kid burnt and pillaged several of their houses. Having captured one of the islanders, he hung him to a tree, and commanded one of his men to shoot him; after which, putting to sea, he captured a Moorish ship of 400 tons, richly laden. The share of each man, after the cargo was sold, amounted to two hundred pounds, and Kid's to eight thousand, sterling. Putting some of his men on board his prize, the two set sail for Madagascar, where he fraternised with some noted pirates, supplying them with such articles as they stood in need of. Finding his galley no longer sea-worthy, he transferred his quarters to the recently captured ship, the "*Queda Merchant*," and was soon placed in a situation of great distress by the desertion of the principal part of his crew, who either absconded on shore or joined other captains; about forty only remaining with him. Touching at Amboyna, he was informed that the news of his piracies had reached England, and that he was there declared a pirate, a motion having been made in the House of Commons to enquire into the conduct of the parties who had fitted out the expedition, and even for their expulsion from their places; this however was rejected by a large majority. Some of them were afterwards impeached, but acquitted, and Lord Bellmont published a pamphlet justifying himself from the aspersions cast upon his character. A proclamation had been published, offering the king's free pardon to all such pirates as should surrender themselves before the last day of April, 1699; in this, however, Avery and Kid were excepted by name.

When Kid left Amboyna, he could have known nothing of this exception, or he would not have been so infatuated as to have run himself into the meshes of his enemies. Relying upon his interest with Lord Bellmont, and believing that a French pass or two he had found on board

some of the ships he had taken, would hush up the affair, while his booty would gain him new friends, he sailed directly for New York, where he no sooner landed, than the whole company was arrested by Lord B.'s orders, together with their papers and effects. At first they were admitted to bail, but were afterwards put in strict confinement, and finally sent to England for trial.

At an admiralty sessions, held at the Old Bailey in 1701, Captain Kid, Nicholas Churchill, James Howe, Robert Lumley, William Jenkins, Gabriel Loff, Hugh Parrot, Richard Barlicorne, Abel Owens, and Darby Mullins, were arraigned for piracy and robbery on the high seas, and all found guilty, except three, Lumley, Jenkins, and Barlicorne, who, proving themselves under indentures to some officers of the ship, were acquitted. The others had availed themselves of the pardon and surrendered.

Kid was also tried for murder and found guilty, though he pleaded his own innocence and the villainy of his men, declaring that he went out in a laudable employment; that the men often mutinied, and did as they pleased; that he was threatened to be shot in his cabin, and that ninety-five left him at one time, and set fire to his boat, so that he was prevented from bringing his ship home, or the prizes he took, to have them regularly condemned. He called a witness to prove his good character and bravery, but the evidence against him being full and particular, about a week afterwards he and his companions were executed at Execution Dock, and afterwards hung up in chains at some distance from each other, where their bodies were exposed for many years.

Mr. Watson has preserved the "Ballad of Captain Kid, a great rarity in the present day, although the pensive tones are still known to some." As a curiosity in its way we here insert it; the tune was the same as that of the eccentric song, "Farewell, ye blooming youth," &c.

My name was Captain Kid,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My name was Captain Kid,
And so wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd.

I roam'd from sound to sound,
And many a ship I found,
And them I sunk or burn'd,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd.

I murdered William Moore,
And laid him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore,
When I sail'd, when I sail'd.

Farewell to young and old,
All jolly seamen bold;
You're welcome to my gold,
For I must die, I must die.

Farewell to Lunnion town,
The pretty girls all round;
No pardon can be found,
And I must die, I must die.

Farewell, for I must die,
Then to eternity,
In hideous misery,
I must lie, I must lie.

The foregoing abridgements of the lives of two celebrated sea rovers, have been rendered as short as possible. In the appendix to his 4th edition, Johnson expresses some doubt as to the culpability of Governor Eden, but the letter from his secretary, previously quoted, and other corroborating circumstances, have left a suspicion upon his character which will not easily be effaced. As this is a curious piece of colonial history but rarely referred to, we may add, that Dr. Williamson, author of the *History of South Carolina*, appears to give full credit to the story, stating, that "Eden's administration was chequered by trouble, and clouded by disgrace, that he might and should have prevented—His conduct," he continues, "when viewed in the most favourable light, was very imprudent, although his guilt was not fully established."

Another governor, Robert Querry, of South Carolina, was degraded, in 1681, for harbouring pirates, and the character of Fletcher, the resident governor of New York

before the appointment of Lord Bellamont, was also stained with the same reproach, having been strongly suspected of confederating with Kid and his associates. When that pirate was secured, it was discovered that Nicoll, a member of the governor's council, had received bribes for granting protections to pirates who frequented the Sound. Lord Bellamont's council advised that Fletcher should be sent to England, to be tried for piracy; and that Nicoll should be tried in the colony, but, according to Smith's History of New York, their advice was never carried into execution, probably owing to a want of evidence against the parties.

CHINESE PIRATES.

The celestial empire, spite of the boasted wisdom of its government, and the virtue and order that have been supposed to reign there for so many centuries, is no more free from robbers than countries of less ancient date and inferior pretension. On the contrary, if we except India, no part of the world has, in our time, witnessed such formidable and numerous associations of freebooters. These Chinese robbers were pirates, and I am disposed to give a sketch of them and their adventures, as a striking pendant to the preceding chapter on the Buccaneers of America; and this, because I am not only in possession of a most curious account of the suppression or pacification of the rovers, translated from the original Chinese, but of a corroboration written by an Englishman, who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, and to see his comrades (English sailors) obliged to take part in their marauding and murderous expeditions.

For the translation of *Yuen Tze's* "History of the Pirates who infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810," we are indebted to that excellent institution, the Oriental Translation Fund, and to the labours of the distinguished Orientalist, Mr. Charles Fridt Neumann; and for the Narrative (first published in Wilkinson's *Travels to China*) of his captivity and translation amongst the Ladrone, (pirates), to Richard Glasspool, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, a gentleman who is still living. I shall make out my account of the Chinese pirates from either of these two authorities.

The Ladrone, as they were christened by the Portuguese of Macao, were originally a disaffected set of Chinese, that revolted against the oppression of the Mandarines. The first scene of their depredations was the western coast, about Cochinchina, where they began by attacking small trading vessels in row boats, carrying from thirty to forty men each. They continued this system of piracy, and thrived and increased in numbers under it for several years. At length the fame of their successes, and the oppression and horrid poverty and want that many of the lower order of Chinese laboured under, had the effect of augmenting their bands with astonishing rapidity. Fishermen and other destitute classes flocking by hundreds to their standard, and their audacity growing with their numbers, they not merely swept the coast, but blockaded all the principal rivers, and attacked and took several large government war junks, mounting from ten to fifteen guns each.

The pirates being added to their shoals of boats, the vessels formed a tremendous fleet, which was always along shore, so that no small vessel could safely trade on the coast. When they lacked prey on the sea, they laid the land under tribute. They were at first accustomed to go on shore and attack the maritime villages, but becoming bolder, they, like the buccaners, made long inland journeys, and surprised and plundered even large towns.

An energetic attempt made by the Chinese government to destroy them, only increased their strength; for in their very first encounter with the pirates, twenty-eight of the imperial junks struck, and the remaining twelve saved themselves by a precipitate retreat.

The captured junks, fully equipped for war, were a great acquisition to the robbers, whose numbers now increased more rapidly than ever. They were in their plenitude of power in the year 1809, when Mr. Glasspool, that gentleman who fell into their hands, at which time, that gentleman supposed their force to consist of 70,000 men, navigating eight hundred large vessels, and one thousand small ones, including row boats. They were divided into six large squadrons, under different flags—the red, the yellow, the green, the blue, the black, and the white. "These wasps of the ocean," as the Chi-

nese historian pertinently calls them, were further distinguished by the names of their respective commanders. Of these commanders a certain *Ching-yih* had been the most distinguished by his valour and conduct. By degrees *Ching* obtained almost a supremacy of command over the whole united fleet; and so confident was this robber in his strength and daily augmenting means, that he aspired to the dignity of a great political character, and went so far as openly to declare his patriotic intention of hurling the present Tartar family from the throne of China, and of restoring the ancient native Chinese dynasty.

But unfortunately for this ambitious pirate, "it happened that on the seventeenth day of the tenth moon, in the year of Kea-King," he perished in a heavy gale, and instead of placing a sovereign on the Chinese throne, he and his lofty aspirations were buried in the sea of China. And now comes the most remarkable passage in the history of these pirates—remarkable with any class of men, but doubly so among the Chinese, who entertain more than the general opinion of the inferiority, or nothingness, of the fair sex.

On the death of *Ching-yih*, his legitimate wife had sufficient influence over the freebooters to induce them to recognise her authority in the place of her deceased husband; and she appointed one *Paou* as her lieutenant and prime minister, and provided that she should be considered the mistress or the commander in chief of the united squadrons.

This *Paou* had been a poor fisher boy, picked up with his father at sea, while fishing, by *Ching-yih*, whose good will and favour he had the fortune to captivate, and by whom, before that pirate's death, he had been made a headman or captain. The grave Chinese historian does not descend into such domestic particulars, but we may presume, from her appointing him to be her lieutenant, that *Paou* had been equally successful in securing the good graces of *Mistress Ching*, as the worthy translator somewhat irreverently styles our Chinese heroine.

Instead of declining under the rule of a woman, the pirates became more enterprising than ever. *Ching's* widow was clever as well as brave, and so was her lieutenant *Paou*. Between them they drew up a code of laws for the better regulation of their freebooters.

That the pirates might never feel the want of provisions and other supplies, it was ordered by *Ching-yih's* widow, that every thing should be done to gain the common country people to their interest. Wine, rice, and all other goods were to be paid for, as the villagers delivered them: capital punishment was pronounced on every pirate who should take any thing of this kind by force, or without paying for it. And not only were these laws well calculated for their object, but the commander in chief and her lieutenant *Paou* were vigilant in seeing them observed, and strict in every transaction.

By these means an admirable discipline was maintained on board the ships, and the peasantry on shore never let the pirates want for gunpowder, provisions, or any other necessary. On a piratical expedition, either to advance or to retreat without orders, was a capital offence.

Under these philosophical institutions, and the guidance of a woman, the robbers continued to scour the China sea, plundering every vessel they came near; but it is to be remarked, in their delicate phraseology, the robbing of a ship's cargo was not called by any such vulgar term—it was merely styled "a transhipping of goods."

As among the rovers the tarnished labels of the pirates were however brightened; for when Tsuen-mow-Sun went to attack them in the bay of Kwangchow, the widow of *Ching-yih*, remaining quiet with part of her ships, sent her bold lieutenant *Paou* to make an attack on the front of the admiral's line. When the fight was well begun, the rest of the pirate's ships, that had been lying *perdas*, came upon the admiral's rear, and presently surrounded him. "Then," saith the historian, "our squadron was scattered, thrown into disorder, and consequently cut to pieces: there was a noise which rent the sky; every man fought in his own defence, and scarcely a hundred remained together. The squadron of the wife of *Ching-yih* overpowered us by numbers; our commander was not able to protect his lines, they were broken, and we lost fourteen ships."

The next fight being very characteristically described, must be given entire in the words of our Chinese historian.

"Our men of war escorting some merchant ships, in the fourth moon of the same year, happened to meet the pirate chief nicknamed, 'The jewel of all the crew,' cruising at sea. The traders became exceedingly frightened, but our commander said: 'This not being the

flag of the widow *Ching-yih*, we are a match for them; therefore we will attack and conquer them.' Then ensued a battle; they attacked each other with guns and stones, and many people were killed and wounded. The fighting ceased towards the evening, and began again next morning. The pirates and the men of war were very close to each other, and they boasted mutually about their strength and valour. It was a very hard fight; the sound of cannon, and the cries of the combatants, were heard some *le** distant. The traders remained at some distance; they saw the pirates mixing gunpowder in their beverage—they looked instantly red about the face and the eyes, and then fought desperately. This fighting continued three days and nights incessantly; at last, becoming tired on both sides, they separated."

To understand this inglorious bulkin, the reader must remember that many of the combatants only handled bows and arrows, and pelted stones, and that Chinese powder and guns are both exceedingly bad. The bathos of the conclusion does somewhat remind one of the Irishman's despatch during the American war—"It was a bloody battle while it lasted; and the sergeant of marines lost his cartouche-box."

The pirates continuing their depredations, plundered and burned a number of towns and villages on the coast, and carried off a number of prisoners of both sexes. From one place alone, they carried off fifty-three women. At length they separated: *Mistress Ching* plundering in one place; *Paou*, in another; *O-po-tai*, in another, &c.

It was at this time that Mr. Glasspool had the ill fortune to fall into their power. This gentleman, then an officer in the East India Company's ship the *Marquis of Ely*, which was anchored under an island about twelve miles from Macao, was ordered to proceed to the latter place with a boat to procure a pilot. He left the ship in one of the cutters, with seven British seamen well armed, on the 17th September 1809. He reached Macao in safety, and having finished his business there and procured a pilot, returned towards the ship the following day. But, unfortunately, the ship had weighed anchor and was under sail, and in consequence of squally weather, accompanied with thick fogs, the boat could not reach her, and Mr. Glasspool and his men and the pilot were left at sea, in an open boat. "Our situation," says that gentleman, "was truly distressing—night closing fast, with a threatening appearance, blowing fresh, with hard rain and a heavy sea; our boat very leaky, without a compass, anchor, or provisions, and drifting fast on a lee-shore, surrounded with dangerous rocks, and inhabited by the most barbarous pirates."

After suffering dreadfully for three whole days, Mr. Glasspool, by the advice of the pilot, made for a narrow channel, where he presently discovered three large boats at anchor, which, on seeing the English boat, weighed and made sail towards it. The pilot told Mr. Glasspool they were Ladrone, and that if they captured the boat, they would certainly put them all to death! After rowing tremendously for six hours they escaped these boats, but on the following morning falling in with a large fleet of the pirates, which the English mistook for fishing boats, they were captured.

"About twenty savage looking villains," says Mr. Glasspool, "who were stowed at the bottom of a boat, leaped on board us. They were armed with a short sword in either hand, one of which they laid upon our necks, and pointed the other to our breasts, keeping their eyes fixed on their officer, waiting his signal to cut or resist. Seeing we were incapable of making any resistance, the officer sheathed his sword, and the others immediately followed his example. They then dragged us into their boat, and carried us on board one of their junks, with the most savage demonstrations of joy, and, as we supposed, to torture and put us to a cruel death." When on board the junk they rifled the English men, and brought heavy chains to chain them to the deck.

"At this time a boat came, and took me, with one of my men and the interpreter, on board the chief's vessel. I was then taken before the chief. He was seated on a deck, in a large chair, dressed in purple silk, with a black turban on. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, a stout commanding looking man. He took me by the coat, and drew me close to him; then questioned the interpreter very strictly, asking him who we were, and what was our business in that part of the country. I told him to say we were Englishmen in distress, having been four days at sea without provisions. This he would not credit, but said we were bad men; and that he would

* *Le*, a Chinese mile. "I compute," says Bell, "five of their miles to be about two and a half English."

put us all to death; and then ordered some men to put the interpreter to the torture until he confessed the truth. Upon this occasion, a Ladrone, who had been once to England and spoke a few words of English, came to the chief, and told him we were really Englishmen, and that we had plenty of money, adding that the buttons on my coat were gold. The chief then ordered us some coarse brown rice, of which we made a tolerable meal, having eaten nothing for nearly four days, except a few green oranges. During our repast, a number of Ladronees crowded round us, examining our clothes and hair, and giving us every possible annoyance. Several of them brought swords, and laid them on our necks, making signs that they would soon take us on shore, and cut us in pieces, which I am sorry to say was the fate of some hundreds during my captivity. I was now summoned before the chief, who had been conversing with the interpreter; he said I must write to my captain, and tell him, if he did not send an hundred thousand dollars for our ransom, in ten days he would put us all to death."

After vainly expostulating to lessen the ransom Mr. Glasspool wrote the letter, and a small boat came alongside and took us to Macao.

"About six o'clock in the evening they gave us some rice and a little salt fish, which we ate, and they made signs for us to lie down on the deck to sleep; but such numbers of Ladronees were constantly coming from different vessels to see us, and examine our clothes and hair, they would not allow us a moment's quiet. They were particularly anxious for the buttons of my coat, which were new, and as they supposed gold. I took it off, and laid it on the deck to avoid being disturbed by them; it was taken away in the night, and I saw it on the next day stripped of its buttons."

Early in the night the fleet sailed, and anchored about one o'clock the following day in a bay under the island of Lantow, where the head admiral of Ladronees (our acquaintance Paou) was lying at anchor, with about two hundred vessels and a Portuguese brig they had captured a few days before, and the captain and part of the crew of which they had murdered. Early the next morning, a fishing boat came to enquire if they had captured an European boat; they came to the vessel the English were in.

"One of the boatmen spoke a few words of English, and told me he had a Ladrone pass, and was sent by our captain in search of us; I was rather surprised to find he had no letter. He appeared to be well acquainted with the chief, and remained in his cabin smoking opium, and playing cards all the day. In the evening I was summoned with the interpreter before the chief. He questioned us in a much milder tone, saying, he now believed we were Englishmen, a people he wished to be friendly with; and that if our captain would lend him seventy thousand dollars till he returned from his cruise up the river, he would repay him, and send us all to Macao. I assured him it was useless writing on those terms, and unless our ransom was speedily settled, the English fleet would sail, and render our enlargement altogether ineffectual. He remained determined, and said if it were not sent, he would keep us, and make us fight, or put us to death. I accordingly wrote, and gave my letter to the man belonging to the boat before mentioned. He said he could not return with an answer in less than five days. The chief now gave me the letter I wrote when first taken. I have never been able to ascertain his reasons for detaining it, but suppose he dared not negotiate for our ransom without orders from the head admiral, who I understood was sorry at our being captured. He said the English ships would join the Mandarins and attack them."

While the fleet lay here, one night the Portuguese who were left in the captured brig murdered the Ladronees who were on board of her, cut the cables, and fortunately escaped through the darkness of the night.

"At daylight the next morning, the fleet, amounting to above five hundred sail of different sizes, weighed, to proceed on their intended cruise up the river, to levy contributions on the towns and villages. It is impossible to describe what were my feelings at this critical time, having received no answers to my letters, and the fleet under way to sail—hundreds of miles up a country never visited by Europeans, there to remain probably for many months, which would render all opportunities of negotiating for our enlargement totally ineffectual; as the only method of communication is by boats that have a pass from the Ladronees, and they dare not venture above twenty miles from Macao, being obliged to come and go in the night, to avoid the mandarins; and if these boats should be detected in having any intercourse with the Ladronees, they are immediately put to death, and all

their relations, though they had not joined in the crime, share in the punishment, in order that not a single person of their families should be left to imitate their crimes or revenge their death."

The following is a very touching incident in Mr. Glasspool's narrative.

"Wednesday the 26th of September, at daylight, we passed in sight of our own ships, at anchor under the island of Chun Po. The chief then called me, pointed to the ships, and told the interpreter to tell us to look at them, for we should never see them again! About noon we entered a river to the westward of the Bogue, three or four miles from the entrance. We passed a large town situated on the side of a beautiful hill, which is tributary to the Ladronees; the inhabitants saluted them with songs as they passed."

After committing numerous robberies, sacking towns, burning vessels and carrying off women, &c. Mr. G. says:—

"On the 28th of October, I received a letter from Captain Kay, brought by a fisherman, who had told him he would get us all back for three thousand dollars. He advised me to offer three thousand, and if not accepted, extend it to four; but not farther, as it was bad policy to offer much at first: at the same time assuring me we should be liberated, let the ransom be what it would. I offered the chief the three thousand, which he disdainfully refused, saying he was not to be played with; and unless they sent ten thousand dollars, and two large guns, with several casks of gunpowder, he would soon put us all to death. I wrote to Captain Kay, and informed him of the chief's determination, requesting, if an opportunity offered, to send us a shill of clothes, for which it may be easily imagined we were much distressed, having been seven weeks without a change; although constantly exposed to the weather, and of course frequently wet.

"On the first of November, the fleet sailed up a narrow river, and anchored at night within two miles of a town called Little Whampoa. In front of it was a small fort, and several mandarin vessels lying in the harbour. The chief sent the interpreter to me, saying, I must order my men to make catridges and clean their muskets, ready to go on shore in the morning. I assured the interpreter I should give the men no such orders, that they must please themselves. Soon after the chief came on board, threatening to put us all to a cruel death if we refused to obey his orders. For my own part I remained determined, and advised the men not to comply, as I thought by making ourselves useful we should be accounted too valuable. A few hours afterwards he sent me again, saying, that if myself and the quartermaster would assist them at the great guns, that if also the rest of the men went on shore and succeeded in taking the place, he would then take the money offered for our ransom, and give them twenty dollars for every Chinaman's head they cut off. To these proposals we cheerfully acceded, in hopes of facilitating our deliverance."

Preferring the killing of Chinese to the living with pirates, our English tars therefore landed next day with about three thousand ruffians. Once in the fight, they seem to have done their work *con amore*! and to have battled it as if they had been pirates themselves. Our friend, the Chinese historian, indeed, mentions a foreigner engaged in battle and doing great execution with a little musket, and sets him down, naturally enough, as "a foreign pirate!"

After recapitulating several battles which he witnessed, Mr. Glasspool continues—"On the 2d of December I received a letter from Lieutenant Maughn, commander of the Honourable Company's cruiser the Antelope, saying that he had the ransom on board, and had been three days cruising after us, and wished me to settle with the chief on the securest method of delivering it. The chief agreed to send us in a small gunboat till we came within sight of the Antelope; then the comprador's boat was to bring the ransom and receive us. I was so agitated at receiving this joyful news, that it was with considerable difficulty I could scrawl about two or three lines to inform Lieutenant Maughn of the arrangements I had made. We were all so deeply affected by the gratifying tidings, that we seldom closed our eyes, but continued watching day and night for the boat."

"On the 6th, she returned with Lieutenant Maughn's answer, saying, he would respect any single boat; but would not allow the fleet to approach him. The chief

then, according to his first proposal, ordered a gunboat to take us, and with no small degree of pleasure we left the Ladrone fleet about four o'clock in the afternoon. At one P. M. saw the Antelope under all sail, standing towards us. The Ladrone boat immediately anchored, and despatched the comprador's boat for the ransom, saying, that if she approached nearer, they would return to the fleet; and they were just weighing when she shortened sail, and anchored about two miles from us. The boat did not reach her till late in the afternoon, owing to the tide's being strong against her. She received the ransom, and left the Antelope just before dark. A mandarin boat that had been lying concealed under the land, and watching their manoeuvres, gave chase to her, and was within a few fathoms of taking her, when she saw a light, which the Ladronees answered, and the mandarin hauled off. Our situation was now a most critical one; the ransom was in the hands of the Ladronees, and the comprador dared not return with us for fear of a second attack from the mandarin boat. The Ladronees would not remain till morning, so we were obliged to return with them to the fleet. In the morning the chief inspected the ransom, which consisted of the following articles: two bales of superfine scarlet cloth; two chests of opium; two casks of gunpowder; and a telescope; the rest in dollars. He objected to the telescope not being new; and said he should detain one of us till another was sent, or a hundred dollars in lieu of it. The comprador, however, agreed with him for the hundred dollars. Every thing being at length settled, the chief ordered two gunboats to convey us near the Antelope; we saw her just before dusk, when the Ladrone boats left us. We had the inexpressible pleasure of arriving on board the Antelope at seven P. M., where we were most cordially received, and heartily congratulated on the safe and happy deliverance from a miserable captivity, which we had endured for eleven weeks and three days.

(Signed) RICHARD GLASSPOOLE.

"China, December 8th, 1809."

The following notes added to Mr. Glasspool's very interesting account of these Eastern pirates, will show how ill he fared during his detention among them, and that with all their impurity of plundering, their lives were but wretched and heasty.

"The Ladronees have no settled residence on shore, but live constantly in their vessels. The after part is appropriated to the captain and his wives; he generally has five or six. With respect to conjugal rights they are religiously strict; no person is allowed to have a woman on board, unless married to her according to their laws. Every man is allowed a small berth, about four feet square, where he stows up his wife and family. From the number of souls crowded in so small a space, it must naturally be supposed they are horribly dirty, which is evidently the case, and their vessels swarm with all kinds of vermin. Rats in particular, which they encourage to breed, and eat them as great delicacies; in fact, there are very few creatures they will not eat. During our captivity we lived three weeks on caterpillars boiled with rice. They are much addicted to gambling, and spend all their leisure hours at cards and smoking opium."

At the time of Mr. Glasspool's liberation, the pirates were at the height of their power; after such repeated victories over the mandarin ships, they had set at nought the Imperial allies—the Portuguese, and not only the coast, but the rivers of the celestial empire seemed to be at their discretion—and yet their formidable association did not many months survive this event. It was not, however, defeat, that reduced it to the obedience of the laws. On the contrary, that extraordinary woman, the widow of Ching-yih, and the daring Paou, were victorious and more powerful than ever, when discussions broke out among the pirates themselves. Ever since the favour of the chieftainess had elevated Paou to the general command, there had been enmity and altercations between him and the chief O-po-tac, who commanded one of the flags or divisions of the fleet; and it was only by the deference and respect they both owed to Ching-yih's widow, that they had been prevented from turning their arms against each other long before.

At length, when the brave Paou was surprised and cooped up by a strong blockading force of the emperor's ships, O-po-tac showed all his deadly spite, and refused to obey the orders of Paou, and even of the chieftainess, which were, that he should sail to the relief of his rival. Paou, with his bravery and usual good fortune, broke through the blockade, but when he came in contact with O-po-tac, his rage was too violent to be restrained.

* That the whole family must suffer for the crime of one individual, seems to be the most cruel and foolish law of the whole Chinese criminal code.

* The Chinese in Canton only eat a particular sort of rat, which is very large and of a whitish colour.

O-po-tae at first pleaded that his means and strength had been insufficient to do what had been expected of him, but concluded by saying,—"Am I bound to come and join the forces of Paou?"

"Would you then separate from us?" cried Paou, more enraged than ever.

O-po-tae answered that "I will not separate myself."

Paou:—"Why then do you not obey the orders of the wife of Ching-yih and my own? What is this else than separation, that you do not come to assist me, when I am surrounded by the enemy? I have sworn that I will destroy thee, wicked man, that I may do away with this sorcery on my back."

The angry words of Paou were followed by others, and then by blows. Paou, though at the moment far inferior in force, first began the fight, and ultimately sustained a sanguinary defeat, and the loss of sixteen vessels. Our loathing for this cruel, detestable race, must be increased by the fact, that the victors massacred all the prisoners—or three hundred men.

This was the death blow to the confederacy which had so long defied the emperor's power, and which might have effected his dethronement. O-po-tae dreading the vengeance of Paou and his mistress, Ching-yih's widow, whose united forces would have quitted his own, gained over his men to his views, and proffered a submission to government, on condition of free pardon, and a proper provision for all.

The government that had made so many lamentable displays of its weakness, was glad to make an unreal parade of its mercy. It was but too happy to grant all the conditions instantly, and, in the fulsome language of its historians, "feeling that compassion is the way of heaven—that it is the right way to govern by righteousness—it therefore redeemed these pirates from destruction, and pardoned their former crimes."

O-po-tae, however, had hardly struck his free flag, and the pirates were hardly in the power of the Chinese, when it was proposed by many that they should all be treacherously murdered. The governor happened to be more honourable and humane, or, probably, only more politic than those who made this foul proposal—he knew that such a bloody breach of faith would for ever prevent the pirates still in arms from voluntarily submitting; he knew equally well, even weakened as they were by O-po-tae's defection, that the government could not reduce them by force, and he thought by keeping his faith with them, he might turn the force of those who had submitted against those who still held out, and so destroy the pirates with the pirates. Consequently the eight thousand men, it had been proposed to cut off in cold blood, were allowed to remain uninjured, and their leader, O-po-tae, having changed his name to that of Heo Ben, or "The Lustrous of Instruction," was elevated to the rank of an imperial officer.

The widow of Ching-yih, and her favourite Paou, continued for some months to pillage the coast, and to beat the Chinese and mandarins' troops and ships, and seemed almost as strong as before the separation of O-po-tae's flag. But that example was probably operating in the minds of many of the outlaws, and finally the lawless heroine herself, who was the spirit that kept the complicate body together, seeing that O-po-tae had been made a government officer, and that he continued to prosper, began also to think of making her submission.

"I am," said she, "ten times stronger than O-po-tae, and government will perhaps, if I submit, act towards me as they have done with O-po-tae."

A rumour of her intentions having reached shore, the mandarins sent off a certain chow, a doctor of Macao, "who," says the historian, "being already well acquainted with the pirates, did not need any introduction," to enter on preliminaries with them.

When the worthy practitioner presented himself to Paou, that friend concluded he had been committing some crime, and had come for safety to that general refuge, *peccatorum*, the pirate fleet.

The doctor explained, and assured the chief, that if he would submit, government was inclined to treat him and his far more favourably and more honourably than O-po-tae. But if he continued to resist, not only a general arming of all the coast and the rivers, but O-po-tae was to proceed against him.

At this part of his narrative our Chinese historian is again so curious, that I shall quote his words at length.

"When Fei-heung-Chow came to Paou, he said: 'Friend Paou, do you know why I come to you?'"

"Paou.—Thou hast committed some crime and comest to me for protection?"

"Chow.—By no means."

"Paou.—You will then know, how it stands concern-

ing the report about our submission, if it is true or false?"

"Chow.—You are again wrong here, sir. What are you in comparison with O-po-tae?"

"Paou.—Who is bold enough to compare me with O-po-tae?"

"Chow.—I know very well that O-po-tae could not come up to you, sir; but I mean only, that since O-po-tae has made his submission, since he has got his pardon and been created a government officer,—how would it be, if you with your whole crew should also submit, and if his excellency should desire to treat you in the same manner, and to give you the same rank as O-po-tae? Your submission would produce more joy to government than the submission of O-po-tae. You should make up your mind to submit to the government with all your followers. I will assist you in every respect, it would be the means of securing your own happiness and the lives of all your adherents."

"Chang-paou remained like a statue without motion, and Fei-heung-Chow went on to say: 'You should think about this affair in time, and not stay till the last moment. Is it not clear that O-po-tae, since you could not agree together, has joined government? He being enraged against you, will fight, united with the forces of the government, for your destruction; and who could help you, so that you might overcome your enemies? If O-po-tae could before vanquish you quite alone, how much more can he now when he is united with government? O-po-tae will then satisfy his hatred against you, and you yourself will soon be taken either at Wei-chow or at Neau-chow. If the merchant vessels of Hwy-chau, the boats of Kwang-chow, and all the fishing vessels, unite together to surround and attack you in the open sea, you will certainly have enough to do. But even supposing they should not attack you, you will soon feel the want of provisions to sustain you and all your followers. It is always wisdom to provide before things happen; stupidity and folly never think about future events. It is too late to reflect upon events when things have happened; you should, therefore, consider this matter in time!'"

Paou, after being closeted for some time with his mistress, Ching-yih's widow, who gave her high permission for him to make arrangements with Doctor Chow, said he would repair with his fleet to the Bocca Tigris, and there communicate personally with the organs of government.

After two visits had been paid to the pirate fleets by two inferior mandarins, who carried the imperial proclamation of free pardon, and who, at the order of Ching-yih's widow, were treated to a sumptuous banquet by Paou, the governor-general of the province went himself in one vessel to the pirates' ships, that occupied a line of ten, off the mouth of the river.

As the governor approached, the pirates hoisted their flags, played on their instruments, and fired their guns, so that the smoke rose in clouds, and then bent sail to meet him. On this dense population that were ranged thousands after thousands along the shore, to witness the important reconciliation, became sorely alarmed, and the governor-general seems to have had a strong inclination to run away. But in brief space of time, the long dreaded widow of Ching-yih, supported by her lieutenant Paou, and followed by three other of her principal commanders, mounted the side of the governor's ship, and rushed through the smoke to the spot where his excellency was stationed; where they fell on their hands and knees, shed tears, knocked their heads on the deck before him, and received his gracious pardon, and promises for future kind treatment. They then withdrew satisfied, having promised to give in a list of their ships, and of all else they possessed, within three days.

But the sudden apparition of some large Portuguese ships, and some government war junks, made the pirates suspect treachery. They immediately set sail, and the negotiations were interrupted for several days.

They were at last concluded by the boldness of their female leader. "If the governor general," said this leader, "a man of the highest rank, could come to us quite alone, why should not I, a mean woman, go to the officers of government? If there be danger in it, I take it all on myself; no person among you need trouble himself about me—my mind is made up, and I will go to Canton!"

Paou said—"If the widow of Ching-yih goes, we must fix a time for her return. If this pass without our obtaining certain information, we must collect all our forces, and go before Canton: this is my opinion as to what ought to be done; comrades, let me hear yours!"

The pirates then, struck with the intrepidity of their chieftainess, and loving her more than ever, answered, "Friend Paou, we have heard thy opinion, but we think it better to wait for the news here, on the water, than to send the wife of Ching-yih alone to be killed." Nor would they allow her to leave the fleet.

Matters were in this state of indecision, when the two inferior mandarins who had before visited the pirates, ventured out to repeat their visit. These officers protested no treachery had been intended, and pledged themselves, that if the widow of Ching-yih would repair to the governor, she would be kindly received, and every thing settled to their hearts' satisfaction.

With this, in the language of our old ballads, upspoke Mistress Ching-yih:—"You say well, gentlemen: and I will go myself to Canton with some other of our ladies, accompanied by you!" And accordingly, she and a number of the pirates' wives with their children, went fearlessly to Canton, arranged every thing, and found they had not been deceived. The fleet soon followed. On its arrival every vessel was supplied with pork and with wine, and every man (in lieu, it may be supposed, of his share of the vessels, and plundered property he resigned) received at the same time a bill for a certain quantity of money. Those who wished it, could join the military force of government for pursuing the remaining pirates; and those who objected, dispersed and withdrew in the country. "This is the manner in which the great red squadron of the pirates was pacified."

The valiant Paou, following the example of his rival O-po-tae, entered into the service of government, and proceeded against such of his former associates and friends as would not accept the pardon offered them. There was some hard fighting, but the two renegades successively took the chief Shih Uri, forced the redoubtable captain, styled "The Scourge of the Eastern ocean," to surrender himself, drove "Frog's Mead," another dreadful pirate, to Manila, and finally, and within a few months, destroyed or dissipated the "wasp of the ocean" altogether.

"From that period," saith our Chinese historian, in conclusion, "ships began to pass and repass in tranquillity. All became quiet on the rivers, and tranquil on the four seas. People lived in peace and plenty. The country began to assume a new appearance. Men sold their arms and bought oxen to plough their fields; they burned sacrifices, said prayers on the tops of the hills, and rejoiced themselves by singing behind screens during day time!"—and, (grand climax to all!) the governor of the province, in consideration of his valuable services in the pacification of the pirates, was allowed by an edict of the "Son of Heaven," to wear peacocks' feathers with two eyes!

MARY READ AND ANNE BONNEY.

Two female pirates named Mary Read and Anne Bonney being frequently mentioned incidentally by historians, the following particulars of them may be worth preserving. The first, Mary Read, was an officer's widow, who assumed the dress of a man, and shipped as a sailor, but the vessel being captured by the pirates who hailed from the island of Providence, she remained among them, and was as lawless and savage as any of their number. On her trial it was declared by her companions, that in time of action, no person on board was more resolute, or ready to board, or to undertake any thing that was hazardous, than she and Anne Bonney; that on one occasion, when they were attacked and captured, none kept the deck except these two women and a single sailor. They called to those below, to come up and fight like men; but finding they did not obey, Mary Read fired her arms down the hold, killed one of the crew and wounded several others. This charge she denied, though it would seem she was not deficient in bravery, for on one occasion she challenged one of the pirates and fought him on shore, for some offence to her lover.

Johnson relates a curious anecdote of these two females; so completely was Mary Read disguised by her dress, that sailing in company with Anne Bonney, the latter actually fell in love with her.

Mary was tried and found guilty by the English courts, but died of a fever in prison.

Anne Bonney's history as related by Johnson, entitles her to a place in the annals of the most infamous of her sex. She went to sea with the piratical Captain Rackman, and bore him company in many of his expeditions, no body on board being more courageous, or ready to lend a hand in perpetrating the darkest deeds of blood. It appears she was reprieved from time to time after conviction, and was not executed, though what became of her is not known.

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SEMI-SERIOUS OBSERVATIONS

OF AN

Italian Exile,

DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

BY COUNT PECCHIO.

Preface to the first American Edition.

The following observations on England, issued in London last January, remarkable for their originality of thought and expression, as well as for the acknowledged excellence of their portraiture, are from the pen of a learned Italian. We have not read a more agreeable new book for some time; the remarks are those of a sensible dispassionate observer, who is content to culligose where praise is due, but who nevertheless treats his hosts with some wholesome castigation. Notwithstanding the remarks on religious sects, at which a few may feel disposed to evil, the author has evidently endeavored in this instance, as in others, to confine himself within the bounds of clarity and good taste; our readers must decide how far he has succeeded. The "Advertisement" to the English translation says:—

Giuseppe, Count Pecchio, the author of the following pages, is not altogether unknown to the English public. In the year 1823 he published some letters on the Spanish revolution; in 1824, a journal of military and political events in Spain during the preceding twelve months; and in 1825 (in the *New Monthly Magazine*) a narrative of a tour in Greece. A few years before he had fled his own country—the north of Italy—to escape the consequences of the share he had taken in the unsuccessful Piedmontese revolution. He had, in the first instance, taken refuge in England, but the climate being injurious to his health, he conceived the hope of finding a more congenial residence in Spain, where he was connected by friendship with some of the most distinguished public characters;—his expulsion from that country he terms a second exile. Since his return from Greece he has, we believe, uninterruptedly continued in England, has married an English lady, and now resides at Brighton.

The observations contained in the volume before the reader will often be found particularly striking, from the contrast they present to those of other travellers. Whatever opinion may be formed of Count Pecchio's mode of thinking, it cannot at any rate be denied that he thinks for himself. This translation presents a complete duplicate of all his statements and opinions; faults, errors, and omissions not excepted. It was at first intended to add a few notes, pointing out where the count had fallen into error, but it was soon found that if this plan were pursued, the work would have been, perhaps, more augmented than improved. Most of his mistakes are such as the reader will, with a smile, correct: we are in no danger of believing, on Count Pecchio's authority, that in England all the boys can ride, and none of the children ever cry. Besides, his slips, though they may throw no light on English character, very often give us an insight, the more valuable from being unconscious, into the Italian. We have however, ventured with some hesitation, to correct a few verbal errors. Thus, in his account of the Nottingham assizes, when the count informs us that he saw a man capitally convicted of the crime of *abigato*, he adds, in a parenthesis, as the English equivalent, the word *horse-dealing*: as we were not previously aware that this crime, however heinous, was visited with a punishment so severe as that of death, we have, on our own responsibility, changed the term to *horse-stealing*.

With these few introductory remarks, we commend Count Pecchio, in his English dress, to the benevolence of his English readers.

NEW SERIES—9

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Ah!" replied Sancho, weeping, "don't die, your honour, but follow my advice, and live many years;—because the silliest thing a man can do in this life is to die without any reason, without being killed by any body, or finished off by any other lands than melancholy's." This advice of the faithful Sancho Panza always appeared to me the plainest and best of all the recipes philosophers have prescribed for adversity. Putting it then into practice, instead of pouring forth useless lamentations, or hanging down my head like a weeping willow, I have acquired the habit, in travelling, of throwing upon paper the observation that, from time to time, new objects awakened in me. In this way I have beguiled a good deal of the leisure of my exile; and fortunate I am, if, by these sketches, I can excite some moments of the leisure of my countrymen. My book cannot enter into competition with any other; it is but a miscellany like the *olla-podrida* of the Spaniards, that favorite dish of my favorite Sancho Panza. Let him who wishes to become acquainted with English politics, read M. de Pradt; him who wishes to know the statistics of England, refer to the work of Baron Dupin. Let him who desires to understand the machinery of the admirable administration of justice in England, consult the work of M. Cottu. Let him who wishes to become familiar with English manners, read the elegant descriptions of the American, Washington Irving, in his "Sketch-Book." But let him who does not love science and information well enough to read these; who admires profiles rather than full lengths; who reads for reading sake, and in the way the journals of the fashions and the opera-books are read, skipping, singing, and yawning—let him, I say, read the following observations of

GIUSEPPE PECCHIO.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

When, on his first arrival in England, the foreigner is seated on the roof of a carriage which bears him towards London at the rate of eight miles an hour, he cannot help believing himself hurried along in the car of Pluto to the descent into the realms of darkness, especially if he have just left Spain or Italy, the favourite regions of the sun. In the midst of wonder, he can hardly avoid, at first setting off, being struck with an impression of melancholy. An eternal cloud of smoke which involves and penetrates every thing; a fog which, during the months of November and December, now grey, now red, now of a dirty yellow, always obscures, and sometimes completely extinguishes, the light of day, cannot fail to give a lugubrious and *Dantesque* air to this immeasurable and interminable capital. He, above all, who is just arrived from a sunny country, experiences, as I said before, the same effect as when, from the bright light of noon, he enters a half-closed chamber: at the first glance he sees nothing,—but afterwards, by little and little, he discerns the harp, the lady, the sofa, and the other agreeable objects in the apartment. Caracciolo, the ambassador to George the Third, was not in the wrong when he said, that the moon of Naples was warmer than the sun of London. In fact, for several days the sun only appears in the midst of the darkness visible, like a great yellow spot. London is a "panorama of the sun," in which he is often better seen than felt. On the 24th of November, 1826, there was an eclipse visible in England: the sky that day happened to be clear, but nobody took the least notice of the phenomenon, because the fog produces in one year more eclipses in England than there ever were, from other causes, perhaps since the creation of the world.

One day I was strolling in Hyde Park, in company with a Peruvian; it was one of the fine days of London, but the sun was so obscured by the fog, that it had taken the form of a great globe of fire. "What do you think of the sun to-day?" said I to my companion. "I thought," replied the adorer of the true sun, "that the end of the world was come! Was it not a singular caprice of Fortune, that where there is the least light, the great Newton should have been born to analyse it?" It appears to me like the other singularity,—that Alfieri, who analysed liberty so well, should have been born in

Italy, where they have less of it, perhaps, than any where else. After all, what of it? The English, by force of industry, have contrived to manufacture for themselves even a sun. Is it not indeed a sun,—that gas, which, running underground through all the island, illuminates the whole in a *fiat lux*? It is a sun, without twilight and without setting, that rises and disappears like a flash of lightning, and that too just when we want it. The gas illumination of London is so beautiful, that M. Sismondi had good reason to say, that in London, in order to see, you must wait till night. The place of St. Antonio, at Cadiz, on a starry summer's evening,—the noisy Strada Toledo of Naples, silvered by the moon,—the Parisian Tivoli, blazing with fireworks,—none of them can sustain a comparison with the Regent street of London, lighted by gas. Nor is this artificial sun an exclusive advantage of the capital; it shines every where with the impartiality of the great planet, illuminating alike the palace and the hovel. Whoever travels in England by night, in the country around Leeds, Nottingham, Derby, or Manchester, imagines he sees on every side the enchanted palaces of the fairies, and shining in the light of a thousand torches: but they are in reality no other than very large and very lofty manufactories of cotton, woolen, or linen. The English nation is free from the defect of carping at new inventions. Accustomed, for more than a century, to see improvements of every sort at every turn, when a new discovery presents itself, they examine it, study it, adopt the good part of it, and reject the bad. Gas has many drawbacks. If it escapes into the atmosphere without burning, it stinks horribly; if it spreads itself in a close chamber, it takes fire at the contact of a candle, and may occasion death; the gasometer (or great receptacle of gas) may explode, and do injury both to person and property. No matter!—The English carefully guard against these accidents, and finding, in the balance of their good sense, the advantages greater than the disadvantages, have adopted gas for the beauty, continuity, and celerity of its light. Every city of ten, twenty, forty, or fifty thousand inhabitants, has a gasometer, which is singly sufficient to dispense light to all the streets and all the houses. Every shopkeeper pays so much (if he chooses) for this light, in proportion to the time and the quantity of flame, calculated according to the number of apertures from which it issues. A company conducts the business (for in England all great undertakings are conducted by an association of private resources,—that is, by a company), and their shares are shifted from hand to hand, augment the mass of circulating capital, and rise or fall in price according to the annual profits. "Gas gives a finer light than tallow candles, at one half, and even one third, the expense. The cotton factory of Messrs. Phillips and Lee, at Manchester, perhaps the largest lighted by gas, was the first of all to make use of it, in the year 1808; including the wear and tear, and the interest of the capital employed in the pipes and apparatus, the annual expense amounts to 600*l.* sterling;—if they were to burn tallow candles for two hours every evening, the expense would be 2000*l.*—Vide *The History of the Origin and Progress of Gas Lighting*, by MA. MATTHEWS.

The English have made the great discovery, that useful inventions increase the conveniences and the wealth of nations. Thus, notwithstanding some accidents that now and then occur to the steam vessels, the English continue to avail themselves of them, because they have calculated that if they did not exist, shipwrecks would be more frequent, the conveniences of life would be fewer, and the ease and rapidity of travelling much reduced.

But the English have another remedy for the scarcity of sun. They follow the example of poets and philosophers, who, when they are deficient in riches, take to praising poverty;—not being able to praise the sun, they sing the praises of the fireside, and the delights of winter. Ovidian (or rather Macpherson, the author of *Osian*), instead of the sun, apostrophises the moon. He takes pleasure in describing, as if they were delightful, the whistling of the winds, and the roaring of the torrents. He compares the looks of a youthful beauty to mist gilded by the sun. Instead of depicting a valley enamelled with flowers, he spurns so soft and effeminate an image, to paint the aspect of a frozen lake, and

the shaking thistles on its banks. Cowper, in his poem of "The Task," seems completely to enjoy himself in describing a winter's evening, when the rain rattles down, the wind whistles, and the wagoner growls and grumbles on his way; whilst in-doors, the fire burns, the newspaper arrives, the exhilarating tea glows on the table, and the family are all collected round the hearth. Some poet, whose name I forget, (I think it is Byron,) even gives to darkness the epithet "lovely." Thomson, the bard of "The Seasons," was a better poet even than usual, when he sung of winter. He calls the horrors of winter "congenial horrors;" and after describing the mountains of snow, that, with the roar of thunder, dart from precipice to precipice, to the bottom of the Grison valleys, destroying and burying in the depth of night shepherds and their flocks, huts and villages, single travellers and whole troops of marching soldiers, he imagines himself, with epicurean voluptuousness, in a solitary and well sheltered country-house, before a blazing fire, and lighted by splendid chandeliers, reading at his ease the finest works of the ancients.

"Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depths of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice,—be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom.—There students let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent—who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms,—and humanised a world."

Thus all the poets have conspired to make their countrymen in love with their cloudy heavens, and induce them to believe themselves fortunate that they are born in a delightful climate. And what matters it that it is not true? Are not the tricks and illusions of the imagination, pleasures as substantial as actual realities? Montesquieu said, "If the English are not free, at least they believe they are, which is much the same." So we may say, if the English have not a fine climate, they believe they have, and that is as good. I was once praising, to a young English lady, the pure, lily, mother-of-pearl heavens of Madrid, of Naples, of Athens, of Smyrna. She replied, "I should be tired to death by such a perpetual sunshine; the variety and phantasmagoria of our clouds must surely be much more beautiful."

I have quoted Montesquieu—I must quote him again, and still on the subject of the sun. In spite of Helvetius and Filangieri, who oppose his theory of the influence of climate, I could almost venture to believe, that if the English are active in business, profound thinkers, and good fathers of families, it is owing to their having so little sun. True, that with the false light by which they are almost always surrounded, the English have not been able to become celebrated painters; that they are not, and perhaps never will be so. But, in recompense for this, they can work at the spinning wheel and the loom many more hours than the countrymen of Murillo or Raphael. An English workman, some years ago (before parliament restricted the hours of labour to twelve), used to work about sixteen hours a day. Ortes, the Italian political economist, calculates the medium labour of an Italian at not more than eight hours a day. The difference is great, but I do not on that account believe the statement erroneous; the extremes of summer and winter (in some parts of Italy); very sensitive and irritable nerves; the beautiful serene sky that is ever tempting to an out-door walk; all these do not allow the Italian to give a long and steady application to labour. There is nothing of this kind to tempt the English waver to abandon his loom. He is like one of those blind horses, which are continually turning round and round in a mill, without anything being able to divert them from their unvarying occupation.

Necessity is the god of idleness, and the constant patron of industry; the Spaniard (and so with all the sons of the sun) who has no need of stockings, of a feather-chieft, nor a coat; who is content with his cigar and his gaspacho; who sleeps on the bare ground, and who feels no curiosity, because he believes himself the favourite child of God, placed in a terrestrial paradise. He who says Spain, says everything," (says the Spanish proverb), laughs at fashion, at books, at voyages and travels, at luxury, at elegance; he is a Diogenes in his tub, who wants nothing

but the sun. The indolence, the natural laziness, of the southern nations, (which was once conquered, and may be conquered once again, by education and political institutions,) is not a defect for which they ought to be blamed, any more than their sobriety is a virtue for which they ought to be praised: the blame or the merit is all the sun's. The Englishman, on the contrary, receives from his climate a multitude of necessities, all so many spurs to industry and exertion. He has need of more substantial food, of constant firing, of cravats, double cravats, coats, great coats; tea, brandy, spirits; a larger wardrobe, on account of the increased consumption caused by the smoke and the wet, &c. &c. &c. Comfort is in the mouth of every Englishman at every moment; it is the half of his life. My own countrymen make every effort, and with reason, to obtain the pleasures of the life to come: the English, with no less reason, to procure the pleasures of the present. The word "comfort" is the source of the riches and the power of England. Idleness, in this country, necessarily leads to suicide, because it is the privation of every thing. Nature has here, as it were, denied every thing to man, but in recompense has bestowed on him the power and the perseverance to procure every thing for himself. "Either read, or walk, or play," said a good mother, in my hearing, to a little girl of nine years old, who happened to be standing idle. What the lady meant to imply was, that any thing was better than doing nothing. In Italy there is a proverb, that idleness is the parent of every vice: since vice procures us a momentary pleasure, this proverb is adapted rather to induce than to deter. In England the case is altered, and idleness might be called the parent of every misery.

"Lying a-bed and doing nothing at all," so sweet to Berni, would be frightful to an Englishman, who hates laziness as much as a Spaniard or a lazzarone hates work. It is a common opinion, in England, that there can be no happiness without occupation. I know not whether this opinion is a just one, because happiness depends so much on the imagination. The Fakier, who rots in idleness with a yoke on his neck (a true picture of the idle and enslaved nations), believes himself happy, and perhaps is so. But, that idleness is the companion of poverty and ignorance, and that labour, on the contrary, is the companion of opulence and enlightenment, Spain and England are two living witnesses.

That frequent absence of the sun which makes the artisan more laborious, renders man also a more thinking animal. Who would not become a philosopher, if he was shut up in the house for so many hours by the inclemencies of the weather, with a cheerful fire, quiet and obedient servants, a good humoured wife, and silence within doors and without? The profundity of the English writers is a product of the climate, as much as the iron, the tin, and the coal of the island. The sun disperses families, and scatters them abroad; a good fire blazing up the chimney attracts and draws them together again. "The family," in cold countries, is an equivalent for our "society" and our theatres. It is one of the wants of the heart and the intellect. A national song, which is heard every where, from the splendid stage of the Covent-garden to the humblest hovd in Scotland, is called "Home, sweet Home." (Oh casa! oh dulce casa!) and home is truly sweet in England. In the southern countries every thing gives way to public places, and public amusements. The houses, which, for the most part, are only used for sleeping in, are often in bad repair, and often very poorly furnished. Where, on the contrary, domestic life is all in all, it is natural to think of rendering it pleasant; hence the reciprocal respect, the docility, the agreement of the members of a family, the punctuality of service, the universal neatness, and the excellence of the furniture, convenient, self-warming, and obedient, almost as though it were endowed with life, like the ancient manufactures of Vulcan. The families have a form similar to that of the government; they are neither republics nor absolute monarchies. There is a head, but there is no tyrant in them. Every father is like the King of England,—limited in his powers by reason, by custom, and by the general interest. The families are not however patriarchal; that is, a mixture of several generations, in which the head is—

"King, priest, and parent of his growing state."

Here the head is only the father. The "homeborn happiness," so well defined by Cowper, is incompatible with the diversity of ages and dispositions. Every marriage forms a new family, and it is very rare to find under the same roof the implacable wives and their mothers in law, and the two placable husbands and their brothers in law.

"Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

Poetry is the painting of the English, and, instead of representing, as the Flemings do in their pictures, the holiday pleasures of their rustic fellow countrymen, the English, in their poetry, vie with each other in describing the less sensual contentment of their families, which compensates and corrects the rigours of the climate—

"Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm."

But the most beautiful sun of England is Liberty; this is its cornucopia. What were Mexico or Peru in comparison! Warned by a delicious sun, they were rendered barren and desolate by tyranny. England, less favoured by the great planet, is made fertile, and blessed with every good, by liberty. Addison wrote from Italy, to Lord Halifax, in 1701, in perhaps the most elegant verses he ever composed,—

"How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
Wide proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
Oh! Liberty, thou goddess heavily bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores,
How has she oft exhaled all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
Thy Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r!"

Almost all the divine race of poets—divine, because always enamoured of liberty—have endeavoured to console their native country for the want of a constantly brilliant sun, by similar observations to these. Even Waller, who flattered equally both Cromwell and Charles the Second, in the paenegyric he composed upon the former, says:—

"Angels and we have this prerogative,—
That none can at our happy seats arrive,
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid,
Our little world, the image of the great,
Like her amid the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.
As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky,
So what our earth and what our heaven denies,
Our ever constant friend the sea supplies.
The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the searching sun that makes it grow,
Without the worms in Persia's silks we shine,
And, without planting, drink of every vine.
To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs,
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims,
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow,
Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds,
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds,
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own!"

LONDON HOUSES.

If the sky is dark, not less gloomy is the whole first appearance of London to him who enters it by the Dover road. The smoky colour of the houses gives it the appearance of a city that has been burnt. If to this

* Soup made of water, vinegar, bread, and a little scraped onion.

added the silence which prevails in the midst of a population of, perhaps, one million four hundred thousand persons, all in motion (so that one seems to be in a theatre of Chinese shades), and the wearisome uniformity of the houses, almost all built in the same style, like a city of the beavers, it will be easy to imagine, that on first entering this darksome hive, the smile of pleased surprise soon gives way to a gloomy wonder. This was the old English style of building, which still prevails in the country.

But, since the English have substituted the blue pill for suicide, or, still better, a journey to Paris; and, instead of Young's Night thoughts, read the romances of Walter Scott, they have cheered up their houses with a coat of white, and have recently rebuilt the western part of the capital "west end" in a gay and more varied style of architecture. I do not mean to assert that the English have become a tribe of skippers and laughers, like the young Parisian of eighteen—they still delight in ghosts, wights, haunted church-yards, and a whole host of monstrosities. We be to him who should venture to write a romance without some apparition fitted to make "each particular hair stand on end!"

The houses are small and fragile. The first night I spent in a lodging-house, I seemed to myself still on board the vessel; the walls were equally slender, and, in great part, of wood, the chambers small, and the staircase like a companion ladder; the walls are generally so thin, that they allow the passage of sounds without interruption. The lodgers would hear one another talking, but that they are accustomed to speak in an under tone. I could hear the murmur of the conversation of my neighbour overhead,—my zenith, as well as that of the other neighbour beneath my feet, like the opposite point nadir; and I distinguished, at intervals, the words, "Very fine weather,—indeed—very fine—comfort—comfortable—great comfort"—words which occur as often in their conversation as stops and commas in a book. In a word, the houses are *ventrilouques*. As I said before, they are all uniform. In a three-story house, there are three bedrooms, one over the other, and three parlours in the same situation, so that the population is as it were housed in layers like merchandise—like the cheese in the storerooms at Lodi and Codogno. The English have not chosen without design this (I will venture to call it) *naval* architecture. The advantages they derive from living in houses of small size and little durability are these: in general, a house is only built for 99 years; if it outlive this term, it belongs to the proprietor of the ground on which it is built. It seldom happens, therefore, that they attain to any great longevity; on the contrary, they sometimes tumble to pieces before the natural period of their existence.

The English, who are better arithmeticians than architects, have discovered, that, by building in this slippery manner, they consume less capital, and that consequently the annual interest and the annual loss of principal are proportionately less. There is another advantage: by this method, posterity is not hampered or tyrannised over. Every generation can choose and build its own houses, according to its own caprices, and its own necessities; and, although in a great measure composed of wood, all the houses are as it were incombustible, by means of the insurance companies, which guarantee the value of the houses, the furniture, and every thing else. A fire is no misfortune, but merely a temporary inconvenience to the inmates; a something to look at for the passengers, and an entertaining paragraph for the newspapers. To an Englishman, his house is his Gibraltar; he must not only be inviolable, but absolute, without dispute or *fuss*. He prefers living in a shell like an oyster, to living in a palace with all the annoyance of a hen-roost. Independence is the vital air of the Englishman. Hence as soon as a son is married, he leaves home, and like the polybi, which when cut in pieces make so many polybi more, goes to *evolve* elsewhere another family. Numerous and patriarchal families belong to agricultural communities. Among commercial nations, which have factories and colonies in all parts of the globe, when the son has received a suitable education, he abandons the parental nest, and like the birds, goes elsewhere to build one for himself.

"Hail, independence, hail! heaven's next best gift
To that of life and an immortal soul;
The life of life, that to the banquet hush
And sober meal gives taste, to the how'd roof
Fair dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms!"

The love of independence, that "life of life," as Thomson calls it in his poem on Liberty, manifests itself even in the churches, where every English family has a seat of its own, surrounded by a fence. Whoever travels in England will observe, how, even in the smallest villages,

the meanest habitations are separated from one another by a hedge, a wall, or a paling. No empire can have its boundaries better defined, or can guard its independence with more jealousy.

Why are not the English good dancers? Because they do not practise. The houses are so small and so weak, that he who would cut a caper in the third story must run the risk of thundering like a bombshell down into the kitchen, which is placed under ground. "This is no mere hyperbole of mine. One of the stipulations on taking a house in London, is often that no dancing shall take place in it. Why is it that the English gesticulate so little, and have their arms almost always glued to their sides? For the same reason, I believe: the rooms are so small that it is impossible to wave one's arm without breaking something, or inconveniencing somebody.

Some people are quite thunderstruck at the silence which prevails among the inhabitants of London. But how could one million four hundred thousand persons live together without silence? The torrent of men, women, and children, carts, carriages, and horses, from the Strand to the Exchange, is so strong, that it is said that in winter there are two degrees of Fahrenheit difference between the atmosphere of this long line of street, and that of the West End. I have not ascertained the truth of this; but from the many avenues there are to the Strand, it is very likely to be correct. From Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange is an encyclopædia of the world. An apparent anarchy prevails, but without confusion or disorder. The rules which the poet Gay lays down in his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," for walking with safety along this tract of about three miles, appear to me unnecessary. The habit of traversing this whirlpool renders the passage easy to every one, without disputes, without accidents, without punctilio, as if there were no obstacle whatever. I suppose it is the same thing at Peking. The silence then of the passengers is the consequence of the multiplicity of business. I do not say it by way of epigram, but, if Naples should ever have a population of a million and a half, it would be necessary for even Neapolitan windpipes to put themselves under some restraint! It is only in Spain that silence is the companion of idleness. This is perhaps the perfection of idleness; idleness at its *ne plus ultra*.

In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awaking, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and by little and little, goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the "Change hour." It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange: at half past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches, and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

Among an industrious nation, incessantly occupied, panting for riches, man, or physical force, is a valuable commodity. Man is dear, and it is therefore expedient to be very economical of him. It is not as in the countries of indolence, where the man and the earth alike have little or no value. A Turkish effendi, or gentleman, always walks about with a train of useless servants, or a grancee of Spain, consumes a great quantity of men, who are otherwise unproductive. I was told, that the Duke of Medini Celi has in his pay four hundred servants, and that he goes to the Prado in a carriage worse than a Parisian *patatche*. It was the same in England when there was a foreign commerce, and no home manufactures. Not knowing in what way to consume their surplus revenues, the old English land owner used to maintain a hundred, and, in some cases, even a thousand followers. At the present day, the greatest houses have not more than ten or twelve servants; and, setting aside the wealthy, who are always an exception in every nation, and taking the greatest number, it cannot be denied that in England, and especially in London, there is a very great saving, both of time and of servants. But how can this be reconciled with the loudly vaunted comfort of the English? Thus: the milk, the bread, the butter, the beer, the fish, the meat, the newspaper, the letters,—all are brought to the house every day, at the same hour, without fail, by the shopkeepers and the postmen. It is well known that all the street-doors are kept shut, as it is the custom in Florence and the other cities of Tuscany. In order that the neighbourhood should not be disturbed, it has become an understood thing for these messengers to give a single rap on the knocker, or

a single pull at the bell, which communicates with the underground kitchen, where the servants are. There is another conventional sign for visits, which consists in a rapid succession of knocks, the more loud and noisy according to the real or assumed consequence or fashion of the visitor. On this system, Parini makes his hero talk in public in a high and discordant voice, that every one may hear him, and pay the same respect to his accents as to those of "the great thunderer." Even in London, the magnanimous heroes of fashion announce themselves to the obtuse senses of the vulgar with "celching blows," like those of the hammer of Bronte.

This custom requires punctuality in servants, and an unflinching attendance at their posts. The price of every thing is fixed, so that there is no room for haggling, dispute, or gossip. All this going and coming of buyers and sellers is noiseless. Many bakers ride about London in vehicles so rapid, elastic, and elegant, that an Italian dandy would not disdain to appear in one of them at the Corso. The butchers may be frequently met with, conveying the meat to their distant customers, mounted on fiery steeds, and dashing along at full gallop. A system like this requires inviolable order, and a scrupulous division of time. For this reason there are clocks and watches every where,—on every steeple, and sometimes on all the four sides of a steeple; in the pocket of every one; in the kitchen of the lowest journeyman. This is a nation working to the stroke of the clock, like an orchestra playing to the "time" of the leader, or a regiment marching to the sound of the drum. Nothing can be more ingenious than the various ways in which the English contrive to mark the division of time. In some machines, for example, at every certain number of strokes, the machine rings a bell to inform the workmen of the fact. The tread-mill, introduced for a punishment and an employment in the houses of correction, also rings a bell every time it makes a certain number of revolutions. In the wool-carding manufactory at Manchester there is a species of clock to ascertain if the watchmen, whose duty it is to guard against fire, has kept awake all the night. If, every quarter of an hour, he omits to pull a rope which hangs from the wall outside, the clock within notes down and reveals his negligence in the morning.

One shopman, therefore, in London, supplies the place of forty or fifty servants: the shops may be distant, and remotely situated, without any inconvenience. The shopkeepers themselves do not remain idle, or, instead of men, in some places lads or children are employed. The newspapers are circulated from house to house at a penny an hour; the carrier is a boy of ten or twelve years old, active as a sprite, exact as time, who brings them and takes them away.

By this system, the servants remain at home, with nothing to divert them from their occupations. The servant maids, especially, very seldom go out during all the week, until the arrival of Sunday sets them at liberty for three or four hours. It follows, also, that an English family has no need of keeping any great store of provisions in the house; there is in consequence less occupation of room, and less occasion for capital, less care, less waste, less smell, and less wear and tear.

TEA GARDENS.

How to get through the supremely dull and wearisome English Sunday is always a puzzling problem. This country, all alive, all in motion, on other days, is, as it were, struck with a fit of apoplexy on the Sunday. In general, the foreigner, to make his escape from the "solemn sadness," climbs at ten in the morning upon one of the unfalling four-horse stages, at Charing Cross or Piccadilly, and contrives, at any rate, to get himself whirled away from London. He goes to Richmond, takes a quiet stroll in the beautiful park, admires the tortuous bend of the Thames,—which will appear to him a muddy or a golden stream, as he is in a poetic or prosaic humour,—and pays at an enormous rate for a dinner, seasoned with the formal bows of servants in silk stockings, who are dressed in black from toe to toe, like an advocate of Turin. Or he goes to Greenwich to admire another beautiful park, the famous observatory, and the magnificent hospital for invalid seamen; and takes his dinner in sight of the many vessels sailing past on their return from China or the Indies. Or, if he wishes for a more economical excursion, he goes to rape on the lovely hill of Hampstead, compassionate London, enveloped in its cloud of smoke, and congratulating himself on having made his escape from it. All these are good preservatives against the bore of Sunday, but it is not in any of these beautiful, but, notwithstanding, melan-

chely places, nor yet at the brilliant—and serious—promenade in Hyde-park, that a foreigner must seek to acquire a knowledge of the nation. John Bull does not go to show his paces in Hyde-park or Kensington gardens, nor to feed himself with pectical beauties, and compose romantic pastorals in Windsor-forest. If you wish to see that marvellous personage, who has been the admiration and the laughing-stock of Europe for more than a century; who clothes almost all the world; who gains battles by sea and by land without much boasting about it; who works as much as three, and eats and drinks enough for six; who is the pawnbroker and moneylender to all the kings and all the republics on the face of the earth, and is yet, in a manner, bankrupted at home, and is sometimes like Midas, furnishing with hunger in the midst of gold—you must seek him elsewhere. In the winter you must descend into the subterranean taverns. There, round a blazing sea-coal fire, you will find seated the English working men, well dressed, well shod, smoking drinking, reading,—and holding their tongues. The schools of mutual instruction, and the Sunday schools which are kept open gratuitously by all classes of dissenters, for the education of the poor children belonging to their sect, have made the English people well acquainted with reading, writing, and arithmetic. In Scotland, even before the mutual instruction system there existed parochial schools, in which, besides reading and writing, the scholars were taught the rudiments of Latin grammar and psalmody. It is well known that these Scotch schools produced a great number of poets,—among them, James Keattie, author of "The Minstrel"—and Burns, a humble farmer, who became, without a rival, the Theocritus of modern times. For this class of readers there are published a number of Sunday newspapers which contain an abridgement of all the intelligence, anecdotes, and observations, which have appeared in the daily newspapers in the course of the week. Thus the blacksmith and the weaver are as well acquainted with the great events which are passing, as the first speakers in parliament. This is not a matter of trifling importance: it is in these taverns, and amid the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of porter, that public opinion takes its rise, and its original form,—that it reaches its first stage. It is here that the conduct of every citizen is weighed; this is the road which leads to the capitol or the Tarpeian rock; it is here that the love of country and the love of glory are kindled, that the services rendered to the public by zealous patriots are made known, that applause and disapprobation take their origin; it was here that arose the triumph of Burdett when he left the Tower, and the curses on Castlereagh when he descended into the tomb; it is here that begins the censure or the approval of a new law; it is here that the rewards of desert, or the rebuffs of demerit, are prepared against the time of election. The tavern is the forum of the English with this difference, that here there is no dispute or contest. Whether from the climate, temperament, or education, whatever may be the reason, certain it is, that in these taverns more quietness, order, and decorum, are observed, than in our churches: and these tavern statesmen, after they have filled themselves full of beer and mixed liquors, instead of seeking for quarrels, fall directly on the pavement, "as falls a body dead."

In the summer, John Bull likes after dinner to cheer his eyes with a glimpse of the country and the green. The nation altogether has a particular love for trees and flowers. The lord has, in his parks, oaks of a thousand years' growth, untouched by the axe,—hot-houses full of exotic plants, exquisite fruits, and the rarest flowers; there is not a cottage in England which has not before it a little piece of ground for the cultivation of flowers; and even the poor town-dweller, who is an artisan works at his loom in sight of pots of flowers, placed on the window sill (with a mind no less generous than my lord's) in order that the passengers also may enjoy the sight of them. The love of flowers is in itself a great sign of civilisation.

From time immemorial there have existed in England footpaths for general use across the fields belonging to private individuals. Some years ago the land owners, every where insatiable, endeavoured to close these footways, and deprive the public of the healthful and innocent recreation of walking in them. What was the consequence? In almost every county a society has been formed for defending the rights and recreations of the people. This will sufficiently show how nearly the people have their rights at heart,—and how dearly they love their rural walks.

In the neighbourhood of London there are a great many gardens, planted with large and shady trees,

called *Tee Gardens*, where the workmen with their families go to take tea after dinner, or to drink the "nut-brown ale." One of the most beautiful of these is Cumberland Garden, on the banks of the Thames, near Vauxhall. All over the gardens are scattered a number of clean little tables, around which are collected groups of four or six workmen, smoking with long white earthen pipes, (which are supplied by the landlord, filled with tobacco, for a penny.) leaning back, and throwing forth from time to time with the clouds of smoke, some imperfect sentence, just as we read Corporal Trim and the captain did, in Tristram Shandy. He who has not experienced the luxury of repose after five or six days' fatigue, cannot conceive how these men, speaking little and moving less, are nevertheless most happy in this living static-like condition. Not an instrument is to be heard, not a single note of music,—nothing meets the ear but the buzz of the talkers, who speak in an under tone;—while the boats, full of people, keep coming and going by the Thames. On our lakes, we are accustomed to hear musical instruments, with their vocal accompaniments, and vintage songs. For the want of these the English, who are passionately devoted to music and poetry, are not to be blamed: the protestant religion does not admit of diversion on the Sunday,—it demands the consecration of it to contemplation, to seriousness, to self-examination,—without, however, denying the consolations of the bottle. In Scotland, where the religion of Calvin prevails, the Sunday is still more silent and gloomy; with some a smile is almost thought a profanation. On this day of absolute inaction, the barbers are scarcely permitted to exercise their necessary trade after nine in the morning.

On the continent there is great talk of the swearing of the English,—of their tremendous "G—d—d—n." I believe, for my part, that a Venetian gondolier or a Bolognese carrier, swears more than a thousand Englishmen put together: besides, I have observed, in all the public houses, a notice from the magistrates hung up, threatening to punish with a fine any person who should make use of an oath.

Whoever has formed an idea of the English from the finest poem of Voltaire (which I will not name, though every body has read it), would be surprised to find the rosy cheeks and robust athletic forms he talks of, changed into the pallid faces, and weak, unsteady frames, that characterise the mechanics who frequent these gardens. The spade improves a population,—but the loom spoils it. What a difference between a Scotch highlander and a Glasgow weaver! The one still retains the well knit and athletic form of the warriors described by Ossian: legs like the marble column of Leda, a breast high and ample as a cuirass, the colour of vigour in his cheeks, in all his deportment the fire and mettle of health and strength.—the other, on the contrary, is lean, ill-made, old before his time, and feeble in his gait. What a contrast between an English coachman and a Manchester spinner! The former is the very model of a lusty Bacchus,—the latter of a prisoner for life.

The deterioration of the population is a disadvantage of manufacturing states that has never yet been sufficiently considered. I made it my business to seek for some statistics of the manufacturing classes, in order to discover their maladies and usual length of life, but did not succeed in discovering any, and I believe none are to be found. It is difficult in fact, to procure any that can be relied on, from the continual removal of the workmen from place to place. Some physicians of Manchester have endeavoured to spread the belief, that the duration of life is the longest in those cities where manufactures have most increased. It is a pity Molière is not alive! He would here have a fine subject for raising a laugh at the expense of quackery!—The assertion has not gained the slightest belief from those philanthropists who are exerting themselves to provide a remedy for the damage which, they are too well persuaded, his reclusive and sedentary life must do to the manufacturer. Some of these, for instance, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Hume, have encouraged the establishment of schools for gymnastics, where, in the hours of rest, the workmen may exercise their limbs in strengthening and diverting sports. The most persevering of them all, Mr. Owen, after having introduced even dancing into his stupendous manufactory of New Lanark, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, invented a new plan of labour, consisting of occupation alternately in agriculture and manufactures, and went to America to try the experiment. The classes of workmen are more or less ill-looking according to the character of their trades; the

population of Birmingham and Sheffield, employed principally in forges and iron works, present a much finer and stronger appearance than that of Manchester and Glasgow, which is almost entirely imprisoned in cotton factories.

When I made some of these remarks at Liverpool, to one of the many intelligent and well-informed mechanics of that city, he informed me that in the last war with France, the regiments recruited from that most industrious county—Lancashire,—were distinguished above the rest for their bravery. This may very well be, since it is not the practice in the present day to fight hand to hand. There is no reason to believe that artificers make bad soldiers, as the Romans believed them, and as the Florentines of the middle ages proved themselves. In Persia, where the strength of an army still lies in the cavalry, a service which requires strength and peculiar dexterity, the inhabitants of the manufacturing cities do not turn out to be good soldiers. But the war of modern times, in Europe, depends on bravery and discipline; the English armies, who are in these respects exemplary, are, for a good third part, composed of artificers.

The division of labour, so essential to the rapidity and the perfection of manufactures, and so much in use in England, is injurious to the development of the mental faculties of the artisan, or even, perhaps, is fatal to it. With what ideas can his mind be crinched by that shuttle, that wheel, or that spindle, which moves incessantly and unvaryingly before his eyes twelve hours in the day? "The result," says M. Say, "is a degeneracy in man, considered as an individual. It is a sad account to give of one's self,—that one has never made any thing but the eighteenth part of a pin!" If the workmen did not enjoy the incalculable advantage of his companions' society, which in his hours of rest awakes him, electrifies him, and invigorates all his faculties, and had not always before him the endless panoramas which are constantly presented from his living in a city, he would become, at the end of a few years, a perfect automaton. In fact, instead of saying that a master manufacturer employs such a number of workmen, it is commonly said, that he employs such a number of *hands*, as if the journeymen had really no *heads*. The Englishmen, the Humes, the Burdets, the Allcans,—the professors and protectors of these classes,—were well aware of this evil, and set themselves zealously to work to discover the remedies. They hit upon the idea of establishing libraries for mechanics in every city in the kingdom. These are only open for two hours in the evening; they contain histories, voyages, and travels, models of machines, &c. The subscription for a quarter is only eighteen-pence English. Not content with these, they founded in the most populous cities, professors of mechanics and of chemistry applied to the arts. In London, more than 1500 operatives contribute each a guinea a-year for admission: this year a working sheemaker gained a prize of ten guineas for an essay on geometry. Some months ago a society was formed "for the diffusion of useful knowledge," which publishes and distributes every month a great number of elementary treatises on all the branches of the great tree of human knowledge. The Sunday papers, and the frequent public meetings which the mechanics attend, and where the most eloquent speakers address the multitude on public affairs, are an aliment and a stimulus to their minds. Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, on the 13th December, 1826, declared that the stamp-duty on newspapers was far too heavy in England. In the United States, the population of which is little more than half that of Great Britain, there are 590 newspapers; while in Great Britain, on account of the weight of the taxes, there are no more than 454. He gave notice, after these details, that he should move for a reduction of the duty, at least on those weekly papers which are chiefly intended for the working classes. Mr. Brougham, who is ambitious of making that popular instruction he has so wonderfully promoted a durable monument to his name, with his accustomed eloquence, seconded the proposal. The influence that the press must exercise in a state where it is free, must (I would repeat it in a state where it is not free) be incalculable. I will venture to say, that its influence must be greater than that of religion itself! It is from these fountains that public opinion springs forth; and this is alone sufficient to correct all the errors of legislation, and restrain all the abuses of power. It is a real panacea. The newspapers are the "daily bread" of morning and evening to every Englishman. So greedy is the public for its food, that the *Times*, not content with printing eleven hundred copies an hour, has improved their steam-press to such a degree, that now it prints no

less than four thousand copies an hour,—seventy in a minute,—but that on one side only.

Ortes, too highly praised and too much depreciated political economist, maintains that commerce enriches only the upper classes, accumulating wealth in the hands of a few, and leaving the mass of labourers always in the same state of misery. The tea gardens which I am describing are in themselves a complete refutation of this idea. The visitor observes with amazement the crowds of clean shaved artisans, dressed in good clothes, with boots on their feet, linen shirts on their backs, watches in their pockets, silk kerchiefs round their necks,—lodging in comfortable houses, sleeping in clean feather beds, taking tea twice a day, and eating wheaten bread and butcher's meat every day in the year. Were they in so good a condition when the commerce of England was neither so flourishing nor so extensive as now? The old men of the country, the current traditions, the ancient houses still standing, and many other irrefragable testimonies, prove to the contrary,—that houses, beds, furniture, clothing, food, every thing, were much inferior. The reason of this difference is manifest. When commerce is in a prosperous state, the demand for goods always increasing, and consequently favourable to the workmen, they can keep up the price of their handicraft. It is now a demonstrated truth, that the wages of workmen are not only in proportion to the price of provisions, but also to the relation between the supply and demand of labour. Besides this, machinery and the division of labour having reduced the price of many articles hitherto consumed only by the higher and middle classes, they have come to be in general use; the present wardrobe of a mechanic, although better than that which one of his class would have had sixty years ago, does not perhaps cost near so much.

It is nevertheless true, that the introduction of steam engines has already taken away from some kinds of workmen this advantage as consumers, by competing with them as producers, and reducing them to that distress which has been experienced for some years past. These vast machines, which do the work of several millions of mechanics, are so many gigantic rivals of men. While the other classes of artisans, such as smiths, carpenters, dyers, glaziers, &c., earn from thirty to sixty shillings a week, or more, the weavers and spinners, working twelve hours a day, can hardly obtain fifteen or eighteen, even at the time that trade is briskest. They are not only physically inferior to the former classes of workmen, but are also most unhappy beings. At a meeting held in January, 1835, by the cotton-spinners of Manchester, to deliberate on the best method of improving their condition, one of them rose to observe, that in the early days of cotton spinning the workmen were well paid, and quite at liberty; but that during the last fifteen years, the masters, by the introduction of steam-engines, had heaped up riches, and increased their own comforts, while the journeymen had gradually descended lower and lower in the scale of society; their wages had been diminished, and their labour increased. Then, after describing the miserable life they lead in a hot suffocating atmosphere, and the various maladies to which they are subject, he exclaimed, "Look around and behold these squalid countenances, and these emaciated bodies! Look at myself, not twenty-five years of age, yet already older than the man who stands at my side,—a sailor of fifty. See to what a wretched lot we are condemned. From the age of six, most of us are buried in a cloud of cotton dust, in a suffocating and unwholesome air; exposed to the extremes of heat and cold, denied the needful repose for our weary limbs, oppressed with intolerable fatigue, and at thirty, we enter upon a miserable old age:—our children are stunted in their growth, and our independence, sustained by untiring industry, is reduced, in some of us, to the sad necessity of asking charity; cap in hand, at the corners of the streets, of the poorest of the passers by."

This lamentable picture, in which there is much exaggeration, as in all the harangues of demagogues, ancient and modern,—over artisans dying of hunger in the very centre of a nation wallowing in wealth, brought to my mind the naked Romans, who by the mouth of Græchus, complained that after so many provinces had been conquered by the republic, they had not a span of earth wherein to lay their bones.

"And ye, O Romans!

Ye who, with steel remember'd, to grim death

Your lives expose each day for country-sake,—

Ye masters of the world,—who of the world

Possess but that which can't be taken away,

The air and light of heav'n!—roaring the fields,

Till iron-hearted hunger pulls ye down—

Ye have, to bear ye fitting company,

Your wretched wives, and naked, famish'd offspring,

Crying for bread!"

Monti, *Cuius Græchus*, Act 3.

It would seem that empires are like men, who resemble each other in their virtues and their faults.

Some English political economists, who pay attention more to the wealth than the happiness of a country, observe, in reply to these complaints, that if it be true that these classes do not live comfortably, it is quite as true that without steam-engines they could not live at all. It is certain that Arkwright, by the invention of cotton-spinning machinery in 1765, and Watt, by the application of steam to it in 1779, gave their country a decisive superiority over the industry of other nations, although at the same time they deteriorated the condition of perhaps a million of mechanics, and gave rise to a production much greater than the demand: without these two wonderful discoveries, England would most likely have lost her superiority in manufactures, on account of the high rate of wages, which is partly an effect of the high price of food.

If, then, some workmen, as I have already observed, injure their health in the spinning factories, there are many more who destroy themselves from an immediate desire for gin, which induces them to labour harder than a day's work to their health would allow. Adam Smith, in his great work, observed, that, where prices are high, workmen are always found more diligent, active, and expert, than where they are low; in the neighbourhood of great cities, for instance, more than in remote parts of the country. Some men, indeed, when they can earn in four days enough to maintain themselves all the week, choose to remain idle on the other three. This, however, does not happen with the largest portion. On the contrary, the industrious, when they are liberally paid, in ready money, are generally disposed to labour excessively, and so undermine their health, and ruin their constitution in a few years. "It is calculated," says Smith, "that a London carpenter does not continue in his full vigour more than eight years." It is nearly the same with some other trades, in which it is the custom to pay the workman as soon as his work is finished, and even with farm labour, when the wages are higher than usual. I have endeavoured to procure, but could not succeed, the book which the Italian physician Ramazzini wrote, in the last century, especially on the peculiar diseases produced by excessive application to one particular species of labour.

SAILORS.

Whoever wishes to acquire a knowledge of another class of Englishmen, not less interesting than the mechanics, must descend into one of those narrow by-streets near London Bridge, which lead to the Thames. The sailors, those sons of the ocean, are like the amphibious animals, which, even when on land, always keep close to the water. One day I took it into my head to walk into one of the numerous public houses which stand in these alleys, to see what metamorphoses these silent and serious beings undergo on land, in whose company I had, at various times, spent eight months on shipboard. How changed did I find friend Jack from what I had seen him at sea! No longer serious, no longer quiet, no longer silent; but joyous, noisy, and singing: the room on the ground floor, into which I entered, was involved in a thick cloud of tobacco smoke, which almost hindered me, at first, from distinguishing the *dramatis persone*. I had not yet taken my seat, when one of them, with a gait any thing but steady, and reeling like a ship in a storm, with a face the colour of mahogany, from the effect of the tobacco and liquors, offered me some of his "grog;" that is, brandy mixed with water without sugar,—which is the nectar of these heroes of the deep. I accepted it without hesitation, but the power pot, from which my generous friend had been drinking, was empty, and the poor fellow had not perceived it. It had, in fact, so completely slipped his memory, that he had already tossed off all this ambrosia, that he made a similar offer to every body that came in. He did not on that account lose his credit with me, because I know that sailors, who are hearts of oak when they are at sea, are hearts of butter when at a tavern, and generous as Cæsar himself. The cheeks of the English sailor are not these sleek and florid cheeks which the climate naturally produces, nor are they of a tall and bulky make, like farmers of the island. Their faces are bronzed, or, to express it better with one of those enviable English epithets composed of two words braced together, they are *weather-beaten*.

They are in general of the middle height, but large across the shoulders; their limbs clean made and sinewy, and all their movements free and unconstrained. When they are walking, you observe in them a confidence in their own strength, and the audacity of a health proof against every thing. They traverse the streets with an indifference which is natural to them, as if cities were not made for them, or as if there were people who had seen things more wonderful than a city. Their large trousers, their open jacket and shirt collar, their round hat, or plaid bonnet, all their dress, in fact, contributes to make them appear more active, more free and easy. It is well known that they never wear boots, because they use hands and feet indifferently; they are four-handed or four-footed just as they will. Their eyes are not sparkling, but they are intrepid, and express very well the heart of oak in their breasts. Their countenance generally denotes intelligence; frankness and generosity are stamped on it; one would say, that none of these faces had ever told a lie.

In a corner of the room there was a group of these mariners, who were singing one of their sea songs, with the burden—"Haul away, yoo ho, boys!" the cry with which they accompany any exertion made in concert:—

"British sailors have a knack,

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!

Of pulling down a Frenchman's jack,

'Gainst any odds, you know, boys!

Come three to one, right sure am I,

If we can't beat 'em, still we'll try!

To make old England's colours fly,

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!

"British sailors when at sea,

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!

Pipe all hands with merry glee,

While up aloft they go, boys;

And when with pretty girls on shore,

Their cash is gone, and not before,

They wisely go to sea for more,

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!

"British sailors love their king,

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!

And round the bowl they love to sing,

And drink his health, you know, boys!

Then while his standard owns a rag,

The world combined shall never brag

They made us strike the British flag

Haul away, yoo ho, boys!"

When these had finished their song, which was duly knocked down by their leathern bands, a second group struck up another of their favourite songs, "Hearts of Oak."

A fiddler, who had in the mean time entered with his creaking instrument, now struck up a *reel*, a kind of Scotch dance, much in favour with the lower classes in England. Of all the English, the sailors are the most *gallant*; above all, when they have emptied two or three cans of grog,—

"For if sailor ever took delight in

Swinging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Damne, I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad!"

At this sound, as if it had been the signal for battle, all jumped on their legs, and began throwing their feet about, for I cannot say they danced. To get out of the way of this tempest of kicks, I mounted a small flight of stairs, and entered a second room, which presented another picture in the style of Teniers. It was exactly like that I had left, except that by the round hat of glazed leather, by the jacket and trousers of blue cloth, in fine, by the uniformity and superior neatness of their dress, I perceived that the seamen belonged to the royal navy. In their faces, though flushed with liquor, the impression of discipline and obedience was still visible; and although their deportment and gestures exhibited nothing of insolence, they betrayed nevertheless more of arrogance and presumption than the others, although not so much as is generally exhibited on the continent (I know not why) by soldiers of the line. They were singing the national anthem, composed by the poet Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," about a century ago,—*"Rule, Britannia!"*

It was thus, perhaps, in the days of their glory and freedom, that the Venetians sung in the "holds" of their magic city, their victory over some Turkish fleet. At the present day they have substituted for those martial songs "*Visti di Nina*," and "*La Biondina in Conditella*," "*The Face of Nina*," and "*The Fair-haired Girl of the Gondolot*;" even songs are sufficient to mark

the revolutions of the wheel of fortune. With this melancholy reflection I left these merry mariners, and quitted the tavern.

It is to the seamen of the royal navy, well clothed, well fed, and of martial aspect, that England owes the inviolability of her coasts, her glory, and her trident. In the "Roderick Random" of Smollett (the best of his novels), where his hero is another Gil Blas, who passes through all conditions of life, some of the customs and characteristics of these sailors may be found described. The author draws from nature; he had for a long time served on board a frigate, in the capacity of surgeon's mate. The visitors to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are surprised at the prodigious number of monuments they find there to the memory of admirals, vice-admirals, and captains, who have gained naval victories. These magnificent manuscolums are testimonies of the national gratitude to the dead, as the superb hospital of Greenwich is the testimony of their gratitude to the living. It would have been impossible to select a more appropriate and comfortable situation for the invalided veteran. The building is on the banks of the Thames, and before it, in full sail, pass every moment the vessels which are arriving from and departing for the different parts of the world. This sight nourishes in them the most pleasing illusions and recollections, and the park, which is annexed to the little town of Greenwich, affords them solitary walks, where they can call to mind, beneath the shade of aged trees, their past vicissitudes. English benevolence is ingenious in rendering the benefit bestowed complete, and even pleasing. The hospitals in England are, in general, placed on the most agreeable sites, as at one time used to be the case with our convents. The English poets have almost all contributed encomiums on the valour of their seamen.

I look upon the English as highly favoured by fortune, in the possession of poets, who use the magic endowed upon their craft to make every one believe his own lot and his own station the most enviable. We reproach the English with being downcast and melancholy; but we ought to add that they are not querulous. They labour indefatigably to better their condition, without whimpering and whining, and at the same time draw from their present condition all the profits and the pleasures it can afford. I say this in reference to those stanzas of Byron, in which he eulogises life on shipboard:

"He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
Has view'd at times I woe a full fair sight,
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set—the gallant frigate tight!"

This life, which to a cavalier, serf, or a regular play-gear, would appear more horrible than imprisonment in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or of Spielberg, is described by Byron in his *Childe Harold* with the same sense of pleasure with which Tasso paints the garden of Armida. The "little warlike world" collected in a frigate,—the "well-receiv'd cannon,"—the "hoarse command,"—the "bubbling din," when at a word the "tops are masted on high,"—the "doile crew," guided by the shrill pipe of the "school-boy midshipman,"—the white and "glassy deck, without a stain,"—where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks,"—the part kept sacred for the lone captain, "silent and fear'd by all," to preserve "that strict restraint" which may not be broken without balking "conquest and fame,"—the swiftly blowing "gale,"—the waves that "dally curl" before the "dashing prow,"—the "convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,"—all these objects are dwelt upon with a great and partial fondness.

This is not mere caprice or extravagance on the part of the poet. These stanzas of Byron are beautiful, because they are also true. There is not an English captain who is not in love with his vessel,—his little world, which he prefers to the Palais Royal. When, after ninety days' sail, we made the port of Dublin, our captain, instead of landing, as I did, to view the stupendous city, which he had never seen, remained on board for five or six days, with a more than philosophic indifference.

What a loss to Italian glory that so many poets have thrown away their harmonious verses on so many Lanzas and Philipises, who never existed—and so many princes, who were never made to be the heroes or the themes of either verse or prose, instead of celebrating the daring naval enterprises of the ancient Genoese, or the many sea victories of the Venetians! Tasso has indeed devoted two beautiful stanzas of his fifteenth canto to Columbus,—but the discovery of a new world demands a national poem at least as loudly as the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, by Vasco de Gama, called for the Lusian Camoens! Mr. Rogers, a living English poet, has writ-

ten a poem of several cantos on the voyage of Columbus; but partial as I am to English poetry, and highly as I esteem the poetical talents of that author, the flight of his muse appears to me beneath the loftiness, variety, and dignity of the subject. The poet who would sing the praises of—

"The naked pilot, promiser of thrones,"

should have his imagination filled and fired with the martial and romantic exploits of the Genoese, from the time of the Romans to the present, perhaps the only people whose inborn and indomitable courage has not become degenerate. He should roam through those villages of the Riviera di Ponente which lie on the shores of the Mediterranean; should study the ardent and enduring character of the countrymen of Columbus, at once citizens of the world and adorers of their native land; should admire the sobriety of their lives, the tranquil resignation with which they support their extreme poverty, and the modesty of their manners; should observe their active, full nerved, vigorous limbs, their daring and vivacious eyes, which express their readiness to take to the sea, whatever the weather, without asking to what part of the world they are to go; a daring which appears the more striking from their laugthy and spirited glance, the red bonnet hanging over one ear, and their half naked, brawny, leather coloured limbs. The poet will perceive that the religious spirit of Columbus is a feeling common to his countrymen; they fear none but God; but their religious sentiments are perhaps pushed a little far, so that these new argonauts are like their fabled prototypes, bold indeed, but over superstitious.

The sailors of the English men of war are as warriors more glorious, but as mariners less interesting, than those of the merchant service. A vessel of war is always exposed to less danger of shipwreck than a merchantman, from the strength of its build, the abundance of its stores, and the greater number of hands to man the sails. It makes fewer voyages, and sees fewer countries, because in time of peace it is often in port, and in time of war it is often for several years on a cruise, continually ploughing the self-same pace of sea before the blockaded port of an enemy. Finally, on board of these vessels there is a sort of division of labour; the duty of every one is chalked out for him, or at least it is only seldom and by turns that the seamen are employed in different manœuvres. When the day of battle arrives, although to the English sailor it is always like the signal of death, he is nevertheless inspired by the hope of glory, inflamed by the example of his messmates; and, if he survives, mutilated by the bullet or the steel of the foe, he sees before his eyes the splendid hospital of Greenwich, which awaits him for his reward, like the palace of the Hours, promised by Mahomet to the brave who die in battle. Very different indeed is the fate of the seamen of the merchant service. A vessel of 300 tons goes to the end of the world, with a crew of nine or ten men. It is impossible to imagine the activity and courage they must exhibit in a storm, the fatigue and peril they must undergo, sometimes for a whole day—for two or three days together. Here is the glory, here lies the superiority of the English seamen over all other European sailors. Others may have as much courage; the Greek is quicker, the Genoese more sober, but the Englishman is supreme in the terrible tempest of the sea: the rain, the hail, the wind, the whole fury of the waves, may rage and rave against him, but he resists and fulfils his duty: his strength seems multiplied a hundred fold, and he places his glory in conquering nature! He seems made of the rock itself! I was one day admiring the beautiful white biscuit, the juicy slices of salt beef, the unlimited number of potatoes, which, every day, with a little variation, form the dinner of the sailors, who have, besides their tea morning and evening, a plate of salt meat: the captain, who saw my surprise, observed to me, "In a storm my crew pay me this again with interest." This class of mariners make more voyages than the others, and see a variety of different countries:

"He travels and expatiates as the bee,
From flower to flower; so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution to the store he glean;
He seeks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return."—*Courper*.

The craving for variety becomes such a habit in seamen, that it is a rare thing for one of them to make two voyages in the same ship and under the same captain.

When, in a few days, he has squandered in taverns all the hard earnings of ten, twelve, or fourteen months, he offers himself to some captain on the point of sailing, who throws a glance over his certificates, and examines his whole person most attentively, that he may not be deceived as to health, strength, and agility; and the agreement, simple in its conditions, is signed. The wages, in time of peace, are from forty to fifty shillings a month, besides the victuals, to be paid altogether on the completion of the voyage, or in half or third portions at the place of the vessel's destination. Scarcely has the vessel returned to England, and discharged her cargo, before the sailor pockets his pay. From a poor man he suddenly finds himself a rich one, in the possession of fifteen or twenty pounds sterling. His long privation of pleasure changes the public-house, in his eyes, to an enchanted palace. This money seems to him an inexhaustible treasure, like that called forth by the lamp of Aladdin. He apparently renounces all his former virtues, he forgets all, he abandons himself to the most extravagant caprice, he buys every thing he sees,—a turnip, a watch, a warming pan, or a pair of spurs; and, ignorant of the snares which beset his every step upon land, unmindful of himself, of his relations, of the future, of his most urgent necessities, he dissipates, in a few days, all the gains of a year of exertion. It was a saying of Charles the Second, which has become proverbial, that "Sailors get money like horses, and spend it like asses." At length the dream ceases, the illusions vanish, the fumes of the liquor disperse; he looks around,—he finds himself ill clad, without a friend or a relation; he presents himself to a new captain, and starts for another part of the world, under a new sky, amidst another sea, surrounded by new and unknown companions.

The seaman is a sort of Robinson Crusoe; afloat, he practises almost every trade. Of all mechanical professions, this is the one which affords the most instruction, and develops in the highest degree the moral and physical faculties. Besides the smattering of astronomy which he acquires,—besides the foreign languages and the foreign manners with which he becomes acquainted, the mariner learns how to mix paint for the boats and many articles on board, mends the ropes, sews the sails, and most, on occasion, play the part of carpenter, blacksmith, butcher, cook, and washerman. He is perpetually in motion, and exercises equally all parts of the body, arms as well as legs, feet as well as hands; he is bent when he rows, or reefing and unreefing the sails; he stands erect when he guides the helm; he runs when the vessel is to be tacked; he balances himself on the mast-head; he ascends and descends the shrouds with the rapidity of a squirrel. There is no system of gymnastics which develops so impartially the powers of all parts of the human frame, the eye included,—as the art of navigation.

The order, the regularity, the discipline, which prevail in the narrow space of an English merchant brig, are wonderful. The face of the captain is always severe, the tone of his voice always sharp and imperious. No seaman may speak to the captain first, unless on a point of duty; no seaman is allowed to make remonstrances or observations on the captain's orders. A smile never passes over his countenance; nor does a word of approbation or encouragement ever escape him. The men are confined to the fore-castle, and woe to them if they step on deck, except upon duty,—it is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the captain and the passengers. The most profound silence always reigns among them, except that you occasionally catch a gentle whisper. Without this inexorable severity, how could the captain, seconded only by his mate, exact, in the very middle of the ocean, a prompt and blind obedience? Even in spite of it, conspiracies and revolutions sometimes occur among the nine or ten individuals shut up in so confined a space, so impracticable is it to govern the human species! An English captain always keeps his crew busy about something or other, even during a calm. This is also an expedient to prevent their taking a disgust to their occupation. Captain Parry, as soon as he had seen his vessel made snug for her winter station of five or six months, when on his voyage to attempt the discovery of a north-west passage, hit upon the idea of erecting a theatre, giving concerts, and setting up a school for teaching reading and writing to his hardy mariners; so anxious did he feel to provide remedies for weariness, and to keep the minds of his crew constantly occupied.

It was not till after I had witnessed the effects of this strict order and discipline, and the continual handling of the sails, that I felt the full force of the maxim, that

without a merchant navy a maritime force cannot exist. It is universally admitted in England, that the best sailors on board the English fleet are those who have been bred up in merchant vessels. They have had a school of greater suffering, industry and experience, than those brought up on board a frigate. Between these two kinds of sailors there is the same difference as between a regiment of the line and a band of guerrillas; the soldiers of the line dazzle the most, because they often decide the fate of empires,—the guerrillas acquire less glory, although individually they possess more bravery, and are much more exposed to fatigue, to famine, and the sword.

Sunday is, if possible, observed by the English wherever they may be. On that day, the silence even on board ship is still more gloomy than ever; every one is shaved, every one puts on a clean shirt, every one endeavours to display more neatness than usual in his dress. Some read a few pages in the Bible; religion is a comfort to their minds, rather than a terror. The Englishman has no other intercessor with the Supreme Being than his own prayers. He hopes for no other miracles than those which spring from his own courage, and the discharge of his duty. In a storm, the Spaniard, and even the Greek, although a good sailor, throw themselves on their knees before some image, to which a light is ritually burning, and in the mean time the sails and the vessel are under the control of the winds and waves; the sighs and signs of contrition of the devotees only serving to increase the confusion and dismay. The Englishman, on the other hand, fulfils his duty, displays all his firmness of mind and strength of body, struggles with death even to the last moment, and only when he has exhausted in vain all the resources of his skill, and all the energies of his frame, gives himself up to his fate, raises his eyes to heaven, and bows to the will of Providence. They are not indeed so thoroughly devoid of prejudice as a philosopher of the eighteenth century; some believe in ghosts, in hobgoblins, and prophetic voices which rise from the hollow of the deep,—but in the hour of danger they no longer recollect these illusions, and see nothing but the reality before them, and see it without affright. I read in the "Mariners' Register" (which is a collection of official reports made to the Admiralty of shipwrecked vessels), miracles of constancy, patience, and intrepidity, displayed by seamen to save their ships, and afterwards their own lives. One feels a proud complacency in seeing man in contest with the monstrous force of ocean, and generally triumphant over it; in seeing him, when struck upon a rock in the middle of the deep, calculating on what day the frail bark will be entirely swallowed up, and in the mean time labouring at the construction of a boat; and, when the hour of the total submersion of the vessel is arrived, descending into his fragile skiff, and, with a scanty supply of provisions, commencing a voyage of six hundred or a thousand miles, and then arriving at some inhospitable land. Another time you behold him in the Pacific ocean, in a little boat, after having lost his vessel, steeping his cloak in the sea, to protect himself from the scorching rays of the sun; then, for want of water, extending his sails and collecting in them the rain which kind Heaven sends him. A poet of some reputation in England, but in my opinion of very mediocre talents,—Falconer, has written a poem entitled "The Shipwreck." It is a cold story of a vessel which, sailing from Cyprus to Candia, near Cape Colonna (the ancient Scythus), is thrown by a tempest on the rocks, and dashed to pieces. There is a minute description (in some degree the general defect of English poets, great and small) of all the manoeuvres and expedients employed by the English captain, without any of those great strokes of the pencil such as Virgil gives, when he describes the sea storm which overtook the wandering Æneas, whose ships now rise to the summit of a mountain wave, now sink to the very bottom of the sea; and without that interest which Homer excites for Ulysses, when alone on a raft he is thrown by the wind here and there, up and down by the raging sea,—at one time cast on the waves, then catching hold of his raft again, till at last he commits himself to the waters, and, cleaving them with his breast and both his brawny arms, clutches at a rock with his outstretched hands,—

"And then Ulysses on the rock the skin
Of his strong arms did leave;"

and afterwards get upon land breathless and speechless, spouting water from his mouth and nostrils.

There is much more poetry in the true statements of the *Mariners' Register*, than in the fiction of Falconer. This Register was to be found on board of every ship

ever sailed in; at first it seemed strange that a sea captain should like to read so funereal a chronicle, in which, as it were, his own fate is described; but I have since reflected, that, just as land officers read with interest the accounts of battles and sieges, and instead of being cast down by them, are inspired with courage, and inflamed with emulation, so may a seaman learn from these narratives not only to die with intrepidity, but to use all the various methods for his own preservation.

On an occasion of some peril, I had an opportunity of witnessing in my own person the bravery of this race of men. In coming from Smyrna, after three thousand miles of pleasant sailing, and seventy-three days of weariness and impatience, as we were entering the port of Carlingford, forty-five miles north of Dublin, (where the vessels are sent to undergo quarantine,) in the dusk of the evening we struck on a bank: at the shock of its striking, and the long grating *screeak* that announced it, the nine English sailors who were on deck turned pale, but remained firm and collected. Not a cry, not a complaint was heard: all had their eyes fixed on the captain, whose orders they awaited; he slapping his hands on his thighs exclaimed,—"If that a joke?"

The first remedy was to spread all sail to the wind, to try if this would release us from the rock to which we seemed to be nailed down; in vain. The second expedient was to cast an anchor, and attempt by means of the capstan to move the vessel; still in vain. The third resource was, not to despair. As we did not yet know whether the banks were rocky or not, a trial was made with the pump to see if the vessel made any water. Fortunately, it did not. Our hopes were now placed on the next tide; the hour of its rising was anxiously looked for: it comes; every inch is observed, is measured, but the tide does not rise high enough. The ship, however, still continues tight and sound. The second tide is expected with still greater anxiety; a higher flow favours us, and with anchors and capstan we at last work ourselves off this bank of evil augury, after forty hours of exertion. The captain, an excellent man and a skilful navigator, was all this while indefatigable; but when we had got out of the danger, he fell ill of a fit of the gout, through the anxiety he had suffered, and several times bled at the nose. The vessel belonged to him, and with his property, he would have lost his reputation also. Again we set sail, and went to take our post on quarantine. What a horrible thing is quarantine on board ship! A dirty yellow flag warns others of the disease with which you are perhaps infected; men fly your breath, your touch; they watch from what quarter the wind blows to speak to you; instead of the friendly hand, the boatmen extends towards you an iron clasp to receive your letters; in the night, a small light burns on the mainmast, to warn other ships to avoid you, like a rock or a whirlpool; two sentinels come on board, to keep you in strict confinement; three times a day the quarantine officer summons all on board before him, to ascertain that no disease is concealed. The quarantine is a temporary exile from the world and from mankind. It was in these fifteen days, of which every minute was counted, that I learnt from the captain many particulars of the life and manners of seamen.

In time of war, among ten English sailors, it may be reckoned one is married, and in time of peace, one in eight. This proportion is much greater in all other nations, varying according to the extent and distance of the commerce they carry on. The Italian sailors of the Mediterranean, and the Greeks of the Archipelago, who very rarely leave behind them the pillars of Hercules, are for the most part married, because their voyages are of short duration, and they can often return to the bosoms of their families; but the English, who by the immensurability of their commerce are citizens of the world, would, if they were married, too seldom enjoy their home. Hence very few lay by for an event they do not think of, and in old age do not hope for. How could they feel affection for their families, whom from infancy they have abandoned? Besides, when they are on land—

"A girl and fiddle always make a sailor glad,"

Hence if through disease, or some other misfortune, one of them becomes invalided, he has no other resource than to beg through the streets, singing with a voice harmonious as that of Boreas, "The Crippled Tar," or "The Lullaby," or some other of the countless naval ditties of which the English people are so fond. The poet Crabbe, still living, the truest painter of the manners of the English vulgar, has, in his tale in verse, "The Brothers," painted to the life the miserable end of a

sailor, who, having in his best days improvidently squandered his gains, finds, when he has lost a leg, nothing but contempt and insult in the house of his own brother, who is married to a fury of a woman, and at last dies of anguish. This same painter-poet, in another little poem, "The Justice Hall," introduces a wretched street-walker as coming before the justice, with a baby in her arms; she has been by turns the concubine of two sailors, father and son, and implores no other favour from the magistrate, than to listen to the series of her crimes and her misfortunes, which are in truth of such a nature that they make one shudder with horror. Crabbe is entirely the reverse of Cowper; they are like Heraclitus and Democritus, "Jean qui pleure, et Jean qui rit." Cowper sees every thing of the colour of roses; all is virtue, all is happiness in England, according to him; Crabbe sees every thing with a jaundiced eye,—all is wickedness, misery, and vice. If, therefore, the stranger lends an ear to each of them, he will find the truth more easily by their combined assistance. Crabbe is like the party of the opposition, for, to hear him, England has the worst laws, and administration of them; Cowper is like the minister, when he speaks of the reign of George the Fourth, and paints it as though it were that of Saturn. Both are exaggerators; but poetry, it must be remembered, is not history.

THE OPPOSITION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Between the hall of the house of commons, and those of the representative bodies of the other nations which I have seen, there is the same difference as betwixt the house of a rich man of yesterday, and an old established gentleman of family. In the former, all is new and glittering; in "good taste," and of the last fashion; in the latter, every thing is antique, but solid and massive, of a piece with the walls and the age in which it was built. In the former, you discern the ostentatious showiness of that which is new and not customary: in the latter, the negligence of riches, and the habitude of long possession. The chamber of deputies at Paris, the halls of the Cortes at Madrid and at Lisbon, were new, like the institutions themselves; the English house of commons is old, like the liberty that inhabits it. Happy that country where liberty can boast of ages for its ancestors, and dwells from age to age in gothic edifices. If the house of commons were as old as the Druids, the members of parliament ought to dwell in the trunks of trees, like that ancient priesthood. He who enters the hall of the English parliament with the idea that he is about to see a Milanese or Neapolitan theatre, will be deceived in his expectations. There is not a choir or refectory of Franciscan friars which is not as elegant and majestic as this hall, or perhaps more so; but if he enters it, on the contrary, with the idea that he is visiting one of the oldest of the temples of liberty, he will contemplate every object with that veneration with which we behold the heavy columns of the temple of Pæstum, or the dreary catacombs of Rome.

Fashion, luxury, pleasure, conventional beauty, are powerful in England, but they are not triumphant. Over elegance has not yet spoiled that taste for nature, which is the prevailing characteristic of the nation. Dress and manner, compliments and salutes, all, even to the conclusion of letters, is redolent of simplicity. The English are, perhaps, the best horsemen in the world; that is, the firmest in the saddle; yet they make no show of it. They are the lightest motioned of all in gymnastics; almost all of them can, like their horses, leap hedges, ditches, and gates, yet when they dance, they scarcely raise their feet from the ground. They are, perhaps, or even without a perhaps, the best extemporaneous orators in the world; yet they never study either gesture or declamation. In February, 1838, Mr. Brougham delivered a speech in parliament, on the reform necessary in the civil laws of England, which lasted six hours and four minutes. Be it remembered, that four columns of an English newspaper are reckoned equal to one hour. There is no example, either among the ancients or moderns, of so long an extemporaneous speech of the deliberative kind.* We all know that the Romans studied declamation as we study music, and that Caius Græchus had a man with a pitch pipe behind him, who gave him notice when it was necessary to change the modulation of his voice. Our actors often go to study attitude and drapery in the statues of the

* The ingenious author had never passed a winter at Washington.—Ed.

ancient orators: *Cæsar*, when he fell wounded to death, did not forget nobility of position. Although the Spaniards were not accustomed to public speaking, it was beautiful to see the noble gesticulations of the eloquent *Martínez de la Rosa*, and the movements of his large black eyes; and to hear him change with exquisite art the tones of his strong and most sonorous voice. *Galiano*, too, another of the eloquent members of the *Cortes*, gesticulated so theatrically, that his enemies said he tried his speeches beforehand at a looking-glass. Why not? *Cicero* took letters from *Roscius*, *Roscius* took lessons from his mirror,—or the equivalent of a mirror, as all good actors do. There is none of this elegance or this affectation, which ever it may best be called, in England; they rise dressed just as it happens, gesticulate like a windmill, or perhaps not at all, like a phantom; and for several hours change the modulation of the voice no more than a Scotch bagpipe. The minister, *Canning*, in the heat of speaking, used to thump with his right hand on a small wooden box which stood before him, like a blacksmith raising up and bringing down his hammer. His rival, *Brougham*, tall, thin, convulsed in the muscles of his face, crosses when he speaks both arms and legs, exactly like one of our boneless fantoccini. Not even their actors, for example, the chief of them, *Kean*, employ those architectural attitudes which the actors of other nations make use of. Their artifice consists in following, not the dictates of art, but those of nature. I confess, however, that, in my opinion, the members of parliament ought sometimes to embellish nature a little.

It is well known that in the English parliament an orator never reads, but always improvises. Every thing is spontaneous, every thing shows the man, every thing belongs to the speaker. But what, perhaps, is not so well known, is that the orators have not a ridiculous repugnance to retracting what may have escaped them, in spite of themselves, in the warmth of debate. An Englishman is not ashamed to unsay an injurious expression which he never had any intention to say. It is an act of justice which does him honour before both friend and enemy. The English regard duelling as the last and desperate remedy of inexorable honour. In the famous parliamentary debate on the 12th of December 1826, respecting the war between Spain and Portugal, *Canning* had allowed himself to be carried away by the torrent of his eloquence beyond the prescribed bounds. In a few days after he undertook the publication of his own speech, and omitted that part which in cold blood he, perhaps, would not have uttered. The retraction so surprised me at first, that I could not help saying, in the presence of an English gentleman, that "I had thought only philosophers and drunken men retracted what they had said;" the gentleman replied, with the national imperturbability, "These recantations are just and proper, because the extemporaneous speaker is in a state of excitement, which often carries him beyond himself."

He who arrives for the first time in England, and goes to the house of parliament, runs the risk of forming a very erroneous idea of the opposition party, as occurred in my own case. All the surrounding circumstances conspire to lead him into error. In the first place, he sees a hundred or a hundred and twenty opposition members against four or five hundred. It appears therefore as if there were an insuperable arithmetical barrier. He hears an excellent speech, but it produces nothing but the sarcasms of the opposite party. Weak and always overpowered by numbers, the members of the opposition are condemned to serve the nation without station and without public honours. The chorus which derides their efforts is that, too, which continually sings the praises of the ministers. It is, then, a useless martyrdom, voluntary and senseless as that which the *Fakeers* impose on themselves. For what does the opposition sit?—for the pleasure of saying "No." It is at best a mere professorship of eloquence. This is what every one says to himself on his first view of the party in opposition. But he soon changes his opinion when he studies more profoundly the national organisation of England, and becomes familiar with the history of parliament. In the first place, he perceives that if the opposition does not conquer, it at least hinders the enemy (whoever he may be, liberal or not) from abusing his victory, or consuming an unjust conquest. It is like the dike of a river, which cannot assist its current, but keeps it in, and compels it to follow its course. The advantage of the opposition does not consist so much in the good that it effects, as in the evil that it prevents. It keeps awake the attention, the patriotism,

the distrust of the people; it propagates in general the right opinions, it is the born protector of the injured and the oppressed, the harbinger of all improvements, of all liberal institutions. Suppose that, by accident, the opposition is composed of persons in favour of absolute power: to procure adherents, they will be obliged to mask their sentiments, to hold the language of justice and freedom,—like those proud and tyrannic Roman patricians, such as the *Appii* and *Opimii*, who, to gain their suffrages for the consular dignity, descended to mix among and to flatter the common people; or, like *Dionysius*, who, when on the throne, crushed out the very blood of the people, and when he was hurled from it, played the buffoon to the populace, and got drunk in the public taverns. But the action of the minority is not immediate. An opinion cannot be formed and propagated and popularised in a few months, nor sometimes in a few years. The abolition of the slave trade cost *Wilberforce* twenty years of persevering application. Every year repulsed, every year he returned to the assault, printing pamphlets, convening public meetings of philanthropists, collecting notices and documents on the barbarous cruelties practised on board of the vessels engaged in the horrible traffic, and thus exciting the imaginations and melting the hearts of his fellow-citizens, he broke at length with the multitude into the temple of justice and triumph. At one period, Ireland could not carry on a direct commerce with the English colonies. How many strenuous and how many fruitless attempts were made before *Grattan*, in 1779, obtained the abolition of this unjust exclusion! How many times, from the days of *Adam Smith* downwards, was the principle of freedom in commerce, now begun to be followed by the present ministry, brought forward by the opposition! Thus, parliamentary reform, proposed originally by *Pitt*, in the first days of his career, when he found himself in the ranks of opposition, is now beginning to make proselytes within the walls of parliament, after having made many without. Thus catholic emancipation is probably on the point of being conceded, after so many unsuccessful endeavors to obtain it. Thus the abolition of colonial slavery is another laurel which the opposition sees at no great distance, and will gather in no great length of time. The English opposition, in this point of view (let it be well observed), sets an example to all nations, all sects, all philosophers, and—all authors, for without constancy, few of them can hope for success.

When a cause is just at the beginning, we should never despair, however often we may be repulsed. Under the blows of perseverance fell the Aristotelian philosophy of the scholastics,—fell the torture and the inquisition: under the same blows tyrants will fall, in every nation, without exception.

It is not true, either, that the opposition is always unrewarded; the Irish made their countryman *Grattan* a present of fifty thousand pounds. *Fox* has statues, anniversaries, and a club, called after his name, which celebrates every year with a banquet and brilliant speeches the day of his birth. When *Sir Robert Wilson* was deprived by the government of his rank of general, his party indemnified him with an annuity for his own life and that of his son. *Sir Francis Burdett*, when he quitted the Tower after six months' imprisonment, found prepared for him by the people a triumphal procession more enviable than that of the ancient Romans. When *Mr. Wilberforce* passes through the crowd on the day of the opening of parliament, every one contemplates this little old man, worn with age, and his head sunk on his shoulders, as a sacred relic, as the Washington of humanity. This is a reward worthy of such a man, and far beyond all possible golden fleeces, or all the strange beasts that were ever set in brilliants.

Often, too, (without any need of deserting, as *Burke* did), the march of events carries into power the members of the opposition. When peace was to be made with the United States, in 1783, the ministry which had sustained and prolonged the war, was obliged to give place to those who had always opposed it. In the same manner, at the peace of *Amiens*, with the first consul of France, *Pitt*, the fortunate, the eloquent *Pitt*, had to yield the curule chair to his opponents. The resistance of the opposition is not useful to the nation alone, but to the government itself. Without it, every administration would soon corrupt, and degenerate into infamy; and its existence would be threatened, either with a slow-consuming, or a rapid and violent destruction. *Napoleon*, at the time that every will bent before him, was compelled, in order to get at the truth, to take

sometimes the advice of the opposition in his council of state, rather than that of his own ministers, as will appear upon consulting the sittings of 1809 respecting the liberty of the press. In December, 1825, when *Mr. Brougham* informed the ministry, that he intended to propose a revision of the law of libel, a newspaper attached to the government, which was then opposed in him, expressed much pleasure at the circumstance, observing, that between the two contrary opinions of two first-rate statesmen, such as *Brougham* and the secretary *Peel*, there would be found a third, which would reconcile the interests of the liberty of the press with the claims of justice for the repression of its licentiousness.

While the nation continues to prosper under the principles of the ministry, the opposition does nothing but prevent its wading too far from the path; but when it feels itself in a state of suffering and decline, under the existing management of affairs, the nation finds other principles at hand, other men and another party already matured, and prepared to guide the vessel of the state in a different direction. All republics, both ancient and modern, have been perpetually agitated by the two contrary winds of the aristocratic and democratic factions, and although the former at every step passed from the hands of one of these parties into those of the other, they went on prospering for several centuries, in the midst of the oscillation produced by these changes. In a free government, the shock of two parties, and the apparent discord, are in reality only a contest which shall render the country happy. *Filangieri* says that this emulation is at bottom nothing better than the love of power, but as this power can never be attained nor preserved except by promoting the general good, it can be no very great concession to call it patriotism. The two opposite forces, which oblige free governments to run along a middle line, are like those which regulate the motions of the celestial bodies: opposition produces the same good effects in the moral world. All governments deteriorate into tyranny without it: in the absence of criticism, which is their opposition,—what would literature and the arts become? We should still be under the yoke of the commentators on Aristotle;—we should still have the atoms of *Epicurus* in physics, and the crystal heavens of *Ptolemy* in astronomy. If the *Winklemanns*, the *Mengsies*, and the *Milizias* had not kept bad taste within its bounds, painting would have become a caricature, and architecture a heap of crudities. Except for criticism, the *Gongoras* would still hold the foremost rank in Spain, the *Mariveaus* in France, the *Marinis* in Italy: without *Baretti's* "literary scourge," the *Arcadia* of Rome would probably be still in higher esteem than the French academy, and the Italians would have become so many *Arcadian* shepherds, with their pipes hung round their necks. Without the struggle between duty and sacrifice, would there be any virtue or heroism in the world? What is England itself with regard to the rest of Europe, but "the opposition," which always throws its weight into the scale on the side of the weak and oppressed, in order to preserve the equilibrium?

ENGLAND, THE REFUGE OF THE OPPRESSED.

In London, as well as in almost all the country towns, there is a society which has for its object to provide a lodging for the houseless. Where is the wonder, then, if England is herself the asylum of all the unfortunate? Venice, in her days of glory, was the sanctuary of all the oppressed, whether by kings, by princes, by republics, by popes, or by antipopes. England, which, in the importance of its commerce, and its dominion over the sea, is the Venice of our times, displays the same universal hospitality. Either from justice or from policy, or from a sentiment of generosity and a feeling of her power, she collects under her vast wings all the conquered and the wrecked wherever they may be. There is scarcely a single nation in Europe which is not her debtor for protection afforded, at one time or another, to a number of its people. When commerce decayed in Italy, and the usurping princes persecuted the wealthy merchants, many of these sought refuge in England; and a street still remains called "Lombard street," because they took up their residence on that spot. After the revocation of the edict of *Nantes*, (more fatal to France than the battle of *Blenheim*), thousands of French Hugonots took refuge in England, and carried thither, that of silk stuffs. He who does not disdain to study the history of human vicissitude in the dwellings of filth and poverty, should go to *Spitalfields*, where he will still find many French names among the weavers,

and a street still called after the *fleur-de-lys* (flowers but too thorny for these poor emigrants.) In the more recent political storms of France, England afforded shelter to almost all the French nobility and princes; and a few years after to the constitutionalists, the republican and the adherents of Napoleon, in their turn exposed to persecution. And let it be observed, that an asylum like this, which is granted not by favour or caprice, but by a perpetual law of free states, to all the oppressed, is another beneficent gift of liberty, which, as the common mother of mankind, wifes with an impartial hand, the tears from the eyes of all her children, and thus assuages the ferocity of man, which would become still more cruel by desperation. Among the Italian republics of the middle ages hospitality was so common a virtue as to draw from Machiavel the maxim, "Where banishments deprive the cities of men of wealth and industry, one state grows great by becoming the asylum of the banished."

In 1823, London was peopled with exiles of every kind, and every country: constitutionalists who would have but one chamber, constitutionalists who wished for two; constitutionalists after the French model, after the Spanish, the American; generals, dismissed presidents of republics, presidents of parliaments dissolved at the point of the bayonet, presidents of cortices dispersed by the bomb-shell; the widow of the negro king Christophe, with the two princesses, her daughters, of the true royal blood, "black and all black," the dethroned emperor of Mexico; and whole swarms of journalists, poets and men of letters. London was the Elysium (a satirist would say, the Botany Bay) of illustrious men and would-be heroes.

What must have been the astonishment of one who had seen the parliament of Naples, and the two cortices of Madrid and Lisbon, to find himself at the Italian Opera in London, with General Pepe, General Mina, the orators Arguelles and Galiano, with the presidents Isturiz, Moura, &c., jostled and jostling in the crowd with the ambassadors of their adverse governments? It was, in truth, a sort of magic vision, worthy of the great necromancer Merlin himself. Often, in the course of that winter, did the London Opera house bring to my mind the enchanted palace in Ariosto, where so many paladins, friends and foes of each other, ran up and down the staircases, without being able either to get out or to fight.

At their first arrival, some of these wandering cavaliers attracted a good deal of attention from the English public. *The people is every where the people*; that is to say, boobies, ninnies. The newspaper writers ran to their lodgings to get the flag end of their lives at least, with some anecdotes. The fashionables took a delight in exhibiting a new "lion," which is the name given in England to any person of celebrity who is invited to an evening party, to be shown as the wonder of the day to two or three hundred persons, squeezed together like anchovies in a barrel, so that one can neither speak nor move. This diversion is called a *roulé*; but some prefer to call them "living skeletons."

How soon did this curiosity pass away! The exiles, lions and all, were speedily buried in oblivion. There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever: it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework: there is a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal silence. Paoli and Dumouriez, after having at their first appearance made a crash like thunder, when they died excited no more attention than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he landed at Portsmouth, was carried to his hotel in triumph, and deafened with applause, for a month together, at the theatre in London. He was more famous than the Nemean lion. What then? He fell very soon into oblivion, and the grave closed over his name. The English people are greedy of novelty; childlike in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad,—they want only what is new. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures. To feed this insatiable whale, that always pants with open jaws,—

"And after meals is hungrier than before."

toil incessantly journalists, engravers, historians, travellers, philosophers, lawyers, men of letters, poets,—ministers with schemes for new enactments, the king with schemes for new palaces and buildings, and the liberals with schemes for parliamentary reform. One honour that none can refuse to the constitutional exiles, was the poverty in which they were all plunged, not excepting those who had occupied posts of importance, and handled the public money; Señor Galiano, who had been minis-

ter of finance at Cordova, and the organ of the government in the Cortes for above a year, I often met in the streets on his return from a walk of four miles to give a lesson in Spanish; to preserve the independence of his spirit, he had the national pride to decline the pension offered by the English government. A friend of mine one day surprised poor Arguelles in his room in the act of mending his trousers,—that Arguelles who had been thrice a member of the cortices,—in 1812 and 1823, and had filled the high office of minister for foreign affairs; on whose "divine" lips it may be said that Spain depended, so great was his political wisdom, and the fluency of his eloquence. I had seen these two representatives of the Spanish nation, on their leaving the cortices of Madrid, the day they answered the threatening notes of the Holy Alliance, born in triumph to their carriages on the shoulders of a people, intoxicated with joy and admiration!

In the next spring the widow of General Riego died in London, consumed more by grief than by the English climate, which was nevertheless too severe for her weak state of health. All the emigrants were invited to her funeral, which took place at the catholic chapel in Moorfields, within the city of London. I fulfilled with a sentiment of pity this last sad office towards a family with which I had been connected in the bonds of friendship. I shall always remember with pleasure having been the bearer of some letters from Cadix, written to this virtuous lady by her husband, the hero and martyr of the Spanish revolution. Four ministers of the constitutional government held the pall; very few among the many hundred exiles had been able to provide themselves with mourning; and this in England, where the very poorest of the people are able to show this great mark of decency and respect. On this occasion, however, the poverty of the mourners, if its cause be taken into consideration, formed the most appropriate and affecting ornament of the ceremony.

To bring about a revolution requires such sacrifices, such acts of courage, such enthusiasm, that those who undertake it must be gifted with an imagination and with feelings far above the common level. Hence it is, that in those great events which present, as it were, a nation in convulsion, so many prominent and striking characters are produced. Without revolutions, the lineaments of the great families called nations, would be more uniform, and less expressive. The strongest marked physiognomies of these families appear in violent tempests. The revolution called the reformation, in Germany; that of the parliament in England, the last in France, &c. have formed entire galleries of characters perfectly new and original. I had an opportunity of verifying my observations among the brothers in exile with whom I was acquainted. In the composition of persons who have been engaged in a revolution may be discovered, in a greater or less degree, much imagination, a quick sensibility, a high ambition, vanity still higher than true ambition, and extreme iniquity and irritability. It is no wonder, therefore, that where such elements abound, we should find differences, quarrels, and disputes without end, excessive lamentations over disappointment, instances of heroism and extraordinary virtue, unheard-of crimes, and inexplicable changes from fidelity to the basest treachery. I will here sketch some of the more remarkable characters, of whom I acquired a better knowledge, during their adversity in London, than I could have done when their passions were in full fervour.

Señor Franco of Valencia is a Spanish patriot who, to be useful to his country, and to acquire that influence over his fellow-citizens which neither birth nor riches nor extraordinary talents conferred upon him, devoted his life to virtue, and,

"Under the shield of conscious purity,"

carried about his poverty in triumph. Humble, indeed, though always decent in his dress; sober, although sometimes giving way to indulgence at the table of some opulent friend, or occasionally at another; as a judge bold, decided, and inexorable. Six years of exile consumed in attempts and stratagems to prepare that mine which was destined in 1820 to spring, and demolish the absolute government of Ferdinand the Seventh, were remunerated by the cortices with a pension which was his only patrimony. Of strict honour in all his dealings, of inviolable secrecy, scrupulous to an extreme of injuring the reputation of others,—his testimony was often admitted to be decisive even by his enemies. He was sometimes selected as the arbiter between two contend-

* An epithet bestowed by the English who heard him speak in the cortices of Cadix, in 1812.

ing factions, and when the good of his country was concerned, would, like a second Friar Savonarola, fluninate his wrath even against his bosom friends. Full to the brim of love of country, he harangued at dinners, in the theatre, in the streets, and in the shops, at once inexhaustible and indefatigable; and, as his passion for liberty was the only spirit that could actuate him,—as he was always free from interested views, from every kind of ambition, his speeches sparkled in every part with original, picturesque, and fiery expressions. Knowing at the time of the war of independence the obstinacy of the prince, he had advised his countrymen to offer the throne to the duke of Wellington, adducing the example of Sweden, which at that very moment was placing the crown on the head of a marshal of France. To get rid, if possible, of Ferdinand, he went to Rome to offer, in the name of his fellow-citizens, the sceptre of Spain once more to Charles the Fourth upon certain conditions. By the force of this Cato-like spirit alone, he had attained to an importance among his countrymen to which many others, with more ambition, and superior means, had not been able to arrive. After the fall of the constitutional system in Spain, I saw him again in London, with the multitude of other emigrants, not in the slightest degree crest-fallen. Nothing in London took his attention; it seemed as if his mind still remained in Spain. He ran through the streets of London as though he were still in the Calle de la Montera at Madrid. Beggared, but not begging, except sometimes a trifle to pay for his bed and a porringer of milk,—almost his only nourishment,—forced to lie a-bed in winter because he could not afford to pay for firing, this virtuous tribune of the people did not yet believe his mission ended; he harangued when he could, and as much as he could. His eloquence was heightened by the events and misfortunes that had occurred. But when, from these sublime raptures he returned to himself, and, retiring from the theatre of the world, to which his fancy carried him, cast his eyes on his dress, on the cold and naked walls of his chamber,—when he was constrained to extend his hand for the wretched pension of the English government, that he might eat and live,—passionately then did he exclaim, "Thanks be to religion, that ordains every sacrifice, and rewards me for all. Without that, I should long ago have spurned virtue from me: see where this syren has for a second time conducted me,—the shipwrecked sailor of revolution, without friends, without assistance, without even fame!—in the midst of a foreign nation wallowing in wealth, and valuing only riches and prosperity. Without religion, I should have faltered a thousand times in the path of duty, for virtue alone was not a sufficient compass to direct my course of action in the midst of a sea of contamination!"

To feel the greater interest in this man, one should know that before the revolution he had been a friar. He left his cloistered prison because the gates were thrown open to him, but he preserved his fidelity to his vows, and to God. He lived amongst the disciples of Rousseau and Voltaire without restraint or mistrust, and, without reproving them, did not blush to avow to their faces the religious sentiments which he so deeply felt. He would have sounded the praises of religion before Diogenes, or Spinoza, or Diderot. I recollect another affecting reflection being made one day in the midst of the pressure of poverty. "It is noble," said he, "to suffer on a great theatre where the applauses of spectators, the trumpet of fame, encourage you to endurance. Every torture then brings with it its consolation and its reward; but the true, the most poignant, the purest sufferings, tempered by no relief, are not those of the hero, or the illustrious martyr, but of such obscure atoms as I, who suffer such heart-aches for liberty in obscurity, forgotten by all the world!"

Those who are accustomed to behold with admiration the stoic impassibility which will bleed to death without even breathing a sigh, will perhaps think these lamentations not consistent with philosophical decorum. Those on the other hand, who admire the heroes of Homer and the Greek tragedies, who now weep like children, now fight like Gods, will find these bursts of nature full of truth, and think him perhaps more interesting, who complains indeed amid the throes of grief, but still triumphantly pursues the path of duty.

The first time I saw at Madrid the silver-tongued Galiano, he was dressed in a green caulet, cloak, a straw hat, a pair of dust coloured shoes, and I know not what else. He seemed as if he had copied the toilette of a parrot. I went to the hall of the cortices to hear him, and he appeared to me a second Cicero. He speaks extemporaneously with the same elegance and facility with which a member of the Spanish academy would write. I met him a second time, and examined him

more narrowly. I found him a little, lean, short-sighted man, unsteady on his legs,—a very devil-on-two-sticks. I went that evening to hear him from the people's gallery, and he appeared to me a giant that with the thunder of his eloquence might have shaken Olympus. Two months afterwards I met him in London, uncorrupt, inaccessible to every kind of seduction, unchanged, and unchangeable; he seemed then a Cato. This man is a species of Sphinx; he is a mixture of beauties and defects: vainglorious in the altar of his country; given to pleasure, yet of a candid mind, and free from offence. The English government granted a pension to all the members of the cortes; he was the first to refuse it. In the meanwhile, he honestly sold his pen to the literary journals. One of the great leaders of Spain was the first in London to bow to the yoke of fate, and became a teacher of languages rather than bow to the yoke of man. He is a boaster, but I never heard him boast of the sacrifices he had made to his country. To give oneself up to one's country, is in his eyes a bare duty, not a virtue. I never heard him either lament over, or sigh for, the comforts of this—

“—life more overcast than 'tis serene,
This mortal life, of direst envy full.”

He seems invulnerable either by fortune or by man. Another exile with whom I was long acquainted, was the Count Santorre di Santa Rosa. His name had been connected with the Piedmontese revolution, but the nation which admired the few acts of his ministry, had not time to appreciate his virtues as a citizen, and his talents as a statesman. Whoever lived under the same roof with him, could not avoid being the better for it. The very judges who pronounced sentence of death upon him, would have revoked it, if they had known the purity of his heart. He was one of those men who are born to fascinate all around them, and to make followers. Eloquent, of a cultivated mind, brought up in a camp during the first years of his youth, under the eye of the colonel his father; but a lover of solitude, that he might give himself up to study and contemplation, he joined a military frankness to the holy enthusiasm of the hermit. A good companion, a warm friend, an excellent host, he created around him more genial merriment, with no liquor but water, than others, assisted by all the inspiration of the bottle. Although he held no higher rank in the army than that of lieutenant-colonel, yet all eyes were fixed upon him as a man who would do unheard of things. His mind was as pure as his life. He loved liberty, not only for its effects, but also as a sublime and poetical state of existence. At the same time, nevertheless, he loved monarchy; he wished, so to speak, to worship liberty in her temple, with a king for high priest. In Constantinople he would have voted for a king; he loved a king, through his love of liberty, because he believed a king to be the guarantee of liberty with order. He was enamoured of the history of his country, and a warm admirer of the military monarchy of Piedmont, not that he would not have corrected its Gothic defects; but he admired it as one admires an old suit of polished steel armour, which is no longer useful, but still dazzling. He felt for the diminutive kingdom in which he was born, the same affection which is shown by the citizens of small republics. Thus, although he could speak both French and Italian with singular elegance, he delighted to commune with his fellow countrymen entirely in the Piedmontese dialect; it was his *Ranz des Vaches*. It will, therefore, excite no surprise that he was inclined to an aristocratic constitution. When I saw him for the first time in Turin before the revolution, he was in favour of two chambers of representatives; I said to him, “Let us defer that question till after the triumph; in the mean time, rest assured of this, that, till the talisman of the Spanish constitution is displayed, the majority of the Italians will not stir.” After a short pause, he replied in a resolute tone, “If it be so, let us defer this important question to a better opportunity, and grasp the Spanish constitution only as a lever to raise degraded Italy from the wretched slavery in which she is plunged.” There are few examples of so mainly and generous a sacrifice of individual opinion to that of the many.

England was for him an inexhaustible field of observation; he studied her institutions as the ancients studied the laws of Crete, and they pleased him the more, that the aristocratic principle being predominant in them, their success in practice was a splendid confirmation of his political speculations. Nor would he perhaps have abandoned this land of liberty, nor that fire which

is never quenched, had not hearts, formed to strive for fame, awakened him from his life of repose at Nottingham, to combat for the liberation of Greece. His intense love of liberty was inflamed by a tincture of religious enthusiasm; he went to Greece with the courage and the devotion of a true crusader. If he had been able to speak the language, he would have inoculated his followers with his enthusiasm; he had a cross always hung round his neck, and he astonished the *paleischi* with whom he went to Navarino, by flourishing his sabre with one hand, and displaying his cross in the other, while he translated for them the verse of Tasso—

“For country all is lawful, and for faith.”

He died as he had lived, a brave man, with arms in his hands, face to face with the Egyptians, as they landed in the island of Sphaacteria. He could not have had a more honourable death nor a more honourable grave. The slaughter of the Turks and the Egyptians, soon after at the battle of Navarino, the 20th of October 1827, was a hecatomb which expiated his death, and the conflagration of that barbarian fleet the noblest funeral pile that could be reared to his unburi bones!

ROADS.

The prosperity and civilisation of a country may be estimated in a hundred different ways. Some measure it by the population, some by the quantity of money in circulation; this by the state of its literature, and that by the state of its language. David Hume said, that where good broad-cloth is made, astronomy is sure to be known, and the sciences to be cultivated. Sterne, from the hyperbole of the barber who dressed his wig, and the finery of the Parisian glover, deduced two qualities of the French nation, one amiable, and the other ridiculous. Pangloss, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal, drew the inference, from the sight of men hanging in chains, that he was in a civilised country. Why may we not also draw an inference of the civilisation of a country from the condition of its roads? Where there are no roads, or but few, however magnificent, we may take it for granted that there are few or no books, few or no manufactures, many and unjust laws, few legislators or, only one, a great many friars and very few learned men, many miracles and little money. Whoever has travelled in Europe, must have seen with his own eyes the truth of this doctrine. Russia, Poland, Turkey, Greece, Transylvania, Hungary, Croatia, Bukovina, Spain, and Portugal, which are certainly the least civilised portions, are also those which have the fewest roads. In the Peloponnesus, where, when poems, tragedies, and histories, were written, there were so many roads and cart tracks, there is now no longer a carriageable road; not in the whole kingdom of the king of men, Agamemnon:—

“Of countries vast the ruler sole-supreme,
The best of kings, in war supremely brave!”

who had Automedon for his charioteer, the best coachman in all Greece. From Velez-Malaga to Grenada, in the once wealthy kingdoms of the Arabian dynasties, there is no other road than a precipitous mule track. From the city of Mexico to Guatemala, there is nothing that can be called a road. To get over the twelve hundred miles of intervening distance, the deputies from Guatemala, when that republic was united to Mexico, were obliged to undertake four months' disastrous travelling. From Omoo to Guatemala it is the same:—to traverse these three hundred and fifty miles, takes sometimes from six to seven months, in the case of the transportation of merchandise on the backs of mules. The other Spanish American colonies all alike had overgrown roads, and overmuch wretchedness, ignorance, and superstition.

On the contrary, France, Germany, and Italy, have more roads and more civilisation, and England has more roads and canals, than all the rest of Europe put together,—and more civilisation. I remember seeing in M. Dupin's work on England, that the total length of its roads and canals, in proportion to its extent of surface, is very much greater than that of the roads and canals of France. Does not the comparative civilisation of the two countries stand perhaps in the same scale? Let the same comparison be made, between the roads and canals of the north of Italy and those of the kingdom of Naples, and the same result will be obtained.

This is not a mere casual coincidence,—it is an un-failing effect of an infallible cause. From the want of easy communication, men remain disjoined and isolated; their minds grow cold, their spirit slumbers, they feel no emulation, they experience not the spur of the neces-

sity for satisfying new desires, have little moral development, energy, or activity. This is the reason why the republican, or the citizen of a free state, is of a fervid, animated, and enterprising spirit, because he lives and moves in a multitude; while the subject of an absolute monarchy, where the population is usually scanty, and scattered over a large surface, becomes dull and drowsy, not more from the terror than the isolation in which he lives. When men are brought nearer to each other, by means of roads, canals, steam vessels, suspension bridges, rail ways, and (would fate consent) air balloons, they will waken up, their ideas, their desires will multiply, and their energy and intelligence in proportion. Why is a countryman necessarily less active and intelligent than a citizen? Why the inhabitant of a small town less so than the inhabitant of a great capital? Because the mixing and rubbing together of men is less. It would appear that the development of the human mind is in the combined proportion of the mass of men, and the velocity of their intercourse. I will quote, in illustration of this, two beautiful similes of Verri in his *Meditations on Political Economy* (now at length known and esteemed by the English).—“A blade of common grass moved down in the meadow is a piece of inert matter, while it remains isolated, or only collected in a small mass; but let a large heap of these blades of grass be piled up, and a fermentation will be observed to take place,—heat will be unfolded,—a motion propagated throughout the mass, which will at length take fire, and blaze up till it illumines the horizon.”—“A bunch of grapes, by itself, or with only a few others, discharges itself of a mere dreggy matter; but when a large quantity is compressed, the mutual impinging of the infinite volatile particles agitates the whole mass, effervescence is everywhere produced, and a liquor distils from it which fills the atmosphere with fragrance, and the veins of him who drinks it with life and youth! Such is the picture of mankind.” For the lovers of similes, I will add another. Men, those pebbles of Deucalion, are exactly like flints, which never throw out fire until they are struck together.

Straight roads and symmetrical cities, betray a despotic power, caring little or nothing for the rights of property. An undeviating right line is like the sword of Alexander, with which he cut the Gordian knot, when he found it impossible to untie it. Turin and Berlin are the two most regularly built cities in Europe, rose under the word of command from two military monarchs; and who does not discern in the interminable straight roads of France and Poland, the arbitrary band which must have made them so? On the contrary, in England, that ancient land of liberty, the streets are crooked, full of ins and outs, and most of the cities are mere heaps of habitations, built without a plan, as necessity or caprice dictated, not composed of files of houses, drawn out in line with the regularity of so many battalions of soldiers. Yet the English love order, celerity, and economy; true,—but it appears that hitherto he has above all these ever respected the rights of property. So numerous are the windings of the public roads in England, as to render a deduction necessary to be made, in strict justice, in favour of France, from the proportions laid down by M. Dupin, to which I have before adverted.

The footpath that always runs along the sides of the streets in the towns, and many of the roads in the country as well, shows that the people are respected and respectable. There are canals for merchandise, the middle of the highway for those that ride, and the footpath for those who walk. The footway is the triumph of democracy. The lower class is not, as in other countries, quite disinherited; it has its own portion, small, indeed, but inviolable. On the continent, instead, the roads seem only made for the rich and for the horses.

Which is the best method of obtaining good roads, that is, not only highways, but also cross-roads, that, like the veins of the human body, run in every direction, and conjoin in one whole, the largest cities with the remotest villages? Is the system of tolls, or that of a public superintendence supported by the taxes, the better? Verri says, “Every payment imposed on the passage of roads, or the transport of goods, such as tolls, taxes on carts and carriages, has the effect of *retarding* the population, and rendering parts of it more isolated. Smith, on the other side, maintains the utility and the justice of turnpikes, observing that this tax, or toll, though it is advanced by the carrier, is finally paid by the consumer, to whom it must always be charged in the price of the goods. As the expense of carriage, however, is very much reduced by means of such public works, the goods, notwithstanding the toll, come cheaper to the consumer than they could otherwise have done;

their price not being so much raised by the toll, as it is lowered by the cheapness of the carriage. The person who finally pays this tax, therefore, gains by the application more than he loses by the payment of it. His payment is exactly in proportion to his gain. It is, in reality, no more than a part of that gain which he is obliged to give up in order to get the rest. It seems impossible to imagine a more equitable method of raising a tax."

However discordant these two opinions may appear, they may both be correct in different cases. That of Verri is the just one in a country of little activity, and little commerce and resort. If the passage of carriages and merchandise be rare, how can the turnpikes pay the expenses of the construction and maintenance of the roads? Instead of this, they would lessen, or perhaps completely annihilate the little intercourse already in existence. England itself in those few districts where transit is rare, does not follow the general system of turnpikes, but sets in motion that of parochial rates.

The opinion of Smith also is just, in reference to a country like England, from a survey of whose condition he constructed most of his theories,—where the internal communication is so vast, that in a few years it refunds, by means of the tolls, all the expenses of making the roads, and keeping them in repair.

I am perfectly well aware that Lombardy has, since the reign of Joseph the Second, been in possession of a very provident code of laws for the formation of roads; the English laws, nevertheless, are perhaps no less excellent than our own in this particular, as may be gathered from M. Dupin's work, in which they are all given. As these do not come within my scope, this reference must suffice.—I resume my former subject.

I treat that the whole of the English roads are not made and maintained by means of turnpikes. Those which serve only for communicating between village and village would not in some cases pay the gatekeeper for the trouble of taking the toll. These, therefore, are maintained as economically as possible. Those, however, running between cities of large trade, and much frequented by travellers, are kept up by means of farming out the tolls. The erection of turnpikes is optional on the part of the municipal authorities, but it is not to be wondered at that they all adopt them, because by their operation a share of the expense of the roads is thrown upon the goods and passengers that make use of them. The consent of parliament is indispensable before this tax can be imposed, and, when this consent is granted, it is always accompanied by the condition that it shall cease within a certain time after the proprietors have reimbursed their outlay, with interest. These tolls are consequently temporary, and liable to rise or fall as is found necessary.

Why, it may be asked, does not the government maintain the principal roads, and afterwards repay itself with the tolls? Because, by this method, it is to be feared that the tolls would become a perpetual tax, and, instead of being only a transitory imposition to pay a debt, it would become a source of peculation. Where a government has no other direct interest than those of justice and impartiality, it takes care to set impassable bounds to its concessions. It fixes unalterably the toll, and the time it is to be kept up. All the great roads, bridges, and canals in England, were made and paid for by means of tolls. The government has done, as it were, nothing; but it has done the best it could do—it has "let things alone." All the canals, which in England are innumerable, were constructed by companies, of which there have been more than fifteen within the last sixty years. These have dug and opened canals in every direction, on the faith of the toll they were to be allowed to take. The shareholders have gained almost double the usual rate of interest; commerce an increased facility, and a great saving of time; the public a great convenience; and the whole country incalculable wealth. It cannot be pretended, however, that the turnpike system is altogether free from drawbacks. The greatest is the number of unproducing persons obliged to be employed in taking the tolls, and the inconvenience to which the passengers are put, in having to stop and pay at every turn (the stagecoaches, however, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, pay weekly, on Saturday); there are also frequent embezzlements by the receivers, and sometimes immoderate profits are made by the farmers of the toll, or the trustees of the road: but the advantages to be placed in the opposite scale overbalance the others most decidedly.

In the first place, the expenses of the road are exactly distributed among those who make use of it, according to the extent of their traffic. The mountaineers of

Wales, for example, who hardly ever leave their native province, do not contribute a farthing towards paying for the beautiful road from London to Liverpool, which they neither use nor wear out. This way is also steady, and independent of state favouritism or state events: if the expense be made to fall on the government, it may, perhaps, alter its policy, may be more partial to one province than another; now it may be too active, now too indolent; at one time too profuse, at another too sparing; or, which happens oftener of all, it may injure by caprice, or devote to other purposes, the funds intended for this department. Even the best constituted governments may be forced, by an unforeseen war, or a thousand other accidents, to employ the money otherwise than it ought to be. Charles III. of Spain made some magnificent roads,—his successors neglected them. When the roads are under the charge of the government, they get better and worse several times in a century;* when they are under the control of those who make use of them, there is no reason why they should be allowed to fall into decay.

When a government undertakes these matters, utility is too often sacrificed to display. What is the use of those ample roads in France, which, as M. Say wittily observes, "are twice as wide as they ought to be, and lead to a capital whose streets are not half so wide as they ought to be?" Charles III., with the money he spent on the great road from Irún to Madrid, and from Madrid to Seville, might, if he had spared something of their Castilian pomp, have opened a carriageable road to Corunna, which is still wanting, and levelled the precipitous road that leads to Portugal.

When the roads are made by the public, there is no tinsel, no flattery about the thing. Every one pays, every one is interested, every one points out what is wrong, every one is on the watch. When they are made by the government, they are baptized with the name of some prince, and what is, in reality, contributed by the nation, is spoken of as the free gift of "the powers that be." Many may complain, but few are heard, and rarely, indeed, is the matter looked to.

The aid of government is necessary until the traffic on the roads is risen to a moderate height. Up to that moment, I agree with Verri, it can and ought to make the roads; but as soon as things are in a proper train, and the traffic is sufficient to repay the expenses within a certain time, I agree with Smith, that the system of tolls is preferable.

When they are once established, the benefits arising from roads will soon become immense. Scarcely have they become smooth and commodious before carts and coaches change their forms, and take others more airy and elegant; lighter and more handsome horses are used, because the roads do not fatigue them so much. More commodious inns are set up, and furnished constantly with fresh provisions, because intercourse is more frequent, and consumption quicker; better sheltered stabling will be necessary, more skilful and attentive grooms. An English stagecoach, which carries eighteen passengers, skins along, drawn by four excellent horses, with a coachman dressed like a gentleman. It makes the spectator tremble and wonder at the same time, when he sees such a mountain of "men and things" rush by, on a very ticklish balance. If the roads were bad, instead of good, all must change; the scene I have just described would disappear, because, on a bad road, a carriage so loaded would break down, or upset, before it could stir a step; the friction would be much greater; it would be necessary to have more and heavier horses. All these ameliorations are a chain which depends on a single link, and that link is—the road. All who travel in Spain fly into a passion at first, and afterwards cannot help laughing, at being jolted about in a vehicle with beams of timber for shafts, axletree, and springs; and is drawn by six mules, after the fashion of a twenty-four pounder. The fishes of these carriages, which are built like ships, must not be attributed to the bad taste of the Spaniards, but to the steepness of the roads in Arragon, Estremadura, and Galicia. When the roads have become smooth and solid, and the other successive improvements are brought to bear, the intercourse between province and province, between relations and friends, becomes more frequent; marriages, adventures, incidents, every thing multiplies, and a new world is created. In England, they go three hundred miles to hunt; owing to the conveniences, friends pay each other visits, although at the distance of one or two hundred miles; old men and young ladies, sucking

babes* with their mothers, all travel without annoyance, inconvenience, or impediment. At every inn on the road, breakfast, dinner, or supper, is always ready, a fire is burning in every room, and water always boiling for tea or coffee. Soft feather beds, with a fire blazing up the chimney, invite to repose; and the tables are covered with newspapers, for the amusement of the passengers. The English inns would be real enchanted palaces, did not, at last, the bill of mine host appear, to dispel the illusion. Throughout the island, king, ministers, and members of parliament, are all in perpetual motion, on horseback, in gige, or in carriages; on their way to dinners or horse-races, assemblies, concerts, or balls. At the balls given three or four times in the year in each county ("the county balls," families who live twenty, thirty, or forty miles off, make their appearance merely to pass away three or four hours. By means of these vehicles, this constant coming and going, comfort wealth, and new inventions, are diffused equally over the whole surface of the country. It is not fluids alone which have a tendency to come to a level: let the dikes of the inquisition, the police, the spies, the custom houses, be thrown down; let human knowledge spread itself, and flow without obstruction, and it will soon be seen that philosophy, literature, constitutional liberty, will also tend to a level over the whole surface of Europe.

In the midst of this concourse of travellers, thieves disappear, every body knows that, only sixty years ago, it was not uncommon, on a journey, to make up a purse for the highwayman, so much were the roads then infested with them. At the present day, the instances of such an occurrence are most rare: a highwayman must make as much haste about robbing a coach, as a pick-pocket in stealing a watch. At every hour of the night, stagecoaches full of travellers arrive and depart, with horns blowing to announce their approach; with lamps (sometimes of gas) that throw a light a hundred feet around, dashing along at a regular breakneck pace. It is impossible to calculate how much time England has saved, and how much it has shortened its distances, by means of improved roads, in the last forty years. To go from York to London, that is, two hundred miles, used to take six days: by the mail it now takes twenty hours, by the other coaches twenty-four. From Exeter, fifty years ago, they promised "a safe and expeditious journey to London in a fortnight." Private carriages now accomplish the hundred and seventy-five miles between that city and the capital in eighteen hours. Before the invention of steam vessels indeed, the post from London to Dublin took at least six days:—in a stormy winter, in one instance, no less than forty-two. Now, whatever the weather, it takes no more than three. A sailing vessel lately arrived at Liverpool in sixteen days from the United States, and brought some venison fresh from the other world! When steam vessels cross the Atlantic, which they will do at no great distance of time, American game will be a dainty any thing but rare.

All this quickness of communication would increase still faster, if England would adopt, in her roads, the despotic straight line, which perforates, like a cannon-ball, houses, parks, gardens, and pleasure-grounds. A mathematician might find diversion in reducing the superficies of England to the proportion which the present velocity of travelling makes it bear to that of forty years since. The result would probably show, that England is reduced to a tenth of its size at that period. Exeter was once (in relation to time) sixteen times more distant from London than now. One thing compensates for another. The discovery of New Holland and the interior of Africa makes the world grow larger and larger to the eye, in the same way that the velocity of communication, by drawing its parts nearer together, reduces its dimensions, and makes it grow little once more. I cannot help laughing at the efforts of despotism to arrest the progress of liberty, while liberty passes on, by the help of civilisation, in a thousand ways. The despots put me in mind of the stupid peasant of Metastasio, who runs with eagerness to stop the torrent:—

"In vain he wastes upon the sands
His labour and his care,
For if in one place he withstands
The torrent's force; lo here! lo there!
Lo! in a hundred streams it breaks its way!"

If the press be chained, the truth still penetrates through the universities; if the professors there are persecuted

* As—The Cumberland road in our own country.—Ed.

* For whom a separate conveyance, it may be anticipated, will some time be contrived!—Translator.

and imprisoned, civilisation comes in along with commerce: it is, for to obviate this, they adopt the prohibitive system, roads, roads alone are sufficient to bring the minds of men into contact and fermentation. There is no despotism so consistent in its means and ends, or, if I may be allowed the expression, so enlightened, as that of the Turkish government, which permits neither printing nor universities, commerce nor roads; yet even the coffee-houses of Constantinople were by themselves sufficient to create an opposition to the Grand Seigneur, notwithstanding he is own brother to the sun and moon!

TIME.

Idleness is the luxury of the Spaniards, and a great luxury it is, for it is all waste. It is a universal luxury, which is enjoyed by all, from the highest grandee to the most miserable water carrier. The luxury, however, consists in the spending of an article of little or no value in Spain. The Castilian, who keeps so religiously to his word when his honour is in question, is never punctual to an appointment; because an hour more or less, in the life of a Spaniard, is only an hour less or more in eternity. If you propose to a Spaniard to set his hand to a thing at once, he answers you, however he may be interested in it, "To-morrow." Fatal to-morrow, which is repeated so often from day to day, till your patience is worn out! Fatal to-morrow, that has reduced the kingdom, once seated on a throne of gold, and crowned with precious stones, to rags and a dung-hill! The very mantle in which the Spaniards wrap themselves up, and which impedes every motion but that of sleeping, displays their indolence, and the little value they set on time, as the laziness of the Turks is shown by their wide trousers and loose slippers. When the Spaniards are better taught, more industrious, and less prejudiced, they will wear the mantle no longer. Superstition is usually the companion of sloth. An active people cannot afford to pray away whole days at church, or throw them away on processions and pilgrimages. An industrious people prefer growing their "daily bread" with their own hands, to asking it thirty or forty times a day as alms from heaven. When I was first in Spain I was surprised to see, that none of the lower classes, and but few of the more respectable, had watches; yet it is natural that it should be so. What has he who has no occasion for the division of time, to do with the measure of it? Their noon is the same as that of the horses and dogs, the emptiness of their bellies; the siesta is, perhaps, the business of the greatest importance they have to do during the whole day. It is esteemed such an indispensable necessity of life, that a poet, I think the tender Garcilaso de la Vega, singing the delights of the Aranjuez, tells us that the nymphs of the Tegas, at a certain hour of the day, give themselves up to the siesta.

The journey from Madrid to Seville, which is not accomplished by a galley in less than sixteen days, would be got over in England in two. But what of that? In these sixteen days the Spaniard would not have produced a skein of thread. For this reason, in Spain, and in all countries where indolence is in vogue, there are no machines for the abridgment of labour. Four years ago, the coaches of the King of Spain were in the same state as when coaches were first invented. In some provinces the carts have wheels which do not turn on their axles, but with them, making all the while an infernal creaking. The Spanish people, formerly so great, and who might yet be so, are rendered by despotism like the inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence, described in Thomson's poem, who, deceived by the perfidy of a tyrannical magician, slumbered on in the delusion that they were living in a terrestrial paradise, while they were in reality surrounded on all sides by desert wastes, and fetid marshes, and eaten up with wretchedness and misery.

On the contrary, in England, time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time; they eat the letters and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had more reason to say, "The English gain two hours a day more than we do, by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time, their salute is a nod, or at the utmost a corrosion of the four monosyllables "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters always show more simplicity than ceremony: they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious ser-

vants" they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of shorthand. The English talk little, I suppose, that they may not lose time: it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time, should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail coach guards have chronometers worth eighty pounds sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.

In England there is no bargaining. The price of every article is fixed. This custom is not the product solely of competition and confidence, but also of the necessity of saving time. Thus a child may go to buy without being cheated! how otherwise could the shopkeepers manage on market-days, when, from noonday till nine or ten at night, their shops are crowded with customers?

The greatest traffic in England, that is, that of the public funds at the Stock Exchange, is founded altogether on good faith. A broker effects sales of thousands and tens of thousands by means of a few figures in a little book he carries in his pocket. Without this laconism, or saving of time, how could it be possible to effect in a few hours so many transfers of the funds, and so many insurances? Insurances to the amount of ten million pounds sterling may be procured at Lloyd's coffee-house, in a single quarter of an hour.

Why does no one travel on foot in England? Why do the meanest workmen travel with four horses, in the style of the proudest nobility on the continent? Because the stage coaches save time.

The infinite number of machines, which, in manufactures, multiply a hundred fold the work of man, may be estimated according to the saving of time they occasion. When it is said that the cotton spinning machine does the work of two hundred spinners, it is the same as saying, that it does, in one day, the work of a spinner for two hundred. These machines have been imitated, or have been made known by means of drawings, on the continent; but how many others remain unknown, which, in the farms, in the seaports, in the warehouses, and in the shops, are employed by the English to save time and trouble!

The Englishman does not expect to make his fortune either by the lottery or by miracle. Luther has deprived him of the latter resource, and the government of the former, having recently suppressed it. Hence he places his hopes and confidence in nothing but time; his wish is not that of Midas, to become possessed of mountains of gold at a stroke, but for an opportunity to work, and make money. Double an Englishman's time, and you double his riches.

In conclusion, with respect to industry and labour, it is no flattery to say, that the Englishman is better than the Spaniard, since he is a man in the image of God, who is always doing. So thought Thomson, when he put into the mouth of Idleness this apostrophe to her followers—

"Ye helpless race,
Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us o'er our earth unquestion'd sway;
What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say?
What but eternal never resting soul,
Almighty power and all directing day,
By whom each atom stirs—the planets roll—
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole!"
Castle of Indolence.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

"Fairs and markets belong to a state as yet little advanced in public prosperity, in the same manner that commerce by caravans belongs to a little advanced stage of commercial relations; yet even this imperfect kind of relation is better than none at all." I do not know how M. Say, an author generally so judicious, came to forget, when he wrote this passage, that England, without question and in every respect the richest and most populous of states, has more fairs and markets than any other. It proves that political economy is not a cosmopolitan science, but something like that of medicine, in which the aphorisms that will apply to all cases are but few,

There is no town in England which has not one or two markets every week, and two or three fairs for horses, cattle, cloth, cheese, &c. in the course of the year: the city of York alone has no less than fifteen horse and cattle fairs every year. Every English almanack contains the names of above three hundred market towns, as these are called. To these markets resort not only the peasantry, but all the farmers, great and small, of the country side, for at least ten miles round. It forms an interesting and animated scene: from earliest dawn to mid-day the roads leading to the town are covered with droves of cattle, flocks of sheep, foot passengers, tiled carts, and countless numbers of mounted rustics. The country folks use little covered carts, in which all the family, dressed in their best, sit at their ease. The dog, the most constant friend of man, follows the caravan, and takes charge of it, when the family leave it to do what they are come about. Most of these carts have no springs, because, if they had, they would have to pay the tax to which spring-carts are liable, according to the spirit of the English laws, which imposes taxes on an ascending scale, from comfort to luxury, and from luxury to superfluity. The head of the family, however, if he is a farmer, goes to market on horseback. It is pleasant to see these English farmers, mounted on fine strong horses, in little troops of five or six, well clothed and fed, taking their way to the town at a brisk trot or full gallop, and in the evening, returning to the village, still rosier and jollier than in the morning. Their wives and daughters are often to be seen on horseback, riding with such elegance that they could not be distinguished from ladies, if they were not betrayed by their round anti-sentimental full moon faces. The farmers are in almost every country the finest race of men, and in England this appears most strongly, from the contrast between them and the numbers of the population whose look is spoiled by the manufactures. There are as many races of men as there are different professions: what a difference between a sedentary watchmaker, in a heated atmosphere, peering through a microscope at a hair's breadth of gold, and a farmer of England (or Lodi), with plenty to eat and drink, and continually in exercise in the wholesome open air!

In Yorkshire, which produces the finest horses in England, I have often seen farmers mounted on animals that on the continent would be worth a hundred guineas. In some counties (and the custom used to be more general) the farmers carry their wife and their better halves seated behind them on the crupper: the Englishman pretends to the lady in the place of his portmanteau, while the Spaniard, more respectful, as well as more gallant, when he rides double, places the lady before him, supports her with the left arm, and in the attitude of a Roman at the rape of the Sabines, admires and talks to his Dulcinea. Enquiring within myself what could be the advantages of this general use of markets in England, it occurred to me that they might be as follows: in the first place, the English towns are open, and at none of them is there a tollage or impost to be paid at the gates (if there were any). Hence it arises that there are no stoppages, no petty peculations, no loss of time, no vexation. The Englishman would rather let his goods rot to pieces, than submit to be searched and pulled about every moment by a set of wretched hirelings, placed at every gate of the town, as inspectors of his breeches' pocket. The maxims of commerce are diffused through all classes in England; even the farmers know that free competition is advantageous to both buyer and seller. Instead, therefore, of waiting patiently in their village for the coming of the butcher or the *recoltione*, to buy their chickens, their potatoes, their cows, and their cattle, or that of the pedlar to sell them the little articles necessary for their wardrobe, they prefer to go themselves to market, and thus escape the monopolists to whose grasp they would, in other countries, be subject.

This custom arises also partly from another cause: cultivation being confined almost entirely to the meadow and the corn field, turnips and potatoes, leaves the farmer plenty of time to go to market. In France and Italy the cultivation of the vine, to say nothing of the rearing of grain, grass, mulberry and other fruit trees, and Indian corn, leaves him at liberty only a few days in the winter. This custom depends also in some degree on the use which is made of horses in most countries, instead of oxen. In Nottinghamshire, oxen are so rarely employed, that, when yoked, they become an object of curiosity. Lord Middleton keeps three pair of oxen for the labours of his park.

"Wide-fronted and arch-horned,"

and beautiful as Homer's oxen of the sun: the inhabitants of Nottingham go to see them, by way of amusement, when they are ploughing, yoked in an elegant harness.

The use of horses permits the farmer to go a good distance to market without wasting much time. It should be added, that the breeding of horses is a branch of rural industry all over the country.

Beccaria, in his "Lessons on Political Economy," demonstrated, by comparing the strength and longevity of horses with those of oxen, that in many provinces it would be an improvement to substitute horses for oxen in rural labour. This calculation is corroborated by some other considerations: time would be saved, horses doing every thing quicker than oxen; there would be more activity and traffic, because, by the aid of horses, intercourse is accelerated; the breed of both horses and oxen would improve, the first from the greater number that would be required, and their importance to the farmer; the second, because they would scarcely ever be bred for any thing but consumption, as in England, where the beef is superior to any other in the world; there would be better cavalry for the army; men and horses, fit for the purposes of war, would easily be found. In the last struggle with France, England had a splendid mounted national guard of forty thousand strong. The young men of the Lodigians and Lunellins were the finest cavalry soldiers of the ex-kingdom of Italy.

This is not altogether a vision of my own; Berra, a well informed and diligent observer, having, in his travels, studied the advantages of the English artificial meadows, and explained and recommended the cultivation of them to his countrymen, in an excellently written little work. Does not his advice, which tends to the substitution of a more useful and constant crop for that of grain, which is always uncertain, and in Lombardy was being declining, year by year, from 1818 downwards, coincide with these thoughts of mine? England, sixty years ago, was in the same condition as Lombardy at present: it produced more grain than was necessary. Finding no longer a convenient vent for the surplus, the landholders diminished the culture of grain, and took more to increasing the pasture, and the rearing of horses and cattle; and they find this more profitable than if they had kept the whole of the land arable. If the advocate Berra would imitate the perseverance of the senator Dandolo, and join practice to precept, he would confer a distinguished service on his country; by getting a greater produce from the land, by liberating the country from the obligation of importing horses from abroad, as it is now forced to do, not only for the luxury of the great, but for the necessities of agriculture. In Lombardy itself, as appears from Verri's book on corn, 218,920 perches of arable were converted into meadow, in the country round Pavia and Lodi, from 1753 to 1768; at which, if I recollect right, Verri, zealous for the cultivation of grain, expresses his regret, without reason, in my opinion, for surely agricultural, as well as manufacturing, industry ought to follow and to second the vicissitudes of commerce and consumption. If Lombardy can no longer find an advantageous vent for its corn, why not plant vines (where they will thrive), why not make artificial meadows, since there is invariably an annual balance of trade against it in wines and foreign cattle?

England has, in all undertakings relating to mining, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, a considerable advantage over the other countries of Europe, in the pecuniary assistance of the country banks. These, either on mortgage, or simply on personal security, advance capital for every sort of enterprise, in notes which circulate throughout their own country. There is hardly a farmer in England who takes an estate on lease, who does not assure himself beforehand, that, in case of deficiency in his own funds, a neighbouring banker will assist him with a loan, to be repaid when the fruits of his improvements are gathered. One of these banks alone had at one time one million pounds sterling lent to the farmers and tradesmen of a single county. It must not be thought, however, that England is *El Dorado*; all these portentous sums are *paper*.

An English market or fair would not be a good subject for the picture of the Flemish school, like most of the country markets in Italy. In vain would a painter seek for the capricious dresses of the Alpine women, who descend to the market of Varallo, those little hats, carelessly thrown on; those ear rings, those coral necklaces, and bright gold buttons; in vain would he look for the women of Fobello, their wild goats in their arms, with short petticoats, and dresses of the most sympathetic colours in the world, white, red, and blue; in vain would he wish to delineate the bacchanals of the fair of Imbervara, jumping, both (and-gund)-drawing quacks, the groups of speechnifying country toppers about a barrel set abreast, the singing, the quarrelling, the dancing of the villagers

to the sound of the pipes. In vain would the poet, like a Lorenzo de Medici, seek for a *Mecena* da Barberino:—

"And two such eyes she has—'tis quite a feast,
When she uplifts them and toward you glances,
And in the midst, just to a hair between
A lovely nose—the loveliest ever seen,
It seems bored with a winkle at the least,
And then, oh, how she dances!
She darts just like a goat from cliff to cliff,
And turns—no mill-wheel ever turn! so swift!
And pops her hand into her very shoe,
And when the dance is done, entices so free,
And turns and makes a skip or two,—
There's not a Florence dame could do so well as she!"

There is nothing of all this in England. The country people are hardly distinguishable by their dresses from the inhabitants of cities. Besides, in this most serious and formal country, every thing proceeds with due gravity and order. If the election times be excepted, when it appears as if the English people changed their nature, and became seized with a periodical frenzy; the Englishman always even rebels, gets drunk, and kills himself, with an air of decorum. A greater silence prevails at an English market than in St. Peter's at Rome. But this noiseless scene presents to the eye of the philosopher a consoling spectacle: he sees those country folks who, on the continent, are every where the laughing-stock of the inhabitants of cities, respected here as equals: he sees a population well shod and completely clothed, coming to provide objects of comfort for their families; and sitting down, when the clock strikes the hour of one, to a good and substantial dinner.

These markets are not supplied with so great a variety of eatables, especially fruit and vegetables, as ours. The hair of a French cook would stand on end with horror to see these markets, furnished with only three things, potatoes, meat, and cheeses. In this country there is a wonderful uniformity in every thing,—in salutations, in gestures, in tones of voice, in dress, in houses, and even in victuals. Elegance, pomp, imagination, or rather eccentricity,—all these have their dominion in France: here reign only good sense, the love of the useful, of the good, of the better. Fashion is here not the device of change, but of improvement. The uniformity of customs and tastes is one source of the improvements which are made at every step in England; because, owing to this, there is always an extended sale to reward and encourage the inventor; and the attention of a great number of consumers is fixed on the same article, which, by the experiments of many, goes on continually getting better and better.

In these markets, however, a commodity is to be met with, which is very rarely found in the markets of the continent—books. How often have I seen two or three hundred volumes exposed for sale on a stall, and disappear in a couple of hours! Scarcely have I been able to make my way to the bench, such a crowd of farmers has been standing looking over the books, reading, selecting, purchasing. What a favourable idea must not the traveller form of the enlightenment of a people who read and buy books—and what books? Not interpretations of dreams, legends, nor such nonsense, but Bibles,—the works of Addison, Spectators,—Milton's—Milton, the English Homer. I do not call him by this appellation in mere wantonness of words, but because, in the same manner, that Homer was known by heart to all the Greeks, Milton is the guest of every family in the country. Education is become so common in England that, by way of economy, ladies are now employed to make the calculations for the Nautical Almanac.

The markets are the preserves of the English army, which is mostly filled up by recruiting, as there is no conscription. Conscription, it is true, is a tax of blood and sinews, so much the more burdensome when it is paid to a tyrannical or a foreign government, which oppresses the vanquished by means of the vanquished themselves; but I prefer conscription to recruiting at all hazards. Even under a usurping government it is not so vile to serve by force as by choice; besides, recruiting is a bargain between a scoundrel and a fool. About three o'clock in the afternoon, when the market is more crowded than ever, you hear the noise of four or five drums and fife, and see a handful of soldiers, with gaudy watch ribbons, and cockades in their hats, with round, plump faces (as if war were a mere fool's paradise), better dressed and better looking altogether than other soldiers, the better to entice and deceive:—you see, I say, this recruiting party advance into the thickest of the market, to show, in triumph to the multitude, two or three young men, who for three or four

guineas have sold their lives.—I know not whether to their country, their king, or their love of laziness. Their hats are decorated with silk ribbons, exactly as they were wont, in ancient times, to garland the horns of the rams destined for sacrifice. This simulated pomp, this lying merriment, brings to my mind the festival that used to accompany the vow of chastity and perpetual imprisonment, pronounced by the young women who became nuns. And yet we wonder that the Germans of old used to set their liberty on the east of the die! Montesquieu proved that man has no right to sell himself. The English speak with horror of the slave trade: yet what difference is there between the African, who, cheated and deceived, sold himself to a slave dealer (as was often the case), and the man, who heated with wine, and allured by false promises, sells himself for a few guineas to a lying sergeant? I am pleased to find that, on this point, the divine Ariosto thought as I do: speaking of the levy made by Charlemagne throughout his empire, he says:—

"Non si sentiva allor questo romore," &c.
"Not then was heard the sound so common now,
Of noisy drums, parading round and round,
Inviting all the boldest from the plough,
Or rather those of pates the most ungodly,
For three crown pieces, or for less, to go,
To where each moment brings a mortal wound.
Yes, foolish will I rather call that bold,
Whoe'er so cheaply hath his life-blood sold."

"Honour should ever be preferred to life,
But nothing else but honour ever should;
Rather than lose thy honour,—in the strife,
To lose a life, a thousand lives, were good;
But who lays bare his breast to fortune's knife,
For gold or aught gain, he, if he could
But find a buyer, I to think incline
Would cheaper than his own life, sell him mine!"

Of late years, covered market places have been built in the principal towns; for instance, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., where, regularly arranged, and judiciously divided from each other, all the meat stalls may be seen at a glance, ranged in one line, those of fish in another, those of vegetables in a third, and so on. In the evening they are all lighted with gas till eleven o'clock, as brilliantly as a theatre. *Heuri Quatre*, the king of peasants and not of courtiers, would have shone for joy to see these markets crowded with servant maids, and working men's wives, neatly dressed, with nice little baskets on their arms, providing some good joint of beef and mutton, which makes its appearance, smoking hot and glorious, on the Sunday, and afterwards, diminished in size, but never disfigured, appears and disappears at meals for several days. I must here inform my countrymen (certainly to their supreme amazement) that there is no set price in England for meat: each part of the ox has a different and arbitrary price, according to its quality. The finer parts, the rump steak and the roast beef (*del rumpsteak, del rostbeef*), have the highest value set upon them, the other parts a lower, and the coarse pieces a very low price. In many and many of the populous towns, for example in Manchester, there is no assize of bread; yet this does not occasion frauds or disputes. In London every joint of meat has its price fixed on it,—the same with bread. But how is it that monopoly does not come into play? Because there is liberty. Verri said, "I venture to predict that the time will come, when no set price will be fixed on any commodity, and the number of sellers will no longer be limited, when every one will be freely permitted to bake bread, and to sell it; when meat, butter, &c. will be sold at the price freely offered and taken." This prophecy has not yet come to pass in Lombardy, and perhaps never will until the year 2240, that Mercia dreamt of!

The market in manufacturing towns is held on the Saturday. About five in the afternoon, all the factories stop work, and the men soon after receive their wages. Then an enormous crowd begins to pour into the streets, and invade the markets and the public houses,—all, however, in most orderly disorder, without any quarrelling, fighting, or uproar. It is a torrent of wants and passions, bursting forth after a six days' imprisonment, and overflowing its banks on all sides, yet without doing any mischief. These workmen are like sailors, when they get on shore after a long voyage.

Who would believe that in England there is a market for men and women? Not indeed a market like those of Smyrna and Constantinople, but,—I shall explain myself better by giving a description. On the 23d of November, it is an old custom in some counties to hold a fair for servants. All the firm servants, male and

female, who have been discharged, betake themselves on this important day to some open space in the county town. Both men and women are dressed in their best clothes, in order to appear to the greatest advantage. They range themselves in two lines, exactly like horses at a fair: laughter and good humour tinge the glow of health in their cheeks still deeper than before. The farmers who are in want of fresh servants come hither, walk down between the files, observe well from top to toe, examine and select: every servant has his or her certificate of good character, or would not easily find employment.

Although the first idea awakened by such a market as this is one of slavery, or at least of human degradation, the custom itself has nothing of the kind about it. All the servants go readily and gaily to the statute, for, at this time, that is, in passing from one master to another, they are accustomed to enjoy a few days' rest and holiday at their own homes; to express myself classically, I should say that now they have their Saturnalia. I always saw them merry and without the slightest air of dejection. Indeed, if it be well considered, the custom is advantageous to both parties, servants and masters, from the variety and choice that are offered. Reciprocal competition is not of less utility in a market of men than of goods—there is, however, one inconvenience—through the facility of obtaining new places by this means, servants are inclined to change too often, merely from curiosity, and the pleasure of seeing new houses, new faces, and new manners,—for the genius of Gil Blas appears to be that of mankind. Such servants resemble those soldiers who like to often change their flag, or those inconstant beauties who love to change their suitors.

The number of servants who present themselves at the York statute is about three hundred. It lasts two days, and the wind-up, as usual, is always the public house.

ENGLISH YOUNG LADIES.

When, after having lost property and country, I arrived on the same trade as Dionysius after he lost the crown, and was consoling myself in this troublesome profession, and trying to ennoble it in my own eyes by the example of Milton, who before he came one of Cromwell's secretaries had played the part of the schoolmaster,—and by the example also of Machiavel, who after having been secretary to the Florentine republic, and many times ambassador, found himself almost reduced to the necessity of practising this profession in some Tuscan village,*—I received a polite note from a clergyman of the English church, requesting me to give lessons in Italian to his three daughters: I complied without hesitation. And now behold me, one fine morning, mounted on a hired horse (which might compete with an Italian brigliador), riding off at a smart trot to a village (which the English rather emphatically call a town), where the clergyman's family resided. This town by hyperbole is inhabited solely by small farmers. The houses are of the natural red colour of brick, so disagreeable to the eye, yet nevertheless so general in England, except the inns, which are whitewashed, and the clergyman's house, which might be termed the sun of the village. I alighted at an inn, which was neat, and furnished with every convenience; such as would not be found in one of the most superb cities in Italy. When English houses are to be mentioned, it is impossible not to follow the example of Homer, and constantly repeat the same epithet "neat." The fire had already long been burning in the stranger's room, the newspapers on the table promised a compensation for the rigid silence that stagecoach passengers observe: on one shelf were brushes, that a spotless purity might be preserved,—on another a book of religious morals, and writing materials, clean and unstained. I rested myself at my ease, gazing at the engravings of thirty or forty years old, which, unhappy elves! from great cities and elegant apartments, generally descend in their latter days to embellish the humble dwellings of some rustic village. My repose was not in the least disturbed by those inhospitable offers the landlords make every moment in Italy, by way of getting off their old stale provisions; seasoned with pan-

gyries just about as true as panegyrics usually are. I rang the bell when it pleased me;—a servant girl instantly appeared; I ordered breakfast—breakfast instantly appeared: I rang again when I had done, and the girl again appeared: I ordered her to clear away, and every thing vanished in the twinkling of an eye; the whole was done by a few magic monosyllables. Eleven o'clock struck; it was the hour appointed for the lesson: in England, time is all distributed,—there is no *margin*, punctuality is more than a duty. Even I, therefore, exact as the church clock, entered at the instant the garden in front of the clergyman's house, filled with shrubs and flowers, with pathways unswept by the smallest litter, thick-planted with shady trees in front, not so much to protect the house from the sun and wind, as to screen it from the impertinent gaze of the passengers. In this country, modesty every where holds dominion; neither houses nor inhabitants thrust themselves forward with that boldness and confidence which seem natural to Italians and Italian dwellings, the latter of a glaring white, and on the very verge of the public road.

All was quiet, as in the hour of the siesta in Spain, but in English families it is not Morpheus that reigns, but his brother deity, Harpocrates, the god of silence; they go up and down stairs as noiselessly as ghosts could do, if there were any. If it be true that silence is a contra-stimulus, depressing the spirits and the temperament, I am inclined to believe that this may be one of the causes why the passions are weak and compressed in England.—I knocked at the door with a rat-tat-tat, to give the servants to understand that I was a visitor, and not some working man or tradesman, who may not announce themselves otherwise than by a gentle single knock. A footman in velvet breeches, with white cotton stockings (not clocked however), opened the door, and showed me the way to the dining room, leaving me there by myself, while he went to announce me to the master of the house. A fire fit for an *auto-da-fé* shone in the grate,—every thing was in its place, as if there were going to be a general review. A jannaped basket, painted green, lay in front of one of the long windows, full of geraniums in bloom, grown in the hot-house, surrounded by several other little vases of beautiful flowers, brought also from thence in turn to adorn the room dedicated to the reception of visitors. After a few minutes' pause, behold the Reverend—entering the room with an affable smile. I had no difficulty in discovering that the master of the house stood before me, having seen a portrait of him hanging from one of the walls, extremely like. "Beautiful weather, very fine day" (although it had rained two or three times in the morning), this eternal daily ceremony of England, was the exordium.

The Rev. ——— was a man of about forty-five years of age, in florid health. The felicity of his condition was painted on his cheerful and vivacious countenance: his forehead was not darkened by any of those wrinkles or clouds which are imprinted there either by misfortune or assiduous study. His white teeth and his good humour showed that his digestion was also good. I afterwards learned, that the secret of all this, his elixir of life, and fountain of perpetual youth, was the exercise he took in fox-hunting, shooting, and fishing, with a sequel and appendix of good dinners and good wines. His coat, made in the fashion of the English riding-coat, was of velvet, a stuff which excites in all, from king to militeer, more respect than any other. Except this, there was not the most remote indication of his profession about him.

A few moments afterwards entered the wife of the Rev. ———, who, without stirring from the fire, where he was now standing, with his back towards it in the continental mode, intimated to me that I saw the lady of the house. While I, with my riding whip in my hand, twisting myself like a French dancing-master, bending my head a little on one side, and drawing my lips together, muttered a compliment in French, flavoured with the usual *charmé* and *enchante*, Mrs. ———, with a cold repelling mien, and an indifferent air, took her way towards the fire-place, turning her head meanwhile towards me. She was tall, well made, and, without being haughty, showed an esteem for herself which was certainly merited. I was told that she had been a very beautiful woman, and this time I found that the frequent English exaggerations on the beautiful and the wonderful did not far exceed the truth. After a few moments she left us, and went up stairs to warn her daughters to have every thing in readiness. Meantime, the Rev. ——— made a digression to me on the ancient historians, gave me to understand that he was connected by friendship with Lord Byron, asked me to stay to dinner,

and paid me a thousand other civilities. I perceived from this checkered discourse, that he was familiar with the higher classes, that he was rich, and that, in spite of fox-hunting, he was well versed in the classics. These few indications were to me the armorial bearings of the family.

In an easy and good-mannered tone, he shortly after intimated that I might walk up stairs, and he himself preceded me to show the way. I found the drawing room, as usual, occupied by several tables, with a piano, with books, and ladies' work. My scholars were standing upright, with the accustomed cold and modest English air, enough to freeze a compliment stiff on the lips of a Parisian. The eldest was a young lady of nineteen, slender, and even rather thin, of a brunet complexion, with black hair, black eyes, and very white and regular teeth,—an ornament rather rare in England, among gentlemen as well as ladies. Her smile was sweet, and the expression of her countenance angelico-Italian. She had all the requisites to make me a Saint-Preux. The second was a *lulus natura*, an Albino, well made, of a very bright complexion, with hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, completely white, and eyes approaching to red. Every word, every motion, was a zephyr,—she was all sweetness. Although very short-sighted, she seemed to me more advanced in her studies than her elder sister, which is always a compensation for a little less beauty. The third was a girl of thirteen, pretty, like her elder sister, very vivacious in her glances, which she threw, now stealthily, at me while I was reading, now at her elder sister, when she had to answer me something. Their mother, during the lesson, kept on working, talking at times in an under tone to some one of her daughters when they happened to be at rest, and answering for them, when, on my asking them what they knew of French and Italian, they cast down their eyes, and did not presume to utter their own praises. The fact was, that they were well instructed, knew French exceedingly well, and with all imaginable candour showed me the difficulties they met with in reading Metastasio, whom they delighted in. My amphibious situation, as I may call it, was a diversion to me. Now I seemed to myself born to play the master, and hired to dissertate on articles and concordances; now I seemed to take the part of Count Almaviva, in the "Barber of Seville," especially when the *milkeite hand* of the first of these damsels (the very hand described by Ariosto) followed with the finger the lines of the book. Now, all the ticklish allusions to which the grammatical terminations give rise in Italian coming to my mind, I was ready to burst with laughter when it fell to me to speak of the preticite, &c. The hands of the English and Irish ladies are so beautiful, that Ossian often apostrophises the Irish maidens as "the white hands of Erin." It is a pity that in this country kissing of hands is not the fashion. The Italians often call their beloved "beautiful eyes of my happiness;" the French might apostrophise theirs with "dearly beloved feet."

In the most indifferent matters, and even in families of less than celestial blood, primogeniture is always respected; my fair pupils, therefore, always came to their lessons in the order of age. When the lessons were ended, we descended to the dining-room, where a most noble *luncheon* (a substantial reflection between breakfast and dinner) was prepared. The lady of the house repeatedly offered me some cold beef, some rice-milk, custards, &c., but as there is no pleasure in a repeat not seasoned with intimate friendship, and uncheckered merriment, I declined, and returned to the inn. While my horse was being saddled, I cast a glance at the village church, an ancient structure, and in appearance older still, from the Gothic form in which the churches of the Anglican religion are almost uniformly built, and after receiving a bow from the landlady, that seemed to smack of feudal vassalage, put spurs to my horse, and set off at a gallop through the solitary country.

This family, which I have described with English fidelity and minuteness,—this family, of a cold and reserved demeanour, under which, however, in England a warm and affectionate heart is often hidden,—belongs to that class of gentry which has all the luxury and refinement of the opulent nobility, without their vices and defects. Whoever wishes to become acquainted with an education still more refined, and in a higher grade of the landed aristocracy, approaching to *high life*, must follow me in another narration.

SEQUEL.

I was a visit in debt to a widow lady, mother of two beautiful girls, through an invitation to dinner I had re-

* "I must remain then in my rags, without being able to find any man to remember my services, or think me good for anything. But it is impossible that I can do so long, because I am daily growing poorer, and I foresee, that if God does not show himself more favourable to me, I shall be forced to forsake my house, and hire myself for a teacher or clerk to some magistrate, since I can do no otherwise,—or establish myself in some remote corner of the land, and teach children to read and write, leaving my party here to believe me dead." So wrote this great and good Italian to Francesco Yettoni, on the 24 August, 1514.

ceived. This lady's villa is situated in a delicious spot, at the foot of a hill crowned by an old and noble wood, approached by a winding, gently sloping path across meadows and plantations within the same enclosure. The house is protected from the wind, and from excessive heat; it is not large, in comparison with the immense and useless Italian palaces, but is sufficiently spacious for an English villa, and enjoys a view of a range of hills, irregular in form, clad with trees, and within the space that can be taken in by the eye. The quiet, the mystery of the neighbouring wood, the song of the birds, the flocks feeding in the meadows, all seem to say, "Here reigns love!" What then if I add that the two young ladies of the mansion are beautiful, graceful, and courteous, with rosy cheeks, and copious ringlets of flowing hair—

"Those large blue eyes, fair locks and snowy hands,"
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite?—Byron.

Almost every day did they ride out alone with their groom, on excursions over the neighbouring country, and are sometimes present for a few moments at a fox-hunt, when, at Reynard's first breaking cover, the shrill horn and the cry of a hundred panting hounds are heard together, and the red-coated horsemen, leaping hedge and ditch, scour the country at a headlong gallop. They have passed two or three months at Paris, speak of it with enthusiasm, and are eager to return. They speak French, and stammer a little Italian. The piano, the harp, drawing, light reading, the conservatory, and a little flower garden cultivated with their own hands, divide the time that riding, visiting, balls, invitations, and the annual two months' visit to London, leave them. I had selected a rainy day, that I might be sure of finding the family at home; but the English ladies pay little regard to the weather. I had not got half across the garden before I perceived the carriage, which was just on the point of setting out. I approach the door,—I am welcomed with a courtesy more than polite. The mother was in the coach, along with the younger daughter, who is also the handsomer of the two. On seeing this I went through a thousand antipathies, professed myself *au désespoir*, *désolé*, &c., and gave in to all the earthenware we practise on the continent. The graceful F—, by way of consoling me, informed me that her sister was at home, and would be very glad to see me. This intimation recalled me to life. I should never have looked for the good fortune of such a passport;—I devoured at a stride the piece of road between me and the house, I knock and re-knock impatiently. A maid servant opens the door, and invites me to walk into a room on the right. As I had always seen the mistress of the house on the left hand, I did not understand her directions, and entered another room; but the beautiful C— soon came in, and courteously saluting me, invited me to her own room, her *parlour*. Severe Italian matrons ought here to reflect that the colloquy was between a beautiful young woman, and a wandering exile, who leaves no trace of actions, as official persons must do wherever they pass; that I had not concealed the impression made upon me by the lively and sparkling eyes of the beautiful C— at other times; that in the room—

"Alone we were, and all without suspicion;"

that no guardian, no authorised Cerberus of that garden of the Hesperides, was in the house, that no one would have dared to enter that *sacrum sanctum* unless summoned by the bell, that a good fire was burning, that a beautiful silk sofa received an exciting warmth from the chimney;—yet, instead of the downcast eyes, the mutilated words, the burning blushes in the face, the embarrassment that would accompany such a situation in Italy, there began between us a cheerful and unrestrained conversation, with frank and sparkling eyes, with smiles and merriment. Hunting, the exhibition of pictures, the last new novel, the Parisian opera, and the eternal and inevitable subject of the English ladies, Lord Byron, passed away two hours time very pleasantly. Many times did the prohibited fruit (guarded by the dragon of her own virtue and modesty,) I mean my lovely herself, offer me something with which I might refresh myself, and many times also entice me to repeat my visits. We were talking before a portrait of his lordship, which she had copied. She was dressed in green silk, with a border of yellow ribbon: my mention that the colour was green, will spare me the trouble of telling Italians that C— had a complexion of perfect whiteness, without which a green dress would have injured her beauty; but where is the lady who does not understand the effect of colour in dress better than Titian himself?—I gaily took my leave, my horse

awaited me at the door, and thus I left this most innocent *tete-a-tete*.

These two young ladies were sisters in blood, but not in taste. The younger loved travelling on the continent, and the theatres and balls of Paris; the elder loved her country and its fogs, above all the romantic scenery of Switzerland, above all the enchantments of Italy. The one played on the piano and the harp; the other gave up music, as she told me, with amiable frankness, for want of ear. She said me one day, by way of compliment, that she cultivated Italian as a compensation for music. The elder, instead, contented herself with French. She in her mien was the more reserved and stately; the other, in her motions, and her conversation, more winning. Drawing and riding were accomplishments common to both. It seemed as if, like the Roman emperors, who divided the empire between them, they had divided the provinces of amiability; perhaps it was a tacit convention, not to be rivals in matrimony, and to leave to those who should offer, some variety in their choice. The second seemed modelled for an Englishman who had travelled on the continent, the first for one who had never left old England. Both however are amiable, each in her own way, but if I were condemned to renounce one of them, I would select her who loves the continent the most.

I have traced these sketches to give an idea of that class of society which in England is the best informed, the most hospitable, the most beneficent, and the most virtuous of all; and which, being there immeasurably more numerous than in any other country, forms, so to speak, the heart of the nation. I ought now to ascend to that sphere which Parini delineates in his poem; but I draw myself back,—not so much because the higher classes almost every where have a strong resemblance to each other, and model themselves on the same code of caprice, etiquette, prejudice, and nothingness, as because my object is rather to display the base of the national pyramid than the apex. This is the error reproached in several modern historians, who have given us merely the history of kings and courts, as if a nation consisted only of a monarch and a few hundred noblemen, and all the rest were only an anonymous something not worthy of a glance: the same error, I repeat, may be imputed to many modern travellers, who, instead of becoming acquainted with a nation, are contented with knowing a few individuals. Besides, whoever wishes to know the manners of the higher classes, may consult truer and better painters than I am; such as Pope, in "The Rape of the Lock;" Lord Byron, in "Don Juan;" the fashionable newspaper, "The Morning Post;" and, above all, the novel under the title of "Almack's;" this spirited novel is a magic lantern of the most ridiculous characters in the fashionable world, painted in the liveliest colours. The author is a sort of Devil-on-two-sticks, who lays bare all the cabals and littlenesses of the earthly demigods. But if the author should be a lady, as I have some suspicion, I beg to withdraw the comparison of the Devil-on-two-sticks, and to say, that she is an angel who writes like an angel!

THE BETROTHED.

I was thinking of dedicating this chapter to the cavalieri serventi, to the eternally hysterical, to the tyrants of families, and to those mothers who believe that a glance contaminates their daughters, and who, anxious to dispose of their wares, aspire only to get their daughters once fairly married, whoever the husband, whether an idiot, a baloon, or a worn out libertine; but I have since reflected that it is better to be tolerant, and let every one live on in his way.

Miss K— was a young lady of nineteen, tall, handsome, good mannered, lively, without being too gay or impertinent, of a fair complexion, with a soft and subdued but not a languishing look, and large ringlets of fine dark brown hair; such a one, in short, as would be highly admired by the double file of young men between which the fair Italians have to pass when they go to the theatre of La Scala at Milan. On a visit she was paying to a family of her acquaintance, at a good hundred miles distance from the city she resided in, she captivated a young man of the family. He asked her in marriage, and obtained the consent of the young lady and her relations; but as the gentleman was not yet well advanced in his profession, that of a barrister, it was agreed to defer the ceremony for two years. In the mean time, the betrothed husband came every now and then to visit his affianced wife, was welcomed by all the family with a more than friendly warmth, and looked upon and treated by her friends as the future husband of the young lady. Thus

the two betrothed, instead of going to the altar blindfold, had an opportunity (and an enviable patience) to study each other's character, to accustom themselves to mutual respect in the presence of others, and to correct whatever blemishes they might find they had. To draw still closer the bonds of acquaintance and friendship between the two families, a sister of the husband staid for several months at the home of his intended wife, rather as a relation than a friend; thus, instead of having one day a censorious sister-in-law, the bride was acquiring for herself a friend in her new family, a bridemaid for her nuptials, and, from the gratitude that a friendly hospitality produces, a supporter and defender on every occasion.

This young lady, who was known to me before the contract of marriage, did not alter in the least her manners or behaviour towards me. She was often beforehand in inviting me to take a walk with her as a guest, and I had some times the honour of giving her my arm. Our walks were always a *Petrarchesque* one,—on solitary banks,—and deserted fields, as the English taste will have it. Two or three times she came to pay me a visit at my own home,—accompanied, however, by a dear lively little sister of hers. She entered gaily, chatted good humouredly, and soon unfolded the object of her visit,—generally a polite invitation to dinner or tea: such visits are in this country neither an irregularity nor a phenomenon. Only be a bachelor, and young (but not licentious, at least openly),—and if you fall ill, you will have the visits of all the married and marriageable ladies of your acquaintance.

More than all this,—she knew that my linen was neglected,—being that of an orphan, destitute of country, and wandering over the face of the earth,—and she offered, and with gentle violence took upon herself to set every thing to rights: then, with the same care and attention which a tender wife or a lovesick damsel would show in latitude 44, she mended up my lacerated equipments, and marked my name on my handkerchiefs and shirts. If, in latitude 44, a young woman had only knitted a purse for me, my blind vanity would have made me believe that purse contained her heart. But the heart of Miss K— was already given to another, and she would have died a thousand deaths rather than be guilty of an indiscretion of that sort. The sacred promise she had given, did not, however, forbid her from being, according to the laudable custom of her nation, kind and courteous to me and others. She had a way of always making appropriate and tasteful presents. When I set out for Greece, she presented me with a handsome edition of Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," and, when I returned, it having transpired that, in my new lodging, I had neither paper nor an inkstand, she stole into my study when I was from home, with a cousin, who was her accomplice in the magic freak, and set upon my table an elegant portfolio, an inkstand, and some very fine writing paper: afterwards, to conceal her generous gift, she pretended that it must have been conferred upon me by two of those fairies who for so many ages have lived in England, and danced at night in the woods and on the green sward. I, (and any body born under a burning sun), I, who in Italy, or in France, should have conceived the hope of a culpable love from any single kind glance that a girl might let fall upon me,—have never had the slightest unbecoming thought of that young lady, on the word of a man of honour. No! far different is the effect of the confidence placed in the man, and of the consciousness of virtue in the lady.—Promises of marriage long before their celebration are here of frequent occurrence in the middle classes; if ever the young man breaks his word, the relations of the young woman bring him before the tribunals, and, unless he can justify his change of mind, he is condemned to pay a fine proportioned to his circumstances: some of them as high as five and even ten thousand pounds sterling. It is true that this system may favour the perfidious snares of a Lovelace; but how few Lovelaces are to be feared, when the satisfaction of a caprice must cost so much time, so many plots, so many falsehoods and dangers! I believe most young men would rather make the tour of the world on foot, than go through all the trouble of Richardson's libertine here to obtain a Clarissa by treachery. Besides, he who betrays a young female in England is visited with the public abhorrence to such a degree, that Mr. Wakefield, who endeavoured to deceive Miss Turner, was more detested on all hands than if he had assassinated George the Fourth.

I will relate another instance of this innocent liberty.—

A young Scotch lady, large, well made, robust as the heroes of Ossian, with rosy cheeks, as fresh as honey, had come from Edinburgh, a distance of two hundred miles, in order to weary herself by way of making less

wearisome the life of an aged grandmother, who resided alone, in a lone house, in the lonely town of Tadcaster. To a Spanish or Italian woman this house would have been a tomb; she would have thought herself buried alive; the sacrifice she was making to relationship would have made a great noise among her friends, and the two months would have seemed to her two ages. The Scottish lady, on the contrary, discharged her pious duty with the most unaffected cheerfulness. I paid her two visits, both unexpected; and found her, on both occasions, fully attired, and with her hair dressed, as if she had been going to receive the visits of an avowed rival. This, and many other examples, have convinced me that the English do not dress so much for others as for themselves,—and hence they are always well dressed. There are generally no large mirrors in their rooms, so that they have not even the sweet gratification of stealing a furtive glance at their own reflection, when passing before it on any pretext, or none. There are no balconies; no custom of putting the head out of window, to see what weather it is, and who is going by; and in the streets there are neither impertinents nor cicisbeos. John Bull works, gets on in the world, and amasses money; and then he gets married, without any manoeuvres of handkerchiefs, windows ajar, and telegraphic signals.

I generally found my heroine at her little table, reading or writing,—the desk, inkstand, paper, pens, all of a shining neatness; the books well bound and well printed, and still better written. The young ladies in England, as there is no embarrassment in conversation, are in the habit of seeing company, and their reading supplies them with interesting themes of conversation: our mutual friends, literature, and the differences of manners, were the subjects we usually talked of. There are few thieves among servants in proportion to their numbers: they are checked by the confidence placed in them: so even Marshal Richelieu would have acted with strict propriety in our *tele-a-tete*; yet probably a man of spirit, a conqueror, a Tamerlane of the bar, like Richelieu, would have renounced conquest, from its facility, if he had incited him, as she did me, to take a walk with her along the bank of the river, near the house, by an almost solitary path, leading to a knoll covered with venerable oaks, and embowered with thick and leafy bushes; yet the marquis would have been deceived; he would have despised, as defenceless, a fortress worthy of Vauban himself.

We passed near the remains of an ancient camp, where the mounds of earth by which the Roman legions were protected were still visible. She acted as my cicerone; and, by a great stretch of courtesy, talked to me as if the ancient Romans had been the ancestors of the modern Italians; and I, in return, talked to her of Sir Walter Scott as if he were the Scottish Ariosto. The conversation never languished; and took my attention so entirely, that I should have passed a fine country house on the opposite bank of the river without noticing it, had she not pointed it out to me. When we returned to the house-dinner was ready, and she invited me to take refreshment. The grandmother was still invisible, being confined to her chamber by a cold. When dinner was over, at an inclination of her head, which is the signal for a toast, we drank together a glass of wine, composed of extract of flowers, sugar, and a little brandy: it is called "British wine," an agreeable beverage, which young ladies are permitted to drink. She then showed me Bohl de Faber's collection of Spanish romances and poetry. She had already observed to me that religion was the comfort of the soul, and the happiness of families; she pointed out to me, therefore, some religious odes of Ponce de Leon, favourites with her, and truly sublime. She made me read a portion of the ode on Holy Solitude (*Santa Soledad*), in which the passages most beautiful, and most congenial to the sentiments of her soul, were already marked with a pencil. It was now high time to take leave, after a visit of four hours, which had passed as swiftly as the happiest hours of love. I rode back the ten miles I had come, at a gallop, not disordered, but tranquillised with a pleasure resembling that experienced at the sight of a fine picture of Poussin, filled with beautiful nymphs and pleasant snatches of scenery.

EDUCATION.

The young women of England, under a stormy and inconstant sky, have hearts and minds peaceful and serene, always equable, and always docile. My amiable countrywomen, under a heaven perpetually smiling, have minds and hearts always in a temper. The former are educated for quiet and domestic felicity; every thing con-

duces to this end, the order and system of their lives, the simplicity of their food, the climate, compelling them to live in-doors, the silence that reigns within and without their houses, their long residences in the country, all tend to soften or set to sleep their passions. While the latter, animated by the continual sight of the world, stimulated by a thousand objects, now treated tyrannically, now over-caressed, and then unreasonably contradicted, carried to the theatres and crowded streets, seem educated to give vent to their passions, brought up only to be haughty and spirited. Hence they are impassioned, greedy of distinction, made more beautiful by the very desire of pleasing, but tormented with a restless rivalry; unhappy themselves, they too often make all around them so. A true and excellent comparison of the English women and the Italian may be found in the "*Corinna*" of Madame de Staël. *Corinna*, all fancy, all impulse, all love of glory, all passion, was unhappy, and would have made her English lover unhappy, had she married him. Lucia, instead, all good sense, sweetness, modesty, and filial affection, was happy in her obscurity, and promised happiness to her husband, Lucia, after spending two hours of the morning in painting a beautiful rose, satisfied and contented, shuts it up in her portfolio: *Corinna* is dissatisfied and discontented with her talent, unless she declaims a hymn, and receives thunders of applause from thousands of auditors.

Instead of producing extempore poetesses, such as the Bandettinis, the Mazzeis, and the Corillas, is it not better to produce affectionate wives and sensible mothers of families? Is not the picture of a happy family (Pamela with her children) more touching than that of the coronation of *Corinna* in the capitol? Italy boasts Nina, Senti, Stampa, Julia Aragona, and many other modern *improvisatrici*; but would it not have tended more to the happiness of its families to have had such women as Miss Edgeworth, Miss Aikin, and Mrs. Hamilton, who have written works for the education of children? Is it better to enjoy a brief youth of tumultuary pleasures, or an entire life full of sweet affections; the first like a torrent that dashes triumphantly over the rocks for a space, and then leaves its bed dry and arid; the second like a river that flows between humble banks, but flows for ever. To this preaching of mine, a witty Frenchman would reply, that she preferred a *lieu court et bon* (short and good, that is brilliant)—a sober Englishwoman would wish it *long and comfortable* (that is, serene).

The young women are accustomed to travelling alone, sometimes in the public carriages, for one or two hundred miles together. The general education of the travellers, the respect professed by the men towards the fair sex, the protection that every Englishman is ready to afford them, and, let it be added, their frozen demeanour and immovable eyes, secure them from the slightest insult or equivocal expression. The fact which the Irish legend relates, that, in the olden time, a girl, ornamented with precious jewels, and a beauty still more precious, walked with a gem-decked wand in her hand through all the island, without experiencing either interruption or insult, is an experiment that might be made, or rather is daily made, in England.

Travelling in Ireland, it happened that one of the passengers, who had drunk a little more than he should have done, and could hardly see for the wine he had had, addressed some equivocal words to a lady who sat opposite, who, in reality, was ugly enough to cool the raptures of a Don Juan. Our Lucretia set up a cry of alarm, and the coachman instantly stopped the horses, got down, told the drunken man to get out, and, like a true knight, challenged him to combat,—with the fists.

To return,—the young ladies, therefore, in the course of the year, often go to spend some time with their friends or relations in distant parts of the country. By these reciprocal visits, their lives are in no degree changed. As in England they live every where in the same way, and time is every where equally distributed; the young lady who travels, merely makes a change of place, not of habits or occupations; she resumes her work, her reading, in the house of her hosts, as if she were still in the bosom of her own family: not a year passes without one or two of these excursions, and, when they are of marriageable age, their relations take them to pass some weeks in London or Edinburgh. Thus, until the era of marriage, which happens between twenty-two and twenty-five years of age, their life passes in quiet studies and amusements; and, after marriage, in "pleasing duties," as an amiable English lady told me. It ought not, therefore, to excite surprise that there is in England a prodigious number of *old maids*. As their youth is not a state of slavery, as in other countries, and they enjoy, when marriageable, a liberty of choice, it happens that

they are not at all anxious to shake off the maternal yoke, to burden themselves with that of a husband, and that they often prefer a state of life a little insipid, and sometimes exposed to derision, to the miseries of an ill-assorted union.

SEQUEL.

There are no children in all the world more lovely than the English, except perhaps those of Correggio or Altani. They are fair and fresh,—true flowers of spring; exactly like the flowers nature creates them, but care and attention make them still more beautiful. The extreme cleanliness in which they are kept, their healthy, regular, and abundant food, the invariable mildness and placability of their parents, and the total absence of unpleasant objects, all contribute to render them serene in countenance and healthy in body. If in England the quadrupeds have laws for their protection, and orators to speak for them in Parliament, how much care and tenderness must be the portion of the children! They are washed two or three times a day; every day they change their clothes at least once, and their hair is combed twice. Who ever saw more radiant heads than those of the English babies? They are golden heads. Elegance is not a vanity in them, it is a habit. I never heard a mother praising a new dress to her son, or promising a new cap as a reward. Hence I have never seen a boy proud of himself on account of his dress, or pointing with vanity to his shoes. Their food is simple,—milk, preserved fruits, bread and butter, and fresh meat, which is never allowed out to them. They sit at table like children. I have been present many times where only children were dining together: they carve, help themselves, behave orderly, and acquire the same demeanour and the same care and polish of manner as adults, without trouble, scolding, or tears. The large English loaves, piles of potatoes, and mountains of meat, seem made on purpose to prevent greediness, and to satiate little gluttons with the sight of them alone. All this abundance leaves no room for quarrelling and disputing. The children abstain from wine, and, until ten or twelve, even from tea and coffee. The having no wine is not felt as privation, because they see their mothers and sisters dispense with it voluntarily every day; but certainly when they grow up they repay themselves for it with usury.

Beautiful as are the English children, they are still more happy; they are neither slaves nor tyrants,—hence neither indolent nor querulous. As I had never heard loud lamentations and fits of crying in genteel houses, I wished to ascertain if this were an advantage peculiar to the respectable classes, and for that purpose traversed the meanest and dirtiest streets, and visited the poorest and most wretched habitations of the city, yet I found every where that the children, not treated with tyranny or contempt, not irritated, and, above all, never mocked, jeered, or laughed at, passed

"Their tender days of youth,
Joyful and pleasant." Tasso.

How often have I compassionated the fate of my countrymen, who, tormented, irritated, tortured by the laws and the government, yielding to an invincible instinct of human nature, break out and revenge themselves on the weak within their power, becoming in their turn the tyrants of their families! Here the father does not interfere at all in the education of his sons: he is absorbed in business, and abandons them therefore to the care of the mother, who very seldom leaves home, and executes this sacred duty with a sweet and constant equanimity. Punishment is excluded from domestic education, as well as reward, the stimulus of rivalry. The children have not such an abhorrence of reading, because, always desirous of imitating, and always seeing the table covered with books, and their elders reading, at least, the immeasurable newspaper, or some new novel of the deluge, they also willingly read some little book of their own library. The number of books composed within the last forty years in England, for the instruction of the youth of both sexes, is immense. I would give a list of some of them, which might be translated and adopted with advantage by other nations, at the foot of the page, but that the catalogue would take up too much space.

Order and the distribution of time in a family make every thing easy. An inflexible order once established, it becomes like a law of nature, which every one obeys without thinking of opposition. When the day is divided into stated portions, there is no need of exhortation or reprimand,—every one submits without complaint to his duty, as he submits to the vicissitudes of day and night.

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In this respect the English day is modelled on the celestial system; the family rises, breakfasts, dines, &c., always at the same minute. It is a planet which proceeds in its orbit without need of an exterior impulse. The taciturnity and respectful awe of the servants also prevent them from communicating their passions or vices to the children.

Three things struck me above all the rest in English education: the respect which the parents show to their children; their care not to foment anger and resentment, and the bodily exercises by which the waste of strength caused by those of the mind is compensated.

The respect of the father towards his sons begins early, and never ceases. This concession establishes the right of reciprocity in favour of the father,—an expression of contumely he never suffers to fall from his lips: the honour of the son must go into society inviolate;—and when it is inviolate, the courage to defend it is always in existence. I do not here speak of the mothers, because they can do as they please,—theirs is always lovers' anger. When he receives letters, unless they are on business, the father often reads them aloud, or passes them to all the family. He generally avoids making use of nicknames, for there are some diminutives which seem at least to imply a diminutiveness of merit. They are rather inclined to fall into the opposite affectation, of calling the son by the family name,—*Monsieur Tizio*,—for the same reason which made Madame de Sotenville wish George Dandin to call his wife not "My wife," but "Madame Dandin." One English gentleman, a friend of mine, listened with attention and interest to a course of lectures on hydropostics, delivered by his son before a public auditory: another, who had himself taught his daughter Latin, took lessons in Italian in her presence, after they had breakfasted together. Even in the universities, the students are always treated as equals by their instructors, and esteemed and received as men. The result of this most rational etiquette is, that the Englishman (not born, perhaps, with faculties so ready as those of an Italian) becomes a man much sooner. They do not dazzle with brilliant sayings, they are never prodigal of wit, but they are always sensible, and never talk sheer nonsense. They cannot turn a sonnet, but they can transact business. The English nation has made time a species of capital,—so that the life of a man is the more productive the sooner he begins to make returns.

Those who admire as well as those who ridicule the coldness of the English, believe that it is the effect of climate and temperament. It is often said that they have no blood in their veins. But had they no blood in their veins when they spit so much in the civil wars of the red and white roses?—when, under the reign of Mary, they persecuted and cruelly used so many thousands of their fellow citizens for their religious opinions?—and when, in the war between the Parliament and Charles the First, they continued for years slaughtering each other, on the scaffold or the field? If the English of our day are so tranquil, and so cold that they seem to us men of ice, it is, perhaps, because they have repented of their ancient follies; perhaps because they have no occasion for heat; but, most probably of all, because their education represses in them those wild-of-the-wisp fires that we always take to be the signs of a volcano, and so often deceive us. The truth is, that in their education the soul is never disturbed by the passions,—winds adverse to serenity of life; there exists not amongst them that custom of mockery and satire in families, which so highly exasperates the minds of children. The mother avoids all occasions of exciting the wrath of her children; if they ever kindle into rage and bend their brows, she soon disarms them with a caress.

To be master of oneself—"to keep the temper," is so essential a law of education, that it almost appears to be the fundamental law of the state. It is not allowed to "go off the hinges" (as the Tuscans have it), either when in contact with the servants or the dirtiest scoundrel in existence. A strong resentment, expressed in decorous terms, is the mark of the gentleman in England. In the parliament itself, those speakers who cannot restrain themselves are generally censured, and deemed incapable of the management of great affairs. A duel entered into precipitately is thought as ignominious as to avoid

one in a cowardly manner. Mr. Hamilton Rowan (father of Commodore Rowan), lately, thought himself injured by some expressions of a speech delivered in parliament, and, although loaded with the weight of seventy-five years, immediately set out from Dublin to demand an explanation from the orator in London. Notes were exchanged, and each party selected a friend to act for him in the affair. Mr. Rowan did not know how to put up with the insult, nor how to draw back with propriety. At last he submitted the case to an ex-judge, a man delicate in affairs of honour. As soon as this referee had pronounced that if he insisted on more he would be in the wrong, and forfeit the esteem of his friends, the courageous old man returned to Dublin, to continue his labours in the fine arts. If the offence really exists, a duel becomes the legitimate and inevitable resource; this was the case many years ago, when the Duke of York, the second son of the king, addressed a too-stinging reproof to a colonel of the Guards at a review. The colonel, before demanding satisfaction of the duke, asked his friends if they thought him injured; they replied in the affirmative, the challenge was sent, and the duel took place.

English education is not like the system of Pythagoras, who, by five years of constant silence and restriction to vegetable food, made his disciples so many monks of La Trappe. Neither does it resemble stoicism, according to which a man should continue imperturbable as a statue, though the world should be falling to pieces around him. English education is an English system, like no other, born in England, produced by a variety of circumstances, partly perhaps from their being at one and the same time a warlike and a commercial nation, which tend to repress the passions on frivolous occasions, and to give them the rein on those of importance. In family matters, in social intercourse, in every-day discussions, it demands calmness, coolness, deliberation. In great enterprises, in war, in the perils of the country, it calls for courage and enthusiasm. That same Englishman who hardly returns your salute, and who sits at table with you like a Chinese pagoda, would, did you see him in the day of battle, or in the heat of a contested election, give himself up to unbounded enthusiasm. Where is the enterprise by which glory may be gained that the Englishman does not engage in heart and soul? Mungo Park plunges alone in the deserts of Africa; un-intimidated by the mistake of his first journey, he risks a second,—and perishes. Captain Cochrane retraces a foot from Kamtschatka to St. Petersburg, a distance of six thousand miles, alone and unfriended, as if it had been a walk in Hyde Park; he goes to America to take another stroll, across the Cordilleras,—and there he dies. Lord Byron abandons the sweet converse of the Muses, the yet dearest smiles of the Italian fair, to die on a foreign soil, in the defence of the freedom of a foreign land. Lord Cochrane, after having fought both in the Atlantic and the Pacific for the independence of the new states of America, flies to the Archipelago to share the glory of a handful of Greeks, who for six years had been struggling with the monstrous tyranny that oppressed them. Read the life of Sir Robert Wilson, and you will see how many perils he has voluntarily incurred, always in favour of the oppressed, whether kings (in the end ungrateful) or nations (too little grateful) or individuals (most grateful of all); very well, any of these men, who showed, in these cases, an enthusiasm worthy of a knight-errant, would have disdained, in social life, to have been guilty of an act of impatience, even towards a servant.

It would seem as if Rousseau, who once lived for some time among the English, took from them the principal ideas of the physical education of his Emilius. The gymnastics of the English are almost all applied to practical uses. In the same manner that they do not study the laws of nations, nor the lapidary style, because they believe them useless acquisitions, they do not learn fencing, nor the grand leap, nor the sonnets of clowns, nor the caperings of ballet dancers;—but they learn, instead, to ride on horseback at full gallop, to leap hedges and ditches, to swim, to leap with the feet together, and to climb trees. We learn with great labour the art of fencing, so useless, except to a man who wants to kill or be killed according to rule,—in war even it is of little advantage. The English, instead, learn the art of

boxing, which (laugh as you will) is useful in every moment of life. We are dexterous at billiards, a dexterity which admits of no other application, like, in some degree, the Indian game at ball. The English, instead, from infancy even to old age, delight to play at cricket, a game in the open air, which requires strength, dexterity, quickness, and some little intrepidity, to await without flinching the heavy ball which one of the players throws with all his force at some wooden stakes, and another beats back with a kind of club. Fox-hunting, shooting, horse-racing, swimming, rowing, driving, cricket, skating, are exercises which keep almost all ages in perpetual motion. Like the Greeks, the English think gymnastics unbecoming, to no age whatever, and to no profession. In hunting, at cricket, and at skating, I have often found myself in company with boys, with clergymen, and men advanced in years, all mixed together. In all these exercises, the object is not to beautify, but to fortify, to *steel*, as they call it, the body. There are few Tartars who would be able to support the fatigue, which is sometimes borne with cheerfulness by the young Englishman in a hard day's fox-hunting. On the first day of the present year there was a hunt near York, in which the horsemen in following a very strong and wary fox, rode fifty-two miles in six hours and a half, without a check except for about ten minutes.

Nobody can ever frighten the boys with the idea of danger. The Spartans used to say, when they threw a weak born infant over the cliff, that it was better a child should die, than a citizen should grow up useless to his country. When the English let their children slide on thin frothy rivers, it seems as if they thought,—and wisely too,—that it is better to run the risk of losing a son, than have him timid and pusillanimous all his life long. Not softened then by immoderate caresses, nor terrified by scowling eyebrows or terrible menaces, the English boy is free in his movements;—he sits on the ground or jumps to his feet at his own will; he lies on the sofa or the grass as he pleases: provided only he do not disturb others, he may gratify any innocent caprice of his own. In this way he is continually making trials of himself, becomes accustomed to observe and judge, compares his means with the difficulties to be overcome, sounds the depth of dangers, and acquires vigour, and confidence in his own strength. At the age of six or seven, the child is already able to go alone to school through the crowded streets of London, amidst that stupendous medley of carts, carriages, and horses. It is true, indeed, that the inviolable and unviolated footways of the English cities are a guide and protection for boys; but, giving due weight to this, the instances of their being run over or injured by carriages are so very rare, that they should not be defrauded of the merit of their precious good sense. The fear natural to man is itself a sufficient Mentor against danger, without the need of increasing it by an excess of caution. I remember (and with a sigh I remember it) having seen on the lake of Como the children of the fishermen and the mountaineers, both equally abandoned to their own care, frolic on the banks of the lake, entrust themselves in little boats to the wanton waves, play on the very edge of deep wells, climb up precipices, and hang like wild goats from the lofty rocks, without ever falling, or doing themselves the least injury; and we must confess that the population of our lakes are the most richly endowed with courage and talent.

All the boys in the island can ride, because they are accustomed to it from the tenderest age. No one accompanies them;—they go, they rove, they wander by themselves; they treat their pony as a companion, they feed him and clean him themselves, they let him take his needful rest, they do not abuse his docility, because he is the comrade of their adventures. On this head, Miss Edgeworth's pretty little novel of "Lightfoot" may be consulted with advantage.

Liberty is the mistress of every thing in England. In imitation of the government, which imposes as few laws as it can, there are in every thing but few and indispensable restrictions. The trees are not maimed, or contorted, or sheared, but grow gnarled and brachy at their will, in the parks and the fields. The houses are not architectured and symmetrised out of all bounds, at the expense of internal convenience, but are sometimes cor-

pulent, and sometimes awry, but always well divided and convenient within. The horses are not irritated or crippled by useless exercises and mimic movements, but are strong, sinewy, and the swiftest of the swift. Here, in short, education is rather a *pattern*, a guide, than a violent compression. Of all civilised people, the English are the least removed from nature. I am not, however, a blind admirer of every thing done in this country. There are two things in the present system of education I cannot approve.

First, the excess of reading. When Rousseau wrote his *Emilius*, there was much less reading in England,—perhaps too little: now there is too much. There is now such an inundation of poetry, novels, romances, and literary journals, that many minds must be stifled under it. At three years of age, intellectual education commences: at the *infant schools*, the baby has already before his eyes the elements of several sciences. Then come fable and little histories; then Latin, Greek, and history, mingled with voyages and travels, romances and magazines with out end. The mind has no time to digest this incessant food:—a new novel drives from the recollection that of the preceding week, as a new wave presses upon and destroys its predecessor. Several times I chanced to ask some youth the plot of a romance he had read a few months before,—he had no more than a slight indistinct recollection of it, as one has of a dream. A more certain inconvenience of this ceaseless reading is weakness of sight, which is very common in England. I cannot prove that my judgment on the subject is correct, because English education, in all its parts, especially the intellectual, underwent a thorough alteration about twenty years ago, and the effects of this assiduous and inordinate reading have not yet had time to show themselves. Twenty years more must elapse before it can be determined with certainty, whether, in respect to solidity of judgment, and vigour of body, there has been gain or loss.

My second objection is to the stays worn by the ladies. After having read the eloquent reprobation of this destructive *breastwork* in Beccaria's *Lessons of Political Economy*, after hearing the opinions of the Italian physicians who succeeded in banishing it from the Orphan Schools, after having listened a thousand times to the just remarks of the good Italian mothers on the dreadful consequences of this barbarous ligature, I little expected to find it still in use in sober and sensible England. It is but too true. The English ladies are imprisoned in stays, and in stays so stiff, that to embrace them is like embracing an oak. They stand as bolt upright in this cuirass, as our mulberry trees in the wooden fences put round them, when they are still tender. Many English ladies, to whom I hinted my surprise, told me that they believed one of the causes of the many consumptive maladies to which young Englishwomen are subject, is the use of stays, with busks of bone or steel,—and this is very likely the case. I will confine myself to observing further, that this cuirass renders them as stiff and unbending as a hedge-stake, while our ladies are as soft and flexible as a silken cord.

Now then to proceed in my reflections. The physical education of the present day is, with very little variation, the same as that of the past. It is perhaps more the effect of accident than system, unlike that of Lycurgus and those of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg in our time. It is the effect of the climate, of the commercial institutions, and the maritime situation of England, and the ancient custom of its inhabitants. Moral education, on the other hand, has undergone extensive changes since Locke and Lord Chesterfield wrote upon the subject, and these changes too are the effect of the reflection and recommendation of men of learning and wisdom.

Two men, of most extraordinary patience and perseverance, Mr. Lancaster and Dr. Bell, made it the business of their lives to diffuse instruction universally among the lower classes. Without here discussing the merits of Rousseau's *Emilius*, it is certainly a book for the education of an individual, not a multitude. The *Emilian system* might make one hero carpenter, but not a whole nation of carpenter heroes. A nation calls for easy methods, suited more for a multitude than an individual; in this point of view, Bell and Lancaster were of greater use to society than Rousseau.

Many of the most illustrious members of parliament, at the same time that they watch the balance of Europe, the wars of the Indies, and the commerce of the world, are occupied also in founding infant schools and mechanics' institutions,—in the composition and diffusion of a popular encyclopædia. Many of the best poets did not disdain to lower their flight, and adapt their productions to the fancy and capacity of children, as Gay, Wordsworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and others; and many prose

authors have likewise contributed to enrich the library of the young, as Paley, Aikin, Watts, Blair, Priestley, Baldwin, &c.

But in recent times the fair sex has supplied the juvenile library with numbers of useful works. I do not allude to Lady Morgan, nor Lady Daer, nor Lady Charlotte Bury, nor Mrs. Radcliffe, nor any of the other English ladies who have furnished the world of letters with either poem or romance; I speak of those who, without departing from the ordinary sphere of the attributes of their sex, have desired to contribute to the ornamenting and development of the minds of those beings whose lives are made and modified by them up to the age of twelve or fourteen years. Even those severe and inviolable censors who would condemn the fair sex to the needle and the distaff cannot deny that woman, who rears and suckles the child, who teaches him to run alone, to stammer out words and sentences, and finally to read and write, ought best to know the progress of the human mind, and must have, on this first period of existence, more experience than a Bacon or a Plato. The English, who read more than any other nation, and admire highly the originality of the Greek and Roman writers, are not to be led astray by prejudices or customary modes of thinking no longer adapted to our situation, but reward with applause and gratitude those ladies who, instead of wasting their time at whist, in feminine fripperies, or in knitting a pair of stockings that might be bought at a shop for half the cost, have cultivated their minds sufficiently to enable them to compose tales or poetry, or elementary scientific works, for the use of youth. Here are the heads of a family in the three kingdoms of Great Britain, who do not speak with grateful respect of Miss Edgeworth, as the instructress of their children?

ISOLATED OBSERVATIONS.

It is here necessary that I should say a few words on the English novels which are now printed in shoals, and read by every body, not excepting either the king or the lord chancellor.* Among us, and over almost all the continent, there is a feeling against novels, almost amounting to horror: how happens it then that the English, who set so high a value on their intellect and morals, should put themselves in such mortal hazard of losing both? There appear to me to be two strong reasons in favour of the English novels. Far from sapping and undermining the imagination and the heart, none of the infinity of novels now published, venture even to agitate them, or at most only to go so far as to gently touch them. In all of them there is not a page in the style of *Faulstich*, or the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, the free novels of Boccaccio, or the still freer of *Abbate Casti*: in these respects, the modern novels are even more unexceptionable than the English novels of the last century, such as *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, the first part of *Pamela*, and *Roderick Random*;—we neither were nor are read commonly, at least by the young. There are no novels of the present day that steep the soul in sentiment, like the *Novelle Eloiise* of Rousseau, which it is impossible to read without handkerchief in hand, and "sighing like furnace;" nor, finally, in reading any of them, is there any risk of becoming such coggle-eyed, maggot-headed, asthmatic sinners as the German romance of Werter, and its double, *Jacopo Ortis*, would tend to make us. The modern English novels (till now at least) have been only innocent pictures of the manners, customs, and prejudices, of the many classes, sects, and sets, and individual originals, that are to be met with in England more than elsewhere, from the liberty which leaves a latitude and a vent for the character of every one. They are rather comedies in three or four volumes (instead of three acts), than collections of adventures, made "thick and slab" with martyring passions. Speaking of the English novels, an American writer exclaims, "Thrice blest be he who first imagined those pleasant fictions which so sweetly beguile the weight of weariness, cheer up the drooping spirits with a 'cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' lighten the horrors of a rainy day, break the tedium of a long winter's evening, and impart some life and vigour to the dullest of all human formalities—a family conversation."

Another consideration in favour of these novels is, that if there were none, many people would not read at all: they are like newspapers, the reading of those who do not read. Most people read only to pass away the

* The King lately sent a handsome present to the authoress of a novel called "Fission;" and when a judge or a counsellor in his wife or daughter never failed to put into his carriage the last new novel, by way of giving him a companion for his journey more agreeable than a blackstone.

time. Is it not better, then, to read amusing novel a written in good language, than to go stalking about with the hands crossed behind, in the piazza of St. Mark? or yawning in a coffee-room, disputing on the merit of opera dancers and prima donnas, killing, meanwhile, the flies that are stinging the hands and face? or planting oneself in the village apothecary's shop, to hold sweet converse amidst the effluvia of cataplasms, about the loves of the curate and his servant maid?

List of English authoresses and their works, compiled at my request by some very obliging young ladies.

Those having this mark * have been republished in America.

MARIA EDGEMORTH, AN IRISH LADY.—*Early Lessons, *Continuation of Early Lessons, *Parents' Assistant, *Popular Tales, *Tales of Fashionable Life, *Patronage, *Belinda, *Readings in Poetry, *Practical Education.

MRS. BARBAULD, OF LONDON.—*Early Lessons, *Hymns in Prose for Children, *Part of Evenings at Home.

MRS. PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.—*Mental Improvement, *Juvenile Travellers, *Family Tour through the British Empire, Travels in North America, *Instinct Displayed, *Sketches of Human Manners.

MRS. MARIA HACK.—*Winter Evenings, *Harry Beaufoy, Grecian Stories, Stories from English History.

MRS. CAFFE, OF YORK.—*Memoirs of Herself.

MRS. HOFLAND.—*Son of a Genius, *Blind Farmer, *Good Grandmother, *The Officer's Widow, *The Clergyman's Widow, *The Merchant's Widow.

MISS JANE TAYLOR, OF OSNARD.—*Original Poems, *Sunday-School Hymns, *Hymns for Infant Minds, *Display, a Tale.

MISS AIKIN, OF LONDON.—*Juvenile Correspondence, *Selection of Poetry, Essays and Poems, Female Speaker.

MRS. HANNAH MORE, NEAR BRISTOL.—*On Education, *Sacred Dramas, *Practical Piety, *Spirit of Prayer, *Tracts.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, OF NORWICH.—*Devotional Exercises, Christmas Day, or, The Friends.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON, OF EDINBURGH.—*Letters on Education, *Memoirs of Agrippina, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie.

MRS. MARCET, OF LONDON.—*Conversations on Chemistry, *Conversations on Natural Philosophy, *Conversations on Political Economy.

MRS. TRIMMER.—*Fabulous Histories, *Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature, *Scripture Histories.

AN ANONYMOUS LADY.—*Memoirs of Lady Rachel Russell.

A COUNTRY WAKE.

Although Catholicism has been renounced in England for three centuries, some customs, prejudices, and festivals, that the church of Rome or the friars introduced, are nevertheless not yet extirpated. In the same manner, many of the rites and ceremonies of Paganism still subsisted, even after the Christian religion had planted its standard on its ruins. To destroy a moral edifice, of whatever kind, and however absurd it may be, is much more difficult than to annihilate works entirely constructed by the hand of man. The revolutions of empires, of governments, of religions, and of languages, supply illustrations of this position in abundance; but, without wandering too far, without ever quitting England, I need only proceed to say, that I have before me a book printed a century ago, by a clergyman of Newcastle, entitled "Antiquities Vulgares," in which this good minister mentions all the ceremonies, superstitions, and popular prejudices, to be extinguished by means of the instruction of the lower orders. It appears that at that time the lower orders of English believed in apparitions that walked abroad in the night, in ghosts that haunted the churchyards, in hobgoblins, witches, and fairies, in the magic virtues of certain wells and fountains, in a devil with eleven feet, in haunted houses, in the evil augury of a hare's crossing the path, of a rook's cawing, of an owl's hooting, and a hundred other nonsense of that sort, which the heroes of antiquity and the knights of the round table once believed in, and our

nurses and children believe in still. There is not an English poet, from Shakespeare to Walter Scott, who has not availed himself of these popular prejudices, as a mythology or poetic machinery, to increase wonder and terror, the two passions they handle most sublimely. But what is beautiful in poetry, is often very different in practice. Hence the good curate, Bonnie of Newcastle, generously spurning the gain which some of his function exact from similar bugbears, dedicated his book to the municipal authorities of the town, and earnestly exhorted them to establish schools for the people, as a means more efficacious than holy water, to send all devils packing to the devil again. His prayers were heard, for in the century since, popular instruction has gone on increasing, dispersing phantoms by its light, and freeing houses, woods, and heaths, from flying dragons and dancing witches. Let it be well noted, that instead of religious sentiments growing weaker in consequence, it can be proved that in England they have acquired strength by their being purified from puerile prejudices. The atmosphere, however, is not yet quite clear; those who read the romances of Walter Scott (and who does not?) will see that nocturnal spectres, elves, and fairies, still maintain some dominion in the mountains of Scotland.

Among the feasts that the catholic religion observes from precept, and that the lower orders of the English still keep in some counties as holidays, is that of Whitsuntide. In Yorkshire, many villages, in the week following Whitsunday, celebrate in turns a rural festival, and I will now relate how I happened to find myself present at one of these.

It was the beginning of June, and sunset, which in England is always finer than sunrise. There was not that mistiness aloft which so often obscures and conceals all the beauties of the landscape. The heaven was of a lovely azure, studded here and there with fleecy clouds which only concealed now and then the face of the sun, to make his splendour seem more brilliant and more grateful when he re-appeared from behind them. A fresh wind rustled the boughs, and gave an agreeable change and variety to the surface of the beautiful English meadows. I give these few pencil touches, that it may be perceived what a difference there always is between a fine Italian and a fine English day, and to be able to wind up, in all sincerity and frankness, with the declaration, that when the sun in England shines with all his lustre, and with sufficient power to light up all the objects around (which happens a very few times in a year,) England is not only the most beautiful country in the world,* but a day of really fine weather in England, together with its liberty, is worth ten years of life spent under the azure skies of enslaved and enervated countries:—

"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage!"

Addison's Cato.

Taking a stroll on the skirts of the city, without any fixed object, I perceived that a good many persons were taking their way along a fine road, bordered with lofty and branching trees, as well as with a uniform hedge, well trimmed, and altogether in as complete order as that of an Italian garden, when cultivated with care and good will. Such are almost all the hedges which surround the fields in England. The greater leisure of the English country people, the excellence of their cutting implements, their care in protecting themselves from the thorns with mittens and thick leather aprons, and their love of order and neatness, altogether operate to make the commonest hedges as well kept as those in the vicinity of our greatest cities. I determined to follow the track, and was well content that I had done so, because this string of people, which resembled a swarm of ants, led me to a village called Heslington, three miles from York; and one of those festivals I have been talking about was celebrating there. It is a village inhabited entirely by peasantry and farmers; the houses, therefore, are almost all built in the same form, and with the same arrangement. These village mansions are in general covered with a roof formed of long straw, well bound together, and so thick that it not only preserves the house from rain and snow, but also from the cold, and, in summer, from excessive heat. Thus this cottage roof is often imitated by the English in their summer houses by the seaside, especially in the pleasant Isle of Wight, where they for that reason bear the name of *cottages*,—a name that awakens so many sweet emotions when affluence

instead of poverty dwells within. All the windows are glazed; there was not one pane broken or wanting throughout the village. Seventy years ago paper held the place of glass; the peasant is altogether improved with the improvement of agriculture; another fact in opposition to the discouraging theory of Ortes, that the wealth of a state can never increase but in appearance, in favour of the few, and to the injury of the many.

It is most true, as is asserted by some writers on political economy, that the system of leases, and the large farms (a consequence of this, and of the substitution of the agricultural population of England, in comparison with what it might have been, but have divided it into two classes, the first—small ones, of farmers, and the other, a most numerous one, of labourers, or peasants, with no land of their own, in the service of the farmers. It is, however, not true that these peasants, although merely the hired servants of the farmers, and often assisted by the parish with from two to three shillings per week, according to the number of their children, are poor and wretched. I will venture to say, that they are happier than a great portion of our small farmers. If the happiness of men is to be estimated by their dress, food, and lodging, it may be broadly said, that the state of these English labourers is much better than that of our small farmers, who eat only brown bread made of coarse flour, drink water, scarcely ever have meat, and in winter warm themselves at fetid ox-stalls.

To the farm houses of England there are not such spacious thrashing floors attached as in Italy, on which may be seen broods of ducks, the hen surrounded by her chickens, the turkeys swelling with rage, and challenging one another to satisfy their jealousy. Here the ground is principally employed in pasture; grain is not so abundant as with us, and, besides, the climate does not allow them to thrash in our manner, on open floors. Here covered over thrashing machines are used, moved by steam or horses, and that cost 100*l.* or 120*l.* sterling to set up. The farm yard therefore is more confined, and serves only for the horses and cows, which, when they are not in the open fields, wander about and lie down in these farm yards, which are covered with straw an arm's length deep, by way of providing them a soft and ample bed. The uniformity of these houses is pleasantly varied by a conspicuous house, built in the style of the castle palaces of Queen Elizabeth's days. With its high towers, which once expressed the necessity of defence against sudden assault, and with its large, high, and numerous windows, that display more confidence and security, it forms an agreeable contrast with the simple and humble habitations that surround it, and seems, like a feudal baron of the sixteenth century, armed and accoutred, in full array, in the midst of his obedient vassals. This fantastic but handsome style of architecture would have pleased Milizia, who so warmly recommended variety in country houses.

All the inhabitants were grouped here and there in the middle of the wide and spacious street; in the houses there was nobody but the old housewives, dressed in their best, and ten years younger in their faces, from the light heartedness which animated them, and the praises they received for the well made plum pudding of the day.—[The plum pudding is a sweet compound of flour, milk, sugar, raisins, brandy, and beef-suet, which is easily digested by means of a rule of twenty miles on a high-trotting horse.]—At a rustic festival in Italy, the shouts and cries which have been heard a mile off—the burst of the Italian merriment which kindles of itself, even without the aid of wine, from the mere contact of persons. I should have met in the village bands of young men, singing in chorus, with bold and confident looks, their caps mounted with a peacock's feather, dangling down over one eye, and somewhat of an assuming air, as if to avenger themselves for the contempt which the citizen showers without reason on the countryman; but in Heslington, all (up to that moment) was order, quiet, and mutual respect. But I must confess the scene would have been somewhat more animating, if there had been a little of that itinerant music, so conlivening to the spirit, which is met with at every step in Italy. There was not even one of those inexorable and most annoying hand-organs that infest our streets at every hour. All at once, however, I heard some cheering raised, the crowd divided into two ranks; and I perceived, advancing from a distance, eight or nine countrymen, each driving a wheelbarrow before him at full speed, and trying his utmost to be first at the goal: this was the first race in these Olympic games. Shortly after succeeded a ducking match. This game is played by placing a large tub of water in the middle of the road, with some money at the bottom;

a crowd of boys, stripped to the skin, stand around, awaiting the signal to dip their heads in, with their hands crossed behind their backs, to bring up the money in their mouths. The grimaces of the boys, when they draw their heads out of the water half stifled, without getting any thing for their pains, invariably excited the laughter of the by-standers. When this ducks' game was over, happening to raise my eyes, I saw, hung up before a public-house, a new saddle and bridle, and a couple of hats. From this I conceived a hope that there was going to be a tilt or a tourney, or some similar heroic contest; and I was not deceived in my expectations: a horse race was, in fact, approaching; and I saw, without having long to wait, four large farmers' horses, mounted by four stout boys, taking their way to the spot fixed upon for the starting post. Although, to say the truth, steeds, harness, and riders, were a thousand miles behind those I had seen, a day or two before, at the county races, they were, nevertheless, not so totally bad that I could call it a complete parody: I could not, therefore, help taking an interest in the thing, in common with the rest, and preparing to admire the victor. In the end, after ten minutes' hard galloping, the horses got back to the goal; and the winner was conducted, with the same acclamation as at the regular races, to the spot where the judges sat:—

"When ends the game of hazard all its turns,
The one that lost remains behind in wo,
Goes o'er the game again, and sadly learns,
While all the people with the others go."

Dante.

In London there is the jockey club, at which, months before the Doncaster or Newmarket races are run, bets are laid to a frightful amount, which are duly recorded in the papers:—these are the ruin of many English gentlemen of fortune. In this village the bets certainly were not so high, but the warmth with which they were made was not only as great, but perhaps even greater. The English in general do not play at cards, but are in the habit, instead, of laying wagers; they bet on every thing,—on sailing and rowing matches on the rivers,—on games at cricket,—on boxing matches, on foot races and horse races,—nay, is not the Exchange itself, in a great measure, merely a great betting stand? It is the same passion for gaming (that innate desire in man of improving his condition), opening for itself a different and perhaps a less injurious vent, since it tends to give new animation to gymnastic exercises, and to perfectionate the important breed of horses.

I entered a public-house, where the crowd was closer. Fifteen or twenty farmers were seated with their clay-pipes of perfect whiteness in their mouths, and pewter pots full of gin and water before them. I took a seat in their circle, and whether from the interest they one and all took in the races, which they were talking over, or that they took me for a veteran frequenter of the house, the truth is, that none of them cast a single glance of curiosity or surprise on my person. A butcher came in lamenting the misfortune of a young mare of his, that in running had broken her leg. He used much action with his mournful recital, to excite the more compassion, but finding his hearers inclined rather to laugh than cry, he also took to comforting himself with a brimming glass of gin, and then assuming a noble and heroic air (with the hypocrisy of the Roman gladiator, who "died with decency,") protested that it was not the value of the colt he took to heart, but the colt herself, which was his favourite. This tragic occurrence, the betting, and the brandy, which would make even the dumb speak, had now rendered these farmers so talkative, that I found myself in the midst of a sea of words; I say a sea of words, because I could understand nothing of their conversation beyond a few isolated expressions. Although I have a passable knowledge of English, I could not contrive to make out the Yorkshire dialect, which is one of the strangest and most corrupt in England. It produced a curious effect on me; not being able to catch more than a few unconnected words here and there, I seemed to be reading a dictionary. Hardly any of the interlocutors could preserve a perpendicular; when they stood on their feet, they all began to lurch, now to the left, now to the right; like the Asses' Towers at Bologna, though bending and always threatening to fall, they never fell. A circumstance that still more increased my wonder was, that though their bodies tottered this way and that, their reason, their talking, never wavered in the least—such is the force of habit!

* One of the most famous jockeys in England recently applied to purchase an elegant villa, with the sums he had amassed by boxing and betting, amounting to forty thousand pounds sterling.

* Some of the count's American readers will be ready, on perusing this passage, to differ from him.—*Ed.*

While the races were going on, there suddenly arose behind my back a dispute on some point of betting, which in any other country would have given me some apprehension, but in England did not even make me turn my head, knowing that these quarrels end by a fight with the naked fists in the fields, on equal terms, and before a hundred eyes, which impartially decide whether the blows are fair or foul. At last, finding that this combat of abuse, after the manner of the heroes of Homer, did not come to a conclusion, I looked behind me for curiosity sake, and found that the strife was between a tall, thin, but sinewy young man, who was drunk more than the clothes he had on would pay for, and a huge, heavy, stupid farmer, who seemed to have lost the use of his joints through fat. If a fight had taken place, I cannot conceive how he would have found the elasticity to give a blow, or avoid the danger of being upset by his adversary, and rolling no one knows where, for he was as round as the map of the world. At length, behold, an Iris appeared to put an end to the increasing strife, in the shape of the hostess, a tall, slender, and not ill looking daughter of Eve, who, with a silvery voice (as most Englishwomen have), and that voice made still softer by her tone of entreaty, acted as peace-maker between them. Every moment one of these altercations burst forth from some corner or other of the village, but that sweet sex, which elsewhere so often has sabres, knives, and daggers bared for its sake, was here always the pacificator; and that John Bull, who is accused of so much boorishness towards the ladies, becomes almost paste itself at her voice, as might have been seen. He must be seen at home, honouring and indulging his "mistress" (wife), and in good truth, making her mistress of every thing. I had here an opportunity of observing, that even in the heat of a quarrel, the English do not gesticulate much; I remember the witty Mr. Sydney Smith saying to me one day, "Why do not my countrymen use their arms like other nations? There is no doctor and no law to prohibit it!"

Thus I passed the evening till eleven o'clock: the company then beginning to separate, I resolved to return to York. How delightful is a pedestrian stroll by moonlight in England, without the slightest fear of encountering a highwayman to ease one of one's watch and purse! Gone are the times of the equestrian robbers, of the Robin Hoods and the Rob Roys; they are now no more than characters of romance, and, after having frightened their contemporaries with their thieving fads, now serve for a diversion to children, like the Blue Beards, the Ezzele di da Romanos, the Bernales Viscontis, and the rest of the tyrants, once abominable and always ridiculous. Cows, cattle, horses, feed through almost all the nights of the year loose in the fields, without even so much as a child to guard them.

It might be thought the golden age of innocence; but this security is the effect of the law, which punishes horse and cattle stealing with inevitable death. In other cases the sentence of death is often commuted for that of transportation, but for offences of this nature this favour is seldom obtained.

Another pleasure for one with a mind a little excited by poetry or romance, is to be able to abandon the high road, and tread the paths through the midst of the soft and verdant meadows,—perhaps the only and most ancient right of landed property which has remained to the lower classes of the people. Finally, another pleasure, not less valuable to one overcome with fatigue, is to get home, and find in a little lodging consisting of a bedroom and a parlour, all the comforts and the quiet that in their times neither the Marquis of Carabas enjoyed in his palace, nor the good King of Yvetot of Berengier, in his palace.

THE SPRING ASSIZES.

Those who have never read the fine observations of Filangieri on the English modes of procedure, or, better still, the valuable work of M. Cottu on the institution of juries, and the publicity of the courts in England, may do well to read the few lines which follow.

It was the 10th of March, and the very eve of the arrival of two of the twelve judges, who, twice a year, in March and August, travel from London, followed by a numerous band of the most celebrated barristers, to the circuit assigned them, to judge all the criminal causes pending, and the civil causes which come within their jurisdiction. That lively interest, those lessons of wisdom, that useful amusement, which the Romans extracted from their forum, are also drawn by the English from these courts, called the *assizes*. It is an era of motion, of increment, and, at the same time, of intense and painful

anxiety. The gentlemen of the country betake themselves on these days to the assize town, either to be jurymen or mere spectators of the trials,—to meet their friends from London, or to enjoy these diversions the town always presents on these occasions. On every side arrive the witnesses and parties interested; from London come some of the most eloquent barristers, or in general two antagonists, who in almost every cause find themselves pitted against each other, and with them a numerous train of young lawyers, who are entering on their career, and desirous of making themselves known to a public. At each of these epochs the jails are delivered; that is, the prisons are emptied; all must be brought to trial; innocent or guilty, this is the issue, and an Englishman who should have plotted a universal deluge, must not have to await his trial longer than six months.

How different is this rejuring of the English people at their assizes, from that which has sometimes been exhibited by a thoughtless nation at an *auto-da-fé*! But we will pass over the comparison with a tribunal that exists no longer, and will revive no more. Let us rather draw a parallel with other continental tribunals, which are become more horrible and unjust than the inquisition. What a difference, I mean to say, between those sentiments of confidence and hilarity which precede the sittings of the English courts, and the horror and affright which "Special Commissions," in other countries, scatter all around the spot on which they plant the bloody axe! And with what good reason too! for no one believes himself in safety under judges retained to discover crime even where it is not in existence, and who, after tormenting their victim with a torture slower than that of ancient days,—with threats, with fastings, with insidious promises, with a long continued imprisonment, at last pronounce their sentence with all the mystery of assassination.

The English assizes, on the contrary, do not quicken the pulse of him who is conscious of his innocence, a single beat. In all hearts, on all faces, is the conviction of the integrity, mildness, and impartiality, with which justice will be administered. I have often mixed with the crowd, immersed myself in the groups of people, on purpose to ascertain the sentiments prevailing among the lower classes; and not one suspicion did I discover, not one word did I hear that indicated distrust of, or aversion to, the administrators of justice. Besides, they know the judgment of the fact, the most important of all, is not in the hands of the judges of the crown, but of the jury, their equals. "By the law of the land, and the judgment of his peers," is one of the most ancient privileges consecrated by Magna Charta, and of which every Englishman is justly proud. The king of England can make many of the monarchs of the earth tremble, but not any one of his subjects. He must be judged by his peers, according to the law of the land,—*By the law of the land, and the judgment of our peers.*"

So scrupulously is this privilege observed, that when Baretti (author of the *Literary Scourge*) was brought to trial for a homicide committed by him at night in a street of London, in self-defence, it was offered to him if he wished it, that six of the jury should be Italians. He renounced this right, and was acquitted. I was myself present at the trial of a German, who was also asked if he wished half the jury to be composed of his own countrymen; and he also declined. Such is the confidence that trial by jury inspires.

To return: A great part of the population of Nottingham, therefore, had taken its way on the morning of the 10th of March, along the road by which the two judges, named by the crown, for the Nottingham (Midland) circuit, were to arrive. All is to a T, as I have already said, in this most punctual England; eleven o'clock was announced as the hour of their arrival, and precisely at eleven, a fine coach, with four horses, with the postilion in his tight and handsome jacket, the coachman in a three cornered hat, like that of our priests, the arms of the city on the panels, and two footmen, in a flaring new livery, behind, heralded the coming of the judges. The carriage was preceded by a score of men on horseback, with the city banner waving from a javelin, and swords by their sides. All this parade was at the expense of the high sheriff of the county, who represents, on the bench, by the side of the judges, the sovereign, or executive power, mute, motionless, and passive, present only to execute the sentences: it was followed by a great number of the gentlemen of the city, who had gone out on horseback to meet the judges. This awaiting, this welcome, these honours,—all this pomp not only tends to increase in the people their reverence for justice, but to strengthen, in the judges themselves,

the feeling of their own dignity, and the high importance of their duties.

Without loss of time, in about an hour, the court was installed, and the civil and criminal trials began in two separate halls. In England, the prejudice that it is inhuman and unbecoming to be present at the sitting of the tribunals, does not exist; it is, I thought, on the contrary, to be a school of experience, penetration, and eloquence. The Roman youth became robust and hardy in the field of Mars,—wise and enlightened in the forum. In the same way, persons of every age, sex, and rank in the society, meet here at the assizes. The courts or halls of justice, which within the last sixty years have been rebuilt almost all throughout England, in a grander and more appropriate style than before, are suitable to the increase in the population and riches of the island. Besides the district compartments for the judges, for the witnesses, for the accused, and for the barristers, there is an open space for the common people, and a gallery a little more commodious, for the more elevated classes. The people are never treated as a rabble in England; they are always respected, but never confounded with the middle and higher classes. The courts are always filled with ladies and gentlemen, all polite towards each other, all attentive, and anxious for the fate of the prisoner. In the beautiful court house of the city of York, I sometimes saw the gallery adorned with numbers of lovely Englishwomen, who had left their elegant villas to see and to be seen, and worthy of being seen they were indeed. These galleries looked like conservatories of flowers; I certainly would not have given the sight of them for the magnificent theatrical spectacle of the Roman forum. It is needless to say, that all who occupy the open seats are decently dressed; it is not, however, superfluous to remark, that even the prisoners appear at the bar with the same neatness and cleanliness as if they were going to be married. In this the English usage is very different from that of the ancient Romans, who sought, with torn and dark coloured clothes, with discoloured hair, and floods of tears, to excite the pity of their judges. In the English procedure, there is no room for excitement, neither the arts of the accused nor the rhetorical flourishes of the advocate are admitted, nor would produce any effect if they were.

If the large and comical wigs worn by the judges and counsellors be excepted, all is extremely simple in these tribunals; the *sanctity* of the laws, and the *majesty* of the people, that we so often read of in Cicero, are seen here in reality.

Judge Best made to the grand and petty juries a short address, in which he made particular mention of a man who had killed his own wife, and who was to be put upon his trial. He pointed out to the petty jury the difference between a murder committed simply on the provocation of abusive words, and one committed in consequence of provocation by blows: he touched on this distinction without making any allusion to the case in question. His address was simple, destitute of any over elegance, and delivered in a natural tone, and with that self-possession which a judge acquires by the habit of constantly speaking in public.

By the side of this venerable be-gowned, be-wigged, and be-spectacled Mimos, was seated a young lady,—through favour that the ladies sometimes enjoy of sitting on the bench,—a privilege of which they do not fail to take advantage, bashful as they are. This young lady was fair haired, somewhat stout, with a most ample bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with ribands of various colours: dressed in scarlet, she seemed a blaze with youth and beauty. She was not only beautiful, but dangerous: she made, perhaps unconsciously, all those motions that the seducing owl makes use of at a barn door when the little birds are passing by. The Athenian Arcopagus would have made her veil her face. By good fortune, however, age rendered the English magistrate invulnerable to the shafts of her eyes, her smiles, her gestures. It was a fine contrast between that small well dressed head, and the full curly wig of the judge, which descended on his shoulders like a lion's mane, between the laughing, sparkling eyes of the young lady, and the severe eyebrows and the spectacles of the sexagenarian judge! She seemed placed there by a painter for the felicity of the contrast, as they always place the Virgin Mary near the old Saint Joseph. In relation to this, I have often heard my dear countrywomen (who know well the effect of contrast) take pleasure in being surrounded by a sanhedrim of aged Simons: there is not perhaps a finer contrast than a Susanna between two Elders.

One of the prisoners was convicted of horse-stealing, a crime punished with death in England, on account of

the facility of its commission; the farmers, as I observed before, turning out their horses to feed in the open fields, without any keeper. The judge informed him that the punishment he had incurred was that of death, but apprised him that it would be commuted to transportation for life. This humane appraisal called to my mind the cruel clemency of certain rulers, who suffer the condemned to remain in ignorance of the mitigation of their punishment, to the very moment of execution,—on the scaffold itself: the greater part of the Austrian soldiers to whom their pardon is communicated only at the moment when, on their knees, and blindfolded, they await the four balls in the forehead,—remain all the rest of their lives feeble minded, or absolute idiots.

Another of the prisoners, thinking to avoid part of his punishment by confessing his crime, when asked if he wished to plead "guilty" or "not guilty?" replied "guilty." The judge made him observe, that this would not do him the least service, and that it was still time to retract his plea. Another lesson for those tribunals on the continent, where among the other iniquities committed with closed doors, it is customary to tempt the accused with insidious snares of pretended evidence, false confessions, accomplices, &c.

When I observed the frank and earnest manner in which the witnesses deposed to what they had heard and seen,—when I saw gentlemen and gentlemen appear in the box without repugnance, or shame,—when I read in the public journals that the Duke of Wellington and many other lords were cited, or voluntarily presented themselves to give evidence in favour of a prisoner, I called to mind a passage in the 16th volume of Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, in which, as a proof of the effects of the degraded, mercenary, and arbitrary administration of the laws in some of the Italian governments of the eighteenth century, M. Sismondi adduces the horror the very name of a tribunal carried with it, the inevitable infamy of whoever was merely accused, the disgust which the lower officers of justice inspired, and the shame, the scruples, and the terror experienced by every one at appearing to bear witness before a judge. The admirable observations of M. Sismondi are still applicable to many of the tribunals in the north of Italy.

Here I only speak of the English mode of procedure, because it is known to all that the penal laws are monstrously disproportioned to the heinousness of the offences,* so that the jury, not being able to acquit the prisoner of the fact, often correct the excess of the law, by classifying the crime a degree lower in the scale. Of this I was myself a witness; a pickpocket would have been sentenced to a very severe punishment for a theft he had committed of a handkerchief, which the owner valued at five shillings. The jury found the accused guilty of the theft, and, being obliged to declare what was the value of the stolen property, decided that the handkerchief was only worth one shilling. The pickpocket conducted his own defence, and interrogated the prosecutor with the ingenuity and dexterity his trade would lead one to look for. The delinquents of other descriptions are generally not so artful in their defence.

Eloquence is almost totally excluded from criminal trials. The counsel for the prisoner may make as many observations and examine as many witnesses as he chooses; but he is forbidden to excite the passions, or to address the jury on the fact. In cases, however, of theft and homicide (I do not know why, and it would be difficult to say), the prisoner's counsel cannot deliver any speech, but may cross-examine witnesses, and supply his client with a defence in writing. The prisoner may speak as often as he wishes, and may also read his own defence, but very rarely avails himself of his right; in fact, what need is there of specious eloquence, when the procedure itself, carried on with open doors, in presence of the public, and with the most delicate precautions in favour of the criminals, is itself a defence worthy of Cicero? Eloquence has a fairer field in the civil causes. It was in one of these I saw, in opposition, at York, the two celebrated counsellors, Brougham and Scarlett. The cause was of a rather singular nature, and such as there certainly is no example of in the annals of Athens and Rome. The question was, who were the rightful owners of a whale, which was mortally wounded by a party of sailors, and dragged ashore out of the sea by some fishermen: the subject was sufficiently heavy to employ all

the abilities of the two gowned rivals. The rhetorical weapons, the various artifices, the different motions and looks made use of by them in the contest, diverted me excessively. Both are members of parliament, but Brougham is far superior in the eloquence of the senate to his opponent. Scarlett, a more profound and expert lawyer, engages himself in the court of this superiority of the other, although Brougham is not the man to yield pre-eminence to any man on earth. Scarlett, grave, confident in his knowledge, with swelling breast, seems like a cuirassier well steed against assault, and wishing to conquer by the weight of his arms; Brougham, strong in his quickness of mind, and the flexibility of his wit, resembles an Arab cavalier, who, flying round and round, at once avoids and assails an enemy. Scarlett, when he addressed himself to the jury, while he maintained the steady dignity of an experienced juriconsult, fixed his penetrating eyes on the faces of the jurymen, to discover the emotions of their minds, and turn them to profit. Brougham, on the other hand, sought to distract their attention from the points dangerous to his client by subtleties, and sallies of wit and sarcasm, of which his store is inexhaustible. Scarlett is the admiration of the legal profession; Brougham the favourite of the fair sex, and of the public, for his witty sallies.

The fatigue which the counsellors go through for the few days the assizes last is incredible: but they are amply recompensed, I do not mean merely by their large fees, but by the admiration and respect of the people, who contemplate them, when they are on their feet in court delivering their speeches, with the same avidity that we gaze on the Apollo Belvidere.* He who has felt the love of glory knows that one hour of public esteem is worth ten years of a soft epicurean life.

The rapidity with which the trials were despatched is not less incredible. In ten or twelve days every year, two judges get through from 100 to 130 criminal cases, and, perhaps, as many civil cases. In the criminal cases, there are never those *skeins* of interrogatories which I once saw, in Italy, mount up, in a case of assassination, to at least 300 volumes in folio, of 300 pages each. The English, luckily for them, have not that race of notaries, whose trade consists in exhausting the patience and the lungs of prisoners and witnesses, and driving them into confusion and fainting fits, with interminable *costituzioni* and *requisizioni* (settled points, and points to be cleared up). This is the fruit we have gathered from the immortal works of Beccaria, Filangieri, and Marco Pagnano: England, on the contrary, without having had the glory of producing those luminaries of criminal science, discovered, by the help of good sense alone, two principles,—publicity, and the jury,—by means of which she enjoys a rapid, liberal, and impartial administration of justice.

When the trial commences, there is no document but a piece of paper,—the bill of indictment, found by the grand jury, whose business it is previously to decide, by examining into the broad points of the affair, on the admissibility of the accusation. As soon as this is read, the interrogatories commence. In the meanwhile, the judge notes down the answers, and draws up a succinct narrative of the case, with the most remarkable circumstances. When the questions are ended,—and they cannot last long where the presence of an auditory impedes the insidious arts of malignity,—the judge reads over a recapitulation of the case to the jury, who are to decide whether the accused is guilty or not of the fact laid to his charge. It is impossible that there should be the slightest alteration in this narrative; because the public, which has heard all, is, so to speak, the judge of the judge. Besides, the jury, who have also heard all, can

rectify any error or omission he may fall into. The jury take, in general, two or three minutes to ascertain their unanimity, and declare their judgment. If the accused be found guilty, the judge has only to apportion the punishment to the quality of the offence. This done, the tragedy is over; there is no longer room for appeals, for "cassations," or for open processes, as if a man could be guilty and not guilty of an act. Where did we go to find the labyrinth of our criminal procedure? I may be deceived, but certainly the English system has, if nothing else, the advantage of simplicity and celerity; and, in the same manner that the liberty of the press, true and uninjured, corrects all the defects of a government, it appears to me that the publicity of trials, united to the institution of an independent jury, obviates all the inconveniences that a metaphysical legislator, with his laws that turn molehills into mountains, would discern in such a kind of procedure.

We have books, and the English have institutions. Without the boast of having given to Europe the Flangieries, the Baccarias, the Matteis, the Servins, the Montesquiens, they possess an excellent procedure. We believe that the profession of a judge requires the most profound study, a mind the most acute, incessant labour, in fine, we believe it a profession reserved for a few privileged beings. On the contrary, they, by applying the great maxim of the division of labour, have rendered the business of a judge most easy, at least a good half of it. Having separated the judges of the fact from those of the punishment, they leave by this means effected this great end, that the positive knowledge of the laws is requisite only for the latter, while for the others rectitude and common sense are sufficient. The judges, in their crimson scarlet gowns, and large wigs, with the title of "My Lord," are, and ought to be, real adepts in the law; while the members of the grand jury are simply gentlemen and men of property, ignorant of every kind of law; and those of the petty jury are mere shopkeepers, shoemakers, or tailors, provided only with the great science of common sense. The institution of the jury is so public an exercise of rights and equity, that it cannot but contribute to mend the morals, and influence the good conduct, of the lower orders of the people. It causes surprise and pleasure at once, to find, in the midst of cities full of luxury and vice, that same integrity and sense of right in the people, that are scarcely to be found even among the simple and unsophisticated inhabitants of the mountains of Switzerland.

I resume my narration: On the Sunday that succeeded two sittings of the assize, the two judges went with the juries and magistrates, to the largest church, with solemnity. It is a custom at the assize, for a sermon to be preached before the constituent members of the court; the admirers of Sterne will find in his works a most excellent one, delivered on a similar occasion. This solemn alliance of religion with justice, communicates to the latter a sacredness which is very useful to society. Mr. Henham has observed, that all the ceremonies, and certain imposing formalities, in the administration of criminal justice, make as deep an impression on the minds of the people, as the pains and punishments themselves. A criminal trial is a real tragedy for the people. The ancient Gothic architecture of the church, the psalms sung to the pealing of the organ, the sincere contrition of all present, affected me to the soul, and induced me to venerate those religious rites which else might have moved my laughter. Slavery produces a nausea of every thing; and, when we know no longer how sufficiently to vent our anger at our condition, we turn it against religion, against letters, against oratorical spectacles,—we see in every thing a producer of our slavery. In a free country, England for example, the mind always satisfied, sweetened by liberty, alive to the benefits—the maternal protection of the law, the mind is in peace with all, loves every institution, every custom, because it believes them the authors of its happiness, and endures abuses and inconveniences with untrifling patience.

The following day came on early the trial of a carpenter, who had, through jealousy, killed his wife by repeated blows of a hammer. The court was crammed full of people; if I must speak the truth, it displeased me to see a great number of well educated young ladies among the spectators,—I should have liked, at least, to whisper in their ears, that they should remember never more to blame the Spanish girls for taking pleasure in a bull-fight. The culprit appeared at the bar with a tranquil mien. This brutal Othello seemed determined to bear his sentence of death with intrepidity. All eyes were fixed upon him, the unfortunate hero of the day. All are anxious in such moments to watch the efforts of the struggle, that a single man is then obliged to sustain

* Nor do I intend to speak of the English civil laws, which would be a burden for a hundred canals, nor of the enormous expenses of legal proceedings, to which the fable of the oyster is so closely applicable.

A shell for thee and a shell for me,
The oyster is the lawyer's fee!

* James Hall, the author of *Legends of the West*, &c. in his *Western Monthly Magazine* of last month, has the following judicious remarks on the same subject.—*Ed.*

"In some of the eastern states, few persons go into a court of law, unless they have business. It is not so here. A court week is a general holiday. Not only suitors, jurors, and witnesses, but all who spare the time, brush up their coats, and trudge down their horses, and go to court. A stranger is struck with the silence, the eagerness, and deep attention, with which these rough sons of the forest listen to the arguments of the lawyers, evincing a lively interest in the cause. These facts speak for themselves. Not only must a vast deal of information be disseminated throughout a society thus organised, but the taste for popular assemblies and public harangues, which forms so striking a trait in the western character, is, in itself a conclusive proof of a high degree of intelligence. Ignorant people would neither relish nor understand the oratory, which our people receive with enthusiastic applause. Ignorant people would not attend such meetings, week after week, and day after day, with unabated interest; nor could they thus go to a *requisizione* and *costituzione*."

† Blackstone, although a great writer, is only the commentator on a legislation which preceded him.

against the whole body of society, which, armed against him, yet leaves him the privilege of defending himself. None of the spectators, however, I believe, experienced emotion greater than mine. I remembered at that moment, that, some years before, I was to have been placed in a similar conflict, from which only the favour of fortune enabled me to escape, and I pictured to myself the bar, before which, without witnesses, without counsel, without the presence of the public, my friends were condemned to death:—

“And as the man that scap'd with failing breath
From forth the sea upon the desert shore,
Turns back and gazes on the flood of death,
So too, my soul, still flying—”

turned back at that moment to contemplate the iniquitous sentence which then awaited me!—But let us get on.

When the judge was about to commence his questions, a great noise was heard, and it was found to arise from the prisoner, who, abandoned by his courage, fell backwards “as falls a lifeless corse.” The jurors, and two surgeons, ran to his assistance: every means was tried to restore him to sensation. He, meanwhile, seized with violent convulsions, contorted his body in a thousand ways. After some time, he came to himself again, wiped his face, and stood up again at the bar; but, as soon as the judge, in a benignant voice, asked him if he was in a condition to take his trial, the prisoner answered “Yes,” and swooned anew in the very act. I was all pity at this, when one of the counselors, who, by the habit of his profession, are apt to become too sharp-sighted and insensible, told me that he did not deserve our compassion. He had noticed, that, in swooning, his countenance had not at all changed colour, and that the fire of his eyes was not at all darkened, far from being entirely extinguished, as is usually the case in faintings. “Therefore,” he said, “this is all art and hypocrisy in the prisoner, to soften his judges to pity, or gain a day of life.” So much trouble and dissimulation to gain a day of life! said I at first to myself, stoically; but I afterwards recollected that these Romans who were prodigal of their lives, and died like heroes for their country, when they presented themselves in the forum, dishevelled their hair, rent their garments, rolled themselves in the dust, and left nothing untried to move the pity of the judges, and avert the scythe of death from “dear life!” Dear indeed it is, and Homer had good reason to call it so often by this epithet.

The judge postponed the trial to the following day, and announced this delay to the prisoner.

The next day the accused re-appeared:—he no longer lost himself, he gave answers, he proposed questions:—and, at length, after a five hours' trial, the jury found him “Guilty.” The evidence was so clear and complete that the jury only deliberated a few minutes before they became unanimous. The judge then covered his head with a black cap of most antique cut, and pronounced sentence of death, which was received by the criminal with unassuming firmness. The sentence included the formula of the English law, that his body should be given to the surgeons for dissection: hence it may be said that the surgeons are the heirs of the hanged,—nor is the inheritance to be despised:—bodies for dissection are very scarce and expensive in England, so much so, that the surgeons have sometimes had grave disputes for the possession of a dead body, and have even gone to law on that account.

Two days after, the condemned criminal was hanged, a barbarous mode of putting a man to death, which the English palliate by the use of a constant poetical expression. “He was launched into eternity.”

The prisoner, an hour before going to the gallows, told the mayor that he died happy and contented, being persuaded that in another hour he should be in Paradise: and he was in fact quite resigned. He had been inspired with this hope by the minister of the Methodist sect, to which he belonged: this sect, of which I shall speak elsewhere, holds the dangerous doctrine, “The greater the sinner the greater the saint;” and according to a Methodist, faith in the Lord's grace is sufficient to procure his pardon for all the sins he ever committed, without the necessity of repentance. This doctrine is akin to that which Aristotle puts into the mouth of Rengorio, when, in the whale's throat, he comforts Adolpho, who is grieving at his heinous and infamous sins, with this stanza:—

* The author may here be presumed to paint too strongly.—Ed.

“To all men sin is common, and we read
That seven full times a day the just man falls;
Mercy divine hath ever, too, decreed
To pardon him who on that mercy calls;
Nay, o'er a sinner who of grace hath need,
Who strays, and then returns, when conscience
More joys there are o'er him in realms of heaven,
Than ninety-nine who need not be forgiven!”

This man, in all ages, and all times, goes about seeking an antidote for the fear of death. The Epicurean admitted no responsibility for actions beyond the tomb; the Stoic held that the goal of life is death, and that we live but to learn to die; the Pythagorean consoled himself with the idea of transmigration; and the Methodists, not content with the philosophical systems, have found out a still more eligible way of getting into Paradise.

UNITARIANS.

In England I found that more than thirty thousand persons profess this doctrine, and openly call themselves Unitarians, having for the last forty years abandoned their ancient denomination of “Presbyterians.”

I visited one of their places of worship, when I heard the whole congregation singing, to a sweet melody, accompanied by the organ, the following verses of a sacred hymn by Scott, in which universal toleration is recommended,—

“Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe!
When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould,
And Charity our lineage prove
Derived from Thee, the God of Love?”

The chapel had neither paintings, nor gold nor silver, nor ornaments of any kind: it was plain but decent. The congregation neatly dressed, were collected and composed, they were not making grimaces or ejaculations, squeezing their hands or rolling their eyes, but appeared attentive, and penetrated with the divine service which was then performing. The priest had no tonsure, nor any other distinctive mark than a black outer vestment, like a gown. He was a young man of thirty, gently dressed in black, with a shirt collar and cravat of the nicest whiteness. With simple and serious gestures, in a natural tone of voice, he delivered a discourse, which lasted three quarters of an hour, on the abolition of slavery, a subject which often comes under discussion in the house of commons, the slavery of the negroes in the English West India Colonies not being yet put an end to. He laid politics aside, and treated his subject exclusively in a religious point of view. I could not help approving this kind of preaching, which, in place of affrighting the mind, or irritating the passions, accustoms the mind to reason, and prepares it for receiving new impressions, and for the progress of civilisation. Two other hymns were sung, the minister read some verses of the Bible, and delivered a fervent prayer in English, and the congregation, after about an hour and a half's devotional exercise, broke up.

I may as well inform those who come to visit this island, well stored and well pleased with the good sayings of the continent, that the English are intolerant of all atheists, all deists and all infidels. Not that they imprison and burn them (for they would not burn even the giants who warred against Jove), but they feel a horror, or at least affect to feel it, at scepticism, which they call by a term we apply only to a very profane thing—infinity, and display the same horror at the slightest jest on religion. That which might pass for a joke before an archbishop in Italy, or a father inquisitor in Spain, would not be tolerated in England, even after the emptying of a couple of bottles of Port. It is true, indeed, that since the persecutions of 1793, the house of no dissenter has been burnt or plundered; opinions, thanks to education, have become milder and less acrimonious; but such is the bad odour in which the English hold an unbeliever, that it is almost equivalent to the Roman punishment of interdiction from fire and water, it is more than a Papal excommunication, because public opinion supports it; the greater part of the English fly his society. What Burke says in his “Observations on the French Revolution,” about the veneration the English nobility always profess for religion, is quite true. From Bollingbroke downwards it was perhaps only Lord Byron (among the nobles) who dared to direct sarcasms against religion, and he encour-

tered censure on every side. Bentham and Godwin, both of them commoners, have suffered it to transpire in their works that they are deists, and for that reason do not enjoy that popular esteem in their own country which their works deserve. There are many more who think like Bentham, but they are as cautious as Cicero's augurs when they met in the streets of Rome; I would wager that Voltaire is more read in Spain alone than in the three kingdoms of Great Britain; but not to mention Voltaire, Diderot, or Helvetius, I have never heard even D'Alembert once named, or any other of the philosophical deists of the last century, nor even Rousseau.

The works of the French philosophers are only read, or at any rate quoted, by the writers in the literary journals, who, like the Egyptian priests of old, possess, exclusively, the secret of this occult philosophy, and now and then condescend to quote the proscribed authors, only by way of showing that they can masticate the deadly poison without danger, as empires in Asia eat serpents without injury. In short, this aversion is so strong, (and, it may be said, so universally sincere), that in spite of the liberty of the press, no one thinks of printing irreligious publications, because he would be sure to find few or no readers, and to gain nothing but contempt. If there were readers of this kind, speculators on the taste would not long be wanting. Three years ago, an ordained priest of the church of England, Taylor by name, contrived to collect together in London a society of fifty persons, whose object was to discuss the existence or non-existence of Revelation: one evening the subject for discussion was, “The falsehood of all religions, except that of his majesty the king of England.” But schisms soon arose, and disputes were decided by raps on the head with bibles or benches, and the society was broken up by the magistrates. Mr. Taylor is under prosecution on a charge of blasphemy. If the founder and the audience had been more respectable, the society would not have kept together for the two years it did: but its own absurdity rendered it harmless.

The Unitarians have not long had a legal existence, or a public worship under that title, in England. In the time of William and Mary, unitarianism was still more abhorred by the dominant church than now, and was more decidedly held to be profanity and atheism: but by little and little this hatred has grown cool, and intolerance, after the occurrences and the last burst of intolerance in 1791, became so much respected, that the people are continually electing professors of that creed to represent them in the house of commons, for instance, Messrs. Smith, Marshall, Wood, &c.

The sect is ancient, and traces its descent from the puritans, who first began to make a noise in the reign of Mary; but the first chapel the Unitarians had (under this new name, which of itself shows the increase of courage in the sect, and tolerance in the government and people) was in Essex-street, London, in 1774. What principally contributed to the public establishment of their worship, was the learning, the intrepidity, the fame of a man who is better known to us by his discoveries in physics,—Dr. Joseph Priestley, of whom the Unitarians are with reason proud, as one of their warmest partisans.

I read, with much pleasure, the memoirs of this dissenting minister, crude theologian, celebrated chemist, and ardent friend of liberty and Franklin, written by himself, in a style exceedingly simple. He was born in 1733, at Fieldhead, six miles from Leeds, in the county of York. He was one of the warmest champions of the Unitarian sect and of freedom; for both these reasons he suffered, in his native country, the bitterest persecution. Many writers attacked him, with all the gall that is ever manifested in theological discussions. Although he wrote against scepticism, although he printed works on the evidences of the Christian religion, he was abused and maltreated as an atheist. While some of his friends were celebrating the anniversary of the French Revolution at Birmingham (the 14th of July 1791), a bandful of rabble, incited by some of the persons in power, burnt the Unitarian chapel in which he used to preach, another Unitarian meeting in the town, and his house, together with his library and chemical apparatus. The same mob destroyed the houses of many other dissenters, his friends. To moderate the joy which the father-inquisitors might feel on hearing the narrative of these conflagrations, it is necessary to add, that they were kindled more by the political fury which was at that time excited by the government, than by any spirit of intolerance. Priestley was forced to take refuge in London, in disguise, and remained for some time concealed in the house of a friend. For the same reasons he was obliged to withdraw from the Royal Society of London, of which

he was a member, to avoid an ill reception from many of his colleagues. Finally on the 8th of April 1794, at the age of sixty-two, in order to escape, once for all, from persecution, he abandoned England, and went, with his family, to settle in the town of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in the United States of America. Foreigners, by their esteem and affection, repaid him for the injustice of his countrymen: the national assembly of France constituted him a French citizen; and several departments of the republic, when the convention was established, invited him to become their representative. The convention, in the sequel, conferred the honour of citizenship on his son, and offered him the same; but it was declined by both. Arrived in America, he was visited and honoured by persons of high distinction, the professorship of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania was offered him, numbers became followers of his religious doctrines,—and he could freely, openly, and tranquilly make his profession of unitarianism. This sect in England generously assisted him with money in all his vicissitudes. It is worthy of observation, that while Sheridan, many years afterwards conspicuous for political eloquence and his comic genius, was abandoned, by his friends and his party, in extreme indigence and misery two days before his death, Priestley was always affluent, through the liberality of his fellow-sectarians;—such is the difference between political and religious fanaticism.*

From the persecution endured by Dr. Priestley (which I have given an account of for that purpose,) and from those which the catholics continually suffer in Ireland from the Orangemen, it may safely be inferred, that in England religious liberty is not so solid and inviolable as in Holland, or the United States of America.

Dr. Priestley held the doctrine of necessity; that is, that every thing is for the best. This Panglossian philosophy kept him firm, ready, and intrepid, through all the trials of life. He died in America, in 1804, at the age of 72.

From the emigration of Dr. Priestley the sect has gone on augmenting in numbers to such a degree, that now, whether from the mildness of the times, or its greater importance, it is no longer persecuted, except from the pulpit. It numbers between thirty and forty thousand followers. The church of England is an ally of monarchy, and preaches from time to time the doctrine of passive obedience and divine right, (which the king of England himself does not pretend to,) as in the reign of the Stuarts, its adulation towards the king and the ministers goes sometimes to an extreme,—while the unitarian ministers are in favour of a liberal mixed government of king, lords, and commons; and, without desiring a republic, are for the maximum of liberty compatible with the order and dignity of the government. All the unitarian members of parliament speak and act according to this way of thinking.

This sect is not anxious to make proselytes,—and it makes few among the poor, because they are ignorant, and few among the rich, because they are in general servile to the powers that be, or negligent in the examination of the doctrine they profess.

The chapels of the unitarians are generally to be found in towns, and especially manufacturing towns. The rural population almost entirely follow the church of England. They have neither the time nor opportunity to examine, nor the resolution to separate from, the religion of their masters. Freedom of thought is cherished, animated, and protected in the towns: they swarm with dissenters of every creed, while in the country the tapering spires or gothic towers of the churches are seen rising every where without a rival, in the commercial towns the dissenting chapels (which cannot have steeples) are met at every step. The English towns are now the native land of every species of liberty, political, religious, or commercial.

In the town of Birmingham, fourteen thousand boys and girls of the lowest orders are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, in gratuitous schools; 2400 of these belong to the church of England, and the remaining 11,600 to various sects of dissenters.

There are more than eighty unitarian chapels in England and Wales: let it be added, that in the United States of America they are still more numerous, and that they begin even to scatter themselves over the East Indies, where one of the rich Brahmins, (Rammohun Roy,) by the mere perusal of the Old and New Testament, having, by himself alone, become converted to the unitarian faith, is now, by his writings and his influence, made pro-

selytes in Calcutta, among the idolaters: to which end it still preserves the title and habit of a Brahmin. As to the opinion of Voltaire, that our times are no longer favourable to new religions,—of the twenty other sects which have arisen since Voltaire wrote his treatise on Socinus, I will here only make mention of the methodists, who now amount, in England, to more than a million, and are still more numerous in America.

METHODISTS, RANTERS AND JUMPERS.

When Voltaire hazarded that opinion of his, he had not reflected that the free inquiry which is the foundation of the Protestant religion, will be a perennial fountain of new opinions, to which piety and ambition will give chiefs and followers. Man is an ape; when he is a slave, he does nothing but imitate; but when his mind is free, it is not content with copying, but goes in search of variety, of novelty, nay, even of extravagance; and delights in arriving at the same end, by a hundred different ways. In politics, how many kinds of government have nations invented when they were masters of the selection! How many different republics were there in Magna Grecia, and in Greece, before the time of Aristotle! How many different forms still were there in Italy, in the middle ages! How many different constitutions are there every day in Switzerland! All had liberty for their aim, but each chose a different way of obtaining it. Thus, in literature, the aim is the beautiful and the pleasing, but by how many different paths does it arrive at that! Uniformity, unanimity, is, in general, only the effect of oppression and despotism, which draws up, modifies, and arranges, all brains into one mould, in the same manner as bricks and tiles.

To make oneself the founder of a sect, is not an enterprise so very arduous. Three or four students unite together at the University of Oxford, to read the Old and New Testament *methodically*: they draw from them some interpretations likely to cultivate the mind of the rude multitude, such as "instantaneous conversion," "sudden reconciliation of the sinner with God,"—a sonorous voice, a little eloquence, insinuating manners, some charity, some virtues, and in the beginning, some exaggeration and some quackery, to catch the weak minded,—these are the means of very soon drawing together a crowd of proselytes. The new principles are first broached in the churches,—if they encounter some opposition there, the preachers go out into the fields, in the open air, and expound with all their might and main: the rudest and most uncultivated parts of the population are selected, such as the coal, tin, and iron miners, &c. This is an abridgment of the history of Whitfield and the two brothers Wesley, founders of the sect now called *Methodists*, from the strict method they pursued in their studies at the University of Oxford, about the year 1740.

Scarcely, however, was the new sect of methodists founded, before it divided into several sects, into New Methodists, Ranters, and Jumpers. The arithmetic of sects, says an English theologian, proceeds from multiplication to division. The methodists, properly so called, and the new methodists, who compose the greater part of these sectarians, differ little, or not at all, in their cardinal maxims, from the church of England. The ranters and jumpers are, however, to say the truth, a little extravagant in their ceremonies. I wished to see the jumpers; they are accustomed to jump, at the same time singing, "Glory, Glory," until their strength failing, they fall on the ground. The most robust are the most meritorious. This new kind of Pantheists I should have liked to see, but their congregations are in Wales, which I have not yet visited. I was therefore obliged to content myself with the sight of a religious festival of another branch of the extravagant methodists called Ranters. It was the month of May, the *love feast* was celebrating, that is, the communion of the Lord's Supper, or the corresponding communion of the sect. The ranters have no priests, those among them who are the least clownish, and the boldest in public speaking, take the part of ministers. The form of the communion consists in the handing of pieces of bun to every one, by a servant of the chapel. On this day the ranters relate in a loud voice the method of their conversion, which they call "new birth," one after another they get up as if influenced by the spirit to tell the day, the month, the year, the hour in which their conversion was effected. They begin softly, and in their natural voice, then, as if some unseen spirit had entered into them, go on rolling their eyes and elevating their voice in such a *crescendo*, that it rather affrights than edifies. If the reign of the devil in *propria persona* were not at an end, I should have thought them possessed. I had one near me with a voice like a cathedral bell, and

who moved his arms about as much as a wind-mill. Even the ladies displayed their eloquence, and their inspiration: this cackling and howling continued for two hours. I went out confounded, but thought nevertheless that all this bellowing might be sincere, because, their imaginations being predisposed, the examples of the others, and the presence of the public, may operate to inflame their enthusiasm to this pitch. The following day the congregation went singing hymns by the way, to an open field,—and here the orators had an opportunity of satiating their mania for eloquence. One of them preached on his return in Nottingham market-place for three hours, surrounded by an immense multitude: the others meanwhile did what they wanted, as if he were preaching in the desert. By good luck this love-feast recurs only once a year.

But is not all this miscellany of religious creeds an evil, a scandal, at least a disorder? "No," one day said to me a polished and handsome lady, who was devout through conviction, "I believe that this diversity of opinions is not an evil; that it stimulates emulation, and keeps up the flame of love for religion, and that without it we should probably relapse into indifference. It is evident, that even in this liberty of thinking is conformable to the ends of Providence." "I concede it, but does it not produce theological disputes and wars?" "Discussions it does," rejoined she, "but not wars. And discussions, when they are learnedly and liberally sustained, on both sides, keep minds in activity, and promote the spirit of search and analysis." "I concede even this, but at least you will agree, madam, that this variety of sects tends to render them divided, and odious to each other." "I cannot entirely deny what you advance, but if, in one point of view, it promotes division, in the other it makes each of them more circumspect in conduct, and induces those of the same sect to assist one another with greater warmth, and to keep up a rivalry in well informed ministers, and above all, in gratuitous schools for poor children, and colleges for the youth of the respectable classes. For example, when the Quakers' Lancaster had discovered and diffused his method of mutual instruction, the church of England was constrained to invent and adopt a system almost similar to that of Bell, and *vice versa*, the Sunday schools for poor children being first established in the church, the dissenters, not to be behind hand in the work of charitable instruction, eagerly set up Sunday schools for the children of their own persuasion. Thus you see, the good effects of this rivalry are much greater than the bad." "It appears to me, madam, that you are very well prepared for these discussions; but pray does not government lose some of its power by this multiplicity of discordant opinions?" Here the lady cast down her eyes, and went on with the landscape she was drawing as a keepsake for a female friend, suspending the argument on her side, because the English ladies never enter into political disputes. In her place, a gentleman, who, while reading the newspaper, had heard our discussion, took up the conversation by observing, "If the hand of government is not so strong, the danger of its despotism is the less: you must be aware that the dissenters were the champions of the revolution under Charles the First. But we will leave those strong times to themselves, and speak of other advantages procured by them, without fanaticism and without bloodshed. To the multiplication of sects we are indebted for many changes favourable to liberty, both religious and political. It is to their perseverance and the increase of their number, that we owe the almost total destruction of the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and bishops, which, one hundred and fifty years ago, under Charles the Second and James the Second, was stoutly maintained by the greater part of the members of the church of England. It is also a consequence of the sects having become powerful, in numbers, in learned men, in wealth, and in illustrious examples, that the lower orders of the people are no longer the close allies of the church they were in the reigns of the two first Georges, when they were always ready, at the slightest signal from the clergy and the country justices, to throw themselves on the nonconformists, and level their conventicles with the ground. The people is no longer the Leviathan, the ferocious beast in whose form Hobbes personified it, ready for violence, and furious when its master gave the signal. Now the lower classes ask for reason before they act. Many ecclesiastical abuses have been exposed to their view, and many religious errors of the church triumphantly confuted, and now they are ashamed of being, as they once were, held in vassalage by the church, and obliged to take the field at the cry 'The church is in

* The author does not properly discriminate. Sheridan was not a man to be benefited by gifts of money which were lavished on the bottle, while Priestley, the champion of a sect, was to be sustained for future efforts.—Ed.

* Lancaster wore the garb of Friends, but was not a member.—Ed.

danger!" This is the point of view in which the sects ought to be regarded, and not in that of the theological disputations between them and the church, or the ceremonies and ridiculous rites of some of them." Here the lady, leaving off her sketching, and holding the pencil with infinite grace between her fingers, asked me if I had never seen the baptismal ceremony of the sect called "Baptists." I told her, no; and then she added, "If you go to-morrow at eleven o'clock to the Baptist meeting-house, you will see the baptism of several young persons, which is then to be celebrated; go, but be serious." The next morning I failed not to follow the advice of my lovely devotee, and, exactly at eleven o'clock, entered a little, neat, and commodious chapel, holding not more than four or five hundred persons, which was that belonging to the Baptists, who do not like to be called Anabaptists.

BAPTISTS.

The service commenced with the singing of some hymns, appropriate to the ceremony: then the minister made, or at any rate, recited *impromptu* a comment on the passage of the New Testament relating to the baptism of Christ in the river Jordan. He insisted principally on the point, that the words of Jesus, and the example set by him, and followed by others in the gospel, were much to be preferred to human inventions (by which he meant the common form of baptism). If the premises were admitted, the inference would be just. So convincing did the reasons he gave appear to the preacher, that he could not help advancing and pressing on in his discourse, as a general vigorous presser on the rear of a flying enemy. I was not so much astonished at his persuasion that he had decided, without appeal, the question, whether a man ought to have his head only immersed in the water, or enter altogether into it,—as in some degree mortified, at hearing myself told, by implication, that I was "all baptized." No matter—I remembered I was in a land of toleration, and within myself forgave the preacher the involuntary affront. After the sermon, and after some more hymns had been sung, the proselytes who were to receive the ordinance, filed off into the adjoining rooms to strip. It is, of course, necessary that the baptist chapels should be built like bathing houses. In fact, there was an ample cistern of water in front of the pulpit, about four feet deep, with steps to ascend and descend. Adjoining the chapel, behind the pulpit, are two rooms for dressing and undressing, one for the women, and one for the men. There were five young women to be baptized, between the ages of eighteen and twenty. They came out dressed in a white habit, tied round the neck, with a large white coil on their heads. These descended the steps one at a time, and placed themselves before the priest, who stood immersed to above the knee in the water, in this representative of the Jordan, enveloped in a large black gown. The minister pronounced in English, before the young woman also immersed in the water, the words, "I baptize thee in the name," &c. &c.; and, as soon as he had uttered these words, plunged the poor young woman entirely into the water. After some splashing, she was quickly lifted up again, and immediately taken away to be dried and dressed. Some of them, choked by the water, set up a shriek in the very act of being ducked. Not a young man, who was baptized in the same style, of the age, perhaps, of about twenty-five, black bearded, with none of his clothes off, but in his coat, trousers, waistcoat, and shoes, he entered as he was into the cistern; and, as one accustomed to swim across a river, underwent the ceremony as if it were a mere wash.

For myself, I can only say that it was terribly hot in this crowded little chapel, being the first of June; and that the heat, more than anything else, convinced me that the baptists have special good reason on their side in the summer. I was told, however, that many members of the sect, not liking the ceremony either in summer or winter, neglect receiving baptism altogether; which, with these sectaries, is not a sacrament, or an essential right, but merely an explicit declaration (made at the age when a man knows what he is doing) that he enters into the communion of Christians. From the book of Dr. Evans it appears that some of the baptists, in order to be more consistent, and to follow the gospel with the utmost possible exactness, instead of celebrating baptism in the artificial Jordan, go to the banks of a real and actual river, and there dip themselves with all the precision imaginable.

QUAKERS.

The banker, Fry, a rich quaker of London,* and a man extremely courteous to all the foreigners who have recommendations to him, the first day I made his acquaintance, invited me to dine with him at his brother in law's, Mr. Buxton, the member of parliament, and told me to ask for him, in order that he might present me to his host. At six o'clock precisely, I gave a sonorous knock at the door of Mr. Buxton's house; the servant, thinking me one of the guests, opens the door, and shows me the way to the dining room, and I, believing it so arranged by Mr. Fry, enter with all confidence and intrepidity; when, behold! I find myself in the midst of a great number of guests at table, with no Mr. Fry to be seen. Such a mishap might disconcert any body, and especially one who spoke English rather ill, and yet ought by rights to justify, by the finest phrases of the *Galates*, his extemporaneous appearance among unknown and astonished individuals. But what would not his surprise have been at finding himself, as I did, in the midst of the smoke of the viands, and several blazing candles, in the presence of a number of ladies, uniformly dressed, after the fashion of nuns, with handkerchiefs like the tuckers they wear, with countenances smooth as mirrors, untouched by the passions, and of four men, with their faces covered with paint, great rings dangling from their ears, others still larger from their noses, and a dress of many colours, covered all over with chains and Spanish dollars? But there was no time to turn an absolute statue for astonishment,—for these gentle ladies, with a smile still more sweet than that which is usually seen on the countenances of Englishwomen, and manner still more familiar, invited me, each more pressing than another, to seat myself at table. Had I been in Italy, I should have believed the party some pleasant masquerade; but in England, truly I could not guess what it could possibly be. While I was guessing where I could have got to, acknowledging the many kind offers of the ladies, and eyeing those four kings of cards sort of faces, Mr. Fry arrived and explained the mistake which the guests might believe I had committed: and it is now my turn to explain the enigma of those four extraordinary table companions. The gentlemen who had so many things dangling from their ears and noses, were four chiefs of Indian tribes in Canada, assuming to themselves the title of kings, who had arrived a short time before in London, to complain before *their brother* the king of England, of some unjust proceedings of the governor of Canada;—the ladies were quakeresses, and among them was the celebrated Mrs. Fry, who, to benevolence and information, unites a solemn, peaceful, and majestic aspect. This is the somewhat singular manner in which I made the acquaintance of this lady-friend,† who, as is well known, has, by her example, established a society of missionaries, who preach in the prisons of the women in confinement.

Every mystery cleared up, and legally installed at the table, I took part, without reserve, in the general good humour, and, having discovered that the four kings talked French well enough, having been educated by the French jesuits, of whom they spoke with little of either respect or gratitude, I diverted myself exceedingly by asking them no fewer questions on their country than the syndic of the city did Voltaire's Huron. When dinner was ended, when the procession of bottles round the tables commenced, each with his baptismal name in silver round his neck, the master of the house requested one of their painted majesties to explain in their own language (the better to divert us) the complaints they were to carry before the English government. The most advanced in age rose up with much complaisance, and delivered a discourse, which an interpreter, who travelled along with them, afterwards translated for us. The most remarkable thing in this savage harangue was, that they were very much surprised that, although they had been a month in London, *their brother*, the king of England, had not yet given them audience. Mr. Buxton then took up the discourse in English (that they in their turn might not understand a word), and vindicated the honour of his government by saying, that perhaps the multiplicity of affairs had till now hindered it from hearing their complaints, but that it would not delay doing them justice. Let not this formality of speech-making appear ridiculous, because it is the national cus-

tom at every dinner of any importance to follow the forms of parliament. As almost all great affairs are carried on at dinner, it was necessary, to avoid the confusion and uproar that would otherwise arise during the circulation of the bottles, to adopt parliamentary usages. This has so penetrated into their most familiar habits, that the English never talk all together in chorus (as they do in certain countries); but, amongst them, talking one after another is a thing as natural in a discussion as putting out one leg after the other in a walk. I must here observe, by the by, that among the other resemblances (and I could point out many, were this the proper place) between the British empire and the ancient Roman, is that of the protection which the members of the house of commons or English senate offer, with a laudable pride, to individuals, provinces, and kings of all the world, who think themselves aggrieved. Thus Mr. Buxton had engaged, with the assistance of his friends in parliament, to procure the reparation of the wrongs of these four Indian caciques, if their charges should prove well founded. Justice is not always done, nor can it always be done, in the English parliament; but injustice is at least published to all the world, by the sound of the trumpet. How many kings and emperors, who flattered themselves with the hope of concealing their crimes beneath the mantle of justice, have been thus unmasked and shown to all their contemporaries, with the dagger in their hand with which they assassinated their subjects!

The politeness of these caciques was extreme. After tea, without waiting for much asking, they sung and danced according to their Indian manner. Although the quakers approve of neither music nor dancing, it seemed to me as if the friends and friendesses, who were there present, took the song and dance of these royal personages in excellent part, though the former was horrible and the latter frightful. But such is the sorcery of the very name of king, that had there been quakers at the court of Leo the Second,* even they, perhaps, would have found the howlings of his Leonine majesty most harmonious.

At eleven the party broke up. Mr. Fry politely inviting me to pass the night at his country house, about ten miles distant from London: I entered his carriage with much pleasure, and, after having missed the road two or three times (for the coachman, not being a quaker, did not observe the sobriety of quakers), at two o'clock in the morning we arrived at a villa which, as I saw next day, had all the cleanliness, neatness, and order (without any useless pomp or ornament), which are the characteristics of the sect.

The next morning I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of all the family, servants and servant maids included; for, according to the custom of the sect, before breakfast, we all assembled in a room to hear read a passage from the Bible. One of the sons accordingly read to us some part of Scripture, I now forget what, without any ceremony or prayer, because this sect uses no prayers of any kind, even at their meeting on Sunday, where every one passes two hours seated in meditation (I do not know on what subject). As accident would have it, this was the day on which Mrs. Fry was accustomed to preach in the great prison of London (Newgate); I asked of her a ticket of admission, with her signature, and, after taking leave of the family, flew alone to London, with a celt in a stanlope, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and soon found myself at the entrance of the gloomy prison of Newgate. After passing through five or six well ironed doors, I was introduced into a room on the second floor, where several English and foreign travellers were already assembled, in some distinct seats on the right hand side. The fame of Mrs. Fry, the novelty of the institution, and the curiosity felt by Englishmen to see in London what they have already read magnified in the newspapers, always draw many spectators together on this day. The most numerous audience; however, is composed of from forty to fifty uniformly and decently dressed women, who are under sentence of transportation. Of these I will speak presently.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fry made her entrance, with a countenance of serenity, and a mien naturally majestic, accompanied by two other quaker females as *aides-de-camp*, and took her seat at a little table in the midst of the room, on which lay a large Bible, with the gravity of an archbishop. After reading some verses aloud with a clear voice and distinct pronunciation, she delivered a comment or rather a sermon upon them, which from its simplicity contrasted strongly with the figurative and orien-

* The banking house of which Mr. Fry was a member has, we are informed, since failed.—Ed.

† The quakers call their sect "The Society of Friends." I should not have made use of the name quaker, which in English is a term of little respect, were it not the name by which these sectaries are known in Italy.

* See the fable of the Speaking Animals (Gli Animali Parlanti).

tal style of the text, and lasted a good half hour. I looked to see if this proceeding produced any effect on the countenances of the prisoners. But whether it was that the discourse was very moving (for the quakers guard themselves from inflaming the passions, even the virtuous ones, and their countenances bear witness of it), or that the hearts of these prisoners were harder than the bars of their prison, I did not discover in them the slightest sign of contrition—nay, I detected some who were throwing about malicious glances in an almost ironical smile. A disciple of Lavater would not have let the observation escape him that the greater part of these had rather puffed up faces, round and prominent eyes and little eyebrows, which aspect in young persons usually denotes heedlessness or impudence. A great number of these women have been guilty of repeated thefts, and are transported to Botany Bay for seven or fourteen years, and some even for life. They go to populate that immense island, from which perhaps will spring up one day another valorous race of Romans, who will boast of their nobility when they can trace their descent, without interruption in the quarters, to this lofty origin. All the time up to their embarkation they are under the charge of some of the quakeresses, who attend to correcting their morals, acustoming them to work, and preventing quarrels and abuse among them. Those who conduct themselves best are recommended to the clemency of the king, and the product of their labours, joined to the alms left them by visitors, serve to provide them with articles of dress and equipments for their voyage.

When the prisoners were gone, Mrs. Fry came to converse with us, and told us that she had received letters from Mexico and St. Petersburg, which informed her that some ladies of those two capitals had followed her example with good success. In England other quaker ladies, imitating the example of Mrs. Fry, discharge the same pious mission in various of the prisons. Many, however, doubt if such proceedings, instead of improving and correcting the prisoners, will make any thing of them but hypocrites. I myself took the trouble to ask the opinion of several sensible jailers, and found they also believed they would lead to nothing but hypocrisy. But is not even feigned repentance (supposing it feigned) always better than the impudent triumph of crime? And the good are preached to that they may become better, is it not still more natural that the bad should be preached to that they may become good? In fact the minister Peel, who understands these matters very well, and has superintended for many years the discipline of the prisons, has always, instead of opposing obstacles to the practice as prejudicial, been liberal of his patronage to Mrs. Fry.

This then is the way in which Mrs. Fry, disdaining the idleness her riches offered for her acceptance, has succeeded in discovering an occupation which does honour to her heart, and has for its object the amelioration of the condition of individuals and of society. This is the way that the quakers, in spite of their dark coats without metal buttons, of their broad brimmed hats, and of some customs in speaking, which arc, to say the truth, a little strange, have supported themselves against the ridicule which overwhelms so many, by searching for every method of becoming useful to their fellow creatures. They united, they spoke, they acted with the philanthropists who procured the abolition of the slave trade. At the present day, they never cease striving for the entire abolition of the slavery in the English colonies in America. Many of them use East Indian sugar in their families, though much dearer than the other, to discredit and cheapen the West Indian sugar, bathed with the sweat and blood of negroes. They signed the petition to parliament to put a stop to the barbarous custom, in use at Malabar and other provinces subject to the English government in India, of the widows burning themselves to death on the funeral piles of their husbands. When the Greeks in the first years of their revolution were in want of powder, of bread, and even of salt, the quakers were the first to collect for their assistance nine thousand pounds sterling. They form the (unarmed) vanguard of every philanthropic enterprise. The best English grammar was composed by a quaker, Mr. Murray. The schools of mutual instruction were invented by Mr. Lancaster, and Mr. Allen made the discovery known, thus spreading through all Europe as it were a vaccination against ignorance. The infant schools are now kept in life by the quakers. The discipline of the prisons continually occupies the attention of the sect. But I wish to point out another improvement originating in them, and which has not perhaps yet been sufficiently talked of in Europe, although it forms the admiration of all the travellers in England.

THE RETREAT;

OR, LUNATIC ASYLUM, NEAR YORK.

I shall never be weary of repeating that England is a country rather to make observations, than to seek amusement in—it is a great scientific treatise. Its theatres are the arsenals of Deptford and Portsmouth, or the East and West India docks; its paintings are the manufactures of Glasgow, of Manchester, of Leeds, of Halifax; its coliscums, arches, and arenas, are its smoky shops and factories, with which whole provinces are covered; its *champs-elysées* are the iron mines of Wales, the tin mines of Cornwall, the coal mines of Newcastle. England is not the island of Alcina, where the inhabitants pass their days in song and careless laughter, to become afterwards plants and bears. Let us remember, that the English are the *men of Europe*. They laugh little (perhaps too little), but they study instead how to render life as little unhappy as possible, and to tame and educate the often feral mankind.

I have found it useful to confront the opinion of some writer on public economy, with the example on a grand scale, which England presents on almost every point of the science. I remember, for instance, that Ricci says, in a passage of his valuable work on "Charitable Establishments," that there is no country in the world, where on an equal area there are so many institutions of public beneficence as in the city of Modena. Now I am at this very time in a city of England—York,—so full of pious institutions, hospitals, gratuitous dispensaries, and especially orphan houses and free schools, that I should be very much surprised, if, comparing the small area of this city of twenty thousand inhabitants with that of Modena, it did not, on this merit, far surpass it. But, setting aside this partial comparison, and extending it, instead, between the whole of the island and an equal superficies of Italy, I am certain that the last would be transferred to England. [I do not mean to speak of Ireland, which is now unjustly paying back a part of the evils and persecutions the catholics once made the protestants suffer.] It swarms with hospitals, retreats, infirmaries, asylums, colleges, and schools, maintained at private expense, and conducted according to the direction of the benefactors. I have visited numbers, but I shall not attempt to describe them. An estimable friend of mine, Count Arrivabene, of Mantua, has already for two years given himself up with ardour to this undertaking. I could never hope to equal, much less to surpass, the diligence and the fervour he has expended on a work, in which his intellect is seconded and strengthened by his heart. As, however, I had opportunities, in the course of my long residence at York, of examining attentively the Retreat, or Lunatic Hospital, erected there by the quakers, thirty years ago, I hope my friend will pardon me if I trespass a little on his jurisdiction.

I confess, then, that one of my inducements to speak of it arises from the disgusting recollection which

"With frighl

Still bathes my heart in sweat,"

implanted in my mind by the hospital outside the gates of Milan, called La Senavra; and by that of the Bicetre, a short distance from Paris. Let not this observation be taken in ill part: I do not wish to make it a reflection on either France or Italy; for in England itself, establishments of this kind, in times past, were conducted in a most shameful manner; so that, although their government are even now brought before parliament of the ill usage of persons in these asylums. It is only thirty years since a more enlightened philanthropy has corrected their errors, and suppressed their abuses. It was the Retreat of York that set the example of a better considered humanity, and served as a model for the reforms which were afterwards eagerly introduced in the other hospitals. It was a novelty (I say it in the teeth of those "Turco-Christian governments which have not novelties" that effected such extensive good.) This is the principal reason for which I esteem it not unuseful to give a few heads of the system. I am not, however, the first to speak of it. M. Delavie, a medical man of Geneva, gave a description of it in 1798, in the "Bibliothèque Britannique;" but the establishment was then in its infancy—it had been in existence only two years. It afterwards underwent some additions to the buildings, and some variations in the regimen; it will not, therefore, be a useless or presumptuous repetition to relate the results confirmed by thirty years experience.

It is a real phenomenon of human nature, that the English, who are distinguished among other nations for solid reason, should be the most subject to the loss of it.

Madness, that terrible malady which destroys the most important of all health—that of the mind, attacks almost every class in England. The last king, George the Third, lost, from time to time, the use of reason; Castlereagh, one of his ministers, killed himself in a fit of frenzy; the eloquent Romilly, through the same malady, destroyed his own life; Cowper, one of the sweetest poets in England,—Collins, one of the best lyrists,—and Swift, a very witty writer both in prose and verse, were subject to attacks of melancholy, a conventional term to veil the horror that the name of madness inspires. Most of the suicides committed in the foggy month of November, and even in other months, are occasioned by strong fits of gloom. It is hard to say what is the average number of persons thus afflicted in England, because the government does not maintain a central office of statistics, as in France; but, from what I have under my own eye, I am able to say that there are, in the city in which I write, two hundred and fifty insane persons, in two different hospitals, collected from a population of 400,000 souls. The number will appear very great, especially when it is considered, that, besides these hospitals, there are many private mad-houses, the number of patients in which I cannot state.

The Englishman, so steaked against every sort of danger, cannot sustain the weight of misfortune, or sometimes even that of weariness; one of them killed himself because he could not endure the *force* of dressing and undressing every day. An Englishman can remain two years on board a vessel on a cruise, without being tired, because he is taken up with the delight of consulting the winds and waves, and with the enemies of his country. In a storm, no man is more fearless, patient, and enduring—he is more than a man. But when the stoical courage of suffering is required, without the stimulus of danger or exertion, he is less than other men. However much the Bible may be read in England, the example of Job has made few converts there. Thus love, which we look upon as a sort of game at blind-man's-buff, soon turns the brain of an Englishman; unaccustomed to any of the passions, his heart easily surrenders at the assault of one of them, as those who live too long in peace do not know how to go to war; or, as he who is not used to wine, becomes intoxicated with but a little. It is, perhaps, because alienation of mind is so frequent a malady in their country that the English writers paint it so excellently. The feigned insanity of Hamlet and the true madness of King Lear, are perhaps two of the finest and most inimitable pictures in Shakspeare. Almost every poet has the description of a lunatic: Crabbe has his Thomas Grey; Cowper his wandering girl of the mountain, who, betrayed by a sailor, and bereft of reason, passes the time filling her sleeve with pins. The madness of the father of Agnes, in Paer's opera, is taken from a novel of Mrs. Opie, of Norwich. Who, too, does not recollect the poor Maria described by Sterne, and for love, with her little dog always by her side, the only being in the world who had remained faithful to her?

Great, therefore, is the number of asylums erected in all parts of England for the reception of these unfortunates; some of them are answerable to the opulence of the nation, as the New Bethlem of London, a vast and magnificent edifice. But the most magnificent in appearance are not always the best managed establishments, still less those which contain large numbers of patients; this is become a general principle in charitable institutions of every sort—magnificence brings on expensiveness; great numbers, negligence.

Let not the traveller, then, expect to see in the Retreat a palace with Corinthian columns, superb peristyle, and other superfluous ornaments. The Retreat has in its look the modesty of beneficence; it resembles the country house of some private individual not fond of luxury or pomp; it has all the simplicity of its founders, the quakers. To tell the truth, its form is somewhat irregular; the interior compartments might be better arranged, the staircases more simple, the passages better ventilated and more cheerful; its architecture, at least will not serve for a model. It was designed at first as a receptacle for only thirty quakers, and having been afterwards enlarged, to meet the increased demand, the additions spoiled its symmetry, and produced defects which did not exist in the original design. At present the number of patients amounts to eighty. The hospitals afterwards erected elsewhere, have been built in a better and more ornamental style, without being too luxurious.

The situation of the Retreat, however, compensates fully for the inconvenience of its plan. It is seated on an eminence, about half a mile from the city, and at much the same distance from the river Ouse. In front, an agreeable prospect opens, of a fertile plain, scattered here and

there with clumps of trees—and, towards the northeast, a chain of hills at the distance of twenty-five miles, closes the horizon. Every thing in the house breathes the same simplicity, cordiality, order, and quietness, which reign in private families. When I was there, the superintendent himself had the kindness to accompany me throughout, and to satisfy all my enquiries.

Commencing from the door, I could perceive nothing to awaken the idea of a prison: no window bars, no iron gates, no guards. On the contrary, I found that every idea even of seclusion is removed. At the entrance I met some female servants, buxom and gay, with the most florid health, imprinted on their cheeks. I was introduced into a reception room, on the ground floor, as clean and well furnished as that of an English gentleman. I visited the whole of the hospital, from top to bottom, eliciting a curious eye through all the chambers, and I saw neither chains, nor iron bars:—I heard no cries, no howling, no lamentations,—all was in the utmost neatness, no bad smell, and every where the most perfect ventilation. Out of about eighty patients, male and female, there was not one in a state of coercion. Let the reader be assured, that in this I do not use false colours or exaggerations: in this matter, truth is a duty more than ever sacred!

In the day, each sex has two court yards to walk in, and two rooms to meet in, with a fire, surrounded by a guard, shut at top like a cage, to prevent any accident, but the windows are not grated. In the sitting room of the quiet mad people, they are three feet and a half wide, and six feet high, with the panes fixed in sashes of painted iron, instead of lead; the only precaution taken, and a most judicious one. In the room set apart for the raving, who never exceed seven or eight out of eighty, the glass windows are doubled, and four feet and a quarter from the ground, to take away from the patients too ready an opportunity of breaking them, or injuring themselves. These windows are so contrived, that while they admit air and afford security, they bear the appearance of common windows,—an innocent and salutary deception, since it conduces to quiet the imagination. The danger incurred in similar hospitals from the furious efforts of these unhappy beings, has been exaggerated: the error always committed, is the believing human nature to be worse than it is: hence sharp and violent measures have been resorted to, which only tend to irritate it, and make it become really bad. In England, the opposite system, that of mildness, is practised, not only with children, not only with kings and madmen, but even with animals, and especially horses. The good results leave no longer any doubt which of these methods is preferable. In respect to madmen, it is now confirmed by experience, that not only are severe and coercive methods pernicious, but that it is necessary to withdraw from the senses and the imagination even the idea of rigour, much more that of chains and imprisonment. The average number of madmen restrained with cords or strait waistcoats rarely exceeds two. In cases of raving madness, the patient is merely shut up in a dark and quiet room, that he may be deprived of the excitements of light and sound, besides that of external objects, which are apt to heat the fancy. Solitary confinement in darkness is an efficacious remedy, already tried with good success in the prisons of Philadelphia (which were also established by a quaker, with a new code of regulations), to soften the spirit of incorrigible criminals. This isolation disposes the maniac to sleep, and, if he shows no disposition to suicide, the strait waistcoat is not put on, and he can walk about and extend himself at will upon his bed. Those amongst them who are disposed to suicide, are in the day time restrained by a strait waistcoat, and in the night tied down in their beds, but so that they can freely turn themselves. This bed is so ingenious, that I am sorry it cannot be well described in words.

When I entered the sitting rooms, some were playing, some reading, some writing; while others were collected about the guard surrounding the fire. In the women's rooms, most of the inmates were at work, and a person coming in, without being apprised beforehand, would believe himself at first among persons of sound mind, so complete are the decorum and tranquillity which the matron knows how to preserve.

The patients who are well off have separate and more elegant rooms, and, instead of the court yard, a garden to walk in. They had in their apartments both newspapers and books; one of them was contemplating a portrait, which he had, he told me, drawn at midnight; it was that of his Dulcinea. Showing it to me, he asked if I did not recognise it, and I did not hesitate to reply in the affirmative. He was a well dressed young

man of good address,—one of the many victims of love. He took my arm, and led me to walk with him in the garden, asked me the news, and, afterwards, whenever walking with his keeper in the public road, was sure to recognise me, and stopped to bid me good day. I saw also in the distance a man who, although it was the month of December, was digging the ground with all his might with a pick axe. I asked the superintendent who he was, and he told me he was a farmer, very skillful in agriculture, who always recovered by labour the use of reason, which deserted him almost periodically every two or three years. These two examples are neither very extraordinary nor very interesting, but I have added them to show most decidedly, that in the regimen pursued at the Retreat, there is nothing complicated, metaphysical, or transcendental: but that every thing depends on making the patients believe that they are in a place of quietness, and among friends, just as if they had gone into the country for the benefit of their health.

Besides the pleasure ground, there is a kitchen garden, which supplies them with vegetables. The most respectable (and those who once were, but are no longer) dine with the superintendent, and many of the women dine with the matron. This confidence contributes greatly to keep them in order, and conduct them back to decorum. The diet is simple and abundant,—the superintendent is also the apothecary of the hospital. He is a very courteous quaker, and, after having satisfied my curiosity on all points, offered to lend me Mr. Tuke's book, in which that gentleman,—another quaker,—gives a succinct history of the establishment up to the year 1813. I recommend the perusal of this most judicious work to all medical men, and directors of charitable institutions; it contains only about three hundred pages, and costs no more than four or five shillings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1st. The great merit of this establishment is, the simplicity of the treatment. I never saw that of Aversa, in the kingdom of Naples, but, from what I have read of it, it appears to me that the wonderful cures effected there, are rather to be attributed to the wisdom and sagacity of the director, than to the method, which is not very safe of imitation; in fact, it has never yet been imitated, that I know of. On the contrary, the system followed in the retreat at York, is so easy, is so completely the invention of good sense alone, that every intelligent man is capable of following it. This is the incomparable advantage of all the English institutions; that nation does not run after the difficult or the extravagant, but the useful. Hence, instead of the complicated system of Pestalozzi, in popular education, it adopted that of schools of mutual instruction; thus, in manufactures, it lets its neighbours make the gorgeous gobelins, the brilliant *bijouteries*,—articles of fancy, while it cultivates the manufactures that supply the world with clothing. A system, a method, an invention of any kind whatever, when it is not adapted for common use, and demands in its execution more than an ordinary capacity (which is the gift of few, very few,) may be a wonder of the world, and the glory of an individual, but will not increase the wealth or happiness of a nation. The system, however, of the Retreat, from its facility and simplicity, has been adopted without difficulty by many similar establishments in England: it has been the model after which many other hospitals have corrected their numerous and almost incredible abuses. The hospital that succeeded best in its imitations (and perhaps surpassed the original) is that called the "Lunatic Asylum," which in 1773 was built, also near the city of York, as a hospital for the insane of a part of the county. The old building being burnt, and a new one about to be erected in 1814, and it being desired at the same time to suppress all the abuses of the old administration, and the errors of the old method, that of the quakers was taken as a pattern, not less of economy, than the treatment of the patients. This other hospital contains one hundred and thirty madmen. The traveller will be surprised at the view of this building, at the walks shaded by old and branching trees which surround it, at the beautiful internal galleries, at the cheerful rooms; but he should not forget, that this establishment, such as it is, would not have existed but for the pre-existence of that of the quakers. At one time, when darkness, chains, and punishments, were used as the means of cure, it seemed as if madmen (as the physician Delarive wittily observed) had invented that method as a cure for their fellow madmen. In this hospital for the county of York, when the conflagration happened, two madmen were burnt to

death, who could not make their escape in consequence of their being chained. What first—and the quakers in 1798 determine on building a large hospital for their own insane, was the death of an individual of their sect in the county hospital, from ill treatment and neglect. If mildness has been substituted for barbarity, a reasonable and economical system for a strange and expensive one, let the traveller recollect that the merit is due to the Quakers' Retreat, obscure in outward appearance, but not yet surpassed in intrinsic excellence.*

2d. Owing to the economy with which the Retreat is managed, it is now able to support itself. The other York hospital, on the same plan, has also always an annual surplus, which enables it to enlarge its buildings, to grant entirely gratuitous admissions to several poor patients, and to remain independent of the casual liberality of extraordinary legacies and donations.

In this most important point of view, the charitable establishments on the continent are in general exposed to two inconveniences,—the difficulty of finding a generous benefactor to furnish not only a sufficient capital to build the edifice, but to endow it with an annual revenue for the support of the patients. And where such a donation is made, it is generally in prejudice of the relations, who are defrauded of their expected inheritance, so that, in many states, the law has very providently stepped in to put an end to such largesses. These two inconveniences disappear where an arrangement has been adopted by which an annual income greater than the expense is produced. This well-judged economy is still limited, even in England, to the hospitals for the insane. The hospitals for other maladies (to which the admissions are all gratuitous) are maintained in great part by annual subscriptions,—I say in great part, because some of them are in the enjoyment of ancient bequests. But even this second method of annual subscriptions is preferable to that of a revenue derived from donations and legacies.

Besides the great good of preventing disinheritances, it has the advantage of a better ordered economy, because all those interested (that is, all the annual subscribers) keep a watch over it; and it has the other not less valuable advantage, of keeping the sentiment of compassion alive and active. The annual subscribers are easily found in England. As it is the custom there to board and lodge the footmen and maid servants in the master's house, whenever one of them falls ill, the master, if he is a subscriber, shares the expense of taking care of him, by sending him to the hospital, which for neatness, quiet, order, and sometimes for elegance, may vie with a gentleman's house.

3d. The government of England has no voice in the administration of the institutions of public beneficence. It never interferes, except when the protection of personal liberty is in question, as it has often occurred, that, in consequence of complaints of the cruelties practised in private or public madhouses, it has ordered special investigations,—by which the regulation was introduced, that no patient can be received into a madhouse, without a certificate from the medical attendant, who is responsible for giving it. In short, in England, benevolence is free, it is only malevolence that is enslaved.

4th. In this country every thing is public, and good actions have a public recompense. For this reason, the donations made to hospitals are inscribed in letters of gold on their walls. When you enter the spacious hospital for the insane called New Bethlem, you see on a great black table (to make the better display), written in large gilt letters, the name of every benefactor, and the sum he contributed. The same black tables ornament the walls of the beautiful hospital of Derby, which I advise every traveller to visit, to see how the most useful discoveries in physic and mechanics have been applied to the comfort of the poorest classes. The custom of taking the benefactor's portrait, observed at Milan, would be still more flattering to human vanity, and would be worthy of approbation, if confined to those who give in their lifetime, and not extended to those who, from revenge or superstition, give away at their death what they can no longer carry with them.

5th. The average term for a cure in the Retreat is six months, when the disease is not organic (that is, hereditary). The expedition of the cure, and the mildness of the method, are perhaps to be attributed to the softened character of madness in England. Education and the climate render it less violent than in hot climates, and among these nations where the passions of men are continually irritated. The difference is visible in the

* It is probably equalled by that near Frankfurt, five miles from Philadelphia, under the management of the same society, which was modelled as regards treatment after that at York.—Ed.

anoxysms of anger, and above all in intoxication. The drunken Englishman grows sleepy and falls as if dead in the middle of the street, without annoying any body: the native of the south, influenced with wine, insults, menaces, fights, becomes worse than a Redoubt, and by himself alone awakens up a whole street. It must then be expected, that this same method, adopted in hot countries, will not have so ready and happy a success as in England. But it will not for all that, be any the less the most excellent of all the methods hitherto in use. All remedies, according to climates or temperaments, have more or less of efficacy; but they do not alter their nature.

6th. The remark made by Loeke, among many others, on children, that mildness rules them better than rigour, has contributed to suggest, by analogy, the method to be pursued by those, who, having lost the guidance of reason, have arrived at a second childhood. Cannot, then, this same method be applied, by analogy again, to nations, to sects, to factions, when they are overcome by the strength of the passions, and fall into delirium? If, instead of tortures, of funeral piles, of confiscations, and of scaffold,—mildness, humanity and reason, were employed to assuage the passions of the multitude, how much less had been the number of martyrs of religious intolerance, of political assassinations, of the crimes and horrors, that have disgraced and imbued in blood the human race!

END OF THE ITALIAN EXILE.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

The following works will appear in the Circulating Library as early as convenience will admit.

"*Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe, by way of Egypt, in the years 1827-8.* By Mrs. Charles Lushington."—A London periodical, on whose opinion we place more reliance than on most, gives the following notice of Mrs. L.'s short but valuable book. "The unaffected grace, intelligence, and literary neatness, by which this little volume is characterised, must recommend it to the most favourable regards of the public, independently of its being written by a lady, the first who has performed the overland journey from India to England. Here is a lady braving the storms and pirates of the Red Sea, the fatigues of Egyptian deserts, the alarms of wild Arab and despotic Turk, investigating, on the banks of Nilus, the tombs and ruins of the ancient world, and ascending the pyramids, and at the end of her interesting travel giving an account of what she has seen and done in a style and manner which would do honour to the best informed of the other sex."

"*Wacousta, or the Prophecy: a tale of the Canadas by the author of Euclypt.*"—It is sufficient to say here in the language of an excellent critic, "A rival of Cooper has appeared, and in his own walk."

"*Journal of a Nobleman; comprising a Narrative of his residence at Vienna during the Congress.*"—This work we are inclined to believe is from the pen of the author of the Memoirs of the Dutchess of St. Leu, although the same incognito is preserved. The London New Monthly Magazine says of it—"The work is extremely entertaining, and will be certain of obtaining the attention of a large class of readers. It contains the narrative of the noble writer's residence at Vienna, at the stirring and brilliant period of the Congress, 'where,' to use his own words, 'a kingdom was aggrandised or dismembered at a ball, an indemnity granted at a dinner, a restitution proposed during a hunt, and a *bon-mot* sometimes cemented a treaty.' The author proposes to supply the defect of the work of the Abbé de Prady, which is chiefly political in its nature, and wants the piquancy it might have had, if the private life of the illustrious actors in the great diplomatic drama had been exhibited to view. We must say he has succeeded in his design. Disengaged from political cares and negotiations, he seems to have been as active at the dinners and festivities of the Congress, as the ablest minister could have been at the settlements of boundaries and framing of constitutions. We have the fruits of his activity before us in a number of striking anecdotes, of emperors, kings, princes, princesses, and a long train of diplomatic personages of the first distinction. The splendid revelries, and sumptuous entertainments, and gay bustle of the city, are given with a vivacity of colouring, which evinces much power of the writer in the descriptive style. It is certainly a work that is well calculated to attract attention."

MEMOIRS OF Hortense Beaubarnais,

DUTCHESS OF SAINT-LEU, EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Translated from the French expressly for this work.

Preface to the first edition in English.

It was elegantly remarked by the Prince de Ligne, that "Mademoiselle Beaubarnais wields a sceptre which never breaks in her hands. She remains a queen by the grace of her own talents, after having ceased to be one 'by the grace of God';" but if the biography of Hortense Beaubarnais had possessed no claims of more immediate value, the deep interest attached to all who were connected with Napoleon would of itself be a sufficient apology for the appearance of the present memoirs. It is unnecessary for us to write a panegyric on the character of the Dutchess of St. Leu; her encomium will be best exhibited in the history of her life; she was exposed to the world's gaze, by the surpassing brilliancy of her father-in-law's actions, but the reflected glare only served to display her amiable virtues. These, and the fame she has acquired, are intrinsically her own; she owes nothing to Napoleon, beyond that fortune which converted the delight of private life into the ornament of a throne.

From internal evidence we are led to conclude that the author of the present work is the Count de la Garde, whose visit to the Dutchess of St. Leu is described in the nineteenth chapter. Before that introduction, he had composed a number of metrical ballads of the kind styled in French, *Romances*, several of which had previously attracted the attention of Hortense, and were set to music by herself. One or two highly flattering letters addressed by her to the count are inserted either in the body of the work or in the notes; we may safely pronounce him at least a correspondent of the Dutchess, enjoying in some degree her confidence, and it may be that the present work possesses still higher claims to the reader's interest and to complete authenticity, from the subject of it having supplied part of the materials herself.

The spirit of M. de la Garde's poetry is transferred to his memoirs of an accomplished and unfortunate queen. It exhibits itself in romantic sentiments and flights of fancy, which, however appropriate in their native tongue, may appear unduly elevated in their English dress. The translator must therefore disclaim all accountability for occasional loftiness of style, which it was impossible to soften, without destroying the character of the work.

The expensive European edition, contains the engravings, ballads, and music (romances), composed by Hortense, with a likeness of her, as seated at the harp; we regret that for obvious reasons we are compelled to omit these evidences of her talents. A number of illustrative notes have been added to this edition in the course of translation, consisting chiefly of such extracts from the various cotemporary memoirs as appeared necessary for explanation, or interesting as additional details. We may safely anticipate that the present work will be considered a valuable addition to the stock of authentic French biography with which the American public are already supplied.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The French Revolution is the most wonderful, and even now, the most influential event of modern days. Begun by popular masses, it was extended and at length terminated by one who centred in himself all its genius and giant-like energy. This was Napoleon, whose renown rises far above all cotemporary glory, and whose name will be, hereafter, the proudest in all history.

The interest felt by every one in a great man, extends

itself to all his intimate connections, and more especially to his family. That of Napoleon has been a fertile subject for those private memoirs, which will one day figure in history as its important materials. Some of them have added personal reputation to the celebrity of their houses; while others, devoted by their sex or character to more tranquil pursuits, have become famous for mental endowments and for a high degree of sensibility and greatness of soul. The former have commanded unbounded admiration, but the memory of the latter has its foundation in universal affection. Such were Josephine and the queen of Holland. The empress has already been the theme of many writers: the memoirs of her daughter, which we now submit to the public, will show that she was equally worthy of love and esteem.

Whence arises the secret satisfaction we all derive from the narrative of sudden elevation and unforeseen reverses? Can it be selfishness, which, by unperceived links in the human mind, gratifies us by exhibiting the chance of humiliation as a counterpoise for the accidental splendour of a crown? Let us rather believe that every feeling and dispassionate man delights in the view of happiness, commiserates the unfortunate, and, alike a stranger to envy and unfeling joy, unites the pleasures of the mind and of the heart to the advantages of worldly prosperity.

Biographies of females are always attractive. We hope to trace the workings of their hearts, which so many fancy they can read, and which so few rightly appreciate. To treat woman as all goodness, is not to know her well; to believe her all evil, is not to know her at all. Even females are not always fortunate in self judgment; for it is a part of human nature, ever to remain in ignorance of self in spite of the most constant study.

But if the memoirs of every woman excite eager attention, how much more interest should we feel in the history of one, who, seated upon a throne not hers by birthright, proved herself worthy of elevation by that winning affability which renders power pardonable without encouraging disrespect. When, however, the same princess, after being raised to splendour, is again precipitated into obscurity, from a mere object of popular wonder, she becomes a fit theme for the meditations of the philosopher; he contemplates her struggling with adversity, and can estimate her dignity on the throne, from her constancy in misfortune.

When a princess is gifted with all those shining qualities, which, in adorning merit, embellish the fairest gifts of nature, a descent from sovereignty only narrows her powers of usefulness. Removed from the intoxicating incense of courts, she has still the balm of memory, the pleasures of reflection and the delight of conferring happiness—a delight not less lively because its sphere is more confined. A woman like Hortense reigns without royalty; she wears her splendour as the ruby its purple. The empire that remains may well compensate a diadem's loss, for it is the power a woman most covets—*better known, better loved.*

CHAPTER I.

Hortense Fanny de Beaubarnais was born at Paris on the 10th of April, 1783, at a period when the French nobility was still resplendent with that prosperity which was the reward of service done to the state, in arms or magistracy. Paris had not yet learned to gaze enviously upon this elevated class, then as pre-eminent by the elegance of its manners, as by the enjoyment of privileges to which it attached little importance. Every young girl of family could then, not perhaps aspire openly to the throne, but at least flatter herself with the belief of rising to it without difficulty. Madame de Maintenon had shown that royal blood was not essential to the easy exercise of royal power.

The history of childhood is rather the story of the family than of the infant. Hortense gave promise of wit, grace and amiability, but the fond anticipations of maternal partiality were not realised until after a series of distressing calamities, of which some account may not be inappropriate.

Her father, the Vicomte de Beaubarnais, was a younger son of a noble and wealthy family of Martinique. He entered the army at an early age, and obtained distinction in several affairs as a major in the forces under Rochambeau, then fighting for the cause of American freedom. Upon his return to France, without disavowing the creed of liberty by any unworthy action, he adhered to the principles he had defended, which perhaps had been previously developed by his American associations. He espoused with enthusiasm the doctrines of the revolution,

and became a zealous advocate of the reform of abuses, and of a well regulated liberty.

Rather a philosopher than a courtier, Beauharnais hailed with joy the dawn of that liberty in France, which he had seen resplendent in America. In 1789, he was deputed to the states general by the noblesse of Blois, and was one of the first of his order who voted with the third estate. In the memorable nocturnal sitting of the 4th of August, he moved and carried the abolition of privileges, equal penalties for all classes of citizens, and universal eligibility to office. After having been secretary of the constituent assembly, from which he made several remarkable reports, on the organisation of the National Guard; the maintenance of discipline in the army, and the means of protecting the country from military usurpation. One of his most constant and active opponents was his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, who was also a member of the assembly, but belonged to the *Côté droit*.

It is related by Mercier, in his *Picture of Paris*, that the vicomte took a prominent part in the preparations for the festival of the federation, celebrated in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, 1790. He figured in the procession, harnessed to the same car with the Abbé Sieyès.

Sincerely devoted to the true interests of his country, he warned the nobles that the time had come, when they must declare themselves; that as yet, nothing was done for the people, who had many just causes of complaint, and that prudence alone could now avert bloodshed and save Louis XVI.

Beauharnais was president of the national assembly at the time of the king's flight, on the 21st June, 1791. He displayed the true firmness of antiquity in announcing to the deputies this disastrous intelligence. "Gentlemen," said he, on taking the chair, "the king set out last night: let us proceed to the order of the day." His dignity and presence of mind extorted admiration even from his enemies, and procured his re-election to the presidency on the ensuing 31st of July. At the close of the session, he joined the army of the north, with the rank of adjutant general. His behaviour at the rout of Mons, April 29th, 1792, was highly commended by Biron, then general in chief; and in the beginning of August, the command of the camp at Soissons was entrusted to him by General Custine. After the memorable 10th of August, the army commissioners of the legislative assembly distinguished him as one of the generals who still continued in the service—faithful to their honour and their country. Two months afterwards he addressed a proclamation to the army of the Rhine, and in December his conduct was again made the theme of praise by Custine, and Suchet the minister of war.

On the 29th of May, 1793, he was proclaimed commander in chief of the army of the Rhine, and shortly afterwards he declined the ministry of war. The nobles were at this period wholly excluded from military employment, and Beauharnais, with a feeling of honourable pride, placed his resignation in the hands of the deputies of the convention. This they at first refused, but it was finally accepted on the 21st of August, with the usual order to retire to the distance of twenty leagues from the capital. Leaving General Landremont in command of the army, he took up his residence at the estate of Beauharnais, near La Ferté Imbault, (Loir et Cher), which had been erected into a marquisate for his father. He had previously been the subject of several denunciations, which were answered in his "Observations on the Proscriptions of the Nobles," and had now scarcely reached his new abode before fresh accusations assailed him, to which he replied with the dignity of conscious innocence. All was in vain; he was arrested and imprisoned in Paris.

The court, as if impelled by an irresistible fatality, had afforded to republican insurrection the pretext of warlike invasion and foreign alliance. The Marquis de Beauharnais, brother of the vicomte, was one of those imprudent adherents of monarchy, who, by their blind devotion to their party, mainly contributed to the overflow of a torrent which no barrier could withstand. Wherever a government is exposed to sudden change, and the interests of relationship are mingled with political passions, it commonly happens that members of the same family espouse opposite parties. Thus in Scotland, during the last century, nothing was more frequent than to see one poldman a zealous Jacobite, while his son or brother remained a faithful adherent of the house of Brunswick. In every event of the contest, an excellent pretext for the protection or pardon of the defeated. But the political opposition of the two Beauharnais was the result of no selfish calculation. Each was firmly convinced of the rectitude of his principles, and each underwent the

severest punishment of consistency—the ingratitude of his party. The vicomte, after having shone with distinction in the constituent assembly, and commanded with honour the armies of the republic, perished on the scaffold on the 23d of July, in the thirty-fourth year of his age; bequeathing to his children a rich heritage of glory, worthy of the proud motto of their house—"SAVE NO FUTURE." In 1815 it was only by the heroic defence of Madame Lavallette, that her husband, the son-in-law of the marquis, was rescued from a similar fate.

The Vicomte de Beauharnais married in Martinique Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie a creole lady of distinguished birth. Previous to her marriage, her attention was one day attracted by a group of slaves, collected around an old negro sybil, who was telling their fortunes: Josephine stopped; and the hag no sooner perceived her than, uttering a loud shriek, she seized her hand in the utmost agitation. "You must certainly discover something very striking in my appearance," said Josephine: "Well—shall my fortune be good or evil?" "Both!" "I must confess, my good woman, that your predictions are quite vague enough to run no risk of contradiction." The old woman raised her eyes with a singular expression. "Come, come," pursued Josephine, whose curiosity now began to be excited, "let me know what is to be read in the story of the future!" "In the future—ah! you will not believe me if I tell." "Oh, yes! I promise you full credence, my good mother; tell me what I have to hope or fear." "If you insist on it—listen! You will soon marry—your union will be unhappy—you will be left a widow. Then you will become queen of France; you will have mighty armies at your feet; but you will die in a revolution." On finishing this extraordinary prediction the old woman retreated with as much activity as her age permitted.

Josephine prohibited her slaves from rallying the sybil on her "ridiculous prophecy." She made use of the apparent absurdity of the promise to prove to the young negresses her slender belief in its fulfilment, and it was treated merely as a subject for family merriment. In fact, there was little reason to imagine that a young West Indian girl could by any revolution be seated on the first throne in the world. Life and death in her native island, seemed the unchangeable destiny of Made-moiselle Tascher. She became the wife of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, and in 1780, gave birth to a son afterwards Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy. He was three years older than his sister Hortense.

The cause of American emancipation was too popular in France, not to ensure an enthusiastic reception to the returning officers who had aided it with their courage. To this recommendation, Beauharnais added a prepossessing exterior, agreeable accomplishments, and polished manners. The society of one so eminently qualified to shine was every where courted; and with the natural facility of youth, he gave himself up unreservedly to the seductions of the great world. Josephine, thus deserted by the man of her choice, resolved to seek consolation in the place of her birth, and commiseration in the sympathy of her family. She sailed for Martinique in 1787.

Eugene remained with his father: his sister, then only three years old, accompanied her mother across the seas. The vessel in which Madame Beauharnais had embarked, encountered a violent storm, and Hortense thus commenced a severe apprenticeship to the dangers and misfortunes which afterwards so nearly balanced the glory of her brilliant career. In the convulsion of the elements, she might then have seen a fit emblem of that tempest of human passion of which her future destiny had marked her for the sport.

CHAPTER II.

It is beneath the burning sky of the Antilles that the influence of the vertical sun is most strikingly felt, rendering the imagination more ardent, and communicating to the frame the captivating languor so characteristic of the tropics. Hortense experienced its full effects. Her infancy resembled that of the interesting Virginia, so well described by St. Pierre in the episode to the *Etudes de la Nature*, a work which, for perfection of detail and splendour of colouring, seems to defy imitation. Hortense, compassionate and tender hearted as Virginia herself, was deeply shocked by the miseries of slavery, which, in her childish charity, she strove to alleviate. Like her also, the constant object of maternal solicitude, she imbibed from the cares, the endearments and the example of Josephine, the witching grace and captivating sensibility, which afterwards won every heart and riveted unwavering affection. Thus she, who was one day to rule over subjects, was first the mistress of slaves; but

Hortense was ever humane and compassionate, though accustomed from her infancy to dominion. It is only when the hand of woman tempers the rigour of power, when her voice softens the evils of misgovernment, that the unfortunate forget the burthen of their chains, and contented with the illusion of liberty, sigh no longer for its lost reality.

The effects of the French revolution in the colonies were proportioned to the violent passions of the inhabitants of sultry regions, and the deep hatred excited in the minds of the slaves by the tyranny of their masters. The tremendous explosion of St. Domingo reverberated through the Antilles. The existence of Hortense and her mother was frequently menaced by conflagration and the sword; for the blacks persecuted an entire race, and not individuals. Humanity, mildness, and benevolence were already associated with the name of Josephine, inspiring every where affection and respect. The simple annunciation, "I am Madame de Beauharnais—this is my daughter," was sufficient to disarm the violence of the assassins, and she was fortunately enabled to reach a safe port and embark for France. Evils still greater magnitude awaited her return, and made a deep impression on the mind of Hortense. She soon learned that there is but a single step from power to servitude, from happiness to misfortune. This first lesson of adversity was not given in vain; and, notwithstanding its severity, it was neither the last nor the least painful she was destined to endure.

The ardent attachment of the vicomte to the principles of the revolution had never cooled for an instant, but a new and more determined fate had overthrown all its rivals, and was now in full possession of power. Beauharnais was imprisoned; for the advocates of moderation and the partisans of ancient privileges were equally obnoxious to gloomy fanaticism. His wife, losing all remembrance of former wrongs, was only sensible of his misfortunes. To love and believe, to suffer and forgive—such is female life. She used every exertion to relieve his situation. Inconstancy had wounded her feelings, but she had never ceased to love her husband; and her truth was displayed, when, without advance to him, it could only involve her in his fate. Beauharnais was much moved by this generous conduct, and in several affecting letters, written when no hope remained of escaping the scaffold, he warmly commended his children to her care.

Josephine, becoming in her turn an object of suspicion, was also confined. Up to this time she had scarcely bestowed a thought upon the fortune-teller of Martinique; but now, by a common inconsistency of human nature, the prediction recurred to her remembrance amid the gloom of a prison. Her mind became accustomed to dwell upon its promises, and she ended by a firm belief in its easy accomplishment.

One morning the jailor entered the cell, which she occupied in common with the Dutchess of Aiguillon, (afterwards Madame Louis de Girardin), and two other ladies, and announced abruptly, that he came to remove her bed, which was wanted for another prisoner. "Of course," said Madame D'Aiguillon, with vivacity, "Madame de Beauharnais is to be provided with a better!" The keeper answered savagely, "There will be little need of that, as she is to go at once to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine." This cruel warning drew loud shrieks from her companions in misfortune, but Josephine attempted the task of consolation. At length she begged them earnestly to calm all their fears, as she was assured, not only of present safety, but of living and reigning the queen of France. "It is a pity that you don't appoint your attendants," cried Madame D'Aiguillon, angrily. "Ah! that is very true—I had forgotten. Well, my dear, you shall be one of my ladies of honour: come—you have my promise." At these words her companions burst into tears; for they could account for the ill timed pleasantry only by supposing that she had lost her senses.

Madame D'Aiguillon was much overcome. Josephine led her towards a window, which she threw open to give her air. A woman of ordinary appearance was noticed below, who seemed to be making some extraordinary signals. She shook her dress (*robe*) violently, a gesture which at first was inexplicable. At length Josephine cried out "Robe," the woman nodded, and immediately seizing a pebble (*pièrre*) recommenced her gestures. Josephine again cried "Pierre," and the woman, apparently much gratified, again expressed assent. Then placing her gown and the pebble together, she represented the motion of cutting a throat, dancing and clapping her hands at the same time, with great glee. It would be impossible to describe the joy with which the captives

ventured to hope that the death of *Robespierre* was thus announced to them.

While they were still divided between hope and fear, a disturbance in the gallery attracted their attention, and they presently distinguished the rough voice of their turnkey, who was kicking his dog and crying out, "Get along, you damned *Robespierre*!" This energetic expression assured our ladies that there was little to apprehend, and that France was saved. In fact, a short time afterwards, their companions in misfortune burst into the hall, to communicate the tidings of the great events of the 9th Thermidor. "Well," said Josephine, as her bed was removed, "you see I am not destined to be guillotined. I shall certainly be queen of France."

We may pardon the youthful Hortense for anticipating the future completion of a prophecy, which she thus saw partially accomplished, in the preservation of her mother when destruction had appeared inevitable. The superior intelligence of Josephine could not have placed its firm reliance on such a fallacy; though reason and imagination have but slender connection in the mind of a creole. Perhaps she may have entertained hope of its fulfilment, at the very time that she treated the prediction with the greatest ridicule. It is in this way that we may explain an intimacy (which was, however, much exaggerated) with a fortune-teller, who at least has evinced a constant and grateful remembrance of the favours received.

But what was the impression made upon the mind of Hortense by the promise of so brilliant a future? More than once she made it the foundation of those pleasing dreams, which are courted with equal eagerness by childhood, the flower of life, and age itself. Happier doubtless would she have been, had destiny reserved for her a fortune less brilliant or less unequal; and if she had felt in the morning of her years all the truth of the wise motto she afterwards adopted—*"Little known, little troubled,"* (*peu connue, peu troublée*).

After her liberation, Josephine became extremely intimate with Madame Tallien,† at whose house she met Barras. To the patronage of the latter, who became shortly afterwards the head of the directory, she was indebted for the restoration of a part of her fortune.

During the imprisonment of Hortense's parents, one of Josephine's friends, the Princess of Hohenzollern, was struck with compassion for the destitute condition of the two young Beaumarnais. As her residence in Paris was rendered dangerous by proscription, she proposed to carry them with her, into Germany. This design was found impracticable: the princess set out alone, and the unfortunate children remained in Paris, with no other protection than that of an old nurse. The cares of education could be little attended to, when even the means of existence were of difficult attainment. The labours of the nurse were soon found insufficient for the maintenance of three persons; but Hortense, though still very young, evinced that energy of character, which, in after life, was so useful in enabling her to support adversity. Both she and her brother determined to labour for their common livelihood: Eugene hired himself to a joiner, and Hortense went to a mantuamaker's. Her patience under every privation, showed how deeply rooted were those

principles of perseverance and resignation, which had been so sedulously and successfully inculcated by her excellent mother.

The liberation of Josephine was the means of restoring her daughter to comfort and to her studies. She was placed at a boarding school at St. Germain; which, though but recently opened, had already acquired a well deserved reputation. The sense, talent, and purity of principle of Madame Campan, the head of the establishment, were sufficient to ensure its complete success.*

CHAPTER III.

The conspicuous services rendered by Madame Campan, under the empire, in the field of education, have created for her the most solid claims to public esteem. She possessed every requisite for forming the mind, the heart, and the manners of youth. On the last, she could bestow the polished urbanity of the old court, where her superior talents and knowledge had obtained honourable notice. At the age of fifteen, she had been appointed reader to the daughter of Louis XV; and Marie Antoinette shortly afterwards attached her more immediately to her own person, by promoting a marriage with her private secretary. Ruined like so many others, by the revolution, she determined, after the 9th Thermidor, to turn her talents to account by opening a boarding school. In a short time, the reputation of St. Germain rivalled the ancient renown of the establishment of St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon. Every distinguished personage of the day was sure to have a relative under the care of Madame Campan, and some of her scholars afterwards rose to royalty. Even the amusements of St. Germain yielded in nothing to those of St. Cyr; for though the former could boast no Racine as its religious laureate, yet the young and gifted pupils alternately performed his *Esther* and *Athalie*—the great master-pieces of the French drama. If they were not honoured by the presence of Louis le Grand, their audience was composed of that crowd of young soldiers who already gave lustre to the arms of France, and their judge was he whose name was but another name for victory, and whose exertions promised the restoration of its depressed arts to his suffering country.

Among the companions of Hortense at Madame Campan's, were her cousin Stephanie, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden—Caroline Bonaparte, the future Queen of Naples, and several others, both relatives and connections by her mother's second marriage. But in forming one of these friendships of childhood, which become almost a part of our nature, and seldom end but with life, Hortense was guided neither by the ties of blood, nor the pride of rank. The person to whom she became most attached was not a relation, nor was she destined to royalty. A niece of Madame Campan—Adèle Augier, afterwards Madame de Broc—became her constant and faithful attendant. She followed Hortense on her departure from St. Germain, and remained with her until their friendship was severed by death.

Notwithstanding the apparent equality of all the boards, it was almost impossible to prevent the relatives of him who ruled France and dictated to Europe, from being spoiled by their companions and their mistress. At the same time, the care bestowed by Madame Campan on the education of Hortense, was far from being lost. This sagacious instructress delighted to repeat that "talents were the wealth of the rich and the ornament of the poor." Her pupil—besides acquiring the general branches of education—excelled in all the agreeable accomplishments, and the success of her debut in society, fully justified the truth of the favourite maxim. The following valuable letter shows how completely Josephine had retained in the midst of grandeur, her native modesty, simplicity and justness of principle.

To Madame de Campan—St. Germain.

"In returning you my niece, my dear Madame Campan, I send you both thanks and reproach—thanks, for the brilliant education you have given her, and reproach for the faults which your acuteness must have noticed, but which your indulgence has passed over. She is good tempered, but cold; well informed, but disdainful; lively, but deficient in judgment. She pleases no body and it gives her no pain. She fancies the renown of her uncle and the gallantry of her father are every thing. Teach her; but teach her plainly, without mincing, that in reality they

are nothing. We live in an age, when every one is the child of his own deeds; and if they who fill the highest ranks of public service enjoy any superior advantage or privilege, it is the opportunity of being more useful and more beloved. It is thus alone that good fortune becomes pardonable in the eyes of the envious. This is what I would have you to repeat to her constantly. I wish her to treat all her companions as her equals: many of them are better, or at least quite as deserving as she is herself, and their only inferiority is in not having had relations equally skilful or equally fortunate."

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

But the new signature of the mother of Hortense reminds us that we have somewhat anticipated events—let us resume our narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

We have already mentioned Barras and Tallien as friends of Madame de Beaumarnais. Bonaparte, then a general officer, also belonged to their circle, and his feelings were excited towards Josephine by the following occurrence. A general disarming of the people was one of the chief precautionary measures of police, undertaken after the insurrection of Vendemiaire, and entrusted to him for execution, in his capacity of commander in chief of the army of the interior. One day his aid-de-camp, Lemarrois, introduced a boy of fourteen, who earnestly begged the return of a sword seized by the police: it had been the weapon of his father, once in the chief command of the forces of the republic, and it seemed an act of ingratitude thus to deprive a son of the last relic of an unfortunate and respected parent. The sword was returned, and on seeing it, the boy burst into tears. The firmness, enthusiasm, graceful manners, and filial affection of the young Eugene, for it was he, excited a lively interest in Bonaparte, and induced him to mention the occurrence to Barras, at an evening party. Madame Beaumarnais appeared shortly afterwards, and Bonaparte congratulated her on possessing so interesting a son. Before the end of the evening, he became convinced that Josephine was worthy of being the mother of Eugene: the intimacy thus begun, gave rise to a mutual attachment, which increased every day, and soon terminated in marriage. This was in 1796. Bonaparte set out for his memorable campaign of Italy, and subsequently embarked for Egypt. After the latter expedition the whole family was reunited, for Hortense, then about seventeen, frequently left her boarding school to pay long visits to Paris.

On his arrival at the capital, Bonaparte resumed the same laborious and secluded manner of life which he had led on returning from Rastadt—appearing but little in public; always occupying a latticed box at the theatre; frequenting none but literary society, and never dining with the directors, except in private. He found it, indeed, impossible to decline the public dinner given to him by the legislative councils in the Temple of Victory, (St. Salpêtrier) but he only remained an hour, and quitted the entertainment in company with Moreau. This retirement, which appeared a necessary relaxation from his labours in the service of the state, was universally respected. The resumption of habits which had ever distinguished important epochs in his career, was attributed by many to deep designs for restoring the dignity of the nation, and for alleviating the public distress.

The conspiracies against the directory had now become universal. On all sides, Bonaparte was entreated to place himself at the head, not of a rebellion, but of a revolution. He was even made the confidant of the various schemes and designs which divided the members of the government, for there were plots among the directors themselves. The position of the different factions may be thus described. Angereau and Bernadotte, representing the radicals of the *Manège*, offered to place him at the head of the republic. Others again, proposed the overthrow both of the directory and the *manège*. Among these was Fouché, who had broken with the latter; and who, though a member of the ministry, had commenced the same game which he afterwards continued to play with all the successive governments. Bonaparte was also exposed to the flatteries of another minister, who, if his conduct has partaken too much of the rapid versatility of the events, in which for forty years he has taken such active part, at least offers some atonement by all the personal superiority that genius and profound knowledge can bestow on a statesman. Such has been the ascendancy of his distinguished merit, that every new dynasty has paid to it the tribute of official employment. Influencing the diplomacy of Europe for many years; moving all the wires at pleasure; directing in secret every spring, he thus became indispensable to the ambitious; who, after

* "On reaching home, I found your new romance. I think it very pretty; and although accustomed to agreeable things from you, I am not less so. I have read it with great satisfaction. I like it very much. Whoever told you my motto, has changed it a little. *'Less known, less troubled,'* is the one I chose long ago, because it is so well suited to a woman. In prosperous days, my friends used to add, *'More known, more troubled,'* but now I have changed it, and wish to make me think that I really possessed what I most desired. Perhaps they think me no more about it now, so that my first motto is, after all, the only one that befits me.

† I may have been exhibiting my titters! Were we better acquainted, we should certainly fall out, but you ought to be excused for this fault, as you had mistaken my motto. I had seriously resolved not to write you another line: I neither chose to be praised for what I write, nor to be read by those to whom I have never written. My mind changed in the course of the excursion, for they told me that all the world had not died kindly by you, and I do not choose to resemble all the world: on the contrary, the ill will of others only increases my love for you. I shall now begin a collection of mottoes for new romances, without the least fear of imposing on your good nature: I see you have a great deal, and I am pleased to tell you how much you have obliged me."—Letter from Tallien.

‡ Madeiroiselle Tabarus, the daughter of a Spanish banker, and one of the most beautiful women of her day, married Tallien to save her father's life from the condemnation of a revolutionary tribunal. On the 9th Thermidor, the trial deputies, including in the proscription list of Robespierre, agreed to attack him in the convention. Tallien, at whose house they had assembled, seeing them filter in their resolution, addressed them thus: "Cowards! since you hesitate to deliver France from a monster, I am determined that you shall never live to witness the destruction of your country. I go this instant to denounce your treason." The deputies were electrified: resolution was restored, and France was saved. The next day, Robespierre, condemned as such as accused, perished by the guillotine. Madame Tallien is now married to the Prince of Chimay.

* After the battle of Austerlitz, Madame Campan was appointed by Napoleon to superintend the school at Ecouen, where she remained until its suppression at the restoration of the Bourbons. She then retired to Nantes, where she died on the 16th of March 1822. In her last moments, she displayed the calmness of a sage, and the pious hope of a sincere Christian.

seizing the supreme power, availed themselves of his experience to retain their elevation.

Among the directors themselves, discord was at its height; and they intrigued separately with Bonaparte for the destruction of their joint power. Siéyès, with many members of the council of ancients, solicited him to head the moderate party, who were to establish a constitution which he had prepared in secret. Roger Ducos was the mere shadow of Siéyès, and his constant concurrence with his colleague might be taken for granted. Barras, Moulins and Gohier, were all desirous that Bonaparte should resume the command of the army of Italy: the first, in order to withdraw him from politics; the others, merely to employ him as the military engine of their power. They were not aware that the times of the 18th Fructidor had gone by. These plots were generally known: the most formidable was still a secret.

Bonaparte's counsellors in the present critical position of his affairs, were all men of talents and experience, such as Cambacérès, Roderer, Réal, and Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely. Siéyès, a Provencal and an old acquaintance of the ambitious general, was the only director who possessed any share of his confidence, and in fact, was the only one who deserved it. As for Barras and Moulins, he had long known how to appreciate them.

On the eighth of Brumaire, Bonaparte dined with Barras,—who communicated to him in pretended confidence, his determination to retire from the head of affairs. The chief director explained the necessity of adopting another form of government for France, and of selecting General Hédonville as the only proper president of the republic. As for Bonaparte, he proposed to place him at the head of a French army, with which he should conquer the old Cisalpine commonwealth, and retain its sovereignty for his own private profit. It was clear that the name of Hédonville was a mere cover for that of Barras himself, and Bonaparte, by a single glance, gave him to understand that the design was perfectly comprehended. On quitting the director, the general sought out Siéyès, to whom his own plan of revolution was exhibited. They were soon agreed, and the execution of their project was arranged for some period between the 15th and 20th of Brumaire.

The news of this conference with his colleague soon reached Barras, and it produced a visit to Bonaparte early next morning, in which the confidence of the preceding day was renewed, and the blame of the weakness of his plans laid on the impotence of the government. He concluded by declaring that he threw himself on the mercy of the only man who could save his country. Bonaparte was much less open in his explanations: he disclaimed all right to this title, and alleged that the restoration of his health and the tranquillity of repose, were all that he desired. It was about this time that Siéyès commenced taking lessons in riding: a piece of news which amused the gossips of Paris, and especially Barras, who took great delight in watching from his window the new gymnastics of his grave colleague.

In the mean time, the garrison of Paris, which had served in Italy up to the 13th of Vendémiaire—the forty-eight adjutants of the National Guard, who had been appointed by Bonaparte after that epoch—and General Morand, commandant of the capital, had united in a request to be presented to Napoleon and afterwards reviewed. The ceremony was deferred from day to day. At length, on the 15th, Bonaparte and Siéyès had a last decisive interview: the plan of revolution was definitely settled, and its execution appointed for the 18th.

Early on the 17th the commandant of Paris, the regiments of the garrison, and the adjutants of the sections, were requested to attend at Bonaparte's residence in the Rue Chantierne, at seven in the morning of the succeeding day. As this visit had been long arranged, no importance was attached to it. The various officers on whom any reliance could be placed, were also invited for the same hour. All of these individuals, firmly impressed with the popular belief in the immediate departure of the general for the army of Italy, imagined that they were only to receive orders relative to this subject. Neither Moreau nor MacDonald had directly solicited any participation in the arrangements of the plot, of which the existence alone had been confided to them; but they had offered to assist its execution, and, with General Lefevre, the commandant of the division, were invited to the rendezvous in the Rue Chantierne. All arrived at the appointed time: Bernadotte was brought by Joseph Bonaparte. At half past eight a messenger appeared from the council of ancients, bearing a decree passed by the influence of Siéyès and his cabal. It was the last manifesto of the revolution, and conferred the supreme

military command on Bonaparte. Immediate use was made of the new power, by intrusting all the important parts of the capital to his adherents. Thus the directors, who were ignorant of all these events until about ten o'clock, found themselves, in one moment, without power, without protection, and deprived of all confidence in the council, the commander in chief, and the army. In this emergency, Moulins proposed to Barras and Gohier, to have Bonaparte instantly arrested and shot; but he changed his mind when the Luxembourg was surrounded by a strong guard. He then, along with Gohier, sent in his resignation, and with him was confined in the palace of the government; from which, however, he succeeded in making his escape. Barras obtained a safe conduct, and a detachment to escort him to Gros Bois. This ended the Directory. On the succeeding day, the famous scene occurred at the *Orangerie* of St. Cloud; in which Bonaparte, seconded by the firmness and presence of mind of his brother Lucien as well as by the bayonets of his grenadiers, succeeded in dissolving the council of five hundred, and shutting up their place of meeting.

After the 18th of Brumaire, Bonaparte and his family resided at the Tuileries. Here the mild graces of Hortense appeared to great advantage, contrasted with the glittering display of a new court, alive with the stir of military glory. She was courted by the richest and noblest of France, and had now full scope for the indulgence of these pleasing anticipations of a future which so rarely falls out according to our hopes or our fears. But France, under the sway of the first consul, was mightier than the France of the old monarchy; who might then aspire to the honour of alliance with its sovereign? The sad destiny of princesses—the obligation of loving according to political necessity—must have appeared to Hortense a heavy drawback upon all her grandeur. Girls of seventeen are not long in feeling that they possess an eye and a heart, and can conceive no other motive for matrimony than affection. Before this last revolution, the fortune of her adopted father, which, whether in prosperity or evil, ever moved with the strides of a giant, had not attained so high an elevation as to give Hortense reason to fear constraint on her inclinations. At her time of life, fancy presents every thing through a false medium, which nothing but experience can remove: but the motions of reason are slow, and she is sometimes too late in destroying the illusion and displaying the mortifying reality.

Before etiquette had changed the drawing room of Madame Bonaparte into the brilliant hall of a sovereign, it was the resort of the highest Parisian society: a class which, at this time, presented some curious contrasts of character and situation. Around General Bonaparte were, of course, assembled the men of high military rank, and the chief public functionaries of the directory—all more or less decided jacobins, with whom it was yet necessary to preserve a good understanding. Josephine, on the other hand, was the centre of a circle composed of the courtiers of the old monarchy, who more or less openly regretted the ancient order of things. You might see a returned emigrant, still nominally under sentence of death, seated next to a member of the very convention which had pronounced that sentence: while further on, a royalist leader, secretly jealous of the renown of the soldier and the power of the civilian, concealed his envy under an affectation of contempt. The perfect good breeding of Madame Bonaparte, with the grave and imposing carriage of her husband, harmonised all these various characters.

Hortense frequently made her appearance in the drawing room, and according to court gossip, was much struck with an individual conspicuous for all the qualities most admired by very young ladies—a dashing reputation, a fine figure, and bold yet polished manners. This personage was M. de Paulé, a royalist of extravagant enthusiasm, who was said to have excited an insurrection of the peasantry in the vicinity of Toulouse. His good mind, his cast of character, and especially his misfortunes, were found irresistible by Made. moielle Beaumarnais, and even Josephine was so far led away, as to allow some talk of marriage! But the bombast and vanity of young Paulé were by no means to the taste of the first consul, who exiled him forthwith to Languedoc.

In the eyes of a girl of seventeen, faults of this description are seldom unpardonable in an admirer, especially when accompanied by striking qualities. If Paulé had been loved before by the dangers he had run, he became even more interesting when persecuted in the cause of love. Hortense had been duly impressed with tales of the glories of the old monarchy, under which

her ancestors had played so distinguished a part, and her mind was filled with descriptions of those gallant, graceful, and polished nobles, who are only to be found in the atmosphere of a court. De Paulé seemed in some measure to realise these fancies. The throne had fallen, but he was still loyal. Fidelity in misfortune gave him a melancholy interest, and inspired that kind of enthusiasm, always displayed by women towards those who suffer for the sake of principle. His exile gave the last touch of the picture, by adding the mellowing effects of absence to the attractions of adversity and first love.

Hortense never saw Paulé again. Even if they had met in after life, there can be no question but that her ripened judgment and correct good sense would have confirmed the decision of the consul. We may, however, be allowed to fancy that the remembrance of her lover, such as he first appeared to her imagination, sometimes recurred to her memory; and that this phantom of childish romance perhaps disturbed the pomps of royalty, and increased the melancholy monotony of grandeur.

CHAPTER V.

State policy had broken off one marriage—state policy now arranged another. In uniting their own fortunes, Napoleon and Josephine seemed to have tacitly agreed to work in concert for the advancement of their families. One of the most certain and expeditious modes of forwarding this design, was to promote as many mutual alliances as could possibly be effected. The consul looked upon Louis Bonaparte, whom he had brought up, rather in the light of a son than a brother: on her side, Josephine was particularly anxious to unite him to her daughter, and they were accordingly married in the month of January, 1802.

Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's third brother, born at Ajaccio, the 2d of September, 1778, entered the army at an early age, and served in the famous campaigns of Italy and Egypt. Several of his letters from the latter country were intercepted and published by the English. They are every where filled with the sound philosophy and love of mankind which may be called the basis of his character. The indignant distress excited in his heart by the cruelties and calamities of warfare, are especially remarkable. He quitted Egypt on the 14th of March, 1799, and returned to France, bearing despatches from his brother to the directory.

After Brumaire, when Napoleon had become first consul, Louis was appointed on a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg: but the violent death of the Emperor Paul induced him to stop at Berlin, where he remained nearly a year. On his return to Paris, he received the command of the 9th regiment of dragoons, and was shortly afterwards appointed general of brigade. It was at this period that his union with Hortense took place.

Had the choice of these parties been unfettered, each possessed qualities which might have produced a mutual attachment: but the desire of happiness was exchanged for a submission to necessity, and objects present a very different appearance when regarded from opposite points of view. The character of Louis was the reverse of that of Hortense. A great moralist has remarked that this was the best reason for expecting future sympathy: but it frequently happens that the same wheels, which by properly meeting would accomplish all the objects of the mechanic, clash and crush each other by an untimely revolution.

The newly married couple treated their union as the work of compulsion, and their little asperities, instead of being smoothed by gentle friction, were in constant collision. Louis had some romance in his disposition, but it was that kind of romance which leads its possessor, or rather to write a book than to enact the hero. The *Contrat Social* of Rousseau was the favourite study of one, whose duty it became to assist in the overthrow of his country's liberties, and who was doomed one day to be a king. Louis was enthusiastically devoted to visions of universal peace, and yet fate had condemned him to be a soldier. He hated ceremony, and yet his life was spent in a court, and his motions were a perpetual pageant. Preferring retirement and speculative reflection, he was hurried along by the whirlwind of his brother's genius.

Cottages and shepherdesses we may fancy as the subjects of the love dreams of Louis. It was impossible to imagine more sweetness, benevolence, and simplicity of taste, than were to be found united in the character of Hortense; but she added the qualities befitting a queen, and her superior mind was prepared for every change of fortune. She possessed a quick and decided temper, a strong intellect, and a considerable share of

ambition; but her chief desire was that which forms the most ardent wish of every wife, and especially of every queen—that the renown of her husband should elevate and gratify her pride. Louis' military career had not been without distinction: his literary productions were admired throughout Europe, for their humane and correct principles; his family name had become the proudest in history—but he was the brother of Napoleon, and every minor light was dimmed by the sun of his glory.

Both were therefore far from looking forward to marriage, with that expectation of happiness which many feel so sensibly at the moment of union. Their gloom was the more observed, because the domestic incidents in the first consul's family, had already assumed the importance of political events. The ambassadors of the various powers were all present at a grand ball given by Madame de Montesson in honour of these nuptials; and thus a Bourbon's widow acted as mistress of ceremonies to the chief of the republic. Napoleon, accustomed to dominate over fortune, and seemingly careless of petty incongruities, perhaps sometimes felt a secret satisfaction in producing the singularity of such contrasts.

The new husband was at least resolved to assert his independence as far it lay in his power. The first consul offered to adopt the eldest son, which at that period was equivalent to the gift of a monarchy. Louis could not oppose the advancement of his child, but he ventured to refuse his consent to the formality of an adoption. When Napoleon became emperor, all his brothers were named as possible successors to the imperial crown. In the mean time the most splendid dignities of the empire were conferred on Louis; he appeared at the coronation as constable of France—he was recognised as a prince of the blood—appointed colonel-general of carabiniers—governor of Piedmont, and governor of Paris. His second son was christened by the pope, who had come to Paris to anoint the emperor with the holy oil.

It was at this brilliant period of Hortense's life, that the fine collection of *romances* appeared, which has ranked her among the most tasteful of our musical composers. The saloons of Paris—the solitude of exile—the most remote countries—have all acknowledged the charms of these delightful melodies, which need no royal name to enhance their reputation. It is gratifying to our pride of country, to hear these airs of France sung by the Greek and the Russian, and united to national poetry on the banks of the Thames and the Tagus. The homage thus rendered is the more flattering, because the rank of the composer is usually unknown. It is their intrinsic merit which gives to these natural effusions of female sensibility the power of universal success. If Hortense ever experienced matrimonial felicity, it must have been at this time. The union blessed with children seems sanctioned by Providence. Hortense had already two sons, and thus maternal tenderness, conjugal anxiety, and the pride of a princess, were all gratified in their fullest extent. Every thing around her appeared to reflect glory, renown and happiness. Josephine was seated on the first throne in the world: Eugene reigned as a viceroy at Milan; while the head of this exalted family, a king of kings, could bestow on his brothers, the monarchs raised by his military genius, and consolidated by his political talents. The brows of Hortense seemed destined for a diadem: Napoleon willed it, and Louis became king of Holland.

CHAPTER VI.

In the year 1805, Schimmelpenninck had been invested with the whole executive power of the Batavian republic, under the title of grand pensionary. He was properly impressed with the magnitude of the favour received, and promised to prove his gratitude. Unfortunately his views of policy were soon found to be in direct opposition to those of Napoleon. The grand pensionary encouraged the trade with England, and the commercial speculations of the Dutch were enormously profitable from the almost entire prohibition of English manufactures throughout Europe. This connection with the sworn enemy of France, and Schimmelpenninck's subsequent loss of sight, furnished sufficient excuses for the emperor's intended change in the government of Holland, and the Batavian republic was erected into a monarchy. In May, 1806, a deputation consisting of vice-admiral Verhulst, Braedren, ambassador at Paris, Van Styrean, minister of their high

mightnesses, Gogel, minister of finance, and W. Six, councillor of state, offered the crown to Louis in behalf of the republic; and on the 5th of June, the emperor, at St. Cloud, proclaimed him king of Holland—continuing at the same time his former office of constable of France.

The first offer of the throne was met by an absolute refusal on the part of Louis; who declined the climate of Holland entirely unsuited to his weak state of health. This reply was by no means conclusive: there were other kingdoms, less cold and less humid, at the disposal of Napoleon, and in his eyes, the resolution of his brother appeared too extraordinary to be immovable. It would have proved so, however, had not the will of the emperor been the law. Louis would have preferred a life of seclusion: "it is better to die a king," was the laconic answer of Napoleon. The danger was by no means so imminent as Louis would have wished it to appear; the constitution of the new monarch was, however, extremely delicate, and bodily weakness increased the natural gloom of his sombre and melancholy temperament. If the refusal was dictated by pure philosophy, we cannot but admire it, even if our own feelings disable us from imitation. In the peculiar circumstances under which Louis and Hortense were placed, they were partners in fortune as well as in happiness. Napoleon was as anxious to bestow a crown upon his adopted daughter, as a sceptre on his brother. If Louis adhered to his resolution, it was, on the part of Hortense, a sort of abdication, unless the Salic law, so venerated in France, were abolished in Holland. The chance of becoming a king, might therefore be considered as a part of their marriage contract. The force of this reasoning was at length understood by Louis, and he abandoned this unjust opposition.

In the midst of the enjoyment of new dignity, and of benevolent plans for the future welfare of her subjects, the happiness of Hortense was clouded by the necessary separation from her mother and her home. It was the first severance for any length of time, which had occurred during her whole life. The prospect of departure from the scenes of infancy now revived all her childish feelings and attachments, and the pain thus created divided her heart with the anticipation of future grandeur. She wished at least, to bid adieu to France in a manner worthy of a kind and compassionate princess. She learned that Madame de Gèvres,* a noble lady of the court of Louis XVI., ruined by the revolution, had fruitlessly endeavoured to obtain permission to revisit the place of her birth. Hortense could now feelingly appreciate this patriotic attachment: she solicited and obtained from the emperor, the recall of Madame de Gèvres, and her farewell to her country was thus commemorated by another deed of heavenly charity.

On the 18th of June, 1806, Louis and his queen arrived in their new dominions. They took up their residence at the Maison des Bois, a country seat about a league from the Hague, where they received the various congratulatory deputations. Their public entry into the capital was delayed until five days later. Louis was well known in Holland, which he had visited on former occasions, and the curiosity of the Dutch was therefore chiefly directed towards the queen, whom they now saw for the first time. At the Hague, as in all other countries, love is the promptest and most universal cause of popular enthusiasm. Louis was highly esteemed and venerated, but fear always predominates in the respect inspired by a king: whilst a young and lovely queen fascinates all eyes and wins every heart. The Hollanders who received Hortense with joyous acclamations, might easily have believed that the fair being before them, had been created by heaven expressly for their sovereign.

In her appearance, Hortense united the fine figure, noble mien and graceful manners of her mother, to the peculiar charms of the beauties of the Netherlands—their soft blue eyes—profusion of fair hair—and dazzling complexion. Her conversation displayed the elegance of a Frenchwoman, in the vivacity, sprightliness, and appropriate turn of her least expressions. During her residence at the Hague, that sober capital presented an appearance as gay as it was unexpected, in a constant succession of public balls and entertainments, at which the most distinguished youth contended for superiority in dress and accomplishments. The dancing of the queen was perfection, and she promoted this delightful amusement, with that true condescension, which produces in every mind the forgiveness, but never the forgetfulness of superior rank.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as the king had assumed the reins of government, he began to use every exertion in his power to merit the affection which his subjects already professed from confidence in his virtues. To promote scrupulously all the various interests of the country, seemed to him a certain means of succeeding in his endeavour. "I desire," said he, in reply to a deputation, "to be saluted by the title of *national majesty*." He declined the services of a body of French troops, which had been sent to accompany him to his capital; it was his wish that the escort of his entry should consist of Hollanders alone. [This delicate proceeding made a very favourable impression, and its success induced the adoption of further measures of a similar character. As all the officers of the household were Frenchmen appointed at Paris, it was natural for the aristocracy of Holland to view this exclusive preference with deep mortification: they justly considered that the duties of welcome, and attendance on the foreign prince given to them as a monarch, belonged of right to the natives of the soil. Louis entertained the same sentiments, and gradually removed the French, under various pretexts, from all the posts of importance, which were speedily filled by Hollanders.]

Among other dismissals was that of the grand marshal of the palace, M. de Broe, whom Queen Hortense had united to her friend Adele Angulé, the sister-in-law of Marshal Ney. Louis despatched him on a message of congratulation to Madrid, on the accession of King Joseph, and as he was never recalled, he returned to the French service. His wife remained with Hortense, for the queen could never part from the faithful depositary of all her griefs; while she repaid the confidence with that sympathy so essential to their endurance. Braving every thing, even the open indignation of the king, Madame de Broe supported her friend, and repelled the malignant suspicions and insidious calumnies which assailed the reputation of her sovereign and benefactress. Ah! why should the ties of such an attachment ever be destroyed?

A just appreciation of his political position, and of the decision and perseverance displayed in making every necessary sacrifice, shows that Louis was too diffident of his abilities, when he declined a throne; indeed we doubt whether any of his brothers could have filled it more worthily. In receiving the investiture of Holland, there were but two lines of policy to be adopted. As a mere imperial prefect, the new king was to sacrifice independence by subjecting every thing to France, and to annihilate the prosperity of a people wholly dependent on maritime commerce, by forcing upon them the continental system; or on mounting the throne he was to assume at once the duties and dignity of a sovereign, and as such, to act exclusively for the welfare of his kingdom. The former alternative would undoubtedly have excited insurrection, and to make war on his subjects is, for a monarch, but an indolent style of reigning. The latter plan was far more honourable; instead of being the mere instrument of another's caprice, it was to reject all subserviency, and to be really a king. It is true that in either case, the final consummation would inevitably be the occupation of Holland by the imperial armies; but there is no room for self-reproach when we have followed the conclusions of reason and the dictates of conscience. Louis had taken for his motto, "DO WELL, COME WHAT MAY."

Unhappily the king, though the one most interested in deciding correctly, was the only person who saw things in this light. The highest offices, it is true, were filled up by natives of Holland, yet many inferior employments were still in the hands of the French. In proportion to the coldness and distance exhibited by Louis towards his countrymen, the queen believed herself obliged to increase the consolation of encouragement and courtesy. The favour she showed was the more sincere, because she really disapproved of the policy which rendered their situation so delicate. Placed, in a manner, between her husband and her adopted father, she may be pardoned for believing in the infallibility of one, whose iron will had well ministered, in every conjuncture, to the advancement of his glory. It is true that in espousing the interests of the French, she lost nothing of the attachment of her subjects, but the difference in the behaviour of the royal pair involved the court in perpetual contests. The rivalry apparent in the smallest details of the palace betrayed this misunderstanding, the results of which must necessarily be so disastrous to the general weal.

The situation of Rotterdam is delightful, its appear-

* When Madame de Etzel and her beautiful friend Madame Récamier, were exiled to the old castle of Chamonot-sur-Loire, formerly the residence of Diana of Poitiers, one of their favourite songs was that fine air composed by the queen of Holland, which has for its burden her husband's motto—"Pais ce que dois—advienne que pourra."—(Do well, come what may).

Ten years after, by Madame de Etzel, p. 112.

* The last descendant of the celebrated Du Guesclin. She died in 1831, at an advanced age.

ance is handsome and its streets particularly clean. There is a superb road leading to the Hague, pleasantly laid out along the canal, and shaded by fine trees. It runs through vast meadows, covered with cattle, and displaying a verdure of the most splendid green. The view, which would be otherwise monotonous, is diversified by a multitude of small country seats, not built perhaps with the most correct taste, but pleasing from their remarkable neatness, and the beautiful gardens of the rarest plants, by which they are surrounded and adorned.

Holland displays a peculiar character; it is like nothing but itself—a conquest from the sea, preserved by the constant repair of its dykes. Its inhabitants are well provided with the means of subsistence and comfort, and are extremely conscientious in the discharge of every duty connected with the government. They are brave soldiers: Bonaparte has openly pronounced this opinion, and they enjoyed the same character in the days of Tacitus. Their probity is extraordinary: nearly all their contracts are verbal, yet they are as scrupulous in the obligations of commerce, as in the engagements of love or the promises of marriage.

An outline of the court of Holland may not be inappropriate. M. D'Arjoun held the post of grand chamberlain: Auguste Caulaincourt, that of grand écuyer. M. De Villeneuve was first chamberlain to the queen: his wife, the daughter of M. Guibert—a lady celebrated for her wit and her fine person—was *dame du palais*. M. de Saugras, chief master of the ceremonies, did the honours of the palace in an extremely agreeable manner.

M. de Girardin tells us, that a chamberlain introduced him into the cabinet of the king, who was dressed in the uniform of the guard, white, with crimson facings. "The pleasure of seeing him after a long absence, was diminished by my sorrow at observing his sallow complexion, an aspect of general languor, and the extreme difficulty he experienced in walking, and especially in standing. He looked so much like a man on whom death had set his seal, that I found it impossible to restrain the feelings of sadness with which his appearance oppressed me. My emotion became so strong that it was noticed by his majesty, and drew from him several remarks, though I sincerely hope that he was unable to divine the cause. It is impossible to know the king and not to love him: he is gifted with all the inestimable qualities that belong to an upright man. I was the bearer of two letters: one from the king of Naples and the other from his mother. He conversed with us a long time, and expressed great pleasure at seeing us again. I mentioned that a passage in his letter to the queen of Naples, had given rise to my journey. 'Be assured,' was his reply, 'that I shall use every exertion in my power to be useful to Joseph: whatever belongs to me is at his disposal. I am already endeavouring to raise money, though it will be a difficult business; for this country would never lend, even to Napoleon. However, I do not despair, and shall do my best.' All this was said in the open, frank manner, which no dissimulation, however practised, can pretend to imitate. 'Your majesty,' said I, 'has just opened a loan, which, I understand, is filling up rapidly. It is a splendid reward of your exertions, and the most flattering testimony of the popularity of your administration. Posterity will ever remember with gratitude, your constant opposition to a national bankruptcy.' 'I take the more credit to myself,' said the king, 'for this opposition, because the measure was particularly pressed upon me by the emperor. I found it impossible to persuade him, that in declaring bankruptcy, I declared the destruction of Holland. All its capital would have immediately sought refuge in England, where much of it is collected already. The force of circumstances has set on foot a contraband trade, which I find it impracticable to suppress. This nation is so industrious, that with a population of not more than eighteen hundred thousand souls, it pays one hundred and ten millions. Its debt is sixty millions, and there is scarcely enough remaining for state expenses. There is not a French soldier in the kingdom, yet I am obliged to supply a corps of twenty thousand Dutch troops for the grand army. Peace! peace! that must be the grand object of conquest. This hard work ruins my health, Girardin; you must find me very much changed. I can scarcely write: I walk with great difficulty.'—He was continually rubbing his legs and hands during the whole interview.—'The climate of this country is killing me. Its humidity is very unwholesome for my constitution. I am sorry for it: it is the country of good faith. There is no need here of superintending the administration: a man, on receiving an appointment, swears that he will fulfil its duties to the best of his ability, and keeps his word. Their custom-

house oaths are never examined, and are never false. It is a nation of true republicans, but deeply tinged with party spirit: this prevents them from forming a proper estimate of each other. . . . I require a hot climate, and the baths of the south of France.'

"On taking leave of his majesty, we were informed by M. Boucheberne, prefect of the palace, that the king desired us to lodge in no other house than his own, and that we were to reside in the palace: this intelligence was afterwards confirmed by M. de Saugras. Just as we were about sitting down to table, we were invited to dine with the queen. The company consisted of an aide-camp of Jerome, Madame de Boubert, and the little Prince Louis.

"The queen was as agreeable and amiable as ever. I delivered her the letters from the empress and the queen. 'I always like to receive letters,' said she, 'and to be remembered. My friends would be ungrateful if they forgot me, for I never forget any one. My brother Joseph ought certainly to be pleased with me; for, while I was at Mayence, I wrote to him frequently, and sent him a great quantity of trifling news, which absence alone renders of the least consequence.'

"After dinner, we went into the queen's drawing room. Her apartments are furnished with great simplicity. Nothing could be more gracious than our reception, and on leaving her, she invited us to prolong our visit to this country, and to pay our respects to her every evening. Before going to bed, we made a round of visits to all the ministers, and returned to our hotel at ten o'clock at night, heartily tired. All the French about the king's person are loud in their complaints of the climate: Caulaincourt, whose health is indifferent, is quite unable to stand its effects.

"Next day, the king received us in his cabinet. He was in the midst of a circle of the great civil and military officers. He quitted his place for the purpose of addressing a few words in an obliging manner to the different members of the diplomatic corps, and the various individuals who had the honour of being admitted to the audience.

"The court presents an extremely brilliant spectacle. The dresses of the public ministers and the civil functionaries are superbly embroidered: it seems as if they intended to make up for the long prohibition of embroidery in this country. The great officers of state wear a green dress, laced with gold: the pattern of the trimming is the same as that of the imperial household. The chamberlains are dressed in red and gold: the écuyers and prefect in blue and gold. The diplomatic costume of Holland is remarkably rich and elegant: it is a shade of very light blue, with silver lace. The decoration of the Order of Holland has been very extensively distributed: there are three classes—knights, commanders, and grand crosses. This sort of distinction has become quite an object of ambition, in a country where it was previously wholly unknown. Wherever men are united in society, vanity, adroitly flattered, is one of the most potent instruments of the sway of the ruler.

"The king generally rides with a single pair of horses to his carriage: it is only on very rare occasions that he uses a coach and six. Whenever he goes out, the écuyer on duty mounts his horse, and takes his place near the door."

CHAPTER VIII.

Calamity reunited Louis and Hortense, and restored for a time domestic concord, by overwhelming them with misfortune. In the beginning of May, 1807, their eldest son, the young Prince Napoleon, was suddenly carried off by the croup; a disease of which even the name was, until then, unknown in France.

The grief of Hortense, which was vehement in proportion to the strength of mind it had overcome, excited serious apprehensions for her life. It brought on a series of nervous attacks, that inspired pity in all who approached her. The distress of Louis was not less poignant, though more gloomy and under better command. Their physicians at length recommended the baths of the Pyrenees; perhaps quite as much to remove them from the reminiscences of their lost child, as for any medical properties likely to be useful in the restoration of their health.

It is one of the burthens of royalty, that a monarch can neither enjoy nor suffer like a private individual: every moment withdrawn from duty, to be devoted to pleasure or sorrow, is marked by a public loss. The Dutch sympathised too deeply in the affliction of their sovereigns to murmur at their seeking consolation in the variety of travel: but, unfortunately, though Louis

had rendered them happy by the equitable policy of his personal government, yet he could not prevent the just grounds of complaint that arose from the measures of Napoleon, who administered the affairs of his kingdom during his journey.

The emperor availed himself of this opportunity to introduce into Holland the measures of policy adopted in his own territories. The chief resources of Great Britain were derived from her commerce with the continent, which was the outlet for the immense products of her factories. Collecting by her ships the raw material of every country, she afterwards laid all Europe under contribution by returning them in a manufactured shape. By closing this outlet the sources of her prosperity were dried up, and her most vital interests endangered. Such was the Continental System. The opposition in Holland to its introduction sunk under the absolute will of Napoleon, and the ministers of Louis obeyed with reluctance and sorrow.

The inhabitants of the sea-ports, deprived of the resources of lawful commerce, attempted to substitute an illicit traffic. The emperor became irritated, and would have made terrible examples of the guilty, but for the return of Louis, who exercised the richest prerogative of royalty, by pardoning the criminals. This clemency, with his courageous humanity at the time of the disaster at Leyden and during several inundations, endeared him still more to his subjects. The contraband trade, however, was greatly augmented by the impunity of the first offenders; and Napoleon, deeply incensed by the opposition to his authority, began to entertain unfriendly feelings towards his brother, and to project seriously the union of Holland and France.

On her return from the Pyrenees, Hortense was prevented from proceeding to the Hague, by her peculiarly delicate state of health. She suffered from general weakness, and had but partially recovered from the nervous attack, brought on by the recent shock. Her domestic happiness had been also much disturbed by the political disputes of her husband and the emperor. Calamities from without strike equally the prince and the peasant in their domestic recoil. The gloomy temper of Louis, exasperated by the importunate demands of his brother, no longer permitted him to be kind to a wife, who espoused or excused every measure dictated by the policy of France.

Napoleon's grounds of complaint are contained in a letter addressed to the king of Holland in 1808, on the occasion of the pardon of the smugglers. This historical document is too important to be here omitted; for it forms a valuable appendix to the account of his administration given to the public by Louis, and has a direct bearing on events deep and fatally influencing the destiny of Queen Hortense.

Chateau de Marac, April 3d, 1808.

Sir, and my brother,—Within the last hour I received your despatch of the 23d March, from the Auditor D—t, and the courier, who will bear my reply, sets out for Holland immediately. 'The use you have made of the power of pardon, must inevitably produce bad effects. The power of pardon is one of the finest and noblest attributes of sovereignty: but to save it from contempt, it should only be exercised when the mercy of the sovereign is no reproach to the act of the judge—when the royal clemency can inspire none but generous and grateful sentiments. But the present case is widely different. A troop of banditti attack and murder a party of custom-house officers, in order to smuggle with more impunity—they are condemned to death, and your majesty accords them a pardon—a pardon to outcasts and assassins whom no one pities! Had these men been merely taken in the act of smuggling—had they even murdered your officers in self defence—then the destitute condition of their families, and the particular circumstances of the deed, might have been taken into consideration, and the mitigation of the rigour of the law would have gained for your government an appearance of paternal kindness. In remitting the penalty of crimes against fiscal laws, and especially in the forgiveness of political offences, mercy is well bestowed. The great principle is, that when the sovereign himself is the object of the crime, then clemency becomes admirable. On the first rumour of an accusation of this nature, public opinion is arrayed on the side of the culprit, and not in support of the executive which is to enforce the law. Should the prince remit the punishment, the people consider him superior to the offence, and their indignation is then excited against the offender: should he pursue an opposite course, he is reproached as an oppressor and a tyrant; but if he pardon atrocious criminals, he is contemned for his weakness, or hated for his

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evil intentions. Do not imagine that mercy is a prerogative which can be always wielded without injury, or that society applauds its constant employment. On the contrary, the community condemns its exercise on signal offenders, because it then becomes destructive of social order. You have made use of this right too frequently and too indiscriminately: you should be deaf to your heart's benevolence, when it incites to acts detrimental to your subjects. I should have imitated your conduct with regard to the Jews, but I would never have pardoned the Middleburg smugglers. In the latter case, there were many reasons why justice should have been allowed to take its course, and by the terror of such an execution to attain the excellent effect of preventing future crimes. Royal officers had been massacred in the middle of the night; the murderers were condemned; yet your majesty commutes the punishment for a few years' imprisonment, and the inevitable result will be found in a complete discouragement of the collectors of the revenue.

Let me now explain the political tendency of this measure. For many years past, Holland has been the channel through which England has introduced its manufactures into the continent, and this branch of trade has been immensely profitable to its merchants. For this reason the Dutch are attached to smuggling and favour England, and for this reason they hate France, who prohibits smuggling, and was against England. The pardon you have accorded to these murdering revenue-breakers, is a kind of deference paid to the love of Holland for contraband trade. It seems as if you made common cause with them; but against whom? Against myself?

The Hollanders are attached to you. Your manners are plain: your disposition mild: your government suited to their views. Were you to show yourself firmly resolved to put down all illicit traffic—were you to explain to your subjects their true position—you would then employ your influence with discretion, and they would believe the continental system a benefit, because it would be upheld by their king. I cannot discover what advantage your majesty proposes to yourself, from popularity obtained at my expense. The days of Ryswick are gone by in Holland, and France is no longer in the last years of Louis XIV. If Holland be unable to pursue an independent policy; she has no alternative but to adhere to the conditions of her alliance with France.

The policy of princes, my brother, must ever regard the future, and not the mere exigencies of the passing day. What is the present condition of Europe? On the one hand is England, possessing alone a preponderance to which the whole world has hitherto been obliged to submit: on the other are the French empire and the powers of the continent; who, with the force of union, can never submit to the species of supremacy exercised by Great Britain. All these nations formerly possessed colonies and foreign commerce: the extent of their seaboard is much greater than that of England; but unfortunately they have been always disunited. Great Britain has attacked their navies in detail—she has triumphed on every sea—and all their maritime forces are destroyed. With all the resources for shipping and seamanship, of Russia, Sweden, France, and Spain, not a squadron dare venture from their roadsteads. It is no longer, then, from a league of the maritime powers—a confederacy which is moreover impracticable, from distance and conflicting interests—that Europe must expect commercial independence and established peace: they can only be declared by the will of England.

Peace! I desire to obtain it by every means consistent with the dignity of France: for peace, I will sacrifice all but national honour. Every day I am more and more convinced of its necessity, and the other powers wish for it as much as I do. I entertain towards England, neither angry prejudice nor implacable hatred. Her policy towards me has been the policy of repulsion: on my part, I have retaliated by a system of exclusion; not so much from the ambitious views alleged by my enemies, as to force the British cabinet to terms. I am perfectly content that England should be rich and prosperous, if France and her allies are as rich and prosperous as England. Thus the continental system has no other end than to accelerate a final settlement of international law, as

well for the French empire as for Europe. All the northern sovereigns maintain a rigorous prohibitive policy, yet their commerce has increased wonderfully: the fabrics of Prussia in particular already begin to rival our own manufactures. You are aware that France itself, and all the extent of coast from the Gulf of Lyons to the head of the Adriatic, now an integral part of the empire, are absolutely closed against the products of foreign industry. I am now about to take such a share in the affairs of Spain, as will wrest Portugal from the influence of Great Britain, and place the Spanish ports under the full control of the French political system. Thus the whole seaboard of Europe will be shut against the English, for I exclude the Turks, who have no commerce with the rest of the continent.

You will perceive from this abstract, the fatal consequences of the facilities afforded by Holland to Great Britain for introducing her manufactures into Europe. It affords her an opportunity of raising from ourselves the subsidies which other nations are paid to attack us. Your majesty is more interested than I am, in guarding against the trickery of English diplomacy. A few years' patience, and England will desire peace as earnestly as her enemies.

Again, if you consider the position of your states, you will discover that the continental system is less beneficial to me than to yourself. Holland is essentially a commercial and maritime power. She possesses capacious harbours, fleets, seamen, skilful officers, and colonies which cost the mother country nothing. Her inhabitants, too, have as much ability in commerce as the English. Has not Holland all this to protect? May not peace restore her to her ancient importance?—Grant that her situation for a few years may be painful: is it not better than that the monarch of Holland should be a mere English governor, and his kingdom and colonies the appanages of Great Britain? Any encouragement given to the trade with England must tend directly to this result. Sicily and Portugal are before your eyes.

Let events take their course. If you are obliged to sell your gin, England is obliged to buy it. Point out places where it can be obtained by the British smugglers in return for hard money, but never for merchandise: *never—you understand me.* Peace will come at last, and then a treaty of commerce will be signed with England. Very probably I may conclude one too, but our mutual interests shall be guaranteed. If we should be obliged to allow England her maritime supremacy, purchased at the expense of so much blood and treasure; a preponderance, moreover, to which she is entitled by geographical situation, and her territorial acquisitions in three quarters of the globe; at least our vessels will be able to navigate the ocean without the fear of insult to their flag, and our foreign commerce will not cease to be ruinous. The main object now is, to prevent England from interfering in the politics of the continent.

This business of the pardons has drawn me into long details, which were necessary to obviate erroneous impressions, if any such had been instilled into your majesty by a Dutch ministry. I request you to reflect seriously on this letter—to make the matters of which it treats a subject of deliberation in your councils, and through your ministers, to give a corresponding impulse to the administration of the government.

France will never permit Holland, under any pretext, to secede from the general cause of the continent. As for the smugglers, since the fault has already been committed, and there are no means of recalling the past, I can only advise you not to leave them in the prison of Middleburg, which is too near the scene of their crime: send them to the other end of Holland."

The insertion of this letter seemed necessary to exhibit the true situation of Louis in Holland. Harassed by the constant importunities of his brother, the reaction of his vexation was too often felt by the queen. Was she then sufficiently indulgent? Did she feel that, notwithstanding the inferiority of his genius, her husband could not yield, without pain, to views of policy diametrically opposite to his own? She probably endured as long as it was in her power, the miseries of an union without sympathy; but she was unhappy, and power without happiness has no charms save for the unfeeling and ambitious. The heart of Hortense had been east in another and a far different mould.

CHAPTER IX.

Louis soon grew weary of his capital, and removed the court to Utrecht, hoping to escape from his own disgust and chagrin. To change of place—the first remedy suggested by unhappiness—the king, in his new abode, sought to add the relief of gaiety. In addition to the ordinary parade of a court, there were frequently small social parties at the palace; and public balls, attended by the best society of the province: but in all these assemblies, seemingly devoted to pleasure, the languor and monotony impressed by the absence of the queen, were too apparent. All remembered the charm with which her wit and vivacity had quickened the circles of the Hague, and all regretted the fascination that ever surrounded a young, affable, and beautiful princess.

Louis was soon dissatisfied with his residence at Utrecht. He found the town to be too thinly peopled to supply sufficient movement and variety to the court circle. Its inhabitants were chiefly retired merchants, living quietly on their incomes, who were annoyed by the turmoil which thus interrupted their old established habits. While these showed but little gratitude for the preference of their sovereign, the citizens of the Hague, on the other hand, were enraged by his desertion. Either to oppress murmurs, or to indulge once more the love of change, Louis returned again to the north of Holland, where the industry and wealth of the nation were chiefly centered. Amsterdam was finally fixed upon, and received officially the merited title of capital of the kingdom.

As Holland still continued to import great quantities of English merchandise, the cause of the emperor's displeasure was by no means removed. Louis was invited to attend a congress in the city of Paris, of all the sovereigns in alliance with Napoleon. He was peritously aware of the reproaches that awaited him, and of the projects of his brother; but he knew also that when the independence of a sovereign is unsupported by military forces, resistance to colossal power is a mere sacrifice of the welfare of his subjects. In the end of November, 1809, the king of Holland repaired to Paris, in the vain hope of averting the storm he felt himself unable to withstand.

Louis had little reason to look for a fraternal reception, when he considered the unfriendly relations subsisting between France and Holland, and the mortifications heaped upon him under the sanction of the emperor. It happened quite otherwise. Napoleon received his brother graciously, and in a manner expressive of sincere and ardent friendship. The king was at once surprised and moved: pomp and etiquette were laid aside, and the kindest affection replaced the stiffness of royal dignity. It was a meeting of brothers after a long and painful estrangement. The pleasure of reconciliation engrossed all their thoughts, and public affairs were never mentioned. Still the king would have desired an open and unhesitating discourse on the various interests which had so long divided the two nations, for past events rendered him suspicious, and the silence of Napoleon left little room for self-deceit. The careless manner in which he was treated, soon gave him to understand that the demands on Holland would be mere subjects of official communication—that he was not to be consulted—and that no pains would be taken to secure his approbation, or to ascertain that the measures proposed accorded with the interests of Holland.

These gloomy presentiments were soon but too fully realized. The speech of Napoleon to the legislative body announced the sad destiny of Holland. The king would probably have ended his solemn protest before the assembled sovereigns, but care had been taken to exclude him from the invitation which embraced all the other allies of the emperor. The danger became every day more imminent: Louis at length resolved to return privately to his kingdom, and to resist the violent encroachments of his brother, if resistance were yet possible. The secret orders given for his departure were communicated to the emperor, and the king, on his part, ascertained that he was constantly watched by disguised officers of the police: one of them, an old soldier of the fifth regiment of dragoons, having discovered himself to his former colonel. Louis dissimulated, and hoping to elude the vigilance of his guards, feigned total ignorance

of this system of observation; but every hope proved vain—every plan was a failure. Neither corruption nor address could extricate him from the toils in which he was involved, and no resource was left better than a disguised flight. A man more robust and resolute than Louis, might have quitted Paris at nightfall—mounted his horse at the gates—and escaped at full speed; but though still young, the doubtful health of the king prevented all thoughts of so hardy an enterprise. He resolved to despatch one of his attendants secretly to Amsterdam, with positive orders to the minister of war to break the dykes, place the country in a complete state of military preparation, and by every possible exertion to prevent the French forces from occupying the capital. Napoleon, who was soon informed of these measures, made bitter complaints to the king, and gave way to the most furious passion. Louis opposed firmness to violence, and when driven to extremity, avowed openly that the defensive preparations had been undertaken by his express command. "I have been deceived," was his bold expression, "by promises which were never intended to be kept. Holland is weary of being the puppet of France." The emperor, enraged by a dignified opposition to which he was wholly unused, was violently excited; Louis met him with the quiet resignation and composure of a good conscience. Napoleon quickly recovered himself, and becoming suddenly calm, informed the king coldly, that he must choose between the union of Holland to France, or the immediate revocation of his warlike instructions, and the removal of his minister of war.

This result had been the constant object of the king's most lively apprehensions: it was this deadly blow which he had endeavoured most especially to shun. The imperious necessity of his situation compelled submission, and forced him to comply with the demands of those who were armed with irresistible power. In his inmost heart, the noble design was still cherished, of protecting his dominions from their imminent danger; but to effect this, it was first necessary to escape from the species of captivity in which he was held. His renewed attempts to elude the vigilance of his domestic spies, were regularly thwarted. Under pretence of the respectful deference due to his exalted rank, their attendance on his person was constant, and they particularly, but with the utmost politeness, opposed all his excursions in the direction of the gate of Flanders.

The first open act of usurpation undertaken against Holland, was the occupation of the fortresses of Bergen-op-Zoom and Breda by the Marshal Duke of Reggio, without the knowledge of the king: at the same time the emperor proclaimed the union to France of the whole country between the Meuse, the Scheldt, and the ocean. The captive monarch, incapable of armed resistance, published a protest against this flagrant infraction of every principle of international law.

His health was so far affected by these various disturbances and vexations, that for some time he was confined to his bed by a nervous disease. All the different monarchs then assembled in Paris, hastened to visit him: Napoleon alone was absent, and this apparent indifference deeply wounded the feelings of his sensitive brother. At length the emperor came, and accosted him with the utmost kindness; but the conversation turned entirely upon indifferent topics, without the slightest mention of politics.

As soon as his health would permit, the king undertook a short journey, for the purpose of settling his position on the score of restraint. He proceeded to his chateau of St. Leu, where the question was resolved to his disappointment and mortification. The measure of sacrifice was not yet filled: concessions far more important than those already made, were still to be exacted. As usual, Louis began by resistance and ended in submission. It was the only means to retain a sovereignty, of which he was less tenacious from personal motives, than from anxiety to preserve the peace of Holland among the independent powers of Europe. Much was yielded, though with deep regret. Every thing that was not lost, seemed a clear gain in these unhappy negotiations. At length the constant watching of his person ceased: Napoleon became kind when all his demands were conceded, and even endeavoured to renew their former affection. After an absence which, instead of lasting one month, had been prolonged to four, Louis took his departure from France. His affliction at this protracted separation from his kingdom, may well be imagined, but every sorrow was forgotten as he approached once more his adopted country, his cherished Holland.

The highest enjoyment of a monarch, the delight of witnessing the joy of his subjects, awaited Louis in his

dominions. Dark rumours, hinting that he would never return, had been long circulated, and the sensation produced by his re-appearance was the more enthusiastic in proportion to its being unexpected. The queen also was immediately looked for. Her residence at Paris had been but little happier than her husband's, for the same ambition which excited Napoleon's aggressions upon Holland, had also inspired the project of an imperial alliance with the house of Austria. Motives seemingly the most opposite, governed the deeds of this extraordinary man. After routing the armies of Francis in a hundred battles—after two entries as a conqueror into the German capital—he rejoiced in consummating the humiliation of his enemy, by extorting his consent to the marriage of his daughter. It seemed also the fortunate soldier, that an alliance with the oldest and mightiest dynasty of Europe, would send him legitimately on his unhindered throne.

A second marriage being decreed, it became necessary to annul the first. Long before any direct expression of the imperial will, the quick sighted courtiers had discovered Napoleon's intentions; which were allowed, indeed, to escape by degrees, as if to prepare the public mind, and the feelings of the individuals most deeply interested. In this he was unsuccessful. A palace sedition contains the courage or the indelicacy that will convey unwelcome intelligence to the sovereign, before it assumes an official shape. Notwithstanding all the precautions of her husband, the heart of Josephine was so long a stranger to distrust, that even at the fatal moment of explanation, the blow prepared by the manoeuvres of many weeks, and announced through every channel, came at last, with the suddenness and severity of an unexpected shock.

As early as a journey to Fontainebleau, in 1807, the word *divorce* had been cautiously whispered by the officers of the imperial household. A sudden death had carried off the eldest son of the queen of Holland; a loss deeply regretted by Napoleon. When only seven years of age, the child exhibited a most promising disposition, great mildness of temper, and an aptitude of character, capable of receiving the noblest impressions. The first born of the new dynasty had excited and preserved all the solicitude and affection of its founder, who had given him his name, and had proposed adoption. Napoleon indulged the hope of superintending his education, and of making him ultimately the heir of his power: with the death of this child came probably the first thought of centering in himself and his direct line, the hopes and heritage of so many victories.

After the conferences of Schoenbrunn, the idea of a divorce had obtained complete possession of the mind of Napoleon. On his return to France after the conclusion of peace, he proceeded directly to Fontainebleau. His journey had been so well arranged, that he arrived many hours before the empress, who had quitted Strasburg, and had been more than a month at Paris. This delay produced severe reproaches on the part of Napoleon, who was seeking excuses for his conduct, even to himself.

"Three days after our arrival at Fontainebleau," says an officer of the household who has since published his memoirs, "I observed some traces of sadness upon the brow of Josephine, and much less freedom in Napoleon's manners towards her. One morning, after breakfast, the empress did me the honour to converse with me in the recess of a window in her chamber; and after some common place questions respecting our stay at Schoenbrunn, and the manner in which we passed our time there, she said to me, 'Monsieur de Bausset, I have great confidence in your attachment to me: I hope you will reply with sincerity to the question I am about to ask you. I assured her of my readiness to give her all the information in my power, and that I felt at greater liberty to do so, because nothing had been entrusted to me which could bind me to silence. 'Well, then, if you know the reason, tell me why the private communication between my apartment and that of the emperor has been closed.' 'I was entirely ignorant of it, madam, until your present assurance of the fact. I only know that some repairs were commenced, and that they have been suspended in consequence of the emperor having returned much sooner than he was expected. Probably they did not imagine that he would take up his residence at Fontainebleau so late in the season. Your majesty may perceive from the manner in which some of your apartments are furnished, that things are not yet completed.' Such was my answer, and in truth I should have been much embarrassed had I made any other, for this was not the time to speak of my private observations. I shall never forget the last words which this estimable princess conde-

scended to address to me: 'Be assured, M. de Bausset, that there is some mystery in all this.' This conversation only served to strengthen the impressions I had received during the negotiations at Schoenbrunn, although I could not foresee the period of the catastrophe, nor how it would be brought about. I was soon better informed."

"The king of Saxony arrived at Paris on the 13th of November, and their majesties left Fontainebleau on the 14th. Napoleon performed the journey on horseback, and immediately after his arrival, he paid a visit to the king, who occupied the palace of L'Elysée. The presence of this virtuous monarch at Paris sometimes interrupted their privacy, but the embarrassment of Napoleon increased proportionably with the uneasiness and vague forebodings of the empress. She appeared to have a strong presentiment of approaching misfortune, and to be gathering her strength to support its bitterness with fortitude.

"I was on duty at the Tuileries, after the 27th of November. On that day, and on the succeeding Tuesday and Wednesday, I could easily observe a great change in the features of the empress, and a mute constraint in the manners of Napoleon. If during dinner, he broke the silence, it was only to ask me some brief question, without listening to my reply. On each of these days the dinner was over in less than ten minutes. At length, on Thursday, the 30th, the storm burst. Their majesties sat down at table: Josephine wore a large white hat, which was tied under the chin, and concealed a great part of her face. I thought I could perceive that she had been weeping, and that she still restrained her tears with difficulty. She appeared the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned during the whole meal, and the dishes were touched out of mere form. The only words uttered were when Napoleon asked me 'what kind of weather it was?' In pronouncing them he rose from the table, and Josephine slowly followed. When coffee was served, Napoleon took the cup from the page in waiting, and intimated that he wished to be alone. Anxious, uneasy, and a prey to gloomy reflections, I immediately retired to the attendance hall, where their majesties usually dined, and sat down in an arm chair near the door of the emperor's apartment. I was watching mechanically the removal of the dinner service, when I suddenly heard the empress shriek violently. The usher of the chamber was on the point of opening the door, but I prevented him, observing that the emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary.

"I was standing close to the door when Napoleon opened it himself, and said quickly on perceiving me, 'Come in, Bausset, and shut the door.' I entered the room, and saw the empress lying on the carpet, and uttering the most lamentable cries and complaints. 'No! no! I can never survive it,' exclaimed the unfortunate princess. Napoleon said to me, 'Bausset, are you strong enough to carry Josephine down the private staircase to her own apartment?' I immediately obeyed, and, with the assistance of Napoleon, raised the empress, who seemed to be labouring under a nervous attack. He then took a light from the table, and opened a door, which led through an obscure passage to the staircase he had mentioned. When we had come to the first step of the staircase, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow for us to descend without falling: he immediately called the keeper of his port folio, who was stationed, night and day, at the door of the cabinet opening upon the landing. Napoleon gave him the torch, which was now to be used in the lighted passage, and ordered him to go before. He then took hold of Josephine's feet to enable me to descend with more ease. Once my sword embarrassed me, and I thought we should certainly fall; but happily no accident occurred, and we deposited our precious burthen on an ottoman in her bed chamber.

The emperor immediately ran to the bell-pull, and rang for the women of the empress. She had ceased to moan since I had first raised her in the upper saloon, and I imagined that she had fainted, until the time of the little difficulty with my sword in the middle of the stairs. As we had no time for arranging our positions, I was obliged to tighten my grasp in order to avoid a fall which might have been fatal to all of us. My arms were round her waist—her back supported by my breast—and her head lying on my right shoulder. When she perceived my endeavours to keep from falling, she whispered, 'You press me too hard.' From that moment I felt no apprehensions about her health, and it was evident that she had never lost her recollection for an instant.

"During this whole transaction I was too busy with

Josephine to observe Napoleon; but when the attendants came in, I followed him into a small antechamber adjoining the bed room. His agitation and uneasiness were excessive. His grief, indeed, disturbed him so much, that he informed me of the cause of all that had passed, in these words. 'The interests of France and of my dynasty do violence to my heart Divorce has become a rigorous duty I am the more afflicted at this scene with Josephine, because she must have heard every thing from Hortense three days ago I deplore with my whole heart the necessity which condemns me to a separation I thought she had more firmness, and was by no means prepared for such a paroxysm of grief.' His emotion compelled him to utter these sentences at long intervals; the words were pronounced with difficulty and almost without connection. His voice was faltering and oppressed, and his eyes filled with tears. He must have lost all self-command, or he would never have uttered into such details to one so far removed from his councils and his confidence as myself. The whole scene did not last more than seven or eight minutes.

"Napoleon immediately sent for Corvisart, Quén Hortense, Cambacérès and Fouché; but before returning to his own apartment, he made personal inquiries after Josephine, who was calmer and more resigned."

It was easy indeed for him to feel resigned to the blow about to be inflicted upon his best friend, and most faithful companion; and it was equally unreasonably to charge her with weakness, because a complaint escaped her at the fatal crisis. He might have learned from his own experience, that keenness of feeling is the first emotion of surprised pride. His own disorder—the few words of apology stammered out to an inferior attendant—the tears he was unable to restrain—were at least as much astonishing, as that Josephine should exhibit in her grief the weakness of a woman, rather than the dignity of a sovereign. It is true that the unhappy empress had been already led to expect this afflictive communication; but the instructions of Napoleon, given as well to prevent his own embarrassment, as out of consideration for Josephine, had been but imperfectly fulfilled. Hortense was selected as the natural mediatrix, because, as she was endeared by the closest ties of blood, she could best employ the affectionate stratagems and soothing address, so necessary to prepare her mother for her calamity. But the same feelings prevented her complete co-operation; for in the proposed measure she could see neither propriety nor necessity, while her filial affection and recently pride pointed out all its injustice and caprice. The confidence of the emperor was to her a misfortune; and her heart would have broken had it been required that she should declare the imperial will abruptly to her mother. A few distant allusions and equivocal expressions, which were all she could bring herself to utter, fulfilled the strict commands of duty; after these, it was but just that the first cause of all the evil, should bear the punishment of announcing its approach, and sustaining the first burst of sorrow or anger produced by the sad intelligence.

The liveliness of Josephine's grief was displayed in all her sentiments and expressions. The invincible goodness of her heart recalled the many ties that united her to the emperor, at the very moment when they were about to be eternally severed. Her least regret was for her throne; it was the loss of her husband, so warmly admired and so truly loved—that excited the keenest and most enduring affliction. Not content, however, with practising herself the duties of gratitude and submission, she enjoined and enforced them upon her children. Young and strongly attached to their mother, they felt themselves injured by the blow directed against her rights. This exalted filial piety, justified by natural affection, was pardonable even in the eyes of reason and policy.

Josephine was the true and only link of connection between Napoleon and her children: after her divorce, their natural relation towards him was inferior to that of collateral relatives. The crown of Italy, which had been promised to Eugene, was lost beyond all hope, when the emperor could look forward to heirs of his own blood. The situation of Hortense was in no wise more favourable. Her condition as the wife of Napoleon's brother seemed a feeble bond of union, when that brother already tottered on his throne, and when every day increased his estrangement from his consort. It was therefore excusable in the brother and sister, if they wished to resign the grandeur already half lost by the divorce of their mother, and to become the companions of her retirement, and the sharers of her obscurity. Josephine moderated these transports of feeling; she excused the conduct of

Napoleon, reminded them of their obligations to his favour, and commanded implicit obedience to the will of him, who was to them a father and a sovereign. Their sacrifice was in the highest degree meritorious. What could be more painful, after they had left their weeping mother, than to mingle in all the pomp of a second marriage—to see a haughty stranger seated on the throne of Josephine—to gaze upon the throng of servile courtiers crowding around this new object of adulation—and to acknowledge a mistress, when they had forgotten their condition as subjects, in the honoured title of children of the empress?

In every ceremony requiring his presence, Eugene was distinguished for his dignified behaviour. His countenance, usually mild and smiling, had become grave and stern, strongly expressive of internal distress, restrained by pride, honour, and the obligations of the occasion. He was a man; but the feminine weakness of his sister was unequal to a similar exertion. Four queens bore the imperial train of Maria Louisa, as she approached the nuptial altar; Hortense, one of the four, wept bitterly as she followed the new bride of Napoleon, and when the fatal *Yes* was pronounced that separated him for ever from his mother, she uttered a loud shriek and became insensible. When this tribute to nature and her sex had been thus paid, she recovered all her native strength of character, and the lofty bearing befitting her rank.

Josephine practised in its fullest extent the generous moderation she inculcated on her children. It was in her power to have interposed serious obstacles in the way of Napoleon's marriage, by means of the religious scruples of Maria Louisa, who, from her education in a bigoted court, evinced a strong repugnance to become the wife of one whose former union was still unbroken in its sacramental obligation. The new bride had received assurances that Napoleon's first marriage was a mere civil ceremony; but she refused to trust any other authority than that of Josephine herself. The Duke of Rovigo has stated in his Memoirs, that Napoleon had never espoused Josephine in church; in this assertion he has only repeated the rumour which he and many others had most probably been ordered to spread at the time of the divorce, but it is not, on that account, the less untrue. Every religious rite had been fulfilled, and, strange as it may appear, twice instead of once. The first time the ceremony was performed by a parish priest; afterwards, a few days before the coronation, in consequence of some informalities discovered by the cardinal-delegate by the pope, the nuptial benediction was repeated by himself in the chapel of the Tuileries; Duroc and Eugene were two of the witnesses present. The cardinal subsequently, at the request of Josephine, signed a certificate, declaring the reality and validity of her religious marriage; but no use was made of this powerful weapon. The will of a husband who deserted her, was respected, and an equivocal reply, involving no direct violation of the truth, quieted all the scruples of Maria Louisa. She was requested to refer to the Monitor; when Josephine well knew that Napoleon had thought it inexpedient to publish in that journal, his deference for the wishes of the pope and the cardinal.

In separating for ever from her consort, Josephine sought the sad satisfaction of writing her farewell, and of giving him for the last time those counsels, which he had always followed with advantage. From such a letter it was impossible to exclude every expression of conjugal and maternal grief; but it is to the foresight, rather than to the sorrow of Josephine, that we must ascribe the prophetic foreboding of evil, so soon to be realised. We here insert this interesting document.

"My forebodings are realised! you have pronounced the word which separates us for ever; the rest is nothing more than mere formality. 'This, then, is the consummation, I will not say of all my sacrifices,—they cost me nothing since they were made for you,—but of my unbounded attachment, and of your own most solemn obligations. If the policy which you allege as a reason should prove successful, I should not complain, but policy is a mere pretext. It is to your mistaken ambition that I am sacrificed—to that ambition which has guided your whole career, which has led you to conquest, elevated you to empire, and now hurries you onward to disaster and defeat."

"You speak of mighty alliances, of giving an heir to the empire, of founding a new dynasty; but with whom is this alliance to be formed? With the deceitful house of Austria, the sworn enemy of France; a family which detests us from feeling, from system, and from necessity. Do you believe that this hatred, so often displayed within the last half century, has not been transferred from the Bourbons to the empire? Or do you suppose that the

children of the able Maria Theresa, who purchased from Madame de Pompadour the fatal treaty of 1756, which you cannot even mention without a shudder—do you suppose that her posterity have not inherited her spirit as well as her dominion? I only repeat what you have told me a hundred times when your ambition was satisfied with humiliating a power which it now seeks to restore. Believe me, as long as you are master of Europe, you will find her your slave; but beware of a reverse!

"You wish, however, an heir. Even though as a mother, I should appear partial in speaking of a son who is all my delight and used to be your hope—can I or ought I to be silent? The adoption of the 12th of January, 1806, was then another political falsehood; but there is no deception in the virtues and talents of my Eugene. How often have you yourself praised them! Praised them! you have endeavoured to recompense them with a throne, while you confessed that the reward was inferior to his merits. All France has recoiled these sentiments, but what are the wishes of France? I do not speak of my successor, and you can hardly expect it, when all I could say of her would appear suspicious. There can be no suspicion as to my prayer for your happiness, which alone can now console me. Ah! how great will that happiness be, if it equals my sorrow."

CHAPTER X.

The king of Holland entertained a sincere friendship for Josephine, and was deeply grieved at the divorce, yet he was very near following the example of Napoleon. The time had not come, when he could venture to solicit openly for a dissolution of his marriage, but he wished to add the sanction of the law to the actual separation existing between himself and his queen. The health of both parties was, in point of fact, much impaired; the true motive, however, was to be sought in their discordant tempers. During the whole period of his late residence in Paris, Louis had never seen the queen, except on those public occasions when a meeting was rendered unavoidable by the rules of etiquette. On his arrival from Holland, he had repaired immediately to his mother's residence, instead of proceeding to his own palace, which was occupied by Hortense. After all this coldness, he expressed a desire for her return to Amsterdam; and she conceived herself obliged by duty to comply with all his wishes. He was unfortunate; his kingdom was menaced by the imperial armies; and the winning manners, amiability and address of the queen, might prove extremely useful in encouraging his dispirited subjects, and in preserving to the last moment their wavering allegiance.

The experience of a few weeks satisfied Hortense that she had flattered herself with a vain illusion. In private, and the behaviour of the king had undergone no change, and he soon found the public observance of appearances, an intolerable constraint. Indifference, discord, and misunderstanding became too apparent, and alike annoyed and afflicted the people and the courtiers, the French and the Dutch. Hortense was soon convinced that her presence could be more useful to her mother than to her husband. Under pretext of ill-health, she removed for a few days to the royal castle of Loo; and thence, without the least intimation to the king, she set out for France.

It is said that Louis was somewhat piqued, when he heard of this departure, either on account of the contempt displayed for his authority, or because he really entertained the plan, asserted by some, of compelling the queen to reside in his dominions. This latter supposition is highly improbable. The justice and humanity of Louis, himself so severe a sufferer by state policy, could scarcely have inflicted the same wrongs upon a neglected wife. Still, however, the best and most reasonable are often inconsistent; and we are seldom governed ourselves by the same rigid morality which influences our judgment of the conduct of others. A rigid supporter of political necessity, Napoleon himself has censured the behaviour of Hortense, and her little inclination to remain with her husband. In the memorial of St. Helena it is said that "Josephine constantly professed submission, devotion, and the most unbounded complaisance. She frequently blamed and reproved her daughter Hortense and her niece Stephanie, who lived on bad terms with their husbands, exhibited caprice, and affected a sort of independence." In another place he says, "Hortense, with all her goodness and generosity, was not without fault in her behaviour to her husband; this I must admit, notwithstanding the affection I bear her, and the real attachment which I know she feels for me. However eccentric and disagreeable Louis may have been, he undoubtedly loved her; and every woman, un-

der such circumstances, and with equally important calls, ought to know how to restrain her feelings and even to love in return. Had she possessed this self-command, the vexation of her late law suit would have been spared and her life rendered happier. If she had accompanied Louis to Holland, he would never have quitted Amsterdam, nor should I have been compelled to take possession of his kingdom, a measure which contrived greatly to ruin me in Europe, and thus many events might have taken a different turn."

Napoleon must have been strangely disposed to ascribe great results to trifling causes, if he really imagined the union of Holland and France to have been the consequence, either of the discord of Louis and his consort, or of the indifference of Hortense for her husband. If this was his true belief, why had he not commanded them to sacrifice their mutual dislike? His will had certainly worked greater miracles than this. The truth is, that the emperor never occupied himself seriously with these family dissensions; and all three perfectly understood their relative positions. Louis had adopted the only reasonable line of policy; his wife admired his conduct, even while lamenting the inevitable rupture with Napoleon, and had she idolized her husband she could never have advised him to take other measures. The policy of the emperor was wholly independent of mere domestic relations. In giving up to the bent, or perhaps to the caprice of their dispositions, Louis and Hortense endangered nothing but their individual happiness; all the rest depended on the destiny, or rather on the ambition of Napoleon. It was no doubt through a singular modesty that he preferred seeking in others, those causes of action which existed only in himself. With Louis, the great misfortune was not so much the alleged indifference of his consort, as his own inability to stand in comparison with the lofty genius of his brother. That same genius which conquers kingdoms, subjects nations, creates monarchies, and legislates for an empire, possesses in every thing a supernatural energy. It rules the hearts of women, as despotically as the reason and courage of men. To his family the emperor was fond and affectionate; had he been savage and brutal, still Josephine would have ever shown mildness, submission, and love. Fortune had dealt hardly by Louis: his character was unamiable, and he wanted the commanding mind of Napoleon. But, alas! genius is often a fatality.

CHAPTER XI.

Josephine retained, after her divorce, the title of empress, with a fortune and household befitting her dignity. Her retirement still bore the appearance of a court; differing only in the less strict observance of etiquette and in the diminished attendance of courtiers, but atoning in freedom from restraint and in general kindness, for the want of magnificence and ceremony. The pleasures of a circle of intimate friends are certainly the best consolations for the loss of power; and Josephine having full liberty to travel, enjoyed the additional advantage of carrying all her society along with her. On these expeditions, liberty increased in direct proportion to the distance from the capital. She chiefly resided at her country seats, Malmaison and Navarre, though sometimes more distant journeys were undertaken. On one occasion she even went as far as Geneva, where the viceroys of Italy and his queen came from Milan to visit her. Hortense, who was always with her mother, made one of the party on this occasion. She wished, while in the vicinity of Savoy, to drink the celebrated waters of Aix, which had been recommended for the restoration of her health, then very precarious, and attended with a kind of morbid melancholy.

Her faithful friend, Madame de Broc, followed her to Aix. They frequently amused themselves with long walks in this picturesque and extraordinary region, where every excursion, every fresh step, seemed to unfold additional objects of admiration. The wonders of nature are always enhanced by sentiment, and we discover new beauties in a magnificent prospect, when we view it in the company of those whom we love. Hortense felt this pleasure the more keenly, as landscape painting was one of the branches of art in which she particularly excelled.

The two friends, one day, attempted the ascent of a mountain which promised to afford a magnificent and unbounded prospect. To reach the summit, it was necessary to cross a deep ravine, apparently torn open by some terrible convulsion. The darkness of the abyss was never increased than concealed by the alpine firs scattered along its sides; while below, a rapid torrent rolled noisily along. The gloomy sublimity of the whole scene struck the vivid imagination of Hortense, and she re-

mained for a moment in silent admiration. Her deep feelings were too soon to be wounded by a more real horror.

Their guides had hastily bid a narrow plank across the chasm as a bridge. Hortense, who first made the attempt, crossed with a firm, light step, and in perfect safety. Madame de Broc ventured in her turn. A sudden crash is heard, followed by a piercing shriek—Hortense turns and rushes to the brink, the plank had given way, and she sees the body of her unhappy friend, shooting from rock to rock, and overwhelmed at last in the waters of the torrent. There were no ropes at hand, and no ladder could have been long enough to reach the foot of the precipice. The guides never doubt her fate for an instant; death was inevitable, and it was scarcely even to be hoped that the mutilated corpse might be carried far into the valley, and deposited where the care of friends could recover it for the last sad funeral rites. Overwhelmed with grief, Hortense lost every thought of her own escape from a similar fate in traversing the same frail plank. Her situation was really alarming, and the guides were obliged to lay hastily a stronger bridge and to cross to her assistance. Her oldest friend, she who had shared every wish and soothed all her sorrows, was thus torn from her by a sudden and fearful death. It was the most terrible shock sustained by Hortense, since the loss of her eldest son. When time and care had in some degree restored her to health, she sought to divert her grief by her customary occupations of beneficence. She founded a hospital at Aix, and devoted a great portion of each day to the distribution of money and medicine to its sick or indigent inmates; accompanying her girls with those kind expressions, which render charity yet more welcome and more efficacious.

CHAPTER XII.

At length the hurricane which had been so long and so ominously gathering, burst in its full fury upon France. Every day announced to Napoleon the defection of an ancient ally, and every day the ranks of his enemies were swelled by the diminution of his own forces. The utmost predigies of valour were unable to save his country from invasion, and the capital itself was threatened by the hostile armies.

Hortense, who had promptly returned to her mother at Navarre, read with painful anxiety the bulletins of the French army, and listened eagerly to the reports of the express. The unhappy Josephine, more attached to her husband now that fortune was false, shed bitter tears over the sad fulfilment of her predictions. At length she received despatches from a sovereign, who had esteemed the friendship of Napoleon, and who had deemed himself honoured when treated as his equal. Times had indeed altered; we characterise the change almost in a word, when we add that the wife and daughter of the emperor were reduced to avail themselves of his protection as an enemy and a conqueror. Paris had capitulated: the armies of the allies were encamped in her squares, and their chiefs lodged in her palaces; while Napoleon, with his forces reduced to a handful of veterans, had abdicated the throne at Fontainebleau, and was retiring to his empire of Elba.

In the letter of Alexander, the language of a victor was studiously disguised under the forms of the most delicate courtesy. He was so anxious to see the empress Josephine and her daughter, that he entreated them to return to Malmaison, unless they preferred receiving an early visit at Navarre. As an acknowledgment of this politeness, the mother set out immediately: but Hortense had duties to perform towards Maria Louisa, whom she still regarded as her sovereign. The powerful protection tendered to her mother, removed all anxiety on that account; and it was therefore incumbent on her to calm the apprehensions and share the perils of the second consort of Napoleon. She accordingly repaired to Rambouillet, where Maria Louisa, guarded by the forces of the coalition, was awaiting her future lot. It was speedily determined; and when she had set out for Vienna with an Austrian escort, Hortense returned to her mother at Malmaison. Here Josephine appeared to have revived her ancient court of the Tuileries. The more intimately she became known to the allied monarchs, the more she was admired and respected; and the arrival of her daughter increased the attentions of these illustrious visitors. Grace and amiability were hereditary in this family; their triumphs were surer, milder, and more rapid than the conquests of Napoleon.

CHAPTER XIII.

The solicitude of the allied monarchs for the future welfare of Hortense, was an immediate consequence of the interest she had inspired. "Remark," said they, "with what ease an enlightened people can abandon a chief who has raised them to such a pitch of power and glory. The military alone exhibit the least regret: all the rest rejoice in the change, though it is impossible for them to foresee its results. Observe all these courtiers eagerly crowding about the restored dynasty! But yesterday, they were prodigal of the most solemn oaths of attachment to Napoleon: to-day, they pretend to have always hated and despised him, and win new titles to favour by bitter and scandalous libels against their fallen master. Believe us, princess, all the rare and noble endowments which Heaven has lavished on you, will not suffice to fix the affections of the people: a power superior to the storms of revolutions, is the only safeguard against their fickleness and inconstancy." Her august friends pressed her with these reasons to accept an independent sovereignty.

The philosophy of Hortense had been acquired in the school of misfortune, but it bore no similarity to that inculcated by these clear sighted sovereigns. The obscurity of retirement seemed to her a yet safer asylum against the revolutions of kingdoms and the caprices of the people: but she had children, born in the purple, and brought up amidst the homage and respect of the highest dignitaries of the empire. The first impressions of education exercise an unconquerable influence over all the actions of life: those to whom grandeur was a birthright, can never endure mediocrity or obscurity, unless endowed with more greatness of soul than commonly falls to the lot of mortals. Hortense, therefore, yielded to the dictates of maternal tenderness, in accepting for her children what was to her a subject of indifference; but she still displayed her moderation, in taking much less than had been originally offered. At the request of the allied sovereigns, Louis XVIII. erected St. Leu into a duchy for her advantage, with the right of inheritance vested in her children.

The allied monarchs were equally anxious to confer a similar favour upon Josephine. She thanked them, but constantly refused; with an indifference to power that seemed almost a presentiment of the early fate which removed her from her children and her friends. Her health had been so deeply undermined by the shock and affliction caused by the overthrow of the empire, that an indisposition, apparently trifling, became serious, and in a few days terminated in death. The spring is always damp at Paris; but Malmaison, the empress's residence, being situated on the northern face of a hill and surrounded with woods, has more than its share of the general humidity. Josephine had been confined to her bed for several days, by an attack of sore throat. The king of Prussia paid her a visit to inquire after her health, and she imagined herself sufficiently well to rise and receive him. Alarming symptoms appeared the same evening; the next day, the best of women, the mildest of queens, and the most affectionate of mothers and wives, ceased to exist.

It was now the second of June, 1814: during four days, heaven, earth and mankind had been alike sad: for four days had elapsed since the death of Josephine had deprived humanity of its ornament and poverty of its protectress. Every road from Paris to Rucl and its environs was crowded with trains of mourners. The indigent were not here alone—there are other misfortunes besides poverty. Sad groups thronged all the avenues, and I could distinguish tears even in the splendid equipages which came rattling across the court yard.

From the fatal day of Josephine's death, until the 2d of June, the time appointed for the funeral, more than twenty thousand persons beheld her for the last time. I do not include the inquisitive stragglers, who availed themselves of this opportunity to obtain a sight of Malmaison; and who, after making a slight obeisance to the state-bed, immediately inquired the way to the great Conservatory, or went off laughing to tease the wild beasts. A far greater number came to offer their prayers for the repose of her soul. They visited with veneration the shrubberies she had planted, the fields she had tilled, and the plants watered by her own hands: while admiring her works, they seemed to enjoy a secret pleasure, in the very increase of regret. The young girls who had repaired to the melancholy spot, wept bitterly when they remembered the happy marriages of their associates, for whom the kindness of the empress had removed the opposition of interest. Old men sighed over their lost pensions, and the little enjoyments they had pro-

cured: while many a mother shed tears in grateful recollection of the conscript son, restored by the bounty of Josephine, who had removed him from active service, obtained his discharge, or hired the substitute. Even strangers accosted each other to relate some trait honourable to her memory. Grief, the great peace maker, reconciled many enemies on this solemn occasion, when every thing was forgotten but the charity of her whom all lamented. Those who spoke of her soon felt the return of mutual kindness, for how could any one refuse forgiveness, near the tomb of her who had pardoned so much? Thus her very memory was as powerful as her presence. The body of Josephine was laid out on a state-bed, surrounded with numerous tapers, in an ante-chamber leading into the room where she died. The ante-chamber was hung with black, without cypresses or escutcheons: on the right of the entrance stood an altar, surrounded with chairs and sofas. The face of the corpse was covered with a cambric handkerchief, as it lay under the charge of two officiating clergymen belonging to the neighbouring villages, together with the curate of Rueil, and four domestics.

The solemn tolling of the bells of all the neighbouring parishes summoned the faithful to pay the tribute of gratitude at the foot of the altar. The funeral took place at noon, with the greatest pomp, in the modest little church of the village of Rueil, belonging to the parish of Malmaison. The pall-bearers were the Grand Duke of Baden, the husband of Stephanie de Beauharnais, Josephine's niece; the Marquis de Beauharnais, brother-in-law to the empress, and formerly ambassador to Spain; her nephew, the Count de Tascher; and I believe, the Count de Beauharnais, gentleman in waiting of Maria Louisa.

The funeral train left Malmaison by the iron gate, and followed the high road as far as Rueil. General Sacken, who represented the emperor of Russia, and the adjutant-general of the king of Prussia, on the part of his master, walked on foot at the head of the procession, followed by a number of foreign princes, marshals of France, generals, and other French officers. Then came the banners of the various trades of the parish, with twenty young girls in white, chanting psalms; while two thousand mendicants of all ages brought up the rear. The whole route was lined with Russian hussars, and the national guards.

General Sacken was the bearer of a message from his sovereign, to the relatives of the empress assembled at Malmaison, expressing his wish to devote the thirty-six hours he had yet to remain in Paris, exclusively to the excellent prince Eugene and his sister, as a testimony of deep affection at the death of her majesty. The emperor, in fact, never quitted them until he set out for his dominions.

Upwards of four thousand inhabitants of the neighbouring districts, are understood to have assembled for the purpose of paying a parting homage to the memory of a princess, who had so justly earned the title of mother of the poor and of the afflicted. Mass was celebrated by M. de Barrel, archbishop of Tours, her chief almoner, assisted by the bishops of Evreux and Versailles: after the gospel, he pronounced a short but affecting funeral oration.

The body of Josephine* was placed in a leaden coffin, enclosed in one of wood, which was temporarily deposited in that part of the cemetery containing the remains of three hundred persons crushed to death in the Rue Royale, in returning from the exhibition of fire works, in the Place Louis XV. in honour of the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

On reaching the burial ground, Hortense, who had previously remained in one of the chapels of the church of Rueil, threw herself upon her mother's grave, to which she clung as if distracted, until forcibly removed from the melancholy spot.

The ceremonies lasted until five o'clock in the evening. The whole household of the illustrious deceased were bathed in tears; many strangers who were present, and who had only become acquainted with her since the restoration, wept in common with those whom she had blessed or comforted.

I had no wish to witness this spectacle: it was melancholy, with no accompanying consolation. Whilst the general sorrow was publicly expressed, mine was in-

duced in a different manner. I wandered among bowers planted by the hands of Josephine herself, and through their branches I looked out upon the fields she had cultivated and the cottages she had built. Even this sad delight, and the very shade which sheltered me, were all her work. Near me on the road, and far across the fields, crowds were hurrying towards Malmaison and Rueil, whilst others were on the return. They met and exchanged a few words; the young girls shed tears, and then went mourning on their way. Sometimes I caught disjointed sentences borne to me by the wind: in all, the name of Josephine was pronounced by gratitude, and her charity commemorated by sorrow.

Above the confused noises which re-echoed over the plain, came the sullen tolling of the bells, and every breeze seemed charged with their endless peals. To me, the wearisome monotony of the chiming brass, which knells alike for the good and the wicked, has ever appeared ill-omened. I strove to divert my attention by listening to the twittering of the birds: their concerts were occasionally interrupted, but they recommenced their songs with more subdued notes; and there was something soothing in the sad thought, that from the very bench where I was then seated, Josephine had a thousand times enjoyed their music.

The brightness of the day was obscured by dark clouds when I arrived at the church. It was hung with mourning for its departed benefactress. When a crowded hearse falls at the feet of death, vanity raises the diadem to decorate a coffin: here there was no pomp, no proud clasp, but in the midst of tears and sighs, a thousand voices repeated and ever will repeat the name of Josephine.

To the name of one so dear and who soothed so many sorrows, gratitude would willingly add two more, which a prudent sorrow, it is said, should carefully suppress. On this subject I am equally ignorant and indifferent. I can only say that grateful remembrance acknowledges no other guide than the dictates of affection, and that Eugene and Hortense are invoked alike with the cherished memory of Josephine. Can there be any so unfeeling as to imagine tears formidable, or to consider grief a crime? Sorrow never conspires.

The following portrait of Josephine is from the pen of an intimate friend. Several years before a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune had raised her to a throne, she had attained the utmost perfection of what was called her beauty: yet she was never strictly beautiful, if to entitle a woman to that distinction, regularity of feature must be added to nobleness and elegance. A countenance animated by intelligence, and especially by feeling, is far more captivating than the cold perfection and symmetry so prized by artists in the models of antiquity. To these charms Josephine knew no claim; but every emotion of her mind was forcibly and rapidly depicted by the ever varying expression of her fascinating face. It was the mirror of her heart, adorned by every grace, and reflecting that general benevolence, which seeks in every suffering creature another subject for consolation and relief.

Her benevolence, the leading trait in her character, was in truth universal. The same hand which lavished bounties without stint and sometimes without reflection, caressed a suffering animal, or sought to revive, by cultivation, a withered and drooping plant. Her feelings of charity suffered no change from the vicissitudes of fortune. When almost indigent at Fontainebleau, a strict economy enabled her to assist others yet more destitute than herself; while as an empress and a sovereign, her benevolence became as splendid as her prosperity.

A heart so affectionate was indeed worthy of affection. When imperial France in the pride of victory beheld captive Europe at her feet, she bestowed on Napoleon the title of "great": a medal struck to Josephine the beneficent, proclaims the milder face of the empress. Except Stanislaus and herself, I know but few sovereigns who have been tempted to deserve a similar surname:—one, indeed, not to be gained by pensions or caprice, among the minions of a court, but by acts of heavenly charity, done in the cottage of the poor, and near the sick bed of the unfortunate.

Such is a brief sketch of all that will survive of Josephine—the envelope of so pure a soul may be described in a few words. It is pleasing to see a woman at once estimable and beautiful, and I have already said that in either point of view there was nothing wanting in Josephine. Voltaire himself, like the court poets who were the plagiarists of his panegyric, would have applied to her, as he did to the Marchioness de Villette, the famous epithet of Fair and Good.

Her figure was of the ordinary height, but beautifully modelled. Every motion was marked by that plant

case which was equally suited to the graceful attitude which painters love to represent in Venus, or to the dignified demeanour befitting the majesty of a queen. A constant changeableness gave to her countenance, even when agitated by sorrow, an expression ever new and always attractive. Her eyes were large, deep blue, and shaded by slightly curved eye-lashes: the colour of her hair, between dark and light, harmonised exactly with the tint of her complexion. All who have heard Josephine converse, and especially those who were so fortunate as to hear her sing, must preserve a pleasing remembrance of the soft and winning tones of her voice. Without much compass and almost without art, (although she was a good musician,) the sounds possessed that tremulous melody which chords so well with the feelings of the listener. The notes were scarcely above mediocrity, but the accents came from the heart and found the heart. While she was seated on the throne, her performance on the harp and piano was the theme of universal praise: it is true, however, that there are few queens, who, at least in their lives, have not enjoyed a reputation for virtue and talent. The abilities of Josephine appeared perhaps to less advantage in the empress than in Madame Bonaparte; but on the other hand, none could surpass the virtues she displayed in imperial sovereignty.

Besides these agreeable accomplishments, Josephine possessed more solid acquisitions. She understood botany thoroughly; her taste for this favourite study erected the magnificent conservatories of Malmaison, which honour her memory almost as much as her pensions to the indigent. When her divorce had dispelled the magic dream of power, and an abedication had exhibited the vanity of greatness, she found consolation in the sight of her beautiful exotics, warmed even in exile, by their native sun. The imperial purple was replaced by a plain dress of muslin; while the brow which once had glimmered with royal jewels was still crowned, but it was now with a simple diadem of roses and violets.

At the first intelligence of his mother's illness, Eugene set out instantly from Munich, where he had been welcomed by his father in law, the king of Bavaria; but he arrived only in time to pay her the last honors, and to weep with Hortense over her tomb. We shall not attempt to describe their affliction. As a mother, no one was ever more affectionate than Josephine, or more deserving of love; as children, Hortense and Eugene were every way worthy of their parent, and none could feel more deeply a similar calamity.

CHAPTER XIV.

As etiquette required the son in law of a reigning monarch to wait on the king of France in passing through Paris, Eugene paid a visit to Louis XVIII., after the expiration of the time prescribed for the observances of grief. He was unwilling on this occasion, either to style himself a German prince, or to assume any title recalling the days of the empire: with characteristic modesty and true French feeling he was therefore simply announced as General Beauharnais. He expressed his thanks to the king for the kind treatment extended to his mother by the allied monarchs, and for the favours they had conferred upon his sister.

Hortense was under a still greater obligation of gratitude towards Louis, and she consequently paid her respects to him on quitting her mourning. Both parties to this interview enjoyed a great reputation for conversational talent, although the style of each was extremely different. The wit of the king was academic, and its far-fetched refinement was constantly perceptible through the formal politeness of a court. Hortense, on the contrary, is ever frank and unaffected: her sensibility lends its line to every thought, and her goodness of heart is expressed in every sentiment. The labour of display and the coquetry were all on the part of the king, for Hortense had only to be herself to triumph in this little contest. Louis, however, acquired some advantage from his loud commendation of the merit of the princess with whom he had thus become acquainted. In a Bourbon, this praise of a member of the imperial family was almost magnanimity; but while full justice was rendered him for the feeling, the courtiers and Parisians took care to add that he had turned a rank Bonapartist.

The discount of the partisans of Napoleon at the conduct of Hortense, though more suppressed, was much more enduring. They admitted no excuse for her visit to the king, for they could never forgive its reason. The article in the treaty of Fontainebleau creating the Dutchy of St. Lou was to them conclusive proof that the daughter of Napoleon wished to separate herself from

* The body of Josephine now lies under a magnificent tomb of white marble, erected by her children. She is represented in her imperial robes, kneeling, and apparently praying for the welfare of France. "Eugene and Hortense in Josephine" is the only inscription. This beautiful monument stands in a side chapel and is the work of that excellent sculptor, M. Cartier. I cannot tell whether criticism has ever discovered any fault; I have wept too often over that statue not to believe it perfect.

the cause and even from the remembrance of her father: they would never listen to the real motives we have already explained. Party spirit is strangely inconsistent: its approbation or its silence must be purchased by sacrifices, and yet these are only rewarded with obscurity and contempt.

Louis Napoleon was by no means the last to attack the conduct of Hortense: perhaps, indeed, he was only taking advantage of her present unpopularity, to realise a scheme projected long before. A formal separation from bed and board already existed: he now claimed the possession of his eldest son—a claim of course refused by Hortense. The affair was referred to a legal tribunal, where it was still pending, when the news reached Paris of the landing of Napoleon at Cannes. We may easily imagine that under such circumstances, all further proceedings were suspended. The great arbiter soon arrived in his capital.

CHAPTER XV.

Napoleon, hailed every where by the people, and by the very troops despatched to oppose him, had reconquered France in traversing it: on the 20th March, 1815, without striking a blow, he took possession of the Tuileries. Hortense immediately requested an interview; moved by affection for her adopted father, and anxiety to dispel the prejudices raised against her in his mind. The emperor at first refused to see her, but she persisted in her demand, feeling that every embarrassment would be well compensated by an interview with a beloved relative. Napoleon at length received her; but it was with that stern look, severe eye, and frowning brow—with that aspect of Jupiter Tonans—which inspired more terror than even the reproaches pronounced by his lips. Strong in conscious innocence, the queen listened without impatience, and vindicated herself without difficulty. Napoleon at length became convinced that there was no treachery in submission to events which could neither be foreseen nor controlled—no defect in national anxiety for the welfare of her children, and in a residence in France when assured of a harsh reception every where else. He admitted that to return in civility for kindness was not a fault; that there was no crime in showing gratitude to sovereigns who had given protection, when they might have exercised injustice and tyranny without a possibility of resistance or escape. In political revolutions, the obligations of a mother and a woman are far different from those of a man. The firmness of the latter, supported by native energy of mind and body, is recompensed by glory; while none but milder duties remain to the humble and modest female.

Louis Napoleon abstained from a personal appearance as the adversary of his consort; contenting himself with despatching an envoy from Rome with full powers. His deep anxiety was declared for a complete reconciliation with his brother, whom he had never seen since the abdication of the crown of Holland; but the condition was annexed that a divorce from his wife should be permitted. As divorces had been formally abolished in 1814, the tribunal having cognisance of the suit for the possession of his eldest son, could entertain no proceedings of that nature: he believed this, however, an excellent opportunity for the complete execution of his favourite project. The emperor received the individual charged with this mission, in a manner worthy of himself. "Let Louis," said he, "come when he will; he shall be well received, for he is my brother. As for his divorce, it is a mere whim, which I could not indulge even if our family contract was not diametrically opposed to it." Louis remained at Rome.

As soon as Hortense had regained the esteem and affections of her father, she renewed her ancient habits of benevolence under the sanction of imperial authority. The Dutchesse of Orleans, a princess of the blood-royal, had broken a limb in attempting a precipitate flight from Paris on the arrival of the emperor. The solicitations of Hortense procured a permission for her residence in the capital, with a pension suitable to the high station she had lost; and under the same auspices, a like favour was accorded to her daughter the Dutchesse of Bourbon. She interceded much longer, though with unequal success, for a less illustrious personage, the Baron de Vitrolles. His only crime was that of ardent devotion to an unfortunate family; and the emperor could now, better than any one else, appreciate the merit of such an attachment; but he knew also that the baron had other claims to the gratitude of the Bourbons, and he was deaf to all the entreaties of Hortense.

CHAPTER XVI.

The news of the return of Napoleon startled the congress assembled at Vienna to partition his empire. A strong protest, issued against his fresh occupation of the throne, was followed by the immediate march of the armies of the allies. The troops of Prussia and the English forces occupying Belgium, from their proximity to France, naturally formed the vanguard of the coalition. Napoleon hastily assembled an army, which was less formidable from its numbers than from the ability and fame of the leader. By rapid marches, the junction of the Prussians and English was anticipated, and victory snuffed for an instant before departing for ever. The fatal rout of Waterloo then hurried along Napoleon and the wrecks of his guard, involving infantry, cavalry, artillery, and baggage, in one mass of hopeless confusion. Many officers and soldiers perished by their own hands, rather than survive so fearful a disaster. Great numbers of the wounded were preserved from Prussian barbarity by the humanity and friendship of the Belgians. The despair of the survivors who followed the retreat of Napoleon towards Paris, can only be compared to the glory they had won from the commencement of the battle until the close of the day. They resembled a funeral procession, as they stole silently from that bloody field which had twice sounded with their shout of victory. Every French soldier seemed a hero weeping over his country and her triumphs. The staff reached Jemappes, where a vain attempt was made to rally the means of defence. The very carriage of Napoleon had been lost, and a small wagon bore the victim of Waterloo to Philippeville, where he found the equipage of Marshal Scott. He entered a calèche with General Bertrand, who was destined never to leave him, until he had closed his eyes at the distance of three thousand miles from France.

The allies had gained a great battle; but this first tremendous disaster might yet have been repaired, had Napoleon found followers at Paris sincerely disposed to second his exertions. Fouché, however, whom he had imprudently created a minister, busily excited the partisans of the Bourbons; while on the other hand the representative chamber, jealous of the emperor's authority, thwarted all his measures, assumed the supreme control, and engaged in interminable debates while the enemy were at the very gates of the capital. The republican opposition was strengthened by a great body of royalists, who were not long in throwing off the mask. Napoleon was forced to a second abdication far more painful than the first; for it was now his own subjects who hurled him from the throne, and threatened his very existence. A rapid succession of political convulsions had awakened all those civil passions, which in times of anarchy always rage without restraint.

The emperor, after laying down his authority, retired to Malmaison. The provisional government, to whom he was yet formidable, converted his asylum into a prison, and appointed a jailer in the person of General Beker, an officer who owed his rank to Napoleon, and discharged his painful duties imposed on him with all possible respect for his former master. He was consoled by the reflection, that in fulfilling the instructions of the provisional government, he in reality protected the emperor from attempts upon his life. There was now this singular difference between Malmaison and other prisons, that it was more difficult to enter than to leave it.

The gates opened, however, to admit Hortense, or rather she arrived at the same time with the illustrious captive. If Napoleon had not already appreciated her unbounded kindness and affection, he had here abundant proof of their existence and sincerity. Could any thing have enabled him to forget the extent of his misfortunes, or have interrupted the sad current of reflection on his own probable fate, and the future destinies of France, it must have been the presence of this angelic woman. Her ingenuity was unceasingly employed in devising new amusements to divert his mind; her compassion found tears for irremediable evils; her sympathy shared the weight of affliction; while her enthusiasm roused his genius, by pointing to the glorious perspective, when his exploits would be recorded in the brightest pages of history for the admiration of all posterity.

Hortense would certainly have been excusable if she had directed a portion of this admiration to herself: she might justly have been proud of the unbounded self-devotion exhibited in defiance of the enemies of her family, who were sure to seek every where, new food

for their unmanly calumnies. The infamous libels in which these slanders were circulated, had been published after the first restoration, and must have been known to Hortense. She probably considered them unworthy of notice, for she was ever faithful to the motto of the arms of Holland,—"Do right, come what may."

The moment of lasting separation at length arrived. Forced to abandon France, Napoleon set out from Malmaison for Rochefort, in order to embark upon that ocean which was to bear him he knew not whither. Neither Hortense nor himself could possibly conjecture his destiny; and this uncertainty alone was sufficient to render their parting deeply afflicting: how much more painful would it have been, could the queen have pictured to herself her father falling into the hands of his enemies, and perishing by a lingering martyrdom of five years, in a dreadful climate, on a little rock lost in the midst of the African ocean.

CHAPTER XVII.

The second restoration took place. The government, filled with old rancour and new exasperation, announced openly a bloody retribution; while its gloomy distrust seemed to increase with the severity of its measures. Hortense was included in the circle of suspicion: she was accused of planning and directing all the Bonapartist contrivances, though they really originated in the department of police. The administration—hypocritical in its justice and cowardly in its cruelty,—got up daily some new conspiracy, as a pretext for oppression, and in order to involve the secret friends of the imperial sway. Injustice and suspicion are the proper attributes of weak and short sighted rulers. Napoleon landed at Cannes—Hortense could alone have planned his return: he had traversed France hurrying the whole nation in his train—Hortense must have poured out the treasures of corruption: his concealed partisans were now promoting every where rebellious disturbances—it was still the mysterious power of Hortense that encouraged and directed sedition. The same absurdity marked the behaviour of the congress of Vienna towards Eugene, a prince eminently distinguished for his frank and honourable conduct. The return of Napoleon and his successes in France, were due neither to the machinations of a prince without power, nor to the weak intrigues of a woman: instead of ascribing the origin of those great events to such remote and inadequate causes, we must look for it in the shameful conduct of the congress itself towards the people of every nation, and in the counter revolutionary spirit of the Bourbons and their ministers.

Hortense, now an object of suspicion, received orders to quit France without delay, and she accordingly set out, with her children, from Malmaison, on the 17th of July 1815. Her travelling companion was Prince Schwartzberg, whose situation was soon converted into that of a protector. When the party arrived at Dijon, they found the municipal authorities resolved to detain the princess as a prisoner. This act was certainly an apparent disobedience to their superiors at Paris, who had granted her a passport, but perhaps, they were more complaisant in reality than in seeming. In those days of dark machinations, the higher powers frequently entrusted their subalterns with the execution of odious measures, which, officially at least, they affected to disavow. Fortunately for Hortense, this part of Burgundy was occupied by Austrian troops. Prince Schwartzberg immediately introduced himself to the city authorities, and demanded whether he must appeal to his soldiers for leave to proceed without interruption. Such arguments are irresistible, and the travellers reached Geneva without further accident.

The dominion of France was here at an end, but the troubles of Hortense seemed only to recommence. Imprisonment was no longer a subject of apprehension, but the magistracy would suffer neither a residence in the city, nor a prosecution of her journey. It was clear that they wished her to return homeward, where open persecution was likely to be her lot. The Geneveuse, quite as scrupulous as the French ministry, had no objection to see those vexations inflicted by others, which they were too timid to take upon themselves.

Were such sentiments worthy of proud republicanism? The union of Geneva to France was their heavy subject of complaint against the emperor; but they had received the richest compensation. Their country had prospered beyond example: the reputation of her literati was extended by their admission into the institute of Paris: the youth of the canton had gained decorations and glory on the field of victory: titles of nobility had been gladly accepted by the dignitaries of the republic,

and the department of the Leman—a part of the mighty empire of France—enjoyed far higher consideration than the petty state of Geneva—the most insignificant of sovereignties, except its sister commonwealth of San Marino.

If we concede the utmost extent of the alleged injury, it was still wrong to avenge the faults of Napoleon upon an innocent member of his family, and above all, they should never have selected as their victim, a female whose whole life was a continued stream of benevolence, fertilising all that approached her. It was the same enchanting excellence of character, that now again exonerated her from the danger by which she was menaced.

The malice of the authorities of Geneva was exhibited rather in negotiations than in deeds. It was impossible to converse with Hortense for any length of time, without a feeling of devotion to her service; and a short interview converted the most violent of the magistrates into penitent partisans. They assumed the responsibility of authorising the continuance of her journey to Savoy, and afterwards excused this act of simple justice by specious pretexts of negligence or ignorance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hortense at length reached Aix in Savoy, where a friendly reception was extended to her—the first since her departure from Paris. The inhabitants remembered her long stay among them—her liberal charities—and the hospital she had founded and so munificently endowed. If in the course of her travels she had hitherto met nothing but persecution and enmity, here at least were those who had no other sentiments than peaceful kindness and unaffected gratitude. In treating her with all the respect due to her rank and misfortunes, the magistrates nobly expressed the feelings of the inhabitants. She was invited to remain at Aix, until the allied powers had designated her future residence.

But it was decreed that henceforth her repose should be constantly disturbed. The calm and pleasing aspect of Savoy was suddenly overshadowed by the same melancholy gloom which had passed before her eyes after the tragical end of her dearest friend; and the remembrance of that terrible calamity was revived by another misfortune, scarcely less afflicting, and wholly unexpected. The suit of Louis Napoleon for the custody of his eldest child, which had been interrupted by the "hundred days," was afterwards resumed and carried to a judgment in his favour. An agent arrived at Aix, furnished with competent legal powers, and the queen was obliged to submit to this cruel device of separation.

The soul of Hortense had been already steeped in misfortune, but her power of endurance seemed at length exhausted. When she had embraced her son for the last time, and beheld the carriage depart that bore him away, a deep despondency overwhelmed her spirits. Her very existence became a dream, and it seemed indifferent to her whether her lot was to enjoy or to suffer—to depart or to be allowed to remain—to be persecuted, respected, or forgotten. She scarcely noticed the reply of the allied sovereigns, allowing her to reside at Constance; and gave no orders whatever for her journey. Her attendants were compelled to repeat frequently in her presence the hints of the Savoyard authorities, who were exposed to the ill will of their government by her prolonged residence. Then, indeed, the fear of injuring those from whom she had experienced nothing but kindness, awakened her from her melancholy lethargy.

She traversed Switzerland at the very season when nature assumes her most picturesque aspect; sublime views or smiling landscapes were constantly presented; but she gazed on them as if her eyes were not those of an artist, and her hands had forgotten their skill in sketching. Her imagination itself seemed torpid, for it rose to no enthusiasm before the green valley, the magnificent cascades, or even the snowy domes of Mont Blanc. Nothing could rouse her from this fatal lethargy but the approach of danger, and such an excitement was not long wanting.

Being again obliged to pass through the territory of Geneva, she now met with far less courtesy from the country people, than formerly from the citizens themselves. She had halted for a short time at a country-seat, formerly her mother's, and of course now her own. Yet the sanctity of a private dwelling was disregarded, and the house surrounded by a party of soldiers. These violent measures evidently proceeded from no pure motive, but the courage and presence of mind of the princess disconcerted all the plots of her enemies. She went alone into the midst of the armed warriors who crowded around her: many recognised her, for nearly all had

seen service in the imperial armies. "Behold me," she exclaimed, "I am the daughter of Josephine—the child of Napoleon—of him who loved you so well and led you to glory. Is this the crime of which I am accused? I can never believe it. Return to your employers and thank them in my name: tell them of my gratitude for the pleasure of being again, guarded by the soldiers of my father and of France." Every gesture, every word produced a magical effect on the hearts of the Genevese veterans. Respect, compassion, and admiration succeeded the low impulses of hate and revenge; until at length, wholly overcome, they fell on their knees and wept at the feet of her whom happily they had come to assassinate.

In travelling through the rest of Switzerland, Hortense encountered other obstacles and accidents of a less dramatic character; but she at length reached the territories of the Grand Duke of Baden, and once again the wanderer broke freely, as she recollected the near connection between that sovereign and herself.

CHAPTER XIX.

A sentiment of politeness induced Hortense to despatch a courier to the Grand Duke, to request permission to remain in Baden: but she felt so well assured of his friendship, that a simple notice of the selection of his duty for her future abode seemed sufficient. What was her surprise when a chamberlain arrived with a most courteous apology from his master, who found himself, unfortunately, unable to allow the intended residence in his dominions. At this period the petty princes of Germany were as much exasperated against Napoleon as the Swiss cantons, and in the same spirit they sought to gratify their vengeance by the persecution of his family. Some also, like the French municipality of Dijon, endeavoured to win favour with their superiors by a gratuitous accumulation of vexations; but it was still a most extraordinary exhibition of complaisance, to volunteer this inquisitorial rigour against a near connection. It is but just to remark that there were noble exceptions even among the minor sovereigns: for honourable and gallant men, however confined may be their rule, can never degrade themselves into police emissaries or subaltern tyrants.

The health of Hortense—long weak and precarious—had suffered severely during this sad pilgrimage. In these mountainous regions, winter had already commenced his reign, and the inclemency of the elements was thus added to the injustice of man. Not only was there an urgent necessity for stopping somewhere, in order to enjoy the advantages of constant and careful nursing, but her fatigue of body and mind became so extreme, that she was entirely unable to pursue her journey. The season of trial, however, was now fortunately approaching its conclusion. The king of Bavaria was informed of her critical situation, and immediately offered the wanderer an asylum in his dominions. Hortense had here the prospect of remaining unmolested for the future, with the additional pleasure of being near her brother, and of frequently enjoying his society. Augsburg was selected for her habitation, and she was residing in that city in 1819, when a French gentleman had the honour of an introduction. We find in his published travels in various parts of Europe, the following account of his visit.

"Returning to France in 1819, after a long residence in Russia, I stopped at Augsburg, where the Duchess of St. Leu was then a resident. She had formerly set to music some *romances* of my composition, and I used this as a pretext for soliciting the honour of presentation. The obliging manner of her prompt answer gave additional value to the favour it conceded.

"I had hitherto only known her by report. Some Russian officers who had accompanied the Emperor Alexander to Malmaison in 1814, had spoken to me of Hortense with so much enthusiasm, that for the first few moments, it appeared as if I saw her again after a long absence, and as if I owed my kind reception to the ties of ancient friendship. Every thing about her is in exact harmony with the angelic expression of her face, her conversation, demeanour, and the sweetness of her voice and disposition. When she speaks of an affecting incident, the language becomes more touching through the depth of her sensibility: she lends so much life to every scene, that the auditor becomes as a witness of the transaction. Her powers of delighting and instructing are almost magical, and her artless fascination leaves on every heart those deep traces which even time can never efface.

"She introduced me to her private circle, which consisted of the two children and their tutors—some old

officers of her household—two female friends of her infancy, and that living monument of conjugal devotion, the Count Lavallette. The conversation soon became general. They questioned me about the Ukraine, where I had long resided, and Greece and Turkey, through which I had lately travelled. In return they spoke of Bavaria, Saint-Leu, the lake of Constance, and, by degrees, of events deriving their chief interest from the important parts played by the narrators themselves. We dined at five. I afterwards accompanied the dutchess into the garden, and in the few moments then enjoyed of intimate conversation, I saw that no past praises had ever been exaggerated. How admirable were her feelings when she recalled the death of her mother, and in her tragic recital of the death of Madame de Broe! But when she spoke of her children, her brother, her friends, and the fine arts, her whole figure seemed to glow with the ardour of her imagination; while goodness of heart was displayed in every feature, and gave additional value to her other estimable qualities. In describing her present situation, it was impossible to avoid mentioning her beloved France, the subject of her constant grief. 'You are returning,' said she, 'to your native country'—and the last word was pronounced with a heart-felt sigh. I had been an exile from my cradle, yet my own eager anxiety to revisit a birth-place scarcely remembered, enabled me to estimate her grief at the thoughts of an eternal separation. She spoke of the measures adopted for her banishment with that true resignation which mourns but never murmurs. After two hours of similar conversation, it was impossible to decide which was the most admirable—her heart, her good sense, or her imagination.

"We returned to the drawing-room at eight, where tea was served. The dutchess observed that this was a habit learned in Holland: 'though you are not to suppose,' she added with a slight blush, 'that it is preserved as a remembrance of days so brilliant, but now already so distant. Tea is the drink of cold climates, and I have scarcely changed my temperature.'

"Numerous visitors came from the neighbourhood, and some even from Munich. She may indeed regard this anxious attention with a feeling of proud gratification: it is based upon esteem alone, and as a tribute, is far more honourable than the tiresome adulations of sycophants while at St. Cloud or the Hague. In the course of the evening we looked through a suite of rooms, containing, besides a few masterpieces of the different schools, a large collection of precious curiosities. Many of these elegant trifles had once belonged to her mother, and nearly every one was associated with the remembrance of some distinguished personage or celebrated event. Indeed her museum might almost be called an abridgement of contemporary history. Music was the next amusement, and the dutchess sang, accompanying herself with the same correct taste which inspires her compositions. She had just finished the series of drawings intended to illustrate her collection of *romances*: how could I avoid praising that happy talent which thus personifies thought? The next day I received that beautiful collection as a remembrance. Time will render it more precious, though I have ventured to render it less rare.

"I took my leave at midnight, perhaps without even the hope of another meeting. I left her as the traveller parts from the flowers of the desert, to which he can never hope to return. But wherever time, accident, or destiny may place me, the remembrance of that day will remain indelibly imprinted, alike on my memory and my heart. It is pleasing to pay homage to the fallen greatness of one like Hortense, who joins the rare gift of talents to the charms of the tenderest sensibility."

It will be remarked in this extract, that Hortense has found again many of the elements of happiness. Though not re-united to her husband, his feelings towards her have been greatly softened. He has conferred the greatest and most affecting favour that a mother can receive, by returning their eldest son. Thus the current of her life glides tranquilly along, in the midst of all that can console an exile. Her children are about her, and she is surrounded by friends to whom she is almost an object of adoration; these, as she is wont to say, are far greater blessings than the submission of subjects, and the pride of royalty.

CHAPTER XX.

The clearing of the political horizon now enabled Hortense to visit Rome and the family of Napoleon. Augsburg is no longer her place of residence; she has

selected in preference a country seat called Lindau, on the banks of the lake of Constance, which is equivalent to saying that its environs are romantic, and its prospects magnificent. It is here that she passes the summer months.

Eugene and his consort paid her frequent visits, and upon one particular occasion, their stay was unusually prolonged. The emperor of Austria, who had contracted a third marriage with a Bavarian princess, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, came with the empress to visit his father-in-law. The ceremonial at the reception of his connections was of course regulated by German etiquette, and he hesitated in paying the like honours to the wife of Eugene, as to her sisters. No doubt the same inflexible forms would have denied to Maria Louisa the precedence due to her exalted rank; and she who was once the empress of the French and queen of Italy, now ranked at the Austrian court after the last of the arch-duchesses. The vice-queen was no sooner informed of the scruples of Francis, than she availed herself of a very simple expedient to extricate him from embarrassment, and herself from unmerited insult. She left Munich with her husband, and resided with Hortense until the departure of the emperor.

The constant attachment of this estimable princess to her husband, was proved by the violence of her grief, when he was shortly afterwards carried off suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy. The loss of a brother, so affectionate and so fondly loved, seemed to revive in the sensitive mind of Hortense all her old misfortunes, Augsburg and Munich, where she had been accustomed to see him constantly, became insupportable, and she resolved to pass her winters elsewhere. She now visits alternately Rome and Florence, always returning in summer to the banks of her favourite lake. It was at Rome, and at her country seat of Arenenberg, that she became acquainted with an English lady of distinguished talents, who, at our request, has given us the following sketch of the impressions received from her visits.

"The Dutchesse of St. Leu formed her principal establishment on the banks of the lake of Constance, where she was less exposed to the hateful system of espionage, and farther removed from the bustle of the great world in which she had once reigned a queen. In this delightful retreat, she was accustomed to spend eight months of the year, passing the remainder of her time at Aug-burg or Munich; but, since the death of her brother, the painful remembrances constantly awakened by those cities, have induced her to transfer her winter residence to Rome or Florence. The summer brings her back to Arenenberg, and to the cheerful company of many of her dearest friends, especially the Grand Dutchesse Stephanie Beauharnais, and Madame Pasquini, formerly attached to the court of Holland. The style of living of the Dutchesse of St. Leu is sumptuous, without that freezing etiquette so commonly met with in the great. Her household still call her queen, and her son prince Napoleon, or Louis; but this is a mere habit, preserved through respect, and allowed from friendship. The suite is composed of two ladies of honour, an eugerry, and the tutor of her younger son. She has a numerous train of domestics; and it is among them that the traces are still observable of by-gone pretensions, long since abandoned by the true nobleness of their mistress. The former queen—the daughter of Napoleon—the mother of the imperial heir apparent—the relative of twenty kings—has returned quietly to private life, with the perfect grace of a voluntary sacrifice.

"The Dutchesse receives strangers with inexpressible kindness: ever amiable and obliging, she is endowed with that charming simplicity which inspires at first sight the confidence of intimate affection. She is a good listener, and remembers all who have ever approached her: at each successive interview you appear to have made a new advance in her regard. A pointed word shows that she has not forgotten the former conversation, and you are encouraged to continue the same subject by questions expressive of interest. She speaks freely of the brilliant days of her prosperity; and history then flows so naturally from her lips, that more may be learned as a delighted listener, than from all the false or exaggerated works so abundant every where. The deposed queen considers past events from such an eminence, that nothing can interfere itself between her and the truth. This strict impartiality gives birth to that true greatness, which is a thousand times preferable to all the splendors she lost in the flower of her age.

"I have been admitted to the intimacy of the Dutchesse

of St. Leu, both at Rome and in the country: I have seen her roused to enthusiasm by the beauties of nature, and surrounded by the pomp of ceremony; but I have never known her less than herself, nor has the interest first inspired by her character ever been diminished by an undignified sentiment, or the slightest selfish reflection.

"It is impossible to be a more ardent and tasteful admirer of the fine arts than the Dutchesse. Every one has heard her beautiful romances, which are rendered still more touching by the soft and melodious voice of the composer. She usually sings standing, and although a finished performer on the harp and piano, she prefers the accompaniment of one of her attendant ladies. Many of her leisure hours are employed in painting; miniatures, landscapes and flowers are equally the subjects of her pencil. She declaims well—is a delightful player in comedy—acts proverbs with uncommon excellence—and I really know no one who can surpass her in every kind of needle work.

"The Dutchesse of St. Leu never was a regular beauty, but she is still a charming woman. She has the softest and most expressive blue eyes in the world, and her light flaxen hair contrasts beautifully with the dark colour of her long eyelashes and eyebrows. Her complexion is fresh and of an even tint: her figure elegantly moulded: her hands and feet perfect. In fine, her whole appearance is captivating in the extreme. She speaks quickly, with rapid gestures; and all her movements are easy and graceful. Her style of dress is rich, though she has parted with most of her jewels and precious stones. Among the remaining ornaments, I have held in my hands the enormous chain-work, which bound the haughty standards of the Venetian republic, when they were sent by Napoleon to Paris, as a pretty present for the youthful Hortense."

CHAPTER XXI.

[The following little sketch, by a writer of eminence, presents a memorial so exact, and at the same time so graceful and touching, of the demeanour and habits maintained in privacy by the distinguished lady it seeks to portray, that its introduction here (from the New Monthly Magazine) will doubtless be welcomed by the reader. It will be found most pleasingly confirmatory of the impression which the preceding memoir is calculated to convey.]

In the early part of last summer, I chanced to find at Paris the advertisement of a Swiss retreat, which, for vagrants like myself in search of a few months' repose, struck me as being all in all. There was something picturesque in the name of it, the Chateau de Wolberg; and then it was situated by the comparatively untravelled lake of Constance, and was the property of an old soldier, who had been chosen from his bravery to command the body guard of Napoleon, and was married to a *ci-devant* *dame d'honneur* of the expatriated Hortense. It was just the place, I fancied, to roll upon the grass and hear strange stories till the warm weather was over; in a few days, therefore, I had glided through the green vineyards of France, toiled through the beautiful gloom of the Black Forest, and was standing upon the mountain top which looked down upon my journey's end. The prospect had none of the abrupt outline and surprising effect which is the general character of Switzerland. It looked like the native land of repose, and its blue undulations, intersected by the distant lake, and melting into the sun-lighted snowpeaks of the Tyrol, seemed to melt into the heart likewise with a home-giving welcome. The prospect inspired no expectation which was not amply fulfilled. The chateau was not unlike one of our elegant country houses in England, and looked down upon a slope of a quarter of a mile, which varied from wood to vineyard till it stole into the calm waters, and left the eye to wander with white sails and hunt out little steeples on the opposite coast of Germany. To the right and the left, it was but a moment's walk to be lost among nut-grown dells and meazy rivulets; and if you made an adventurous ride of a few hours, you might hear the Tyrolean song of liberty chanted above the clouds.

The lady of the house had lived all her life in courts, so that neither the one nor the other had been exposed to the contaminating plague of ordinary English and French society: they could think other nations nearly as good as their own, could form an opinion without adopting a prejudice, and know how to be polite and attentive without being unnatural and officious. Ramble

where I may, I shall never find more interesting amusement than I did in the conversation of this well-sorted pair. The vicissitudes of their lives, keeping pace with those of their patrons, had brought them, it seemed, into contact with all the interesting people in the world, and I contrived to pick up in my idleness a fund of biographical knowledge, which it is odd if I could have collected from books by hard study. The cause for such unlikely persons for a life of seclusion being in this retired situation was a pious fidelity to Hortense, the Dutchesse of St. Leu, who had a house not far distant, and their reason for establishing a home for stray travellers was that of having overlooked, in their zeal, the inconvenience of one some twenty times too big for themselves.

There were, in addition to this society, two or three young French women, who had been brought up in the same school with madame, and were making a temporary residence at the chateau from the same motive. I shall never forget the romantic pleasure which I used to derive from scrambling about the woods with this light-hearted company,—the mirthful screams with which they surmounted their petty perils, and the horror with which one slipped into the rivulet, or another was caught in a bramble. Then we had a stud of docile ponies, belonging to the establishment, which we used to canter to a stand-still, and then we used to finish the day by gliding over the placid lake, and singing and sentimentalising by the light of the stars.

In these little voyages we used frequently to pass beneath the calm and unpretending abode of the ex-queen of Holland. It was situated half way up a green hill, well wooded with ornamental timber, through which it afforded a partial peep, just sufficient to remind my companions of their favourite theme of conversation. The affectionate veneration with which they described their former patroness as living a life of content and simple enjoyment, under banishment from her native country, and the calamity of a world with which she had reason to be tired, inspired me with a wish to be presented to her. It was, however, rather difficult of accomplishment. There was no pride in her, it was said, beyond the dignity of a superior mind, but this had obtained such an influence over those about her, that she was no less a queen in her retirement than when she had really possessed the power. All, therefore, that my friends could promise me was, to let it drop that there was a stranger in the neighbourhood, leaving it to Hortense's knowledge of the interest attached to her to suggest the meaning of such information.

Meantime, I was taught every day something more interesting respecting her. The fortune which she had been enabled to save from the wreck of her family, was devoted mainly to the service of those of its followers who had been less successful; her house was the rendezvous of talent, whatever might be its description; and her powers of rivalling it were not inferior to her taste and generosity in its patronage.

She had staying with her at the time, besides her two *dames de compagnie*, with her younger son and his tutor, the poet Casimir Delavigne, his brother, who is also a distinguished dramatist, and other friends, whose taste lay in the same way. Amongst their amusements, therefore, it was determined to get up a theatre, with a variety of little Vaudeville pieces, that all in turns might have characters to their liking. One of my rambling companions, a black-eyed piece of witchcraft, whom Nature had made for nothing but sportive idleness, was to play a part, and consequently the affairs of the green-room possessed a double interest for me. I used to walk with her through the vineyards to her rehearsals, and approach as near the house as I could, in the hope of being asked in. I could never contrive to be, or see, however, and was obliged to lie down under a tree, or catch fish in the lake, till my little friend was ready to return. At last, in spite of having been described as *tres distingué*, in my own country, for something or other which could not exactly be remembered, I began to give up all hope of an introduction, when, one fine evening, as we were all distributed about the lawn in little groups, (for our party had been increased by several errant English), there was an alarm that Hortense was coming to visit madame. As I saw her winding slowly up the hill, with all her company in three little summer-carriages, the elegance of the cavalcade, in scenes where elegance was so rare, was exceedingly striking; and I could not help thinking that she meditated a call of ceremony upon the stranger part of our community. I was well pleased to find my surmise correct.

The appearance of Hortense was such as could not fail of exciting admiration and kind feeling. Her counte-

nance was full of talent, blended with the mild expression of a perfect gentlewoman; and her figure, though not beyond the middle height, was of a mould altogether majestic. She lamented that she had not sooner known the purposed length of our stay in that part of Switzerland, as, having conceived that we were merely passing a few days, she had been unwilling to occupy our time; she then spoke of her regret at not being able to entertain us according to her wishes; and finally told us, that she had in agitation some little theatricals, which, if we could bear with such trifles, we should do her pleasure in attending. All this was said with a simple and winning elegance, which made one's heart ache, not so much for her banishment, as for the taste of the epicurean old gentleman who banished her. And yet, if he had really surmised that she was guilty of plotting the return of his great rival, he was not altogether without excuse. The seductions of such a traitress might possibly have unloosed his whole court.

At last the evening of the play arrived, and I really got beyond the gate of Hortense's shade. It was a favourite night, upon which no taste had been spared. All that terraces and trellis-work, and woodbines, and exotics could do, was seen in perfection. And then the views which were in some places afforded through the woods, and in others, by their rapid descent, carried over them, were broken in a manner which rendered them doubly beautiful. From one peep you caught the small vine-clad island of Reichman, with its cottage gleams trembling upon the twilight lake. From another you had a noble reach of the Rhine, going forth from its brief resting-place to battle its way down the falls of Schaffhausen, and beyond it the eye reposed upon the tender outline of the Black Forest, melting warmly in the west. In a third direction you saw the vapoury steeples of Constance, apparently sinking in the waters, which almost surrounded them, and far away you distinguished the little coast villages, like fading constellations, glimmering fainter and fainter, till land and lake and sky were blended together in obscurity.

When I entered, I found the suite of three or four small rooms filled with company, but Hortense was engaged in her theatre. The walls of the principal apartments were ornamented with pictures, amongst which I was shown an exceedingly interesting full-length portrait of Josephine. She was a pale, graceful woman, full of melancholy expression, and reclining in a corresponding attitude upon a bank overshadowed by a sombre shrubbery. I should imagine (for I forgot to enquire) from the sadness which pervaded the picture, that it must have been painted after its hardly used original had ceded her honours to her husband's unfeeling views of policy, and had been taught by solitude and sorrow the true value of human greatness. The sentiment of resignation was so well expressed, so tender, and so touching, with such a delicious absence of the usual melodramatic style of the French school, that the sight of it was quite a lesson in philosophy. In the next room I found more pictures and a few busts, amongst the latter of which was one of Lord Byron, with whose works I afterwards found the duchess to be perfectly familiar, for, though I never heard her attempt to speak English, she was able to read it with facility. Upon a pedestal in the midst of a saloon beyond, two sides of which were open to the precipitous landscape, was Josephine again—a piece of breathing marble which seemed to advance through the dim twilight like a spirit. There was an increased interest in this duplicate of Hortense's attachment to her unfortunate mother, for it afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the strength of the resemblance in each by comparing them together. They were much alike, and both proved the original to have been an admirable subject for the artist; as good a subject, indeed, as her history, which presents situations of simple dignity, more affecting, perhaps, than any thing of their class in modern days. I thought of Josephine, when Napoleon placed the crown upon her head in the presence of countless myriads, who were content to be her slaves—the humility with which she is said to have knelt before him to receive her honours—the pride of heart which he confessed himself to have felt when he hailed her as an empress—then what a contrast to behold the pair in their domestic privacy; the husband confusedly seeking to unveil his purpose in words which might wound the heart, and the meek wife fainting under the intelligence that her days were to be ended in unnumbered mortification and divorce. Was it, I thought, to be attributed to an unexpressed resentment of this treatment of her mother, that the house of Hortense exhibited not a vestige of Napoleon, nor, with the excep-

tion of her children, of his race? This fact was singular, and considering her love for the fine arts, and particularly for the portraits of those whom she valued, could not have been without a reason. The one which struck me might not have been correct, but, if it was so, it was surely neither devoid of greatness nor of tenderness.

In turning my eyes from the statue, the first thing that caught them was the house of Prince Eugene, built by him at a short distance, that he might share the solitude of his exiled sister, but which he never lived to inhabit. Here was another powerful claim to sympathy. She retired from a capricious world to make the best of it in the society of an affectionate brother; and fate, as though it took the part of her enemies, dries up this source of consolation likewise. Surely, I thought, there must be something extraordinary in this woman, who can retaliate the crosses of fortune, and make herself happy in spite of them. Was it incapacity of feeling? Her attachment to those who had suffered in common with her, was a proof that she possessed feeling in no ordinary degree. Was it a dignity of endurance which the mass of human kind were unable to understand, because it was so far above them? If so, how pitiful was the triumph of those who outraged the memory she had left behind her, like the mantle on the horns of the beast, to be buffeted by blind and impotent malice!

I was drawn from my reverie by perceiving that the company in the other rooms was making a movement towards the theatre, which was formed in a building at a short distance from the house. It did infinite credit to amateur artists, and was filled according to its deserts, for to use the orthodox phrase, there was not even standing room. There must have been a gathering of the clans for weeks around, to produce so many pair of baronial whiskers; for the town of Constance, like all towns which have fallen under the Austrian dominion, was ruined and depopulated, as if the plague had been in it, and had scarcely a grandee to boast of.

The first piece represented was a scrap of sentimentality called "L'Espreuve d'Amour," in which the hero recommends to his mistress a variety of lovers by way of trying her attachment to him, and eventually, being satisfied by the ordeal, proposed himself. The heroine was played by the duchess, and in a manner which made me speedily forget that it was the duchess, and not the actress, that I came to see. She had, indeed, a natural cast of melancholy, and a natural grace which rendered her little task no difficulty. Even when she was not speaking, one would have said that the stage had been her exclusive study; and the silent tremour with which she returned her hard-hearted lover's picture, is associated with some of my choicest theatrical recollections. I regret that I have not the means of giving a few extracts from this dramatic, for, whether from the habit which we have of thinking things good which have only been well said, or whether it really possessed intrinsic merit, I am inclined to think that it had some thing in it which would improve the breed of English farces amazingly. It certainly is a matter of congratulation that we have emerged from the whining days of Cumberland and his imitators; but still there is a field of simple and interesting nature, which might spring up most becomingly between the territories of broad grins and bloody daggers. It would give a character of literature to what is now considered an achievement only fit for those who can do nothing else, and might, perhaps, be a stepping-stone towards comedy herself, in all the pride of her five acts.

The next representation was of a brilliant bagatelle, entitled "Le Coiffeur." Before the curtain was drawn up I could not help feeling nervous for my little friend, who was to exhibit the result of three weeks' palpitating anxiety, and some thirty miles travelling to rehearsals, in the principal female character. She was equally afraid at first, and looked as if she had not quite made up her mind whether she was not ashamed to act her part, or to run away. She, however, soon became aware that she was thought bewitching, and played with a spirit which not only won the heart of the young bar, but sundry others with which she had no business. For my own part, having had a bitter quarrel with her, in consequence of her insisting that Sir Hudson Lowe had poisoned Bonaparte, I found it absolutely necessary to humble myself and beg pardon.

After the play, we returned to the house, and found preparations made for dancing, which began with a waltz. I was told that some of the Germans performed their evolutions to perfection, but I cannot say that I admired this accomplishment so much in its native land, even as I did in England. It seemed that, to ex-

cel, it was necessary, in lieu of the swimming, and now and then not ungraceful motion of my esteemed countrywomen, to spin round like a tee-totum, with a wriggling sort of a hop, as if one leg were shorter than the other. I made a few unsuccessful attempts to distinguish myself, but was at last obliged to give in, for fear that I should tear my partner to rags in the vain endeavour to keep step. By degrees, the folks grew giddy, and made way for a quadrille, of which my previous failure rendered me rather shy. The *otium cum dignitate* which I had promised myself, was not, however, to be enjoyed, for I was presently brought out of my corner by a highly flattering but somewhat appalling invitation to stand up with the dutchess. I was in fact the only Englishman of our party who had ventured to contend for honour upon the fantastic toe, and was invited, I imagine, partly in sport, and partly from complaisance to my nation. As luck would have it, I represented my tribe without causing any particular accident, and, indeed, with considerable success: for a young Frenchman assured me that I really danced very well—that was to say, not very well—not so well as a Frenchman, but *quite well enough to please myself*. I was not, however, inclined to break a lance with him, for he allowed the dancing of the dutchess to be quite good enough to please other people. There was an absence of every thing French from it. It was a pastime and not a study with her; and she moved with the freedom of youth, tempered with the dignity that became the matron. This unpretending and spontaneous grace of nature has always struck me as being the only beauty of dancing in private society, and certainly it is a beauty irresistible. It is, in fact, a pantomime display of the mind, and as such is as decidedly above the doctrine of professors as it is in opposition to it.

In the intervals between the dances, there was some singing, to the accompaniment of the piano. Here again Hortense was perfectly at home. She sang several songs, of which I afterwards found her to be the unacknowledged composer, and to which the writer has often listened with delight, with a feeling which, like her dancing, could never have been taught. Amongst these was the beautiful air of "Partant pour la Syrie," which will be a fair guarantee that I do not say too much for the rest. There were afterwards some well-bred endeavours to find a few English songs, which I am happy to say were unsuccessful. The French cannot understand our music, for it is altogether the note of another species of bird. Moore and our distinguished composers have made no progress in proportion to their merits, and, in a hazardous meeting with one of our national performances, it is odds but that we have reason to be ashamed of it.

By this time the hour was getting late, and, as the company began to thin, the remainder were dispersed in little parties round the various tables of drawing-books and works of *belles-lettres*. I chanced to place my hand upon a splendid album, and had the further good fortune to seat myself beside a beautiful young *dame de compagnie* of the dutchess, who gave me the history of all the treasures I found therein. Whatever I found most remarkable was still the work of Hortense. Of a series of small portraits, sketched by her in colours, the likeness of those of which I had seen the subjects, would have struck me, though turned upside down. She had the same power and the same affectionate feeling for fixing the remembrance of places likewise. The landscapes which she had loved in forbidden France, even the apartments which she had inhabited, were executed in a manner that put to shame the best amateur performances I had ever seen. There was a minute attention to fidelity in them too, which a recollection of her present circumstances could not fail to bring home to the spectator's heart. There were, besides the labours of the dutchess, numerous admirable sketches by some of the best artists in France. I recollect one in particular of a scene in which her taste for the picturesque and the melancholy must have been completely gratified. She was sitting amongst the ruins of Rome by moonlight, a party of friends reclining gracefully around her, and the poet Delavigne in front reciting a tragedy. In most people this situation would have been smiled at as somewhat romantic, but in Hortense it was perfectly in keeping. Ruin and tragedy had been too busy with her to let her seem out of place amongst them.

I know not when my interest would have cooled in this mansion of taste and talent. Towards morning I was obliged to take my leave, and I doubt if there was an individual who returned home by that bright moonlight without feeling that Hortense had been from some century and a half too late. For an age of bigots and turncoats she indeed seemed unsuited; in that of true

poetry and trusty cavaliers, she would have been the subject of the best rhymes and rencontres in romantic France.

After this I saw her frequently, both at her own house and at Wolfsburg, and I never found any thing to destroy the impression which I received on my introduction. Independently of the interest attached to herself, she had always in her company some person who had made a noise in the world, and had become an object of curiosity—one while a distinguished painter or poet, and one while a battered soldier, who preferred resting in retirement, to the imputation of changing his politics for advancement; then a grand duke or dutchess, who had undergone, perhaps, as many vicissitudes as herself; and finally, the widow of the unfortunate Marshal Ney. There was something in the last of these characters, particularly when associated with Hortense, more interesting than all the others. She was a handsome, but grave and silent woman, and still clad in mourning for her husband, whose death, so connected with the banishment of the dutchess, could not fail to render them deeply sympathetic in each other's fortune. What a melancholy comparison of retrospections, I used to think, must these two have made when none were by to listen to them! What late discoveries of the imperfection of plots, (if indeed they were ever consulted in any,) which could only succeed enough to render the situations of those who formed them worse than before! What anxious casuistry upon the justice of history, as to events which are mysterious even to the age existing. The amusements provided for all this company consisted of such as I have mentioned, expeditions to various beautiful spots in the neighbourhood, and music parties on the waters. The last of these used sometimes to have a peculiarly romantic effect; for, on *fête days*, the young peasant girls, all glittering in their golden tinsel bonnets, would push off with their sweethearts, like mad things, in whatever boats they could find upon the beach. I have seen them paddling their little fleet round the dutchess's boat with all the curiosity of savages round a man of war, and filling up the interval of softer music with a yell, which, provided you heard it a mile off, was harmonious in the extreme!

For the gentlemen there was likewise the *chasse*, at which they killed their time pleasantly enough, if they killed nothing else; for to confess the truth, I am grievously of the opinion that the French are but cockney sportsmen, and the Germans no better. I witnessed a *chasse* in the neighbourhood, which had well nigh put an end to my dancing *even well enough to please myself*. Our party, as was usual there, consisted of some where between twenty and thirty shooters, who, with their prodigious game-bags strapped behind and before, looked exactly like old clothes-men. There was likewise a regiment of little hideous boys, dressed in cocked hats, and looking as grotesque as the devil in Der Freischütz. This corps of flibbertigibbets was marshalled into the farther end of a wood, to howl German and tinkle bells through it, till the game was frightened into fits. In the mean time, the gunners had stationed themselves at intervals along the other three sides, each commanding a little narrow pathway, so that when an unfortunate rebeck came skeltering down, he might fire in his face, and send him back to be terrified by somebody else. There happened to be plenty of game, so that when the howling began, the guns went as merrily, as crackers on the 5th of November. In the midst of the bustle a poor hare was making the best of her way close by me, and, my next neighbour providing against the possibility of being too late by banging off both barrels before he saw her, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that she got clear off. My fellow-sportsman, however, who was an old soldier, and thought no more of a fowling-piece than he did of a pop-gun, was determined to lose no credit for his dexterity. "*Voilà, Monsieur*," he shouted, "*voilà un joli coup! j'ai tiré entre vos jambes sans vous toucher*." When the *melée* was over, we made search for the killed and wounded, the sum total of which was one of our *chasseurs*, who was indeed pitcously peppered.

At length the time arrived for me to bid adieu to Switzerland. It was arranged that I should set out for Italy with a small party of my Wolfsburg friends; and, an evening or two before we departed, we paid a leave-taking visit to the dutchess. She expressed much polite regret at our intention, and gave us a cordial invitation to renew our acquaintance with her in the winter at Rome. Her care indeed to leave a good impression of her friendly disposition upon our minds was exceedingly gratifying. She professed to take an interest in the plans which each of us had formed, and,

when her experience qualified her, gave us instructions for our travels. Her descriptions of the places, and circumstances of her own, were given in a manner which convinced me that I had only seen the surface of a mind, which, with more intimate knowledge, grew more and more rich. She spoke of the beauties of nature with a quiet enthusiasm, which was pure poetry, and touched upon character and literature with all the power, but without the venom, of the accomplished critic. If Hortense should ever occupy her leisure hours by writing her memoirs, they would form one of the most interesting works of the age.

When we rose to depart, the night being fine, she volunteered to walk part of the way home with us. She came about a quarter of a mile, to where she could command an uninterrupted view of the lake, above which the moon was just then rising—a huge red orb, which shot a burning column to her feet. "I will now bid you adieu," she said; and we left her to the calm contemplation of grandeur which could not fade, and enjoyments which could not betray.

This was the last I saw, and perhaps shall ever see, of the accomplished Hortense; but I shall always remember my brief acquaintance with her as a dip into days which gave her country the character of being the most polished of nations.

Petes and Illustrations.

NOTES ON CHAPTER I.

Some interesting details of the imprisonment of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, and of the behaviour of his children, will be found in the following letters, extracted from the "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," the first of the French series, entitled "*Memoires Contemporaines*."

Madame de Beauharnais to her aunt, Madame Fanny de Beauharnais.

"You would hardly believe, dear aunt, that my children have just undergone a long and minute examination! That wicked old man, the member of the committee, whom I have already mentioned to you, called upon me, and affecting to feel uneasy in regard to my husband, and to converse with me respecting him, he opened a conversation with my children. I acknowledge that I first fell into the snare; what surprised me, however, was the sudden affability of the man; he soon betrayed himself, however, by the malignity and even bitterness which he displayed, when the children replied in such a manner as to give him no advantage over their unhappy parents. I soon penetrated his artful intentions."

"When he found me on my guard, he threw off the mask, and admitting that he was desired to procure information from my children, which, he said, might be the more relied on, as it would bear the stamp of candour, he entered upon a formal examination. At that moment I felt an indescribable emotion, and the conflicting effects of fear, anger and indignation, alternately at work within me. I was even on the point of openly giving vent to my feelings against the hoary revolutionist, when I reflected that I might, by so doing, materially injure M. de Beauharnais, against whom that atrocious villain appears to have vowed perpetual enmity; I accordingly checked my angry passions. He desired me to leave him alone with my children; I attempted to resist; but his ferocious glance compelled me to give way."

"He confined Hortense in a closet, and began to put questions to her brother. My daughter's turn came next; as for this child, in whom he discovered a premature quickness and a penetration far above her age, he kept questioning her for a great length of time. After having sounded them respecting our common topics of conversation, our opinions, the visits and letters we were in the habit of receiving, but more particularly the occurrences they might have witnessed, he came to the main point, I mean the expressions used by Alexander. My children gave very proper replies, such in fact as were suited to their respective dispositions; and notwithstanding the artfulness of a mischievous man whose object it is to discover guilt, the frankness of my son and the quick penetration of my daughter disconcerted his low cunning, and even defeated the object he had in view."

"What use is it intended to make of the replies of two children, whose language was that of truth? they can only redound to the triumph of innocence and the disgrace of my husband's accusers. Will they have the courage to bring that examination forward, if it should be productive of this double check upon their proceedings?"

To the same.

"My feelings were yesterday a prey to alternate sensations of pain and pleasure. My husband had expressed a desire to see his children; and thanks to our guardian angel his wish was complied with; but in order to spare their youthful feelings, I determined to send them at once, and Nevil undertook to usher their father having fallen ill, had placed himself under the care of a celebrated physician, who finding the air more pure in the palace of the Luxembourg, and plenty of vacant space, had taken up his abode in that edifice. The first interview went off very well, if we except the remark made by Hortense, that her papa's apartments were very small, and that the patients were very numerous. When it came to my turn, the children had already left their father, a worthy door-keeper having, at Nevil's instigation, removed them out of sight, and left them with some neighbours whose notice they had attracted by their youth, their position, and their innocent manners. I dreaded their being witnesses to our tender meeting, which took place during their absence. Alexander, who bears his imprisonment with great fortitude, was not, at first, proof against my tears; alarmed however at his excessive emotion, I used my endeavours to calm it, and began in my turn to console him. Our children again made their appearance, and this proved a fresh crisis, which was the more painful, as we had to disguise from their knowledge the cause of our emotion."

"Hortense, who is all candour, was for a long time the dupe of it; and in the warmth of her affection she wanted to persuade us that we were wrong to give way to sorrow, and that her papa's illness was not a dangerous one. Hortense had put on that little peevish and negative manner which, as you know, so well becomes her: 'Do you believe that papa is ill?' said she to her brother, 'at my rate, his complaint is not such as doctors can cure.' What do you mean, my child, said I, interrupting her; do you think that your father and I have connived to deceive you? 'Pardon me, mamma, but I do think so.' 'Oh! sister, what you are saying is very odd,' observed Eugene with warmth. 'It is on the contrary quite plain and natural.' What do you mean, mademoiselle? Again said, assuming a severe look. 'Surely,' continued the arch little girl, 'afflictions to parents may be allowed to deceive their children, when they wish to spare their feelings.' So saying, she rushed into my arms, and threw her own round her father's neck. Smiles and tears added to the effect of this family scene, which my Eugene rendered still more affecting by his caresses. Sweet child! he is as endearing as his sister is witty; both have hitherto been a source of delight to us; why are they, in the present crisis, to excite our liveliest anxiety, and to occasion me in particular an indescribable sensation of pain which I am unable to conquer, and find it very difficult to contend with? I have no apprehension on my own account; but I am in the utmost terror and alarm concerning them and my dearest Alexander!"

"The occasional visits of my children, and the words overheard and picked up by my daughter, had enabled her to guess that her father was a prisoner. We acknowledged to her what it was no longer in our power to conceal. 'What has he done?' enquired Hortense. Her brother laying his usual timidity aside, was also anxious to know the motive of this act of severity. We should have found it very difficult to assign any. Singular abuse of power, guilty and contemptible stretch of arbitrary authority, which does not escape a child's penetration; which all the world should oppose, though no one ever ventures to complain."

"Oh! we will punish your accusers," exclaimed Hortense, "as soon as we are strong enough." 'Be silent, my child,' said her father; 'if you are overheard I am lost: you and your mother would be made to suffer for speaking in this language, and we might not then enjoy the consolation of having afforded no pretence for their unjust treatment.' 'Have you not often told us,' observed Eugene, 'that it was proper to resist an act of oppression?' 'And I again repeat it,' rejoined my husband; 'our conduct must, however, be guided by the rules of prudence, and whosoever attempts to defeat the views of tyranny, must beware of awakening it from its slumbers.'

"By degrees, the conversation took a more cheerful turn. We forgot our present misfortunes, and indulged in tender recollections, and in plans for the future. You will readily suppose that you came in for a share of them. 'I wish my aunt every happiness,' said Alexander, with a smiling countenance; 'nevertheless, as the muses are never so interesting as when under the excitement of sorrow, I could wish that for a few days my aunt's inspi-

ring goddess were familiarised with captivity; it would suggest to her pen a splendid elegy, and the poet's imagination, whilst immortalising her prison, would readily console her for having been one of its inmates.'

'What think you of this wish, my dearest aunt? you will perhaps see in it my husband's anxiety for your welfare; for my part, as I love you more than I do your poetry, I must form a contrary wish; and at the risk of your never sharing the glory of Ovid or of Madame de la Saze, I recommend you to write on in prose and detain the enjoyment of your liberty, in order that you may also indulge in the inclination you have most at heart, that of doing good to your fellow creatures.'

We add a letter from the vicomte, written immediately before his execution, and one from Josephine to her children, announcing the death of their father.

Last letter from M. de Beauharnais to his Wife.

Conciergerie,
Night of the 7th thermidor, year 2.

'I have yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears and regret; and then I must wholly give myself up to the glory of my fate and to thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true existence in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for him; the wicked and senseless beings who survive him are more worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief which they can never repair. But let us not cloud the present moments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish on the contrary to brighten them by the reflection that I have enjoyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that our union would have been an uninterrupted course of happiness, but for errors which I was too late to acknowledge and atone for. This thought wrings tears from my eyes; though your generous heart pardons me. But this is no time to revive the recollection of my errors and your wrongs. What thanks I owe to Providence who will reward you!

'That Providence now disposes of me before my time. This is another blessing for which I am grateful. Can a virtuous man live happy when he sees the whole world a prey to the wicked? I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentiments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close;—that executioners will in their turn become victims, that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France; that wise and moderate laws will take place of cruel sacrifices; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father.

'I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailers.

'I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted, at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity? reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, to all that I love! Think of me, and do not forget that I die the victim of tyrants and the martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold.'

Madame de Beauharnais to her Children.

'The hand which will deliver this to you is faithful and sure. You will receive it from a friend who knows and has shared my sorrows. I know not by what accident she has hitherto been spared. I call this accident fortunate; she regards it as a calamity. 'Is it not disgraceful to live,' said she yesterday, 'when all who are good have the honour of dying?' May heaven, as the reward of her courage, refuse her the fatal honour she desires!

'As for me, I am qualified for that honour, and I am preparing myself for receiving it. Why has disease spared me so long? But I must not murmur. As a wife, I ought to follow the fate of my husband; and can there now be any fate more glorious than to ascend the scaffold? It is a patent of immortality purchased by a prompt and pleasing death!

'My children, your father is dead, and your mother is about to follow him; but, as before that final stroke, the assassins leave me a few moments to myself, I wish to employ them in writing to you. Socrates, when condemned, philosophised with his disciples: a mother, on

the point of undergoing a similar fate, may discourse with her children.

'My last sigh will be for you, and I wish to make my last hours a lasting lesson. Time was when I gave you lessons in a more pleasing way; but the present will not be the less useful that it is given at so serious a moment. I have the weakness to water it with my tears; I shall soon have the courage to seal it with my blood.

'Hitherto it was impossible to have been happier than I have been; while to my union with your father I owed my felicity, I may venture to think and to say that to my character I was indebted for that union. It met with many difficulties, but without artifice or effort I overcame them. I found in my heart the means of winning the affection of my husband's relations; patience and gentleness always succeeded at last in gaining the good will of others. As to dear children, possess natural advantages which cost little and are of great value; but you must learn how to employ them, and that is what I still feel a pleasure in teaching you by my example. * * *

'I lived with our aunt Renaudin, that excellent woman, that kind parent, that worthy soul, of whom we have so often spoke, and who has died with grief at seeing her niece sacrificed, as she long lamented, when her foresight separated us. I say her foresight, though perhaps it was then only her fondness.

'Circumstances brought to Martinique a handsome and meritorious young officer. I may be proud to praise him, he was your father, who after making me a happy wife was destined to render me a mother at once blessed and unfortunate.

'The husband of Madame Renaudin managed not only his own plantations, but those which the MM. Beauharnais inherited. The property of our union appeared unquestionable, especially as the marriage, planned by the two families for your uncle, had not his approbation, he having made another choice.

'Here I must record the gratitude I owe to my excellent brother in law, who has under various circumstances given me proofs of the most sincere friendship, though he was of quite a different opinion from your father, who embraced the new ideas with all the enthusiasm of a lively imagination. He fancied liberty was to be secured by obtaining concessions from the king whom he venerated; but all was lost, and nothing gained but anarchy. Who will arrest the torrent, O God! unless thy powerful hand control and restrain it, we are undone!

'For my part, my children, I am about to die as your father died, a victim of the fury he always opposed, but of which he fell a sacrifice. I leave life without hatred of France and its assassins, whom I despise; but I am penetrated with sorrow for the misfortunes of my country. Honour my memory in sharing my sentiments. Leave for your inheritance the glory of your father, and the name of your mother, whom some who have been unfortunate will bear in remembrance. Love, regret, and benediction.'

'According to the same work, Madame Fanny de Beauharnais took the unfortunate children under her protection, during the imprisonment of their parents.

'Madame Fanny de Beauharnais took under her care the children of Madame Alexander de Beauharnais, during the imprisonment of that most excellent of mothers, who ever retained a lively recollection of this favour. Her gratitude towards her aunt was unbounded, nor did the engagements which her elevated rank afterwards imposed upon her, induce her at any time to relax in the demonstration of her sentiments; she always called her a *second mother*, a title justly due to one who felt a truly maternal tenderness for her.

'No doubt can be entertained of Josephine's excellent disposition, when we find the family of her first husband preserving for her a constant and unshaken attachment. They were lavish of their attentions at the time when her sorrow was at its height, and she never suffered the mortification of being slighted by her husband's relations, who appeared to have adopted her as one of their own family. I have already noticed the sincere friendship entertained for her by her worthy brother in law, the Marquis de Beauharnais.'

NOTE ON CHAPTER II.

It happened to us on one occasion, to request of the empress to show us her diamonds, which were locked up in a concealed casket, the key of which was generally confided to Madame Gazarri and M. Pierlot. She yielded with the most willing compliance to the wishes of such giddy girls as we were, ordered an immense table to be brought into the saloon, upon which several of her maids

in waiting laid a countless number of caskets of every form and shape. They were spread upon that spacious table, which was absolutely covered with them. On the opening of the caskets, we were perfectly dazzled with the brilliancy, the size and the quantity of jewels composing the different sets. The most remarkable after those which consisted of white diamonds, were in the shape of pears, formed of pearls, perfectly regular, and of the finest colour; opals, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, were encircled with large diamonds, which were, nevertheless, considered as mere *mountings*, and never taken into account in the estimation made of those jewels; they formed altogether a collection which I believe to be unique in Europe, since they consisted of the most valuable objects, of that description, that could be found in the towns conquered by our armies. Napoleon was never under the necessity of seizing upon ornaments, which there was always evinced the utmost anxiety to offer to his wife; the garlands and bouquets formed of such a countless number of precious stones, had the effect of verifying the truth of the descriptions hitherto so fanciful, which are to be met with in the fairy tales. None but those who have seen this splendid collection can form an adequate idea of it.

The empress seldom wore any other than fancy jewels; the sight therefore, of this exhibition of caskets, excited the wonder of most of the beholders. Her majesty greatly enjoyed our silent admiration. After having permitted us to touch, and examine every thing at our leisure;—'I had no other motive, she kindly said to us, in ordering my jewels to be opened before you, than to spoil your fancy for such ornaments. After having seen such splendid sets, you never can feel a wish for inferior ones; the less so, when you reflect how unhappy I have been, although with so rare a collection at my command. During the first dawn of my extraordinary elevation, I delighted in these trifles, many of which were presented to me in Italy. I grew by degrees so tired of them, that I no longer wear any, except when I am in some respects compelled to do so by my new rank in the world; a thousand accidents may, besides, contribute to deprive me of those brilliant, though useless objects; do I not possess the pendants of Queen Maria Antoinette? and yet am I quite sure of retaining them? Trust to me, ladies, and do not envy a splendour which does not constitute happiness. I shall not fail to surprise you when I relate that I felt more pleasure at receiving an old pair of shoes, than at being presented with all the diamonds which are now spread before you.' We could not help smiling at this observation, persuaded as we were that Josephine was *not* in earnest; but she repeated her assertions in so serious a manner, that we felt the utmost curiosity to hear the story of this *wonderful pair of shoes*.

'I repeat it, ladies, said her majesty, it is strictly true, that the present, which of all others has afforded me most pleasure, is a pair of *old shoes of the coarsest leather*; you will readily believe it when you shall have heard my story.'

'I had set sail with Hortense, from Martinique, on board a ship in which we received such marked attentions, that they are indelibly impressed on my memory. Being separated from my first husband, my pecuniary resources were not very flourishing; the expense of my return to France, which the state of my affairs rendered necessary, had nearly drained me of every thing, and I found great difficulty in making the purchases which were indispensably requisite for the voyage. Hortense, who was a smart lively child, sang negro songs, and performed negro dances with admirable accuracy; she was the delight of the sailors, and in return for their fondness she had made them her favourite company. I no sooner fell asleep, than she slipped upon deck and rehearsed her various little exercises to the renewed delight and admiration of all on board. An old mate was particularly fond of her, and whenever he found a moment's leisure from his daily occupations, he devoted it to his *little friend*, who was also exceedingly attached to him. My daughter's shoes were soon worn out with her constant dancing and skipping. Knowing as she did that I had no other pair for her, and fearing lest I should prevent her going upon deck, if I should discover the plight of those she was fast wearing away, she concealed the trifling accident from my knowledge. I saw her once returning with bleeding feet, and asked her, in the utmost alarm, if she had hurt herself: 'No, mamma.' But your feet are bleeding.' 'It really is no thing.' I insisted upon ascertaining what ailed her, and discovered that her shoes were all in tatters, and that her flesh was dreadfully torn by a nail.

'We had as yet only performed half the voyage; a long time would necessarily elapse before I could procure

a fresh pair of shoes; and I was mortified at the bare antipathy of the distress my poor Hortense would now feel at being compelled to remain confined in my wretched little cabin, and of the injury her health might experience from the want of exercise. At the moment when I was wrapped up in sorrow, and giving free vent to my tears, our friend the male made his appearance, and enquired with his honest bluntness what was the cause of our *chagrin*? Hortense replied in a sobbing voice, that she could no longer go upon deck, because she had torn her shoes, and I had no others to give her. "Is that all? I have an old pair in my trunk; let me go for them. You, madam, will cut them up, and I shall sow them over again to the best of my power; every thing on board ship should be turned to account; this is not the place for being too nice or particular; we have our most important wants gratified, when we have the needful." He did not wait for our reply, but went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought to us with an air of exultation, and offered them to Hortense, who received the gift with every demonstration of delight.

"We set to work with the greatest alacrity, and my daughter was enabled, towards the close of day, to enjoy the pleasure of again amusing the ship's company. I repeat that no present was ever received by me with more sincere gratitude. I greatly reproached myself for having neglected to make enquiries after the worthy seaman, who was only known on board by the name of James. I should have felt a sincere satisfaction in rendering him some service, since it was afterwards in my power to do so."—*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, v. 2.

NOTES ON CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE OF JOSEPHINE.

*Madame de Beauharnais to Madame ****

"I am urged, my dear, to marry again, by the advice of all my friends, (I may almost say,) by the commands of my aunt, and the prayers of my children. Why are you not here to help me by your advice on this important occasion, and to tell me whether I ought or not to consent to a union, which certainly seems calculated to relieve me from the discomforts of my present situation? Your friendship would render you clear-sighted to my interests, and a word from you would suffice to bring me to a decision.

"Among my visitors you have seen General Bonaparte: he is the man who wishes to become a father to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow.

"Do you love him? Is naturally your first question. My answer is, perhaps... No.—Do you dislike him?—No, again; but the sentiments I entertain towards him are of that lukewarm kind which true devotees think worst of all in matters of religion. Now love bears a sort of religion, my feelings ought to be very different from what they really are. This is the point on which I want your advice, which would fix the wavering of my irresolute disposition. To come to a decision has always been too much for my creole inertness, and I find it easier to obey the wishes of others.

"I admire the general's courage; the extent of his information on every subject on which he converses; his shrewd intelligence, which enables him to understand the thoughts of others, before they are expressed; but I confess I am somewhat fearful of that control which he seems anxious to exercise over all about him. There is something in his scrutinising glance that cannot be described; it awakes even our directors, therefore it may well be supposed to intimidate a woman." He talks of his passion for me with a degree of earnestness which renders it impossible to doubt his sincerity, yet this very circumstance, which you would suppose likely to please me, is precisely that which has withheld me from giving the consent which I have often been on the very point of uttering.

"My spring of life is past. Can I then hope to preserve, for any length of time, that ardour of affection which, in the general, amounts almost to madness? If his love should cool, as it certainly will, after our marriage, will he not reproach me for having prevented him from forming a more advantageous connection? What then shall I say? What shall I do? I may shut myself up and weep. Fine consolation, truly! methinks I hear you say. But unavailing as I know it is, weeping is, I assure you, my only consolation whenever my poor heart receives a wound. Write to me quickly, and pray scold me if you think me wrong. You know every thing is welcome that comes from you.

"Barras assures me if I marry the general he will get him appointed commander in chief of the army of Italy.

This favour, though not yet granted, occasions some murmuring among Bonaparte's brother officers. When speaking to me yesterday on the subject, the general said: "Do they think I cannot get forward without their patronage? One day or other they will all be too happy if I grant them mine. I have a good sword by my side, which will carry me on."

"What do you think of this self confidence? Does it not savour of excessive vanity? a general of brigade to talk of patronising the chiefs of the government? It is very ridiculous! Yet I know not how it happens, his ambitions spirit sometimes wins upon me so far that I am almost tempted to believe in the practicability of any project he takes into his head;—and who can foresee what he may attempt!

"All here regret your absence; and we only console ourselves by constantly speaking of you, and by endeavouring to follow you step by step, in the beautiful country in which you are journeying. Were I sure of finding you in Italy, I would consent to be married to-morrow, on condition of being permitted to accompany the general. But we might cross each other on the way, therefore I think it most prudent to await your answer; pray send it speedily.

"Madame Tallien desires me to present her love to you. She is still fair and good as ever. She employs her immense influence only for the benefit of the unfortunate; and when she performs a favour she appears as pleased and satisfied as though she herself were the obliged party. Her friendship for me is most affectionate and sincere, and of my regard for her, I need only say that it is equal to that which I entertain for you.

"Hortense grows more and more interesting every day. Her pretty figure is getting fully developed, and if I were so inclined, I should have ample reason to rail at time, who confers charms on the daughter at the expense of the mother. But truly I have other things in my head. I try to banish gloomy thoughts, and look forward to a more propitious future, for we shall soon meet never to part again. But for this marriage, which harasses and unsettles me, I could be gay in spite of every thing; were it once over, happen what might, I could resign myself to my fate. I am inured to suffering, and if I be destined to taste fresh sorrow I can support it, provided my children, my aunt and you remain to comfort me.

"You know we have agreed to dispense with all formal terminations to our letters. So adieu, my friend!"

Memoirs of Josephine, vol. 3.

BONAPARTE'S JEALOUSY.

Madame Bonaparte to General Bonaparte.

"Is it possible, general, that the letter I have just received comes from you? I can scarcely credit it, when I compare that letter with others now before me, to which your love imparts so many charms! My eyes indeed would persuade me that your hand traced these lines; but my heart refuses to believe that a letter from you could ever have caused the mortal anguish I experience on perusing these expressions of your displeasure, which afflict me the more when I consider how much pain they must have cost you.

"I know not what I have done to provoke some malignant enemy to destroy my peace by disturbing you; but certainly a powerful motive must influence some one in continually renewing calumnies against me, and giving them a sufficient appearance of probability to impose on the man who has hitherto judged me worthy of his affection and confidence. These two sentiments are necessary to my happiness, and if they are to be so soon withdrawn from me, I can only regret that I was ever blest in possessing them or knowing you.

"On my first acquaintance with you, the affliction with which I was overwhelmed led me to believe that my heart must ever remain a stranger to any sentiment resembling love. The sanguinary scenes of which I had been a witness and a victim constantly haunted my thoughts. I therefore apprehended no danger to myself from the frequent enjoyment of your society, still less did I imagine that I could for a single moment have fixed my choice.

"I, like every one else, admired your talents and acquirements; and better than any one else, I foresaw your future glory; but still I loved you only for the services you rendered to my country. Why did you seek to convert admiration into a more tender sentiment, by availing yourself of all those powers of pleasing with which you are so eminently gifted, since, so shortly after having united your destiny with mine, you regret the felicity you have conferred upon me?"

"Do you think I can ever forget the love you once cherished for me? Can I ever become indifferent to the man who has blest me with the most enthusiastic and ardent passion? Can I ever efface from my memory your paternal affection for Hortense, the advice and example you have set before Eugene? If all this appears impossible, how can you for a moment suspect me of bestowing a thought on any but yourself?"

"Instead of listening to traducers who, for reasons which I cannot explain, seek to disturb our happiness, why do you not silence them by enumerating the benefits you have bestowed on a woman whose heart could never be reproached with ingratitude? The knowledge of what you have done for my children would check the malignity of these calumniators, for they would then see that the strongest link of my attachment for you depends on my character as a mother. Your subsequent conduct which has claimed the admiration of all Europe could have no other effect than to make me adore the husband who gave me his hand when I was poor and unfortunate. Every step you take adds to the glory of the name I bear: yet this is the moment that has been selected for persuading you that I no longer love you! Surely nothing can be more wicked and absurd than the conduct of those who are about you, and are jealous of your marked superiority!"

"Yes, I still love you, and no less tenderly than ever. Those who allege the contrary know that they speak falsely. To those, very persons I have frequently written to enquire about you and to recommend them to console you by their friendship, for the absence of her who is your best and truest friend.

"Yet, what has been the conduct of the men in whom you repose confidence and on whose testimony you form so unjust an opinion of me? They conceal from you every circumstance calculated to alleviate the anguish of our separation, and they seek to fill your mind with suspicion, in order to drive you from a country with which they are dissatisfied. Their object is to make you unhappy. I see this plainly; though you are blind to their perfidious intentions. Being no longer their equal you have become their enemy, and every one of your victories is a fresh ground of envy and hatred.

"I know their intrigues, and I disdain to avenge myself by naming the men whom I despise, but whose valor and talents may be useful to you in the great enterprise which you have so propitiously commenced. When you return, I will unmask these enemies of your glory—but no; the happiness of seeing you again will banish from my recollection the misery they are endeavouring to inflict upon me, and I shall think only of what they have done to promote the success of your projects.

"I acknowledge that I see a great deal of company; for every one is eager to compliment me on your success, and I confess I have not resolution to close my door against those who speak of you. I also confess that a great portion of my visitors are gentlemen. Men understand your bold projects better than women, and they speak with enthusiasm of your glorious achievements, while my female friends only complain of you for having carried away their husbands, brothers, or fathers. I take no pleasure in their society if they do not praise you; yet there are some among them whose hearts and understandings claim my highest regard, because they entertain sincere friendship for you. In this number I may distinguish Mesdames d'Arignon, Tallien, and many others. They are almost constantly with me, and they can tell you, ungratefully as you are, whether I have been *requeting with every body*. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me were I not certain that you have disavowed them and are sorry for having written them.

"I am terrified at the numerous perils which surround you, and of the extent of which I should have had no idea, had not Eugene insisted on my writing to entreat that you will not fly in the face of danger, and unnecessarily expose a life which is precious not merely to your family and friends. Remember that on you depends the destiny of your companions in arms and of millions of soldiers, who would not have fortitude to endure the hardships to which they are exposed, but for the encouragement which your presence affords them.

"Do not, I conjure you, over-exert your strength. Listen not to the dictates of your own ever active mind, but to the advice of those who love you. Berthier, Bourrienne, Eugene, and Caffarelli, who are more cool than you, may sometimes view things more justly. They are devoted to you, therefore listen to them; but to them only, and you and I shall be happy.

"I sometimes receive honours here which cause me no small degree of embarrassment. I am not accustomed

to this sort of homage, and I see it is displeasing to our authorities, who are always suspicious and fearful of losing their newly gotten power. Never mind them, you will say; and I should not, but that I know they will try to injure you, and I cannot endure the thought of contributing in any way to those feelings of enmity which your triumphs sufficiently account for. If they are envious now, what will they be when you return crowned with fresh laurels? Heaven knows to what lengths their malignity will then carry them! But you will be here, and then nothing can vex me.

"But I will say no more of them nor of your suspicions, which I do not refuse to me by one, because they are all equally devoid of probability; and to make amends for the unpleasant commencement of this letter, I will tell you something which I know will please you."

"Hortense, in her efforts to console me, endeavours as far as possible to conceal her anxiety for you and her brother, and she exerts all her ingenuity to banish that melancholy, the existence of which you doubt, but which, I assure you, never forsakes me. If by her lively conversation and interesting talents, she sometimes succeeds in drawing a smile from me, she joyfully exclaims: 'Dear mamma, that will be known at Cairo.' The fatal word immediately calls to my mind the distance which separates me from you and my son, and restores the melancholy which it was intended to divert. I am obliged to make great efforts to conceal my grief from my daughter, who, by a word or a look, transports me to the very place which she would wish to banish from my thoughts."

"Hortense's figure is daily becoming more and more graceful. She dresses with great taste, and though not quite so handsome as your sisters, she may certainly be thought agreeable, when even they are present."

"My good aunt passes her life in suffering without complaining, consoling the distressed, speaking of you, and writing poetry. For my part, my time is occupied in writing to you, hearing your praises, reading the journals, in which your name appears in every page, thinking of you, looking forward to the time when I may see you hourly, complaining of your absence and longing for your return; and when my task is ended I begin it over again. Are all these proofs of indifference? You will never have any others from me, and if I receive no worse from you, I shall have no great reason to complain, in spite of the ill-natured stories I hear about a *certain lady*, in whom you are said to take a lively interest. But why should I doubt you? You assure me that you love me, and, judging of your heart by my own, I believe you. Heaven knows when or where you will receive this letter. May it restore you to that confidence which you ought never to have lost, and convince you more than ever, that as long as I live I shall love you as dearly as I did on the day of our separation. Adieu—believe me—love me, and receive a thousand kisses."

Memoirs of Josephine, vol. 3.

No language can convey any idea of the state of excitement occasioned throughout France, by Bonaparte's arrival. From the 18th Vendémiaire, all around us was in continual agitation. On the 19th, Josephine set off to meet her husband, but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by the way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well founded uneasiness. Whether she were guilty, or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did, the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them, or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte prevented her from communicating to him.

Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin; and, indeed, effected it nine years later, for the divorce in 1810 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte, or as empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

Bonaparte on his arrival in Paris found his house de-

serted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible; and nine years afterward, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

"M. de Bourrienne says, that for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness*. As he was an eyewitness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return, Bonaparte *refused to see her, and said not a word to her*? It was the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was, at this period, much attached to Eugene Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance. In this delicate negotiation, it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Bérthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say any thing without the possibility of a reply. Now Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugene or Hortense the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was, therefore, constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, 'Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart!' And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him?"

The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children at length introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore, she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciocchi, she gave free vent to her ill humour and disdain; the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine. —*Memoirs of the Dutchess D'Angoulême, p. 211.*

HORTENSE'S LOVERS.

Josephine to Eugene Beauharnais, in Egypt.

"I learn with great pleasure, my dear Eugene, that your conduct is worthy of the name you bear, and of the protector under whom it is so easy to learn to become a great captain."

"Bonaparte has written to me that you are every thing he can wish, and as he is no flatterer my heart is proud to read your eulogy, sketched by a hand which is usually far from being lavish in praise. You well know I never doubted your capability to undertake great things, or the brilliant courage which you inherit; but you, alas! know how much I disliked your removal from me, fearing that your natural impetuosity might carry you too far, and that it might prevent you from submitting to the numerous petty details of discipline, which must be very disagreeable when the rank is only subaltern."

"Judge then of my joy on learning that you remember my advice, and that you are as obedient to your superiors in command, as you are kind and humane to those beneath you. This conduct, my child, makes me quite happy, and these words, I know, will reward you

more than all the favours you can receive. Read them often, and repeat to yourself that your mother, though far from you, complains not of her lot, since she knows that yours will be brilliant, and will deserve so to be."

"Your sister shares all my feelings, and will tell you so herself. But that of which I am sure she will not speak, and which is therefore my duty to tell, is her attention to me and to her aunt! Love her, my son, for to me she brings consolation, and she overflows with affection for you! She prosecutes her studies with uncommon success, but music, I believe, will be the art she will carry to the highest perfection. With her sweet voice, which is now well cultivated, she sings romances in a manner that would surprise you. I have just bought her a new piano from the best maker, Erard, which redoubles her passion for that charming art, which you prefer to every other; that, perhaps, accounts for your sister applying to it with so much assiduity."

"Were you here you would be telling me a thousand times a day, to beware of the men who pay particular attention to Hortense. Some there are who do so, whom you do not like, and whom you seem to fear she may prefer. Set your mind at rest; she is a bit of a coquette, is pleased with her success, and torments her victims; but her heart is free. I am the confident of all her thoughts and feelings, which have hitherto been just what they ought to be. She now knows that when she thinks of marrying, it is not my consent alone she has to seek, and that my will is subordinate to that of the man to whom we owe every thing. The knowledge of this fact must prevent her from fixing her choice in a way that may not meet the approval of Bonaparte, and the latter will not give your sister in marriage to any one to whom you can object."

I know not the names of the young gentlemen who were so eager to pay homage to Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais. The prospect of her future destiny was brilliant, and she was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all zealously endeavouring to please her; but encouragement was given to none. When I saw her for the first time, which was six months before her marriage, no individual was yet pointed out as having fixed the choice of this young lady, whom so many parents anxiously wished to make their daughter-in-law. Since then it has been reported that she had a partiality for General P—, but at that time no such thing was mentioned, and I believe there is no truth in the story.

General P— was very handsome, but the other members of his family were far from possessing the like advantage. The following anecdote of their remarkable plainness may be related here.

They were emigrants at the same period as my family. One evening the Duke de Fleuri, who, in despite of the privations of exile, was full of life and gaiety, visited the Princess de Vaudemont, after an absence of some months. He was acquainted with old M. de P— and, after saluting him, said—'Pray, who is this horrible looking woman sitting beside the charming Madame de Fougny, as it were for the purpose of producing a contrast?' 'That lady is my wife, answered M. de P— with rather a lengthened countenance—'Oh! no, replied the duke, I know Madame de P— very well; (it was to her, however, his question referred) she is very agreeable . . . I mean that one on the other side of Madame de Fougny . . . she is really frightful—Ah! that is my sister. Well, my dear P—, this is quite distressing, there is no extricating one's self from such an embarrassing situation with you, for there never was so extraordinary a family.'

Memoirs of Josephine, vol. 3.

Bourrienne gives the following account of another love affair of Hortense with Duroc, afterwards Duc de Frioul—a much more distinguished personage than the obscure royalist chief. We are disposed, however, to attach little or no credit to the story, which we have only extracted because some notice of it seemed essential in the memoirs of its heroine. It is improbable that Duroc, who was of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and neither romantic nor uncalculating, should have chosen to relinquish the hopes presented by so splendid an alliance, simply because it involved his temporary absence from the person of the first consul. His very attachment to Napoleon, which is the alleged ground of refusal, could only have been an additional motive for his consent. The tale may be safely set down as another instance of the vanity and misrepresentation, so characteristic of the work and of its author.

"Bonaparte said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that 'they loved each other when they married; they desired to be united. The marriage was, too, the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

account in it.' One fact is certain, and that is, that they did not love each other at all. Hortense was passionately attached to Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal ardour. The first consul consented to their marriage; but Josephine, who was desirous of obtaining some support against her brothers-in-law, who never ceased to persecute her, wished to have Hortense united to Louis. She acquainted me with her wish, and I told her that she had concealed her intentions too long, as I had promised my services in favour of the young lovers, and had done so the more willingly because I knew the first consul's opinion was favourable to the union with Duroc. I added, that her daughter could not restrain her tears when Louis was mentioned to her as a husband. The first consul, in the expectation that Duroc's marriage with Hortense would take place, had sent to him his brevet, as general of division, by an extraordinary courier, who went to Holland, through which Duroc had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg.

"During Duroc's absence, the correspondence of the young lovers passed, by their cousin, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing, and run to her chamber, where I followed, and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it, her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the saloon.

"When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even felicitated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after, Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed to persuade the first consul to her purpose. On the 4th January the first consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was at work, 'Where is Duroc?' he enquired. 'He has gone out to the opera, I believe.' 'Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs, and name him commandant of the eighteenth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage, with his wife, for Toulon. We must live apart; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know to-night whether this plan will satisfy him.' 'I think it will not.' 'Very well! then she shall marry Louis.' 'Will she like it?' 'It must be.' The first consul gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it, he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half past six in the evening, Duroc returned; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the first consul. 'Since it has come to that, my good friend,' said he, 'tell him, I may keep his daughter, for me; I am going to see the —', and, with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat, and went off. The first consul, before going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and, probably, to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have a woman, who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible, forced upon him for a wife. She always manifested as much indifference for him, as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments are not yet effaced.

"Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say, that I never heard a word of this niece, either from himself, his wife, or her daughter; and, I rather think, that at that time the first consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected, that we were now in the year which saw the consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the empire. Napoleon truly said to the companions of his exile, that 'Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues; but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc.'

Madame de Montesson gave the first ball that took place in honour of the marriage of Louis Bonaparte and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais. Invitations were issued for seven hundred persons. There was as yet no imperial court, for Napoleon was only consul; though then young, I could not fail to remark the eager attention and servile flattery evinced by all classes to the Bonaparte family, whose fortunes already dawned so brilliantly, that there was no calculating what ambition might aim at when encouraged by such unexampled success. The foreign ambassadors were present at Madame de Montesson's fete, which was on a most magnificent scale. Every countenance beamed with joy, save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness which she might have been expected to evince. She was covered with diamonds and flowers, and yet her countenance and manner showed nothing but regret. It was easy to foresee the mutual misery that would arise out of this ill assorted union. Louis Bonaparte showed but little attention to his bride; and she, on her part, seemed to shun his very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him.

This indifference daily augmented, in spite of the affectionate advice of Josephine, who anxiously sought to produce some congeniality of feeling in the newly married couple. But all her endeavours were useless.

I subjoin two letters which she wrote to her beloved daughter some time before her separation from her husband was deemed indispensable. They show how earnestly Josephine desired to see Hortense in the possession of that happiness and peace of mind to which she was herself a stranger. Her daughter's unhappy marriage, which she foresaw, but could not prevent, was a source of deep distress to her. If she enjoyed any consolation under this affliction, it was that of witnessing the uninterrupted harmony which prevailed between the vicereine and vice-queen. But, after all, can any thing soothe the sorrow of a mother who sees her daughter's happiness blighted for ever?

To Queen Hortense.

"I was deeply grieved at what I heard a few days ago; and what I saw yesterday confirmed and increased my distress. Why show this repugnance to Louis? Instead of rendering it the more annoying by caprice and inequality of temper, why not endeavour to surmount it? You say he is not amiable! every thing is relative. If he is not so to you, he may be so to others, and all women do not see him through the veil of dislike. To me, who am disinterested, and who view him as he really is, he appears to be more disposed to love than fitted to be beloved, and that is certainly a valuable quality. He is generous, benevolent, and affectionate. He is a good father, and, if you choose, he may be a good husband. His melancholy and his taste for study and retirement render him disagreeable to you. But, let me ask you, is this his fault? Do you expect him to change his nature according to circumstances? Who could have foreseen his altered fortune? You say he has not courage to maintain it; but that is a mistake. I should rather say he is not suited to it. With his secluded habits and his unconquerable love of retirement and study, he is out of place in the elevated station to which he has been raised. You wish that he resembled his brother, but he must first have his brother's temperament. You must have remarked that all our existence depends on health, and health upon digestion. If poor Louis's digestion were better, you would find him much more amiable. But as he is, there is nothing to justify the indifference and dislike you evince towards him. You, Hortense, who used to be so good should continue so now, when it is most requisite. Take pity on a man who is to be pitted, for what would constitute the happiness of another. Before you condemn him read once again the letters of Madame de Maintenon; she too groaned under the weight of her greatness, and bedewed with her tears a diadem for which she conceived her brow was never destined."

To the same.

"You misunderstand me, my dear; there is nothing equivocal in my style, as there is nothing unkind in my heart. How could you ever imagine that I share certain absurd, or perhaps interested opinions? Surely you cannot believe that I look upon you as my rival. We both reign over the same heart, but by titles very different, though equally sacred; and those who view my husband's affection for you in any other light than that of a friend and a father, know little of his heart.

His soul takes too lofty a flight to be accessible to any vulgar passions. Glory engrosses him more perhaps than is conducive to our happiness; but the love of glory is incompatible with any thing base. Such is my profession of faith with regard to my husband. I frankly communicate it, in the hope that it will calm your apprehensions. When I advise you to love, or at least not to repulse Louis, I speak to you as an experienced wife, a fond mother, and a friend; and in these three characters, which are all equally dear to me, I tenderly embrace you."—*Memoirs of Josephine*, vol. I.

Louis Bonaparte was not amiss at eighteen; subsequently his infirmities gave him the appearance of an old man before his time: this rendered him morose in appearance, and in reality miserable. He resembled the queen of Naples when he was young and in health: there was the same cast of countenance, and the same expression in the look, when the features of the queen of Naples were at rest; but, as soon as they were animated by her smile or her look, all resemblance vanished.

Louis is a mild, easy, good natured man. The emperor, with his whim of making kings of all his brothers, could not find one who would fall in with it. His sisters scolded him, for they were devoured by ambition; but on this point the men have always shown a firm and determined will. Louis told him as much when he was setting out for Holland. "I will do what I like," said the young king to his brother. "Let me act freely or let me remain here. I will not go to govern a country where I shall be known only by disaster."

The emperor was absolute in his will. He sent Louis to Holland: the unfortunate young man went to experience a slow and cruel agony among its canals and marshes. The greater part of his present ailments proceeded from that damp atmosphere, particularly unhealthy for a child of the south, like him. He obeyed, and his wife was destined there to feel the keenest anguish: her maternal heart was wrung by the death of her first-born. —*Memoirs of the Dutchess D'Abrantes*, p. 165.

NOTE TO CHAPTER VI.

The French make sad work with foreign proper names. In the account of the deputation to Louis for Bracedzen and Van Styren, we must read Branczen and Van Styren. These errors, however, are not to be compared with the ingenious mistake of a Spanish analyst of the war of the succession, who contrived to transmute *Townsend* into *Toureskendem*, to the great perplexity of subsequent historians.

NOTE TO CHAPTER VIII.

While Queen Hortense was at the Hague, she received as a new year's present from her mother, an immense chest filled with the choicest play things that the genius of Grancher and Gironx could invent. It was designed for young Napoleon, whose premature death drove part of the imperial family almost to distraction, and was perhaps the cause of all the subsequent evils.

The child, who was seated near a window opening on the park, appeared careless of all the presents that were spread before him: he was constantly looking towards the opposite avenue. The queen, impatient at seeing him less delighted than she expected, asked him if he was not grateful to his grandmama, for her kindness in sending whatever she thought would give him pleasure. "Indeed I am, mamma! but it does not surprise me. She is always so good that I am used to it." "Then you are not amused with all these pretty play things?" "Oh! yes, mamma, but, But what?" "I am very anxious for something else." "Mention it, my child, depend upon my giving it to you." "No, grandmama, indeed you won't." "Do you want money for the poor?" "Papa gave me some this morning: I have given it all away already—I want!" "Go on, you know how much I love you; you may be sure I wish to begin the year by pleasing you; tell me, darling, what do you wish?" "Mamma, I want you to let me run about in that pretty road in the avenue: that will amuse me more than any thing else."

It may be readily supposed that the queen did not indulge this strange whim of her son; it was a great disappointment for the young prince, who complained constantly that new year's day was very dull, that he was tired and could never be contented unless he could run about in the rain, like other little boys. Fortunately,

a severe frost soon dried the pretty mud and the prince's tears.

This child evinced a determined character, and a strong taste for a military life: he was extremely intelligent, and showed great quickness in every thing requiring reflection. "This accounts for the great partiality of Napoleon, who was delighted with the idea of beholding him, hereafter, worthy to be his successor."

The disease which attacked him was equally sudden and violent: M. Latour, first physician to King Louis, paid him the most assiduous attention. It was unavailing: in a few hours the prince was lost to the affections of his mother. Hortense never quitted him for an instant: when the blow was at length struck, force was requisite to remove her from the chamber of death. Her arms were clasped about the chair in which she was seated, and she clung to it with so much strength that it was necessary to bear her away as she sat. Her complete apathy, her dry and tearless eyes, and her painful breathing, excited the most lively apprehension. In vain was she reminded of her son and of his sufferings. Nothing seemed capable of moving her to tears, "which alone could afford relief," and her situation continued so long that it was feared she must soon follow to the tomb the child so tenderly beloved. At length when every possible means of bringing on a crisis seemed exhausted, a chamberlain whose name I have forgotten, directed the corpse of the young prince to be placed in the lap of his unhappy mother. The terrible sight restored her to a full sense of her fearful calamity: she uttered a piercing shriek, her arms lost their spasmodic stiffness, and claspings to her breast the dear remains of her child, a flood of bitter tears fell on those cold and faded cheeks, which but a few hours before were glowing with youthful health.

The queen was out of danger from that moment; exhausted, however, by such powerful and rapid emotions, she fainted away, and advantage was taken of this opportunity to remove the remains of her child.

A letter had been despatched to Corvisart as soon as the young prince was taken ill, but the reply of the celebrated physician arrived too late: the remedies he prescribed should have been administered immediately. The erup— a disease before entirely unknown—requires but a few moments to gain the mastery: if these few moments are lost, all hope is at an end. Corvisart was the first who studied the nature of a malady which carries off infants with such fearful rapidity. This claim to the gratitude of every parent would alone suffice to render his memory glorious, without the aid of a hundred other titles to well-earned immortality.

Note by the author from Mem. of Josephine, vol. 2.

NOTE TO CHAP. XI.

I met, for the first time, at this party, one of the most lovely women of the court of Queen Hortense: she has been so universally regretted, that to name her is to point out the many qualities which adorned her: this was Madame de Broc! . . . Though dressed in the plainest style, she appeared to me to eclipse all those who surrounded her, not so much from possessing any extraordinary beauty, or from immediately attracting notice: many women might boast a prettier nose, a lovelier mouth, or a fairer colour; but none could lay claim to finer eyes; they were expressive of wit and gentleness combined; and it was impossible to be noticed by Madame de Broc, without feeling an attachment for her. The kind of carelessness which she displayed in all her movements, gave her a peculiar charm which I never discovered in any one else. The interest she inspired by the tender expression of her countenance, could not fail to grow into friendship, whenever she took the least pains to encourage that sentiment; but she appeared, as it were, anxious to fly from every tender feeling, as if apprehensive of being diverted from the subject of her habitual meditations—the memory of her husband whom she had lost, to the best of my recollection, two years before that period. It would have been very difficult to introduce mirth and cheerfulness in any conversation with her; nevertheless, she was not absolutely plunged in melancholy; she would even make an effort to join in social conversation. Her smile, however, always appeared constrained; and so far from its exciting any pleasure, it was almost painful in any one to perceive that they had provoked it; it formed too striking a contrast with a physiognomy which might have served as a model for portraying the figure of melancholy.—*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, vol. 2.*

NOTE TO CHAPTER XII.

The Emperor Alexander went to visit Josephine on the 10th of May, and dined at Malmaison. She remained in the saloon, notwithstanding her acute bodily sufferings which she endeavoured to resist. A game at prison-bars was played after dinner on the handsome lawn before the palace; she attempted to take part in it; but her strength failed her, and she was under the necessity of sitting down. Her altered countenance was noticed by every one; to the most anxious enquiries she replied with a smile, that a little rest would restore her strength; every one in fact, retired with the hope that she would find herself better the next morning.

With a view to calm the uneasiness excited by her state of health, she attempted to take her usual walk; but her illness assumed a serious turn, and she was brought back to her apartment in a condition which excited great alarm.

The symptoms did not improve in the course of the day; she had repeated faintings. The night was still worse; she was already attacked with a kind of delirium; her mind was much agitated; she spoke much, contrary to the physician's express recommendation.

On the 24th of May (it was on a Friday) she awoke with a severe pain in her throat. The king of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander were expected to dine that day at Malmaison. Finding that her majesty had a slight attack of fever, M. Horcau insisted upon her remaining in bed, and avoiding the least cold, the more so as, having taken a purgative medicine, her exposure to the air might be attended with serious danger. As the empress did not seem disposed to follow his advice, he deemed it proper to appeal to Madame d'Arberg's influence; and this lady endeavoured to obtain a promise from her majesty that she should not rise from her bed. All was in vain; Josephine insisted upon dressing as usual, and descending from her apartment in order to do the honours of her house to the allied sovereigns. She sat down to table, assisted at the court circle; but at last her sufferings increased to such a degree, that she was forced to retire, and requested of Queen Hortense to supply her place.

From that moment her illness assumed a very serious and alarming turn. The next day, 25th of May, the Emperor Alexander paid her a visit, and finding her much altered since the preceding day, he proposed to send her his private physician; she declined the offer, out of consideration for M. Horcau, in whom she reposed the utmost confidence. He had formerly been the emperor's physician, and in quarterly attendance upon him. Ever since the divorce he was attached to the empress, who entertained the highest opinion of his character and medical skill.

He invariably gave his attendance to her in the morning, and as soon as the consultation was over, he took his departure for Paris. As he was lodged in a very small apartment at Boispreau, he never remained there; it was therefore doing him a manifest injustice to accuse him of neglect during that fatal 25th of May. He was anxious to remain at Malmaison; but the empress, being apprehensive lest he should prevent her from rising, as it was her intention to do, pressed him to return as usual to Paris. As her health did not yet excite any apprehension for her life, he gave way and took his departure.

At night, the physician of Ruil was sent for; he was greatly alarmed at the danger in which he found the empress, whose imprudent conduct was attended with fatal consequences. He thought it would be advisable to apply immediately twenty-five leeches on the back of the neck and between the shoulders. He would not however take upon himself the responsibility of so violent a remedy; a messenger was sent to Paris in search of M. Horcau; some time elapsed before he could be found; he arrived at last, and nothing could exceed his distress of mind when he found her majesty in a condition which left but very faint hopes of her recovery. She was perfectly collected, but spoke with great difficulty. Her looks seemed to question M. Horcau when attempted in vain to disguise his affliction. She pressed his hand to prove to him that she was fully aware of her danger; and she displayed in that dreadful moment all the courage which was to be expected from her well-known character.

M. Horcau consulted with M. Lamoureux, the physician who had been called in; the latter stated it as his opinion that the application of leeches might have saved the empress; but he had not ventured to resort to this remedy without the previous approbation of her majesty's regular physician. "Why, sir, exclaimed the latter, in a case like this you ought not to have waited for me; the loss of two hours is fatal."

A blister was applied between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet; but, alas! it was too late! her dreadful malady was making rapid and frightful strides.

This excellent woman, always apprehensive of giving pain to those she loved, abstained from all complaint, took every remedy that was prescribed, and by her gentle and affectionate looks endeavoured to calm the fears of those who surrounded her.

She was informed that Redouté, the celebrated painter of flowers, whose talent she admired, was at Malmaison, where he came to paint two beautiful green house plants; she expressed by signs her wish to see him. As soon as he appeared, she held out her hand to him, and then gently forced him back, saying that she was afraid her complaint might be contagious. "Next week," said Josephine, "I trust I shall see you working at some fresh masterpiece."

During the night, from the 27th to the 28th, she fell into a lethargic sleep which lasted five hours. At ten o'clock in the morning M. Bourdois arrived. He agreed with M. Horcau that she was past all hope, and deemed it proper to prepare Queen Hortense and the vice-roy, who, alarmed at the rapid inroads made upon that idolised countenance which they were contemplating with an always increasing apprehension, made her prepare for receiving the sacraments, and sent for the curate of Ruil to administer the rites of the church. He was from home; and she confessed to the preceptor of the young princes of Holland who, though a priest, had long ceased to exercise his clerical functions. She answered with great difficulty, as her tongue was gradually refusing to perform its functions; but her countenance lost none of its calm and benevolent expression.

The Emperor Alexander arrived at Malmaison; Josephine appeared to revive on seeing his majesty, and cast a look of gratitude upon him. Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense knelt near their mother's bed, and received her blessing. They were both unable to address a single word to the emperor; their sobs alone gave utterance to their grief. "At least," said Josephine with an expiring voice, "I die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France, and have done every thing in my power to promote it; I may say, with truth, in the presence of you all who now attend my dying moments, that the first wife of Napoleon has never ceased a single tear to flow." These were her last words, and the next day, 29th of May, at half after eleven in the morning her sufferings were at an end, and those of her family past all remedy or consolation!

Memoirs of Josephine, vol.

Note of Hortense to the Count de la Garde, (from the collection of Romances annexed to the English edition.)

I owe you a thousand thanks, my dear sir, for the charming romances you have sent me. I had already set to music some of them which had fallen accidentally in my way before I knew their author. I am gratified by the pleasure of your acquaintance, and the opportunity of telling you how much I am flattered by your politeness in preparing such a delightful collection. Your two other productions were read with deep interest: they display abilities, which, although a woman, I can justly appreciate, for whatever is deeply felt is always within our comprehension.

With this note you will receive a book of my own romances, which I pray you to accept as a remembrance. Let it express the pleasure I have derived from your poems, and my sentiments of sincere esteem and respect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anxious that I should escape the illiberal remarks of my neighbours on my want of knowledge of the world, my mother proposed that we should move to another apartment; I instantly agreed, and we proceeded to that in which the quadrille of the princesses was said to be going on. On reaching a door that was beset with company going in or out, I was on a sudden separated from my mother, and carried to some distance from her, without having it in my power to join her again. I was quite beside myself; and unconscious of what I was doing, I took off my mask, and searched for her in every corner of the apartment which I had found so much difficulty in reaching; unable to restrain my agitated feelings, I questioned every one I met, and called out: "Where is my mamma? have you seen my mamma?" The gazing multitude laughed at my distress, and as I was a perfect stranger in the place, every one passed me

without uttering a word; at last, after a few moments of indescribable anguish, I met M. Gazani, who, with his usual kindness, offered his arm to assist me in finding out a mother who was the object of my anxious enquiries. Never was a more opportune service rendered in a more obliging manner.

We went over various apartments; and whilst I was seeking in every corner for the object of my enquiries, two black dominos came up to me. One of them said, that I no doubt had a coquetish motive for taking off my mask, since it was usual for those who were that unpunctilious costume, to preserve it the whole evening.—“Coquetishness indeed! would that I were far from here; for I can assure you, that I have not the smallest desire of making a conquest in this place.” “Is it possible you do not enjoy the scene, you, mademoiselle, who are so lively and so fond of dancing?” rejoined the little mask, laying hold of my arm. “Not indeed; have I not told you that I have had a surfeit of it? I am seeking for my mother, and your questions have no other effect than to heighten my distaste for this fatiguing ball. I meet with nothing to-day but annoyance from every one.” “Nevertheless I am determined not to part with you so soon. Are you going to-morrow to the concert of Queen Hortense?” “I am indeed, to my sorrow; if that party should be as entertaining and agreeable as this one has been to me, I shall have passed a very pleasant week!”—“I uttered the last words with increased peevishness; and forcing myself away from the domino, who seemed to have at heart to torment me, I dragged M. Gazani along to another part of the saloon, where I at last found my mother. M. Gazani, after bestowing a few moments to the recital of my unlucky adventure, told me that he believed I had made an egregious mistake, by the harsh replies I had just given. “How is this?” I hastily asked; “I do not believe I have been guilty of any mistake.” “I really suspect, mademoiselle, that the domino you have so roughly treated is the queen of Holland.” “That, indeed, would give the finishing stroke to my misadventures.” “I am confident that it was the queen’s voice and address.” I wished to persuade myself that he was wrong; but that ill-disguised tone of voice resounded in my ears, and I was unable to dispel a feeling of uneasiness, which I vainly attempted to combat, and which increased my anxiety to withdraw from the place where so many unpleasant circumstances had, with unerring fatality, assailed me.

We were unable to overtake Madame Foy, whose habit of appearing at masked balls, together with her graceful and lively wit, enabled her to take a prominent part in the scene, and to intrigue with any one upon whom she condescended to bestow attention. We therefore took our departure without waiting for her. * * *

We reached the residence of Queen Hortense at a late hour, our humble equipage having found some difficulty in making its way through the elegant carriages which choked up the street. Proud of the lively which was a badge of their dependence, the coachmen, exultingly holding the reins which checked the fiery ardour of a handsome pair of horses, were lavish of their jokes and antechamber wit, the character of which was far too sublime to be understood by the modest driver of wretched hacks, that had become worn out in the service of the public. The repeated lashes aimed at them by the proud carriage drivers were insufficient to extricate us from our embarrassment. We were upwards of an hour in reaching the gateway, where it became necessary for us to alight. Fortunately, however, the weather was very fine, and we reached the hall without encountering the accident I so much dreaded, on account of my white shoes. We were indeed stared at by the porter and footman, with a slight emotion of contempt, which brought the colour to my cheeks; but this wound to my self-love was so soon over that I had already recovered from it before we reached the top of the staircase.

The saloons were full of company, and the pianoforte was in the apartment where the queen had stationed herself. That apartment could only be reached by passing through several others, by elbowing men loaded with decorations and embroidered dresses, and ladies glittering in the splendour of their attire. I trod upon some, got entangled with the handsome fringes of others, curtseyed all the while to those I had met at Malmaison; I felt that I was behaving awkwardly, and experienced the utmost embarrassment and uneasiness, which greatly increased as I approached the queen; I became at last completely disconcerted. What she told me was assuredly not calculated to restore my self-

possession, as the reader will now have an opportunity of judging.

“Good evening, mademoiselle; are you in better temper than yesterday? I must tell you that you do not shine at a masked ball. You will ask how that happened? Well, then, I went up to speak to you, and you replied in a tone of harshness and ill humour, which is certainly foreign from your usual manners.” “Madame, I was not a lost to find my mother, and I acknowledge—” “Yes, I know it; nevertheless, that was not a motive for treating me as you did.” “I was unconscious that your majesty had condescended.” “Unquestionably you could not guess who I was; it is an excellent lesson for the future, which will, I trust, induce you to be always obliging to every one; I am distressed at yesterday’s occurrence; I only came up for the purpose of countenancing you; and it must be owned you cannot be accused of having met me half way. But to the fact. The gentleman who attended me was anxious to become acquainted with you; he knows my mother’s partiality for you, and wished to discover how far her taste was correct. He could only do so by ascertaining your mental qualities, by forming some notion of your manners, and, in short, by not being satisfied with beholding a pretty face. You did not, however, set off those qualities to advantage. You may judge of my mortification at the tone you assumed; for this domino, whose curiosity was so much excited, was no other than . . . the emperor.”

I was overpowered at these words; for I must own I could not disguise from myself that I had never been so disagreeable as on the occasion of the ball of the preceding night; nevertheless, at no other time could I have been more ambitious of shining, in order to justify the attentions that were shown to me. To have failed in proving myself worthy of the protection of the empress, appeared to me a mark of ingratitude as heinous as my part, as if it had been intentional. The emperor must have felt surprised that so much kindness should be bestowed upon a person who could only appear in his sight an ill-mannered girl.

When the queen found that my countenance began to assume a character of the most painful emotion, she addressed a few kind words to me, with her accustomed gratefulness of manner, and assured me that she had said to the emperor whatever was calculated to soften down the unfavourable impression occasioned by my ill-timed roughness of behaviour. He had greatly enjoyed an openness of manner to which he was no longer accustomed, and of which all trace was obliterated, except in the camp, where his soldiers retained it in their intercourse with him; he was far from finding fault with it. * * *

When our visits to the empress ceased, we had neglected paying our respects to Queen Hortense; for we were attracted to Malmaison, not so much by the charms of power and greatness, as by the happiness of seeing a mother and daughter both elevated to the highest rank without having lost any of those graces which rendered them so engaging in a more humble sphere, while both possessed, even in an eminent degree, the virtues most essential in individuals destined to rule over others,—viz. charity and generosity! Confident, therefore in the queen’s goodness, we determined to pay her a visit. The following circumstance afforded us an opportunity for so doing.

A young man named Drouet, a native of Holland, had at this time just come to Paris. He played on the flute with superior skill, but experienced a thousand obstacles in making himself known, and though in straitened circumstances, he was said to be the only support of his father and sister. He was introduced to us. We felt interested for him, and determined to use our endeavours to obtain for him the patronage of her majesty, always accessible when appealed to in behalf of the unfortunate. M. Drouet was well worthy of her notice, for with a talent of the highest order, he could barely procure a livelihood for himself and family.

We solicited an audience of the queen, which was instantly granted. After offering some apologies for having so long neglected to pay our respects to her, we mentioned M. Drouet, and we soon contrived to excite her interest in his behalf. She assured us he should be introduced to her; that she would hear him play, and do something to improve his circumstances. In the course of a concert for which she would take eighty tickets. She performed all she promised, and to her M. Drouet is indebted for the rapid reputation he acquired in Paris and afterwards in every city in Europe.

The handsome fortune which he now possesses he owes entirely to the queen’s favour; M. Drouet may have forgotten this, like many others to whom she extended her assistance. I always feel happy in recording traits of goodness in any one connected with Josephine, and I congratulate myself on calling such matters to the remembrance of those who happen to forget them.

I afterwards learned M. Drouet was far from being so meritorious as we imagined: he indeed lived with his father and sister; but the one acted the part of his servant, while the other was his cook. An acquaintance of mine calling once upon him, surprised him at dinner with his sister waiting upon him at the back of his chair, and his old father brushing his boots in the antechamber. On hearing this I was sorry at what we had done for him; but after all, it is better to be the dupe of a good heart than to suffer suspicion to check every generous impulse. I can never regret the credulity which, though it may often have subjected me to odious imposition, has more often proved to me a source of gratification.—*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, vol. 2.

PORTRAIT OF HORTENSE.

Hortense de Beaumais was at this time seventeen years old; she was fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much colour, she had enough to produce a freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty; a profusion of light hair, played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her head; her feet were small and pretty, her hands very white, with pink, well rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the *croûle nonchalante* with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable; she had wit, which, without the smallest ill temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well conducted education had improved her natural talents; she drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800 she was a charming young girl; she afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one, though, of all who surrounded her, her mother seemed to be the least conscious of her attractions; I do not mean to say that she did not love her, but certainly she did not express that degree of maternal affection which Hortense de Beaumais merited. Her brother loved her tenderly; the first consul looked upon her as his child; and it was only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct towards her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited, and is now only remembered to be confuted.

Memoirs of the Dutchess D’Abrantes, p. 318.

Madame Campan relates an anecdote of the dutchess at a private theatrical representation at the school:—The dutchess of St. Leu played Esther, the part of Elise was supported by the interesting and unfortunate Madame de Broc. They were united by the same uniformity of age and inclinations, the same mutual friendship, as are attributed to the characters in Racine’s drama. Napoleon, who was then consul, his generals, ministers, and other principal persons in the state, attended the representation. The prince of Orange was also observed there, whom the hope of seeing Holland once more, and of re-establishing the rights of his house, had, at this period, brought to France. The tragedy of Esther was performed by the pupils, with the choruses in music. Every one knows, that in the chorus at the end of the third act, the young Israelites rejoice in the hope of one day returning to their native land—a young female says, “I shall see once more those dear fields,”—another adds, “I shall weep under the sepulchre of my forefathers;” at these words loud sobs were heard; every eye was turned towards a particular part of the room; the representation was interrupted for a moment. Napoleon, leaning towards Madame Campan, asked the cause of this agitation. “The prince of Orange is here,” said she; “he perceived something in the verses which have just been sung, applicable to his wishes and situation, and could not restrain his tears.” The consul had already different views: “What is said about returning home does not apply to him, however,” said he.

Journal of a Nobleman;

BEING

A NARRATIVE OF HIS RESIDENCE AT VIENNA
DURING THE CONGRESS.

"Enfin l'heure sonne, et des plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gais éclatent des dispositions mutuelles les plus heureuses, introduisant gaieusement les arbitres des destins de l'Europe dans le sanctuaire où vous citez de décider. Le Congrès est ouvert."
—M. DE PRADT.

First American edition.

PREFACE.

The appearance in the "Library" of the following work, being its first publication in America, affords one proof among others which we have already given, and shall hereafter continue, that all of the most piquant European books are not immediately seized on by the usual caterers for the public. It appeared as a translation in London about a twelvemonth since, and was received with such avidity as to exhaust the first edition in a few weeks. We have already suggested that the author is probably the *Comte de la Garde*, to whom we are indebted for the *Memoirs of Hortense*—that he possessed unusual opportunities and qualifications, and has used his advantages so well as to be enabled to indite an amusing volume, and give lively pictures of fashionable society, none can doubt after perusal. Could we with a wish enlarge some of his details, and render his sketches full lengths, we should be tempted to do so. In his preface the author remarks—

"If any apology were requisite for a publication of facts and incidents which took place at a period at all remote, it should rest chiefly on the prevailing taste among the reading world for works in the form of memoirs and anecdotal recollections.

"It is hardly possible indeed not to look back with interest to the annals of a period pre-eminently entitled to the denomination of a great one, and in no respect less remarkable than the times of Pericles, Augustus, Leo X. and Louis XIV.

"It is precisely when objects fit for the page of history have receded from the sight, without being quite lost to it, that the scrutiny of the past may be entered into without the influence of passion and prejudice, and without the bias of personal feeling, so that an impartial and authentic survey may with confidence be laid before the public.

"The sketches relating to the congress of Vienna which here follow, though embracing many curious facts and remarkable events, are intended as an introduction to a more extensive work on the same subject, which I may at a future day lay before the public.

"An uninterrupted stay of several months in Vienna, during the memorable period of which this work will treat, had opened to me a field of observation, from whence I have gathered materials not within the reach of every spectator of the great drama of which that capital was made the principal scene.

"Circumstances and localities both combined in affording peculiar facilities of remark to one situated as it was my good fortune to be. Each day seemed to pass with the rapidity of a moment, and each moment was fertile in incidents worth the experience of an age in ordinary times.

"It was under the auspices of my relative and friend, the venerable Marshal Prince de Ligne, that I gained access to every thing that was worthy of notice. His rank and station, his seniority of age, his military and literary celebrity, and the personal friendship and esteem with which he was honoured by all the sovereigns assembled in Vienna, and other illustrious personages, gave him an universal access to, and consideration in the higher circles. His society was courted by all; and

monarchs, sovereign princes, statesmen, great captains, and men distinguished in sciences and arts, daily crowded his salons.

"The advantage of being led by such a guide, and of hearing constantly his opinions and remarks on men and things, are considerations which induce me to think that the following pages will not be read without interest."

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Historical Sketch of Vienna—Description of the

City—Prince de Ligne.
When the Abbe de Pradt made the Congress of Vienna the subject of a political work, he did not represent that memorable assembly in its most piquant point of view. He probably thought that minute detail might injure the imposing effect of his picture, and he therefore abstained from adverting to the private life of the actors in the grand drama. But in an assemblage which confounded all ranks, and smoothed away all asperities, the hearts undesignedly laid open, and the traits of character unexpectedly developed, could not but afford a fertile source of interest to every observer of human nature.

The masters of the world and rulers of empires, who assembled at the Congress of Vienna, lived, for the first time, on a footing of intimacy with their equals; and cheerfully laying aside the burden of etiquette, they abandoned themselves without restraint to a varied series of amusements, leaving to able politicians the task of adjusting the future destinies of Europe.

Such complicated and important interests were certainly never before discussed amidst so much festivity and dissipation. A kingdom was dismembered or aggrandised at a ball—an indemnity granted at a dinner—a restitution proposed during a hunt—and a *bon mot*, or a happy observation, sometimes cemented a treaty which might otherwise have lingered through tedious discussion and correspondence. The most difficult transactions were arranged promptly and agreeably. Extraordinary couriers galloped in a few minutes from the cabinet of a king to the cabinet of an emperor, and with the rapidity of thought conveyed a conclusive answer to an important question.

The congress assumed the character of a grand solemnity for the celebration of the tranquillity of Europe. It was the festival of peace, and destined to restore that political equilibrium which the force of arms had so long suspended. The nations of Europe assembled at Vienna in the persons of their sovereigns, and negotiating through the medium of their most enlightened ministers, presented a unique spectacle perfectly in accordance with the extraordinary events that had occasioned it.

Meanwhile the hero of great catastrophes was once more preparing to appear upon the scene, surprised, no doubt, that the voice of reason was at length heard, and that treaties were concluded of a nature somewhat different from those which, for twenty years, he has been accustomed to ratify with his sword. He rekindled the brand of discord, and changed the aspect of those voluptuous scenes, upon which, in spite of ever varying novelty, the languor of satiety was beginning to encroach.

I have often been surprised that no actor in the grand historical scene should have undertaken the task of describing a period calculated to excite such general curiosity. But most of them being engaged in discussing the great interests of mankind, devoted their attention wholly to that object—suffering all minor details to escape their observation. Subsequently, when the flame of the volcano was extinct, and things had resumed their proper level, some may have wished to retrace the scenes which I am about to describe; but not having taken notes on the spot, they have perhaps been discouraged by want of memory; justly conceiving that such a picture, however ably drawn, could excite no interest unless it bore the impress of truth. The artist who attempts to produce a landscape from recollection may steep his pencil in colours, but cannot accurately blend his tints on the canvass. Impressions which are not derived from their original source are like the rays reflected by our planet—they impart light, but not heat.

The congress was in full activity on my arrival at Vienna, which was about the middle of October, 1811. It was then reported that it would be speedily dissolved; but pleasure or business, which, I do not pretend to

know, ordained it otherwise. Weeks and months passed away, and the sittings of the congress still continued. Sovereigns treating with each other like brothers, as Catherine the Great wished they should, amicably adjusted their little family affairs; and St. Pierre's philosophic dream of a general peace seemed to be realised.

Before I introduce the reader to the *dramatis personæ* who figured at the congress, a brief sketch of the scene of action will not perhaps be deemed superfluous.

Vienna is situated on a plain surrounded by picturesque hills. The Danube, which intersects and partially surrounds this plain, branches off in various directions, and thus forms several little islands, on the most southern of which the Austrian capital is built. Vienna consists of two distinct portions: first, the city, which, being encircled by walls, bastions, and a dry ditch, is absolutely a fortress; and second, the suburbs, which are surrounded by a line of circumvallation, with barriers at the entries, and are separated from the city by a glacis, on which several pleasant promenades are formed. The most southern suburb, called Leopoldstadt, is detached from the town by one of the branches of the river.

The population of Vienna is estimated at between 280,000 and 300,000 individuals, 200,000 of whom occupy the suburbs.

The history of Vienna abounds in curious and interesting facts. It was for some time one of the stations of the Roman legions, and was successively a prey to the Goths and the Huns, until, in 791, Charlemagne united it to the empire of the Franks.

Under the dominion of the margraves and dukes the city was gradually enlarged and fortified. Duke Rudolph IV. founded the University, which four centuries afterwards Maria Theresa raised to such importance. In 1484 the Hungarians became masters of Vienna, where their king, Matthias, established his court. Maximilian having been received there as archduke, Vienna became the residence of the house of Austria. In 1529 it was unsuccessfully besieged by the Turks; but in 1563 the Vizir Kara Mustapha would have undoubtedly become master of it, had not John Sobieski, with his Poles, marched to the aid of Leopold. From that time, during the successive reigns of Joseph I., Charles IV., Maria Theresa, Joseph II., Leopold II., and the present emperor, public buildings and useful institutions have multiplied beyond calculation. In 1737 Vienna was threatened with siege by the French; but the danger was averted by the treaty of Leoben. The French, however, became masters of the place in 1803; and again in 1809, after the victory gained by Napoleon over Archduke Charles. Since that time the Austrians, convinced of the impossibility of effectually defending a city commanded on all sides, have converted its ramparts to more tranquil and agreeable uses than those for which they were originally destined.

The streets of Vienna are as narrow as those in the towns of Italy; but the houses of many persons of rank are magnificent, and not inferior to the palaces of Florence. Vienna is in fact quite unlike the rest of Germany, except in a few old buildings, which recall recollections of the middle ages. Of these, the most remarkable is the Tower of St. Stephen, which majestically rears its head above all the other churches of the city. It was commenced in the year 1144, by Margrave Henry II., and it is said that its completion occupied two centuries. This venerable structure is in some measure connected with the history of Austria. The tomb of Prince Eugene is erected in the chapel of the Holy Cross, which forms part of St. Stephen's Tower.

Vienna contains some good squares. On the Graben is erected a monument in commemoration of the cessation of the plague, which ravaged the city in 1679; and St. Joseph's Square is adorned with an equestrian statue of the philosophic prince whose name it bears, and whose memory will live eternally in the hearts of his subjects. There are, besides, many remarkable monuments of antiquity and art, which I will not in connection with the circumstances I am about to describe.

A friend of mine had resided for some years at Vienna; and on my arrival at his magnificent residence, the Jaggerszell, I found all the comfort which he had brought from his native country in reality as well as in name.

After giving vent to the first effusions of friendship, a traveller (unless, indeed, he be one of the inquisitive spe-

cies mentioned by Sterne) will always be impatient to enjoy a night's rest. I accordingly betook myself to bed as early as I could, full of the joyful anticipation of becoming a spectator in a scene to which history presented no parallel.

As I shall in the next chapter introduce my relative, the Prince de Ligne, I will here give the reader a slight sketch of his history.

Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, who was born at Brussels in 1735, was descended from a family celebrated in the history of the Netherlands for several centuries. He entered the army in 1752, and made his first campaign in 1757. In 1758 he was engaged at the victory of Hockkirchen, and gained his rank of colonel on the field of battle. He was made a major-general at the coronation of Joseph II., and he had the honour to accompany that sovereign on his interview with Frederick II. in 1776. In the following year he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. On the conclusion of peace he returned to France. His amiable character and chivalrous manners rendered him a great favourite at Versailles, where he had already made a distinguished figure in 1753. Queen Marie Antoinette received him with marked condescension. At Versailles he became acquainted with the Marshesses de Coigny, to whom he addressed, from the banks of the Boristhenes, the most remarkable portion of his correspondence. When he was sent to Russia, in 1782, his talent and fine person distinguished him among the courtiers of the Empress Catharine. She made him a field-marshal, and permitted him to accompany her on her journey to the Crimea. Joseph II. having conferred upon him the rank of general of artillery, he joined Prince Potemkin, who was then besieging Oczakow. In the following year he took the command of a corps of the Austrian army, and shared with Laudon the glory of taking Belgrade. This was the close of his military career. The revolution of the Netherlands deprived him of his property; a misfortune which he bore with most philosophic fortitude. The Emperor Francis made him a captain of the Trabants in 1807, and a marshal in 1808, and he always presided at the council of the order of Maria Theresa. In the latter part of his life he devoted himself entirely to literary occupation. His collected works are published in thirty volumes. Many of them have attained considerable celebrity, particularly those in which he describes the events of which he was a witness, and the distinguished individuals he intimately knew.

My grand-uncle, the Marquis de C***, having married a Princess de Ligne, I have the honour of being allied to that illustrious family. When I first went to Vienna, in 1807, the prince received me as a relative, and introduced me at court and every where as his cousin. At subsequent periods when I visited Vienna, he invariably treated me with parental kindness. I always listened to him with deep interest when he conversed about the good old time, of which he had seen so much, and he took pleasure in storing my mind with his excellent advice, and the fruits of his long experience.

CHAPTER II.

LEFt Gienbrévic—Count de Clary—Eugene Beauharnais—Emperor Alexander—King of Prussia—Emperor of Austria—King of Bavaria—King of Denmark—King of Württemberg—Prince Royal of Württemberg, and the Duchess of Oldenburg—Prince Royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles.

Dr. Johnson somewhere says, in allusion to the great wall of China, that the grandson of a man who has seen it has some reason to be proud of the circumstance. This, I think, is an exaggeration no less oriental than the object to which it refers; and the remark might, perhaps, with more justice be applied to great men and memorable events. For my own part, I must confess I am proud of having been at the Congress of Vienna; for though I had not the honour of being acquainted with all the illustrious individuals who assisted at that memorable assemblage, yet, if a recollection of their persons prompts to an imitation of their characters and conduct, it cannot be a matter of indifference even to have seen them.

The day after my arrival I went to pay my respects to the Prince de Ligne, who readily condescended to be my guide and instructor, whenever circumstances brought me near him. I was of course delighted at the opportunity of being aided by his intelligence in observing the interesting picture I was now about to behold; and I was therefore the more sensible to the friendly reception I experienced from him—"You have come just at the right moment," said he. "All Europe is here; and if you are fond of fêtes and balls, you will have enough of

them, I promise you; for dancing is the chief business at the congress. There is absolutely a royal mob here. Every one is exclaiming *peace! justice! equilibrium! indemnity!* Who is to clear the chaos and stem the torrent of pretension, I know not. As for me, I am a quiet looker-on. At any rate, all the indemnity I shall ask for is a new hat: for I have worn one out in bowing to the sovereigns, whom I meet at the corner of every street. But in spite of Robinson Crusoe,"—thus the Prince de Ligne nicknamed Napoleon, in allusion to his abode at the Isle of Elba—"a general peace will be concluded by the representatives of the nations of Europe, who now unanimously exclaim *cedant arma leges*."

While he was questioning me about Paris, my family, my journey, and my projects, a servant came in to inform him that his carriage was ready. "Come and dine with me to-morrow," said he, "and in the evening we will go to the Ridotto, where reason wears the mask of folly. I will show you all the curiosities of the great figured tapestry. You will see many people you have known in other places, and you will be convinced that if Austria has ever been conquered, it is not in hospitality."

The prince kept up the old fashioned practice of dining early, and I accordingly arrived at his residence, on the ramparts, about four o'clock. We were soon summoned to dinner, at which all the prince's family assembled. The repast, like the supper of the celebrated Madame Scarron,* certainly required the seasoning of increasing conversation. His highness himself did full honour to the light dishes that were served; yet he so completely possessed the art of engaging the minds of his guests, that it was not until they rose from table that they became fully sensible of the *spiritualité* of the entertainment.

On our return to the drawing-room we found some visitors assembled. They were almost all persons of distinction from different parts of Europe, who, being in Vienna, sought an introduction to the living monument of the past age, were it only for the sake of saying, "I have seen the Prince de Ligne." They listened with great interest to his anecdotes and *bon mots*, with which, no doubt, they afterwards enlivened other saloons. Some, who pretended to place themselves on a level with him, annoyed him with trifling questions and insipid remarks. Of this class of people he used to say, "There is no greater proof of mediocrity of mind than that whispering of secrets, and grave discussion of trifles which takes place in the embrasures of windows, where newspaper stories are repeated, and declared to be private intelligence. How unfortunate it is to come in contact with people whose conversation is like a picture wanting breadth!"

The prince having made his escape from one of these dull groups, stepped up to his grandson, the Count de Clary, with whom he was at that moment speaking: "I recollect," said he, "I commenced writing a letter to Jean Jacques Rousseau, which I commenced with these words: 'As I know you dislike both importunities and impertinence,' &c. There are some persons here to whom one might very aptly address such a hint; but they are so dull that they would not take it. Suppose we escape to society more congenial to our taste. Follow me; I will show you how to take leave *à la Française*." So saying, this extraordinary man, though then in his eightieth year, tripped out of the room as lightly as a page; and when seated in his carriage, laughed heartily at the boyish trick he had played, and the disappointment that would be experienced by some of the *beaux parlers* when they turned round to see whether he was listening to them.

About nine o'clock we reached the imperial palace, called the *Burg*, where the Ridotto balls are held. The large room, which was splendidly lighted, was encircled by a gallery leading to the supper rooms. Round the principal room was seated an elegant assemblage of ladies, some in dominoes, and some in fancy dresses, while bands of music, stationed at certain distances round the circle, alternately performed waltzes and Polonoises. In the adjoining rooms some of the company, who were dancing minuets with true German gravity, formed by no means the least comical part of the picture.

Vienna, as the prince had truly observed, now presented an epitome of Europe, and the Ridotto might be said to be an epitome of Vienna. It is impossible to conceive any thing more singular than this multitude, partly

masked and partly unmasked, amidst which the rulers of mankind were seen, mingling in the crowd without any sort of distinction. "Observe," said the prince, "that graceful and martial figure who is walking with Eugene Beauharnais: that is the Emperor Alexander. Yonder tall dignified looking man, on whose arm a fair Neapolitan is playfully hanging, is no less a personage than the King of Prussia. The lively man, who seems to put his majesty's gravity somewhat to the test, is perhaps an empress, or perhaps a *gristelle*. Beneath that Venetian habit, which but ill disguises the amiable effability of the crowned Amphitruon, you see our emperor, the representative of the most paternal despotism that ever existed. Here is Maximilian, king of Bavaria, in whose open countenance you may read the expression of his excellent heart. On the throne he does not forget his former rank of colonel in the French service, and he entertains in his subjects the same paternal affection which he once cherished for each private of his regiment. Beside him you see a little pale man, with an aquiline nose and fair hair: that is the King of Denmark, whose cheerful manners and happy repartees civilize the royal parties. He is called the *Liutig* (or merry fellow) of the sovereign brigade. Judging from the simplicity of his manners, and the perfect happiness which his little kingdom enjoys, one would never imagine him to be the most absolute monarch in Europe. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and in Denmark the royal carriage is preceded by an enquiry armed with a loaded carbine, and the king, as he drives along, may, if he choose, order any of his subjects to be shot. That colossal figure, whose bulk is not diminished by the ample folds of his domino, is the King of Württemberg. Near him stands his son, the prince royal, whose attachment to Catherine, grand-duchess of Oldenburg, detains him at the congress, where he shows himself more anxious to please the lady of his heart than intent on the arrangement of interests which will one day be his own. Those two young men who have just passed us, are the prince royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles. The head of the latter may vie with that of the Antinous; and the taste of the other for literature and the fine arts, which he cultivates with success, promises to Bavaria an illustrious reign. This crowd of people, as various in dress as in appearance, who are buzzing about in every direction, are either reigning princes, archdukes, or dignitaries of different countries. With the exception of a few Englishmen, who are easily distinguishable by the richness of their dresses, I do not perceive a single individual who has not a title tucked to his name. But now I think I have sufficiently introduced you, so you may go and work your own way; always recollecting that in any case of difficulty I am at hand to pilot you."

The Prince de Ligne now left me, and as I sauntered through the rooms, I met numbers of persons with whom I had been acquainted in different parts of the world, from Naples to St. Petersburg, and from Stockholm to Constantinople. I felt, as if for the first time, all the fascination of a masked ball. The music, the general incognito, the intrigues which it was calculated to favour, the unrestrained gaiety, and the whole combination of enchantments, had well nigh turned my head. I soon found myself amidst a group of friends, among whom were Zibini, Rouen, Bulgari, Borel, Cariati, and Reebberg. We agreed to stop together, in order to make arrangements for meeting each other every day during our stay in Vienna. My English friend Mr. Griffiths, who had been long searching for me in the crowd, joined us. He was also accompanied by several friends; and after amusing ourselves for an hour or two, a party of about twenty of us sat down to conclude the evening with a good supper.

"How came you here? where have you been? what have you been doing since last we met?"—were the questions which all eagerly addressed to me; and I was equally impatient to question my interrogators on what concerned them. One who had been only a lieutenant when I last saw him was now a general; another who had been attached to an embassy was now himself an ambassador. Most of them were adorned with the decorations they had won by their courage and talents; and amidst their effervescence of gaiety and champagne, some of them began to relate their adventures. From what fell from them, I could easily perceive that they had all drawn a prize from the wheel of fortune. Griffiths and I being anxious to bear their curious histories at a more convenient time and place, engaged them all, in turn, to visit the *Jacquerill*. As Nature dispenses her flowers on spring, it would seem that Fortune loves to bestow her favours on youth; for the oldest of my friends was not yet thirty.

Zibini, about whom I felt most curiosity, was engaged

* Madame de Maintenon, when the wife of Scarron the poet, was accused to give suppers twice a week at her house in the Place Royale, to all the *beaux esprits* of the time. Scarron's circumstances did not afford her the means of providing very liberally for the entertainment of her guests, and when the banquet happened to be more sumptuous than usual, her servant would whisper in her ear, "*Ma chère ma chère, Madame, le roi nous regarde*."

CHAPTER III.

The Countess von Fuchs—Sir John Sinclair—Mr. George Sinclair—Grand carousel at Vienna—The princesses of Courland—The Canoness Kinski—Prince of Hesse-Homburg—Count Wina—The Prince de Ligne—The Prince de Lambers—Count de Witt—Description of the Prater—General Tettenborn.

I note down only my recollections: and it is no part of my plan to notice political events, which, however interesting and important, are now too well known and understood to require further detail. Besides, the right development of such matters belongs properly to the province of history; and my aim is merely to paint a few cabinet pictures, whose chief merit will be their accurate representation of reality.

As soon as Zibini left me I went to pay a visit to the Countess von Fuchs, at her residence, the Wall-zeil, where I had left a circle of valued friends when I last quitted Vienna. The countess, as lovely and amiable as ever, received me with as much kindness as in 1808. I now found her surrounded by a family of beautiful children. She introduced me to her sister, the Countess von Pletenwicz, wife of the reigning count of that name. Here, as at the Ridotto, I was overwhelmed with questions. I had to relate my adventures in Russia, my shipwreck in the Black Sea, the danger I had incurred during the plague at Constantinople; and in return I received short biographical accounts of some of my acquaintance, whom I was happy to learn, fortune had not neglected. Nostitz, Tettenborn, Walnuden, and Hesse-Homburg, were now lieutenants general; Borel, Palhem, and Ouinte, were ministers; and others, though less celebrated, had not been less favoured. "Your friend, Mr. Griffiths," said the countess, "is still in Vienna. He is riveted here by links which are not easily broken. But what has become of the young Englishman, Mr. Sinclair, whose adventure with Bonaparte excited so much interest in Vienna?" "I have not seen him," I replied, "since we parted here; but Lady Dely, whom I met last year at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranton in Naples, informed me that he is now a member of the English house of commons, and a distinguished speaker on the opposition side."

Shortly before the battle of Jena Mr. George Sinclair, on his way to Vienna, was arrested by some French scouts, and conveyed to the head quarters of the French army. "Whence do you come? and where are you going?" enquired Bonaparte, in that tone of voice which usually preceded a sentence of death. "I have come from the university of Jena," was the reply, "and am proceeding to Vienna, where I shall find letters and orders from my father." "And who is your father?" "Sir John Sinclair." "Sir John Sinclair? He who writes on agriculture?" "The same, sire." Napoleon said something to General Duroc, and then continued his interrogatory in a somewhat milder tone. Mr. Sinclair, who was at this time scarcely eighteen years of age, joined to a prepossessing person a vast fund of information on geography and history, and was well acquainted with the genealogy of all the sovereign houses of Germany. His acquirements astonished Bonaparte; who, after conversing with him for two hours, told Duroc to let him be escorted to the advanced posts, and allowed to continue his journey. This unexpected favour was the more flattering to Mr. Sinclair, inasmuch as he was indebted for it entirely to his own merit.

Our conversation was broken off by the entrance of the princesses of Courland and the Canoness Kinski, who were accompanied by General Tettenborn. I was delighted at this accidental opportunity of again meeting the beautiful Dutchesse de Sagan, and the lively and intelligent canoness. The conversation turned on the congress, and the foreigners who had come to Vienna to attend it, of whom some received praise, and others censure.

The Prince of Hesse-Homburg and the young Count Wina were announced; and the brought intelligence of the preparations that were making for a grand carousel, which was to take place in the imperial meads, and which they said would be one of the finest spectacles ever witnessed. All the engravings and descriptions of the celebrated carousals of the reign of Louis XIV. had been consulted, in order to give all possible *éclat* to the entertainment. The Countess Edmund Perigord, (before her marriage Princess of Courland,) who was one of twenty-four ladies appointed to preside at the fête, observed that the dresses prepared for the occasion would surpass in magnificence all that was recorded of the luxury of the ladies of the court of the *Grand Monarque*. "I really believe," said she, "that we shall wear all the pearls and diamonds of Hungary, Bohemia,

and Austria. Some of the ladies presidents have even put the ornaments of their relations under requisition; and family jewels which have not seen the light for a century past, will be worn on this occasion."

"Next to the ladies," said the young Count Woina, "whose presence will of course form the principal attraction, our superb horses will, I am sure, claim their share of admiration. Some of them will show their paces, and walk minuets as gracefully as court cavaliers." While the count was describing the colours of the different quadrilles, and quoting some of the devices adopted by the champions, Tettenborn drew me aside, observing, "We have a great deal to say to each other, and this is not the proper place to commence our communications. But meet me at three o'clock in the grand alley of the Prater, and we will go and dine together at the Argutten. There we can converse without interruption."

The princesses having departed, escorted by Tettenborn, the Countess von Fuchs kindly invited me to spend my evenings at her house whenever I should not be otherwise engaged. After taking leave of her, I hastened to call on the Prince de Ligne, being anxious to avail myself of every moment he might be pleased to devote to me.

It was rather late when I arrived, and I found the prince just stepping into his carriage, in company with the Prince de Lambese, who was so celebrated in the early part of the French revolution. They were going to Schenbrun to see the son of Napoleon, and invited me to accompany them. This invitation, however, I was obliged to decline, as I could not have returned in time to keep my appointment with Tettenborn. "I shall be there again to-morrow," said the Prince de Ligne, "and if you can go then I will announce you to Madame de Montesquiou; for you must know I perform, *ad honores*, the duty of a grand chamberlain to the little duke, who was born a king." "At what hour shall I wait upon you?" I enquired. "At eleven," said he, pressing my hand; and we parted.

As I was returning home to order my horse I met the Count de Witt, who turned and walked a short way with me. I expressed my surprise at the prodigious number of carriages which drove past us, alike in form and colour, some with two, and others with four horses, and all adorned with the imperial arms. "The Emperor of Austria," said the count, "wishes that none of the sovereigns, or persons of their title, should use any carriages but his, has ordered three hundred to be prepared all alike; and at every hour of the day and night they are at the service of our illustrious visitors." As we were crossing the bridge of the Danube, General Ouwaroff took the count's arm, upon which I bade him adieu, and soon after I was galloping on the Prater.

Numbers of court carriages, vehicles of every description, horsemen and pedestrians, diffused animation over one of the most charming spots of which any city can boast. No park or public promenade in Europe presents such a combination of attractions as the Prater. The numerous coffee-houses, to which the inhabitants of Vienna resort for recreation after the labours of the day, and the various amusements, suited to the taste of every age, present the aspect of a perpetual fair, held beneath the shade of beautiful plantations of trees. The luxury of all the different states adjacent to Austria seems collected in the wide alley of chestnut trees, which is continually crowded with splendid equipages, and equestrians mounted on horses of every breed, displaying their horsemanship with true Hungarian skill. In a modest looking phaeton the sovereign of these vast dominions drives his young and charming consort with as little ostentation as a humble tradesman; while a hired cabriolet unceremoniously whisks past him, and is in its turn outstripped by a Bohemian magnat, or a Polish palatin driving four-in-hand. The variety of objects, the bustle and the gaiety which, though increased by the crowd of foreigners, was still tempered by German gravity, presented altogether an interesting and curious picture. It was a scene of Teniers, in a landscape of Ruysdall, and beneath a sky of Claude. At the extremity of the alley the majestic waves of the Danube heighten the magical effect of the picture; and when on a fine spring evening the fumes of Turkish coffee penetrate through the trees of the Luit-haus, every sense is gratified, and one cannot help reflecting, that while every thing elays and wearies in the circle of artificial enjoyments, nature alone presents charms ever fresh and imperishable.

From a reverie of this sort I was roused by the appearance of my friend Tettenborn, who immediately introduced a very different train of ideas. "We must

to breakfast with us next morning. Just as I had finished dressing, I saw him enter the court-yard in a brilliant uniform of the hussars of the imperial guard, which, with its gay colours and profusion of gold lace, admirably became his handsome little figure. On our return from a journey to the Crimea, we parted at Tulczim, he to follow the Countess Potocka to St. Petersburg, and I to join the Duke de Richelieu at Odessa. Since then, to the time of my meeting him in Vienna, scarcely eighteen months had elapsed. When we parted, he had not entered the army; he was now a lieutenant-colonel, aide-de-camp to General Ozarowski, and decorated with several orders. "Yes," said Zibini, on my expressing surprise and satisfaction at his altered circumstances, "I am not yet twenty-three years of age; but when Fortune determines to wait us into port, she fills the sails with a steady breeze, and is often quite indifferent to the age or even to the merit of her favourite. On my arrival at St. Petersburg, I found that lounging in drawing-rooms would lead neither to fame nor fortune. The army offered every chance, and I accordingly entered the service, uncommissioned, as a volunteer. My relationship to Adjutant-general Ozarowski procured me an ensigncy at the opening of the campaign. For every thing else I am indebted to mere accident."—"Not exactly to accident, Zibini," observed I, "if I may judge of that cross of St. George which you wear on your breast, and which, in Russia, I know is only conferred as the reward of the highest merit."—"Though," replied he, "I received it from the hands of the emperor himself on the field of battle, it is nevertheless a convincing proof of those unforeseen chances to which I have just alluded. You shall hear how I got it. My general said to me one morning, 'Zibini, take fifty cossacks and scour the adjacent country; the enemy is retreating, and you will pick up a few stragglers.' I mounted my horse, and followed by my men, proceeded along the high road, regarding the excursion merely as a matter of form. I was not more than a league from the camp, when one of the cossacks coming up to me, said, 'Captain, do you not perceive something black concealed yonder among the reeds?' It may be men or booty."—"Go and see," said I. Off he galloped, and in a few minutes he was in the midst of the marsh, cutting his way through the reeds, and exclaiming: 'Captain! captain! it is artillery which the enemy has left behind him.'

"We hastened to the spot, where we found buried in the mud sixteen pieces of cannon, which the enemy no doubt hoped would escape our observation. I ordered my troop to dismount: the horses were harnessed to the carriages; and a few hours after I left the camp I returned master of a whole park of artillery.

"The emperor was not far off, and the general directed me to carry him the intelligence myself; attributing to me all the merit of a capture which was entirely the work of chance. Alexander having read the report, delighted from his horse, and taking my hand said, 'Captain Zibini, I make you a major,' and fastening his cross of St. George, he tied it to my button-hole. My subsequent prosperity has been the natural consequence of this event. I have received other decorations; and as if fortune had determined to overwhelm me with her bounty, I have won no less than five hundred thousand roubles at play." I congratulated him on the rapid succession of good fortune he had experienced, and during breakfast he mentioned some other circumstances, which, though not in themselves interesting, served to confirm me in the opinion, that human destiny is often more than is generally supposed, the work of chance.

"It is twelve o'clock," said Zibini, as he rose from table; "and the pleasure of conversing with an old friend must not make me forget that a chapter of the order of St. George is to be held to-day, and that the emperor afterwards gives a dinner to the knights. As I am the last on whom the decoration has been conferred, I have certain duties to perform, the honour of which I cannot forego for any consideration whatever. Farewell," added he, "forgive my hasty departure; but I hope it is understood that we are to see each other every day as we did at Moscow, at Tulczim, and in the Crimea. We have only exchanged the fraternity of arms for the fraternity of pleasure."

With these words he lightly sprang across his horse, which was waiting for him in the court-yard, and set off at a gallop, his elegant plume floating in the air like a comet's tail.

make the best of our way to the Aogarten," said he, "where I have ordered dinner. It is a rare thing to get a good dinner from any of the Vienna restaurateurs; but I have some little influence among them, and Jann has promised me to do his best." Our repast was indeed remarkable for quantity rather than quality. However, we had a good desert; and when the tokay was introduced Tattenborn commenced his story as follows:—

"Since I last saw you the incidents of my life have succeeded each other no less rapidly than the events which gave rise to them. You know that I accompanied Prince Schwartzberg on his embassy to France. I was in Paris at the time of the birth of the young King of Rome, and I was despatched as a courier to communicate the intelligence to the Emperor of Austria." "I know it," observed I; "and I recollect having seen it stated in the newspapers that you performed the journey (a distance of three hundred and twenty leagues) in four days and a half." "That is easily accounted for," replied he. "From Paris to Strasburg I rode Prince Schwartzberg's race-horse; and from the Austrian frontier to Vienna, Prince Joseph of Schwartzberg ordered relays to be stationed for my accommodation. I need not enter into any detail of the gay life I led in Paris after my return. France was then in the zenith of her prosperity and glory, and the Austrian embassy enjoyed the marked favour of the court. Fêtes succeeded each other with no less spirit than they now do here. Amidst the universal revelry, I unfortunately neglected to balance my expenditure with my receipts. My creditors became impatient, and I soon found that the only means of extricating myself from embarrassment was to quit the scene of temptation. From the enchanting saloons of Paris I withdrew to the barracks of my regiment, then garrisoned at Baden; and, in truth, if I had retired to a convent of the Trappists, the transition could not have been greater. I had been for some time in this sort of expiatory quarantine, when the torch of war suddenly blazed over the whole continent of Europe. I determined to take part in the general conflict, being heartily tired of a life so utterly at variance with all my former habits. At Baden I was quartered with Baron —, whom I had known from my boyhood, and who was a major in my regiment. He like myself perceived that there was but little chance of rapid promotion in the Austrian service. 'Baron,' said I to him one day, 'we have now a good opportunity to try our fortune. Suppose we enter the Russian army as partisans. The service will not be hard; we shall be well paid, and in all probability get rapidly advanced. Besides, I would a thousand times rather trust to fate than continue the life I am leading here.' I shall set off. What say you? Will you go with me?' It often happens that one moment in the course of life decides our future destiny. The Baron declined the proposition, and I sat out alone. Alas! he often afterwards repented that he did not accompany me."

"No doubt," interrupted I, "when the reports of your success were spread abroad, regret and disappointment turned his brain. He lodged at the inn at which I put up at Gethi on my return from Constantinople, and he blew out his brains in a chamber adjoining mine." "I deeply deplore his melancholy end," said Tattenborn. "He was a sincere friend and a brave officer, and had he followed my example, I doubt not that fortune would have been as favourable to him as to me. But we must float with the current if we wish to be carried forward. On joining the Russian army I received orders to raise a regiment of Hanoverians. I speedily organised it: it was placed under my command; and three months after my departure from Baden I was signing commissions for a rank equal to that which I had myself held in the Austrian service. I was soon made a major-general, and you have probably learned from the newspapers that I was lucky enough to capture Bonaparte's military chest. A portion of its contents fell to my lot by way of reward."

"When Davoust evacuated Hamburg the command of that place devolved on me. I abolished many of the severe regulations which the French marshal thought it necessary to introduce; and the inhabitants, in token of their gratitude, presented me with the freedom of their city in a splendid gold box."

"Glory and rewards now crowded thick upon me. I received the decorations of most of the military orders of knighthood; and the allied sovereigns, to crown the liberality they had evinced towards me, have bestowed on me the estates of two convents in Westphalia, the

revenues of which amount to forty thousand florins per annum. This accumulation of good fortune has of course released me from pecuniary difficulty, and my creditors have not been the last to rejoice at my success. I am now a reformed rake, and on the point of being married. My intended bride is a lady to whom I have long been ardently attached; and though the denouement of my romance may be somewhat abrupt, it will not, I hope, on that account prove the less happy."

"I congratulate you, my dear Tattenborn," said I; "and all who know you will, I am sure, heartily rejoice at your happiness. When fortune smiles on men like you, one can scarcely help regarding it as a favour conferred on oneself."

We sat chatting together in this manner, without thinking how time flew, and it was nine o'clock before we reached the Calenluth theatre, which we had agreed to visit that evening. The performance was Haydn's oratorio of the creation. The house was splendidly lighted, and the boxes were hung with magnificent draperies. Several of the boxes were set aside for the sovereigns, and the rest were occupied by the *corps diplomatique*. As to the pit, it exhibited such a blaze of decorations, that it might have been called a pit of knights, as the pit of the Erikt theatre was called a pit of kings and princes. "It must not be inferred," said Tattenborn, "that all these cordons are the just rewards of merit. Eminent distinctions are like the pyramids, only to be reached by two sorts of beings, reptiles and eagles."

We did not stay till the conclusion of the oratorio, though the performance exhibited all that perfection in which instrumental music is invariably executed at Vienna. We concluded the evening by supping with the Countess von Fuchs, at whose house I found assembled a circle of friends, who had not suffered absence to obliterate me from their recollection.

[Count Las Cases, in his "Journal of the Life and Conversations of Napoleon at St. Helena," recounts this further instance of the uncertainty of destiny:—

"Serrurier and the younger Hedouville, as Napoleon informed him, while proceeding together to emigrate into Spain, were encountered by a party of patrol Hedouville, by means of his youth and activity, escaped over the frontier, and thought himself lucky in being able to pass a miserable existence in Spain. Serrurier, compelled to fly back into the interior, and full of despair at the circumstance, became afterwards a marshal of France."]

CHAPTER VI.

Romantic anecdote of the Prince de Ligne and the Empress Catherine—Mad. de Stael—Visit to Schenbrun—Description of the castle and gardens—The Empress Maria Louisa—Mad. de Montesquiou—Napoleon's sonnet—The young prince of Parma—Resemblance between his portrait and that of Joseph II.—Isabey, the painter—The King of Württemberg, &c.

When I called to keep my appointment with the Prince de Ligne I was informed that he had not yet risen. I was shown into the library, which he had converted into his bedchamber, and there I found him, sitting up in bed and writing; for his active mind allowed not a moment to pass unoccupied. "You are very exact," observed he, when he saw me enter; "and though you call yourself, with Louis XVIII., that *punctuality is the politeness of kings*, yet I have always remarked that it is a quality which is always sure to please; therefore I advise you never to lose sight of it. Allow me only to conclude this chapter, on one of the pictures of the day, and I am at your service. I note down my ideas just as they occur, lest they should escape me. The extraordinary events now passing in the world seem to inspire me; and perhaps a thought may arise in my mind which will be useful or amusing to somebody. I am more of an observer than an actor in the busy scene that is passing around me, which I cannot help comparing to an ant-hill disturbed by a kick." He then resumed his writing; but in the course of a few minutes, having occasion to refer to a book, he said—"Have the goodness to hand me the volume on the third shelf." He did not exactly see which book he pointed to, and I hesitated for a moment. The prince immediately jumped out of bed, and holding by the cornice of the bookcase, reached the book himself, and then lay down again. Observing that I was not a little astonished at this feat of agility, he said, "I was always active, and my activity has often been very useful to me. Of this I will tell you an instance. When I accompanied Catherine the Great in her journey to the Crimea, the imperial yacht doubled the Parthenon promontory, where, it is said, the temple

of Iphigenia once stood. We were conversing about the probability of this fact, when Catherine pointing to the shore, said to me:—'Prince, I give you the disputed ground.' I immediately jumped into the sea, with my uniform on, and swam ashore to the promontory, from whence, having landed, I exclaimed: 'May it please your majesty, I take possession.' That rock has since borne my name, and been my property. So much for a little agility!" While chatting in this way, he dressed himself, and when he put on his brilliant uniform of colonel of the trabans, adorned with half a dozen cordons, he said, "If illusion would once again hold her mirror before me, how gladly would I exchange all this finery for the plain uniform I wore when an ensign in my father's regiment!" To be sure I was but sixteen when I first put it on; and then I thought thirty a good old age. But every thing changes with time; and now, at fourscore, I still think myself young. Ill-natured people, indeed, do not scruple to say I am too young; but at all events I take care to prove that I am young enough. After all, few lives have been happier than mine; its smooth current has never been troubled by remorse, ambition, or envy. I have guided my bark as well as others have done; and until I fairly step into Charon's boat, I shall think myself young, in spite of those who persist in declaring I am old." All this was uttered in that tone of charming gaiety which characterised the Prince de Ligne, and of which those who did not know him can form no idea.

As we were going out we met a visiter, one of those pedantical people by whom he was frequently beset. The prince politely got rid of him, and then turning to me, said—"How I hate those men whose learning consists of words only! They are a sort of walking dictionaries, with nothing to recommend them but memory. The world is the best book after all." We now set off for Schenbrun, in a carriage which appeared to be nearly as old as its owner, though infinitely worse for wear than he.

The charm of the prince's conversation was calculated to shorten distance, as well as to supply the deficiencies of a scanty dinner. We reached Schenbrun long before I thought we were near our journey's end, for I had been amused by a thousand pleasant anecdotes. The prince described to me the enthusiasm which Madame de Stael excited when she visited Vienna in 1808. "Immediately on her arrival," said he, "I went to pay my respects to her; and having enquired the cause of her journey to Vienna—'I am come,' she replied, 'to place my son at the engineer school (*l'école de génie*).' 'He has been at the *school of genius* since his birth, madame,' observed I. 'This little compliment quite won her heart, and she affected all the admiration for me which I really and sincerely felt for her. If, when she asked Bonaparte who was the greatest woman of the age, he had indulged her harmless vanity, and replied, 'You,'—instead of churlishly saying she who had most children, I will venture to affirm that we should not now be driving to the castle of Schenbrun for the object we have in view. It cannot be denied that Corinne, and her Genevese coterie, had no small share in Napoleon's fall." As he uttered these words, the carriage stopped at the castle gate.

As we passed through the court yards, which are exceedingly spacious, the prince pointed out to me the spot where a young political fanatic attempted to assassinate Napoleon about the time of the battle of Wagram. "Though such a crime," said he, "can never be pardonable, yet one cannot but admire the cool courage with which that young man met death."

We soon reached the grand staircase of the palace, which is beautifully constructed. In the vestibule we were met by a French servant, still wearing the livery of Napoleon. He knew the Prince de Ligne, and immediately went to announce him to Madame de Montesquiou. "We shall not have to wait long," said the prince. "For, as I have already told you, I am a sort of Count de Segur at Schenbrun." [The Count de Segur was grand master of the ceremonies at the court of the Tuileries.] Madame de Montesquiou soon made her appearance, and politely apologised for not being able to admit us at that moment. Young Napoleon, she said, was sitting to Isabey for a portrait, which was intended for the empress, his mother; and she knew that the appearance of the Prince de Ligne, of whom he was particularly fond, would immediately unsettle him. "Will you, therefore," added she, "have the goodness to take a turn through the gardens, and I will get the sitting over as soon as I can?" "Most willingly," replied the Prince de Ligne, "for I wish to go over the castle and grounds with my young relation, whom I have the honour to

present to you, madam. He, like many others, is of course anxious to examine the residence of your interesting pupil." "As this gentleman is introduced by you, sir," said Madame de Montesquieu, "I shall at all times be happy to receive him. Whenever you have seen all you wish, you may come in, without the ceremony of being announced."

"It would have been well if I had waived that ceremony on my first visit here," observed the prince, as soon as Madame de Montesquieu had left us; "for when the child was informed that the Marshal Prince de Ligne had come to see him, he exclaimed, 'Is he one of the marshals who betrayed my papa? If he is he shall not come in.' It was very difficult to convince him that there were other marshals besides French ones."

Having passed through a suite of spacious and elegantly furnished apartments, which, however, presented nothing very remarkable, we entered a little cabinet, the walls of which were adorned with drawings, executed by the different arch-duchesses. "Here," said the prince, "Napoleon, during his abode at Schœnbrunn, used to retire for several hours every day, to read and write. It was in this cabinet that he first saw the portrait of Maria Louisa; and here he no doubt first conceived the project of forming the union which had so great an influence on his destiny."

A staircase leads from this cabinet to the gardens, which are very well laid out. One of the principal ornaments is a beautiful pavilion, on the top of a little eminence. It was built by Maria Theresa, who gave it the name of *La Gloriette*. We visited the hot-houses, which are, perhaps, the finest in the world, and which contain all the botanical treasures of the universe. "The emperor," observed the Prince de Ligne, "who is particularly fond of the study of botany himself, cultivates these rare plants." The menagerie, which we next inspected, is a large circular space, in the centre of which is a pavilion, forming the termination of the enclosures occupied by the various animals. Each species has a den and garden furnished with plants and trees analogous to those of the animals' native climate. "By this admirable plan, the animals enjoy a degree of freedom and comfort highly favourable to their health. As we were returning to the castle, the gardener drew our attention to a little enclosed plot of ground. "That," said he, "is the Prince of Parma's garden. There he amuses himself in rearing flowers, which he every morning forms into bouquets for his mother and his *manan-quiu*, as he calls his governess."

We proceeded to the apartments of Madame de Montesquieu, who received us with the most lady-like politeness. As soon as we entered, the young prince jumped from the chair in which he was sitting, and ran to embrace the Prince de Ligne. He was certainly the loveliest child imaginable. His brilliant complexion, his bright and intelligent eyes, his beautiful fair hair, falling in large curls over his shoulders—all rendered him an admirable subject for the elegant pencil of Isabeau. He was dressed in a hussar uniform, and wore the star of the Legion of Honour. On the prince introducing me, bearing in mind Rousseau's remark, that nobody likes to be questioned, and least of all children, I contented myself with stooping down to embrace him. He then ran into a corner of the apartment in quest of a little regiment of hussars made of wood, which the Archduke Charles had given him, and he made them manoeuvre, while the marshal drew his sword and commanded the evolutions.

Madame de Montesquieu, who, by her fondness for her interesting charge, well justified Napoleon's choice, related several clever remarks made by the child, which were calculated to confirm the idea that talent is hereditary. "A striking instance of his presence of mind," said she, "occurred yesterday, when Commodore —, who accompanied the emperor to Elba, came to visit us. 'Are you not glad,' said I, presenting the commodore, 'to see this gentleman, who left your papa only the other day?' 'O yes,' he replied, 'I am very happy to see him; but,' laying his finger on his lip, 'I must not say so.' 'Your papa,' said the commodore, taking him in his arms, 'desired me to embrace you.' The child, who happened to have a toy in his hand, threw it down on the ground and broke it. Then bursting into tears he exclaimed, 'Poor papa!' What was passing in his

* On the 10th of May, at nine in the evening, some howitzer shells were fired into the city of Vienna. The young Archduchess Maria Louisa was then lying ill in the palace. As soon as this circumstance was made known the firing was directed on another point, and the palace was respected. How capricious are the sports of fortune! Could Maria Louisa have foreseen that the hands which then made Vienna tremble would shortly place a crown on her head.—*Memorial de St. Helene.*

mind at that moment?" added Madame de Montesquieu. "Doubtless the same train of ideas which suggested the resistance he evinced when about to be removed from the Tuileries. He exclaimed that his father was betrayed, and that he would not quit the palace. He held by the curtains and clung to the furniture, saying it was his father's house, and he would not leave it. I was obliged to exert all my authority in order to get him away, and I succeeded at last, only by promising to take him back again."

We stepped up to Isabeau, who had nearly finished the portrait. The likeness was striking, and the picture possessed all the grace which characterises the works of that distinguished artist. It was this same miniature which Isabeau presented to Napoleon on his return from Elba in 1815. "What particularly interests me in this portrait," observed the Prince de Ligne, "is its remarkable resemblance to that of Joseph II. when a boy. I should like to compare it with the portrait of Joseph, which was presented to me by Maria Theresa. This similarity, though merely a matter of accident, nevertheless affords a happy presage for the future." He then paid some well-merited compliments to the artist. "I have come to Vienna," said Isabeau, "in the hope of painting all the celebrated personages who are here, and I ought to have commenced with you." "Why certainly," replied the prince, "in my rank of seniority." "Not so," resumed Isabeau, "but as the model of all that is illustrious in the present age."

The Empress Maria Louisa was now announced, and we made our obeisance and withdrew, leaving Isabeau, who wished to show her the portrait.

"Ah!" said the prince, as we drove homewards, "when Napoleon received at Schœnbrunn the submission of the city of Vienna, and when, after the memorable battle of Wagram, he reviewed his victorious troops in those vast court yards, he little foresaw that in that very castle, the son of the conqueror and the daughter of the conquered would be kept as hostages by the sovereign whose destiny was then at his disposal. How extraordinary is the fall of that man! But the other day, the title of king was too humble for him. His ambition was like that of Alexander when he wished to be Jupiter. In the course of my long life I have seen many remarkable instances of good fortune and adversity, but none comparable with that which now rivets the attention of the world. If the reflections suggested by all that we have seen and felt were always present to our minds, how wise we should be!" I could not help asking him how it happened that, during so long a series of different wars, his military talents and experience had not been called into active exercise. "Ah!" replied he with a sigh, "I died with Joseph II." "Rather say like him than with him, prince, for Europe proclaims him immortal." "His is the immortality of genius; but mine, if I am doomed to any, will be like that of the sybil, merely the endurance of age."

As we were crossing the glacis between the suburbs and the city, we saw a large open carriage occupied by a gentleman of most voluminous bulk. "Stop," said the prince, "let us make our obeisance. This is another king, by the grace of God and Robinson Crusoe." It was his majesty the king of Wurtemberg.

CHAPTER V.

Party given by Princess Bagration—Drawing of a letter after the manner of Louis XIV.'s court—The Grand-duche Constantin—the Emperor Alexander—Princess Maria Esterhazy—Count Capo d'Istria—Princess Wolkonsky—Princess Helena Suwaroff—Prince Ypsilanti—Prince de Ligne—General Ouratoff—Count de Witt, &c.

The most agreeable of all illusions to some persons is the hope of being an object of attention after they have ceased to live. The wish to possess this shadow of glory is not unreasonable, and it frequently operates as a stimulus to all that is great and honourable. It leads to brilliant achievements in war, to the erection of great edifices, and to the production of works of imagination and science. In the same manner the desire of attaining a rapid, and, as it were, spontaneous advancement in the world, inspires those bold projects, which fortune is often pleased to crown with success. Chance not unfrequently arranges things for the best.

Being informed one morning that a gentleman wished to speak with me, I desired that he might be shown up; and a young man of pleasing exterior was ushered in. Presenting to me a letter, he said, "I bring this, sir, from Monsieur Roy, with whom you dined some time ago at the house of M. de Bondy, the prefect of Lyons." I requested my visitor to sit down, and I broke open the

letter, in which, after a few compliments, the writer stated that, hearing I was at Vienna, he took the liberty of requesting I would interest myself in behalf of the bearer, M. Castaing, with the view of procuring him a place. "Judging from the date of this letter," said I, addressing the young man, "it must be some time since you left Lyons."—"I did not take the most speedy mode of travelling, sir, for I came all the way on foot."—"Really! it must have required some courage to undertake such a journey, especially for the purpose of bringing me a letter from a person whom I never saw but once, and that about a year ago. You certainly deserve to obtain what you want: yet I am sorry to say I can give you but little hope. If you had come to the congress to claim a kingdom, a province, or a good indemnity, you might have some chance of success; but to get a place for a Frenchman in the Austrian states is no such easy matter. There are many obstacles in the way."—"I have served in the guard of honour, and am capable of filling the situation of secretary, or any other post civil or military."—"You are exceedingly accommodating. But let me have a few days to think about it, and I will see what I can do." He then gave me his address, and bade me good morning, leaving me strongly impressed with the idea that he had performed his interdicted journey in vain.

I had a few friends to dine with me that day, and our conversation happened to turn on those sudden resolutions by which the fate of a man's life is frequently decided. Of this, Generals Tettchen, Zibini, Nostitz, and various others, were quoted as examples. "I know an instance of headlong enterprise," said I, "not less remarkable than any that have been mentioned; though I doubt whether it will be attended by any successful result." I then related M. Castaing's visit to me, his economical journey, and its object. One of the party, General Count de Witt, having listened to the story with some degree of interest, said, "Since this young man has served in the guard of honour, he can, of course, ride on horseback. Send him to me to-morrow morning." M. Castaing happened to please the general, and he made him his secretary. He came to tell me of his good fortune, and stayed to dine with me. That same evening he went to the theatre of Leopoldstadt, where he was arrested, (the police of Vienna being at that time very strict with regard to foreigners,) and thrown into prison. On his examination next day, he referred to his new patron, Count de Witt, who was in the suite of the Emperor of Russia; and the general bearing testimony in his favour, he was liberated. But for this circumstance he would, not being provided with a passport, have been conducted as a vagabond beyond the Austrian frontier.

Count de Witt, only son of the Countess Potocka, by her first husband, General Count de Witt, is a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland. His military career has been no less rapid than brilliant. He became a colonel at sixteen, and at eighteen obtained the command of one of the finest regiments in Europe (the emperor's cuirassiers.) In the year 1812, in the short space of six weeks, he raised and equipped on his mother's estates four Cossack regiments, which he presented to the Emperor Alexander in the Russian campaign. On the conclusion of peace the emperor created him a lieutenant-general, and gave him the superintendence of the military colonies in the south of Russia. Count de Witt commanded the army of reserve in the campaign of 1828 against the Turks, which concluded with the taking of Varna.

I have since learnt from the Abbé de Glanville, tutor to the Duc de Poignone, that M. Castaing, having accompanied the Count de Witt to Russia, married at Tolzina a young lady of good family, who brought him a fortune of two thousand Dutch ducats per annum. Three years afterwards he returned to Lyons in somewhat better style than he left it.

I went with Count de Witt, and the other friends who dined with me, to an evening party given by the Princess Bagration, the wife of the field-marshal of that name. The princess might be said to do the honours of reception to her countrymen at Vienna. With a cultivated education she unites that amiability of manner for which the Russian ladies are so remarkable. Her short size gives her an air of timidity and hesitation, which heightens, rather than diminishes, her beauty. Her countenance is full of sweetness and sensibility; and when she speaks on any subject that interests her, the smile that plays on her lips discloses a mouthless set of teeth. I did not know her much; but it is impossible to see her without feeling convinced that the amiable qualities of her mind are no way inferior to the charms of her person. In all that regards elegance of manner, she had at that time but few rivals in the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg.

Among the company were several sovereigns and a

multitude of distinguished foreigners. One of the evening's entertainments consisted of the drawing of a lottery—the revival of a favourite amusement of the gallant court of Louis XIV., where it is said to have been introduced for Mlle. de la Valiere. Each of the sovereigns sent to the Princess Bagration one or more presents, which being drawn as prizes by a few fortunate gentlemen, were by them presented in token of their homage to some of the ladies of the company. These lotteries were much in vogue at the Vienna parties during the congress. At Princess Bagration's the Grand-duke Constantine won two porcelain vases, which the King of Prussia had ordered from his manufactory at Berlin, and he presented them to his fair hostess. The Emperor Alexander's prize was a box of mosaic work, which he begged the Princess Maria Esterhazy to accept. Count Capo d'Istria won a casket adorned with steel ornaments, which he gave to Princess Wolkonsky; and various minor prizes were drawn, all of which were mutually satisfactory both to givers and receivers.

The drawing room was so crowded with company that I did not perceive Prince Ypsilanti until he advanced to receive a pale pelerine, which was his prize in the lottery, and which he presented to Princess Helena Suwaroff. I speedily took an opportunity of paying my devoirs to them both; and we were all overjoyed at a meeting which revived a thousand agreeable recollections of St. Petersburg. When I had last seen Ypsilanti, five years previously, he was only a cornet in the guards; he was now a major-general, brilliantly decorated with orders, but wanting an arm, which he lost at the battle of Bautzen. As to Princess Helena, she was just as I had left her at St. Petersburg—well deserving the surname of *fair and good*, by which she was distinguished by all who visited the house of her father, the grand chamberlain Narishkin, where she officiated as mistress.

The company withdrew to an adjoining drawing-room, to witness the performance of a young French actress, recently arrived from Paris, and who was patronised by the Princess Bagration. "We have a great deal to talk over," said Princess Helena; "suppose you both come and breakfast with me to-morrow at twelve, and we can then converse at leisure; in the meanwhile, let us follow the crowd." We accordingly entered the room in which Madlle. Lombard was to exhibit.

This young lady, who was a pupil of Talma, recited with considerable effect some passages from Zaire; and she was particularly happy in the fine scene of the dream of Athalie. Her performance consequently elicited considerable approbation; and I dare say few theatrical debutantes ever had the honour of appearing before so distinguished an audience. Madlle. Lombard has since married Count Friess, principal of the banking-house of that name at Vienna.

When the sovereigns had retired, music and dancing commenced, after which there was an elegant supper. In short, the whole evening, like all those I spent at Vienna, was an uninterrupted scene of gaiety and pleasure.

Next morning, before the hour of my engagement with Princess Helena, I went to call on the Prince de Ligne, whom I found, according to custom, writing in bed, with a little desk before him, and surrounded by ramparts of books. The conversation of the Prince de Ligne was marked by all the elegance of the old French school of high life. No man could tell a story more gracefully; and this happy endowment was combined with manners the most dignified and agreeable. But his strongest claim to admiration and respect was the fact, that during his long and adventurous life, he had preserved unshaken integrity of principle and spotless honour. "I have just received a letter," said I, "from Prince Sherbatoff, who informs me that he is about to leave Moscow on a visit to Vienna."—"I am sorry to hear it," observed the Prince de Ligne; "he is a man whom I highly esteem; but I cannot say I wish to see him, since his presence will revive in my mind a thousand painful recollections of a friend whose loss I yet deplore."—"You of course allude to M. de Saxe?" said I.—"I do," he replied. "Alas! that fatal deed deprived me of a valued friend, and embittered all the pleasures I had enjoyed at Tuzlitz. In figure and features, Saxe bore a resemblance to his royal ancestor, while he inherited no small share of the courage and *sang froid* of the great Marshal de Saxe. After receiving his death wound in the unfortunate duel, he placed his hand on his heart and exclaimed, 'I am dead.' Then immediately firing at his adversary, whom he very narrowly missed, he fell and expired. His death may be regarded as the history of his life. The picture can never be effaced from my memory; though time has had its effect in soothing the grief, which, however, the sight of Sherbatoff will not fail to revive."

After endeavouring to divert away this melancholy train of reflection, I rose to take my leave, for it was now near twelve o'clock. "Call on me to-morrow early," said he, "and we will go and dine together at my Gloriette, on the Kahlenberg." A hill near Vienna, where the Prince de Ligne's summer residence was situated.

Princess Helena's breakfast was delightful. The talent and amiable feeling which characterised this distinguished lady rendered her conversation peculiarly interesting, and every sentiment she uttered possessed the charm of coming sincerely from the heart. We talked over the news of St. Petersburg, and all that concerned the mutual friends whom we had left in that part of the world—the hopes, but still constant attachment of her brother Leon for the beautiful Maria Antonio Narishkin—Wielhorsky's second marriage with Madlle. de Byron—the *bons mots* of Prince Galitzin—the severity of the Grand-duke Constantine—and the humorous sallies of her father, the grand chamberlain Narishkin. One story succeeded another so rapidly, that I almost fancied myself again on the banks of the Neva.

Next came Prince Ypsilanti's turn to speak; and I observed that he had lost none of that exalted enthusiasm for which he was always remarkable from his early youth. He had recently lost his father, the hospodar of Wallachia, who, after effecting his escape from the mutes of the seraglio, sought an asylum with his family at the court of Alexander. Enjoying all the respect due to his birth and talents, he subsequently fixed his residence at Kioff, where he died, bequeathing to the prince, his son, the greater part of his immense fortune. The young prince was now crowned with well-earned military glory, and recent events had had the effect of stimulating his natural enthusiasm. It was obvious from all that fell from him that his hopes of future glory dwelt upon Greece, whose subjugation he deplored and longed to avenge. "I perceived that he was not a little encouraged in his dreams of liberty by Princess Helena, who, in common with most of the Russian nobility, cherished a hope which has been transmitted from generation to generation as a philanthropic and pious inheritance. 'The period is at hand,' said Ypsilanti. 'I am called upon from all sides. I have received addresses from the islands of the Archipelago, from the two principalities, and from yet higher quarters. Mine shall be the blood that is waiting to fill up this measure.'—'And why delay?' said the princess. 'Could you wish for higher glory than to be, at three and twenty, the regenerator of an oppressed people? The present may be called the era of youth, which now outstrips mature age. Think how Alexander wept at the tomb of Achilles, and regretted, at his age, having achieved nothing so great. Is there any thing comparable to the independence of Greece?'"

I, in my turn, began to participate in the inspiration; and the words Athens, Sparta, Pericles, Leonidas, soon became the burden of our discourse. As to Ypsilanti, his countenance was the presage of the emancipation of his country. Greece was on the point of being liberated—when, to our surprise, General Owaroff entered unexpectedly, and without the formality of being announced. We then turned to subjects of a less lofty kind; for, though possessing many excellent qualities, the worthy aide-de-camp general was by no means remarkable either for conversational talent, or depth of information.

The general talked about the regiments which the sovereigns had presented to each other, and the handsome compliments that were interchanged by their appearing at reviews in the uniforms of their newly acquired colonies. In short, Owaroff contrived to substitute a lecture on military equipment for our dithyrambic on Greek liberty. He entered into a minute comparison of the facings, shakos, and buttons of the different corps, and gave us a complete dissertation on the accoutrements of both man and horse. This sort of knowledge, which was Owaroff's forte, was, at that time, a great recommendation in the eye of the czar. I was by no means sorry when he was interrupted by the announcement that the princess's carriage was ready, and it was proposed that we should take a drive to the Prater. There, in obedience to a custom borrowed from Italy, the higher classes in their carriages, and the common people on foot, repair every day at the same hour, bad weather being the only interruption of this recreation. No such impediment prevailed, however, during the sitting

of the congress, and we had many delightful days in Vienna at the end of October.

CHAPTER VI.

A drive to the Prater—Lord Steward—The Emperor Alexander—Dutchess of Oldenburg—Prince Eugene Beauharnais—Prince Royal of Wirttemberg—Sir Sidney Smith—The Pacha of Widin—M. Luchinsky—Prince Koo—Ky—Grazoff, the Russian poet.

It is the business of the historian to record the important events which change empires, laws, and governments; mine is the higher task of tracing those familiar pictures which are sure to interest when they bear a faithful resemblance to reality.

To an inhabitant of Vienna the Prater must possess, in a high degree, the charm of reviving pleasing recollections. It must be the mirror of the past at every period of life, reflecting alike the diversions of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and the dreams of early love. Where else shall we find, in a great capital, a place so rich in the beauties of wild and cultivated nature?

The majestic forest which extends to the banks of the Danube is inhabited by deer, who, sportively bounding from place to place, animate the delicious solitude.

How delightful is the picture, when the whole population of the city is seen assembled beneath the shade of the magnificent trees, or pursuing their various amusements on the grass, to which the Danube imparts constant freshness and verdure!

It is a high treat to enter on a holiday one of the redoubts which border the grand alley of the Prater. Nothing is more amusing than to see a minuet danced in the style of ludicrous gravity, by a few stately couples, who, in spite of the interruptions they continually experience from the surrounding bystanders, continue the dance with the most imperturbable solemnity, as though every step were a serious affair of conscience. The dull monotonous minuet is at length succeeded by the animated and graceful waltz, and the couples frequently wheel round for an hour without stopping. At another part of the Prater a sort of carousel is got up, and some worthy citizen, seated on a wooden horse, adroitly carries off the ring, without losing his equilibrium in the saddle. Then there are abundance of swings, which are a favourite amusement in all countries, parties of itinerant actors, &c.

Amidst this motley assemblage, a stranger cannot help being struck with the obvious comfort and prosperity of the population of Vienna. The families of the tradespeople and artisans collected round the tables testify at once, by the expense in which they indulge, their own industry, and the light burdens imposed on them by the government. No quarrelling or uproar disturbs the tranquillity of the multitude. Scarcely a voice is heard; and this silence is not the effect of gloomy melancholy, but the result of a happy physical temperament, which in this country produces a dreaming of the senses, instead of the mental wandering so common in the more northern parts of our array.

On our arrival at the Prater we found an immense number of persons of distinction, some on horse back and some in carriages. Besides the numbers of carriages, which, as I have before mentioned, were provided for the use of the sovereigns and their suites, there was a throng of equipages belonging to the different foreigners who had come to Vienna from all parts of Europe. Lord Steward, the English ambassador, drove four superb horses, which would have been the admiration of Newmarket. The Emperor Alexander, and his interesting sister, the Dutchess of Oldenburg, were taking their airing in an elegant carriage; while Prince Eugene Beauharnais on the one side, and the Prince Royal of Wirttemberg on the other, paid their court to the illustrious pair from very different motives. In a large *berline*, richly emblazoned with armorial bearings, appeared Sir Sidney Smith. Next came the *cachet* of the Pacha of Widin, entangled in a file of hackney-coaches, and followed by the carriages of the archdukes, who, in all their amusements, adopted the rank of private individuals, availing themselves of the privileges of their illustrious rank only in the fulfilment of their duties.

The gay scene was enlivened by a variety of interesting costumes,—Oriental, Hungarian and Polish; and, above all, the becoming cap worn by the wives and daughters of the citizens of Vienna, resembling the Phrygian head dress, and displaying to the greatest advantage the fair hair and pretty features of the wearers.

Bands of music, paid by the keepers of the different coffee-houses, are stationed here and there, so that the Prater daily presents the aspect of a tranquil festival, where every one appears intent on present enjoyment, and free from all anxiety for the future.

On leaving the promenade, Ypsilanti and I took leave of the princess, mutually expressing the pleasure we felt in renewing an acquaintance which had been interrupted by five years' separation. We went to dine at the *Empress of Austria* tavern, which was the rendezvous of the foreigners who were not provided for by the court, or who chose to decline its ceremonious hospitality.

We took our places at a table round which were already seated twenty individuals of different nations: for, in spite of the variety of interests, occupations, and ranks, all the foreigners who met at Vienna associated freely together. Accordingly, generals, diplomatists, and travellers, were jumbled together at this banquet. Some were the high officers of despoiling monarchs, and others the advocates of monarchs despoiled. The first course of our dinner was marked by that silence which usually prevails among a party of persons who are strangers to each other, and a good band of music for a time supplied the place of conversation.

Next to me sat young Luchesi, who had been sent to Vienna by the Grand-duchess of Tuscany to consult with M. Oldini respecting the claims of Madame Bachiotti in the grand duchy and the principality of Lucca. I had formerly seen Luchesi, when very young, at his mother's house in Paris; but the great change that had taken place in his appearance, as well as in his circumstances, might well excuse me for not immediately recollecting him.

His father, the Marquis Luchesi, who was Prussian ambassador to Napoleon, enjoyed in Paris all the consideration due to his high reputation as a man of talent and an able diplomatist. His son, to whom he gave a finished education, possessed, on his introduction into life, every advantage calculated to recommend him. On his presentation at the new court of Tuscany, he obtained the marked favour of the then grand-duchess. He was created chief equerry; and it was whispered that love contributed to render the destiny of the young favourite exceedingly enviable. I could easily perceive that the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed occasioned a certain degree of reserve in his conversation with me; and after a few enquiries respecting his family, who, he informed me, were still residing at their beautiful estate near Lucca, we exchanged our cards of address, and promised to see each other again. M. Luchesi understood how to make his own conversational talent the means of showing off the King of Prussia's. He always contrived to draw his majesty out, by introducing those topics on which he was calculated to shine; and above all, he knew how to listen, which a fool never does. M. de Pinto once advised the king of Prussia to send M. Luchesi on an embassy, because he was a clever man.—“For that reason,” replied the king, “I shall keep him here.”

The conversation of the dinner party gradually became more animated, and soon launched into all the noisy hilarity of a *table d'hôte*. Among the company was Prince Kos-ky, the ambassador from Russia to Turin, who had been ordered to the congress by his sovereign, for the purpose of facilitating the junction of the states of Genoa and Piedmont. He accompanied every glass of Tokay with a *bon mot* or sarcastic allusion; and he related various anecdotes, the obvious truth of which renders it prudent not to repeat them even now. Prince Kos-ky's open and animated countenance bore an expression which was calculated to win confidence and esteem. He was a favourite of the Emperor Alexander, whom he amused by his sallies, and he was on the best possible footing with every individual connected with the government and court of Russia, who found it convenient to wink at freedoms which they could not with safety check. Though he seemed tolerably indifferent to the horrors of exile, yet if he had spoken at St. Petersburg half as freely as he did at Vienna, he would, in all probability, have had the field-jäger and the *kabak* at his door, ready to escort him to Siberia. He was afterwards appointed Russian minister to the court of Stuttgart. He lived some time in England; and in that serious country, where many things are made subjects of ridicule, the prince was caricatured. He seemed, however, to be pleased, rather than offended at the circumstance, probably conceiving that celebrity of any kind is desirable in England.

The dinner being ended, our party broke up, and all set out in quest of amusement for the evening. Ypsilanti was engaged at the Dutchess of Oldenburg's, where the celebrated Russian poet, Ozeroff was to read the tragedy of Demetrius. He accordingly left me, and I accompanied Prince Kos-ky to the Leopoldstadt theatre, whither the grave members of the *corps diplomatique* frequently repaired to unbend at the drollery of the admirable com-

dian Schutz, after the more serious dramas which they had been planning during the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

Baron Ompteda—State of Society in Vienna.—Some distinguished characters—Romantic anecdote relative to Count and Countess Platenberg.

The Prince Reuss was so impatient to go to the Countess Fuchs's, that we left the theatre on his account before the end of the third act. On our arrival at Wall-Zeil we found yet but few persons assembled; but by degrees the drawing-room was filled with the persons who usually spent their evenings there. I took my seat in a corner by the side of the Baron Ompteda, who, in consequence of the fall of his sovereignty, the King of Westphalia, had been left without any official character, and only took the part of a spectator at the great diplomatic sandwich. To a prepossessing gravity of manner, the Baron joined much wit; and no one possessed better than himself the art of giving a ludicrous colouring to a portrait. He was nevertheless a well-disposed man, and his epigrams were rather to be attributed to the turn of his mind than to any malignant impulses of his heart.

The Baron amused himself with passing under review all the persons of our acquaintance who were present, and those who were successively coming in. “Although the city of Vienna,” said he, “has undergone a siege, and has been occupied by the enemy since you were last in it, you will find that hardly any material changes have occurred. With the exception of the style of dress among the lower orders, which has become more assimilated to that of the higher classes of society, and in which respect alone any progress has been made in the improvements of the age, every thing has remained in the same condition as formerly. The *salons* have not changed; and this one in particular has always been the rendezvous of the friends of the charming queen, whose subjects have never complained of the kind of yoke she has imposed on them. You see the proof of this in the eagerness of the crowds who surround her. Here you will always meet with politeness without dissimulation, and candour without roughness, complaisance without flattery, and attentions without restraint.

“Foremost in the picture stands the good Count Fuchs, the fortunate and undisturbed possessor of the treasure which every body covets him, as enthusiastic as ever of the militia institution, to which he owes his rank of major, and on which he says that the safety of the Austrian monarchy depends. The Countess Laura, his wife, possessing a happy equality of humour, good hearted and sincere, and the expression of whose infantine countenance, heightened by the finest colours, seems as it were the mirror of her excellent heart, comes next. She has that enchanting turn of mind by which she can, without the use of compliment, show others to the best advantage. Then come Madame Kinski, the openness of whose countenance gives it a charm which it has long ceased to derive from bloom, the Princess of Courland, the beautiful Dutchess de Sagan, passionately fond of every thing heroic and grand, and her sister, the Countess Edmond, whose gestures, attitude, deportment, and tone of voice, all harmonize together in the most enchanting manner. We have also the Count Waldmoden, now a field-marshal, and who, during the last campaign, has been so greatly instrumental to the capture of Breiten. In the month of February, 1814, he crossed the Rhine with the Anglo-German troops. A few days ago he was appointed member of the commission which is charged with the military organisation of Germany. Prosperity has not made a proud man of him; he has retained the same mild and unassuming manners. This may also be said of the Prince of Hesse Homburg, who, though he has displayed the most brilliant valour, and unites to a majestic form a very handsome face, tempers his noble and imposing manners by a tone of extreme kindness. He commanded the reserve at the battle of Leipzig, and distinguished himself among the Austrian generals by his military science and a well exercised *coup d'œil*. I see Nostitz and Borel coming in. It was in the arms of Nostitz that the Prince Ferdinand Louis of Prussia, whose aide-de-camp he was, expired. The prince having refused to surrender to a French quarter-master at the battle of Saalfeld, received his death-blow from him. Nostitz arrived on the spot immediately after. In 1808 he made an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Austrian service. In Prussia he has been more fortunate. He has already attained the rank of a colonel, with a good prospect of further promotion.

“Borel remains exactly as you have always known him. He has as many friends as acquaintances, and goes on smoothly with the current of life.

“Do you see Prince Reuss seated by the side of Madame Kinski? How much his manners are spoiled by a sort of affected sensibility, which he has contracted in I know not what antiquated German school! Not many days ago he wrote to a lady, who is not at this moment far off, ‘Either your love, or my death.’ The former was not vouchsafed him, and he has taken good care not to give himself the latter. This ridiculous incident became known, and you may easily judge how sadly the sentimental prince was laughed at. He is ever attempting to place himself in a lofty sphere; but having no experience in the world, he is unable to compare and judge for himself. He mistakes imagination for actual knowledge, the desire of knowledge for actual erudition, and obstinacy for firmness of character. In short, his case affords proof that the possession of some talent does not always suffice to gain the good-will of society, when pains are not taken to conceal minor defects which must be obnoxious to it.”

“Pray explain to me, my dear Baron, how it happens that in the midst of this brilliant and gay assemblage the Count and Countess Platenberg hear an aspect of contrast so little in harmony with the appearance of others?”

“Your late arrival at Vienna,” said Ompteda, “can alone excuse your ignorance on that point. It is altogether a curious matter that you want me to explain to you, and might serve as a picture of manners from which an useful moral might be drawn. It is not many years since Platenberg succeeded to the immense fortune of his uncle, the reigning count of that name. He became one of the richest, as he was one of the most elegant men in the monarchy. These advantages, with those of an extremely agreeable person, had engaged him in some brilliant adventures during his travels, the fame of which had preceded him at Vienna, and had raised his credit greatly among that class of ladies who attach more importance to the external appearance than to qualities of a more solid kind. It is by a false brilliancy that he has maintained during the whole period of his bachelor's career that distinction which becomes fatal to women of weak minds, and often serves as a substitute for real merit. Hardly had he entered upon his twenty-fifth year when Durberg, his steward, whom he seldom saw on any other occasion than for the receipt of his rents, called one day, and sent in word to his master that he had to speak on business of the utmost importance. ‘Well, Monsieur Durberg,’ said the count, on the steward's being admitted into his presence, ‘is it for the purpose of preaching a new sermon about economy that you have requested to see me this morning?’—‘Nothing of the kind, my lord; it is something of a different character, and of much greater consequence to your affairs. It is evident your lordship has forgotten the clause contained in your late uncle's will, which enjoins you to marry, before you have completed the age of your majority, a young lady, the antiquity of whose noble descent is to be duly verified and attested; and that, failing to do so within the precise period specified, you forfeit the whole of the inheritance you hold from him by will. Now, as those who are to supersede you in this inheritance in the event of your failing to fulfil its conditions keep a vigilant eye on you, and will only remind you of your negligence when it is too late to repair it, I have thought it my duty to impress on your recollection that the period is so fast approaching that not a single moment should be lost. Young ladies of the description required are not to be met with every day; nor when they are, is their consent to be obtained at once, or to be looked upon beforehand as a matter of certainty. Think of it seriously, my lord, for every thing you are possessed of is at stake.’—‘As well as your stewardship, Mr. Durberg. I thank you for your advice, and you may rely that I will instantly set about what our common interest prescribes.’

“The count in fact lost no time in making enquiries after young ladies possessing the necessary qualifications. All his friends were set to work; and after a few days' search, they fixed upon Mademoiselle Adelaide de Gallemberg, a young lady whose noble birth was fully attested for the required purpose. The decay of her parents' fortune made them sufficiently accessible to a proposal coming from such a quarter. The settlement of preliminaries did not therefore occupy much time; after which the count repaired to Newstadt to pay his respects to his future spouse, who was still in a convent there for the completion of her education. You may easily conceive the feeling of a young girl of fifteen to whom it is intimated that she is to be immediately united to a handsome young man, possessing an immense fortune, and sovereign power with it. The poor girl's imagination had been so worked upon by these thoughts, that she be-

came deeply enamoured with the count at the very first moment she saw him. In spite of her extreme beauty, of which you may form an idea by what you now see, though she has attained her thirtieth year, and an expression of melancholy is settled in her features, the count could not bring himself to look upon this union in any other light than one of mere compulsion and necessity. Soon after his marriage, therefore, he left his wife under the care of her governess, and the guidance of her mother.

"Detecting a yoke imposed on him by circumstances, Pletenberg plunged with redoubled ardour into all kinds of dissipation. He gloried in his excesses; and his unfeeling conduct towards his lovely wife became with him a subject of exultation. As for the poor young countess, loving her husband with all the force and sensibility of her age, she suffered without complaining, and only answered the consolations offered by those who surrounded her by shedding tears. Every domestic virtue, the most devoted attachment, and the utmost resignation, were called to aid, in hope of captivating by their demonstration, that heart, of the possession of which she thought herself deserving. But it was all to no purpose; and rather than longer endure the wretchedness of beholding every day the man who made so cold a return to her affection, she solicited and obtained his permission, at the age of eighteen, to retire to one of his estates in Bohemia. She quitted Vienna, abandoning all its pleasures and delights, determined to bury in the most absolute solitude those charms which ought to have secured a much more happy and brilliant destiny.

"Misfortune operates in elevated minds as the storm does on the atmosphere, which it purifies. Opposing an irreproachable conduct to the insulting neglect with which she had been treated, and angelic virtues to the dissolute habits of her husband, she devoted herself to a life of piety and charitable exercises, which lasted during the many years that she spent in this solitude.

"The count plunged still more heedlessly into dissipation upon ridding himself of the trifling restraint which had been imposed on his actions, and after satiating himself with every enjoyment that the resources of Vienna could afford, he set out for other countries to seek for new ones. Fourteen years elapsed in this state of things: at the end of that time Pletenberg became heartily tired of his dissipated life, and thought of his country and his wife. He proceeded to Bohemia, and once more beheld rich sacred vows had united him for ever. Unto still in her bloom. Time and re-
and he had, her personal charms had preserved their primitive freshness. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that Pletenberg now fell desperately in love with his wife. He became her most enthusiastic admirer. But time had operated very differently on the countess from what he now wished it might have done. Her feelings of extreme tenderness were changed into hatred by the constant reflection of the worthless estimation in which they had been held. His debaucheries and his dissolute habits had been regularly reported to her by those who were desirous that they should produce on her their due impression. He therefore became an object of an aversion to her which nothing could alter. Every demonstration of repentance, affection, and sincerity, was now had in contravention to the count; but all to no purpose. She remained insensible to his entreaties, and treated with indifference the solicitations of her friends that she should consent to a reconciliation.

"The count urged a visit to Vienna, in the hope that on an occasion like the present, her mind might become more accessible to a change in his favour. In the tumult of festivity and dissipation he flattered himself that her heart would more easily open itself again to that feeling of affection which formerly it cherished. She consented to accompany him, and even, as you see, to take part with him in all the gaieties which now abound in this splendid capital. But she continues insensible to all the demonstrations of his affections, and seems to look upon their present fruitless ardour as a punishment of which he has no right to complain. The poor man has become an object of ridicule by the servility of his devotion. Always sighing as at the age of eighteen, and as jealous as a sexagenarian, he never moves from her side. He is ever taking up her gloves, her handkerchief, and pressing them to his bosom in public. But all this only tends to increase the aversion he has raised. Proscribed from the nuptial bed, which he had so long disclaimed, he complains of this rigour in prose, and laments his fate in verse. In short, his enthusiasm has become so great, that if it continue for any length of time, his intellects must become affected by it. We may therefore expect

to see one day in the count the ease of a debauched husband, whose repentance has only begun when his vices have become unrepentable."

"During the recital of this romantic story I could not help examining, with an intense interest, the person who was the principal subject of it. The excessive paleness of her countenance spread over it that melancholy and settled expression which is produced by long-wrought passions or sufferings. One would have supposed that La Harpe had been gazing on her when he made this verse:

"Son regard triste et doux implora la pitié."

"You see," said Ormstedt, in conclusion, "the origin of that extreme paleness in the lady's countenance which has so much attracted your notice. In her situation, there is something infinitely more natural in that settled melancholy her face evinces, than in a more animated expression." Whilst he was concluding his remarks supper was announced. I contrived to sit next to him at table, in order to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his observations. His varied and picturesque sketches were the more interesting to me, as they related either to persons of my acquaintance, or to intimate friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. Novossiloff, the Russian statesman—Affairs of Poland—Prince de Ligne's opinion of, and writings on, the Poles—Count Arthur Potocki.

On the following day I met, at the house of the Prince de Ligne, M. Novossiloff, a Russian statesman of some celebrity, who was held in high estimation by the Emperor Alexander. He was at that time a member of the provisional government of Poland, and when I came in he was conversing with the prince on the affairs of that country. The subject was one of never-fading interest to me, for I have spent in Poland the finest days of my life; and the sentiments of attachment I have conceived for that unhappy land are of the most deep rooted kind. The conversation turned chiefly on the constitution which it was in contemplation to give to the Poles, and of which M. Novossiloff was one of the framers. "The Polish nation," said the Russian statesman, "had too long relied on the promises of a man to whom, after all, their independence was a matter of personal indifference."—"Their illusions were excusable enough," answered the Prince de Ligne: "there are no sacrifices of which nations do not easily console themselves when they are called for by the prospect of such an achievement."—"Generally speaking," replied M. Novossiloff, "this would be perfectly justifiable; but the Poles are ever carrying back their thoughts to the brilliant times of their history, and they want their country to re-assume that proud attitude of independence it enjoyed under the Batoris, the Sigismunds, the Sobieskis, without one moment thinking of the immense changes the political condition of Europe has since then undergone, and their peculiar geographical position, which makes it impossible that they should stand again on the same footing as formerly. Poland is now linked to us, and must be content with the fate which is unavoidably reserved for her political existence. If ever we allowed her to become completely independent, she would make an Asiatic nation of us, and we are not disposed to recede."—"Burke has said," observed the prince, "that the partition of Poland would be paid dearly for by its authors: he might have added that such might be the case with her defenders also; for Napoleon's interference with her concerns has in no small degree contributed to the loss of his crown. I hope a better fate will be reserved for the Emperor Alexander; but all must depend upon the adoption of suitable measures, and their security on a firm basis. A people who are proud of themselves may suffer themselves to be conquered, but will not bear to be humiliated. The force of arms may achieve their conquest; but it is only through a generous and just policy that they may be thoroughly subjugated."—"You need not apprehend any system of policy, my dear prince, of which the Poles will ever have reason to complain at our hands. If you read this manuscript, the margin of which is full of notes, written in the Emperor Alexander's own hand, you will find how great is our desire to meet the wishes of the Polish nation. This is the constitution intended for them. It will enable you to judge whether the lofty sentiments which spring from the heart should not be taken as the guarantee of that monarch's good intentions.* The institutions of

that country, hereby fixed upon a solid foundation, will become the means by which the peace of Europe may be ever maintained."—"If the bases of the edifice are proportioned to its weight, and of comparative solidity, they will, no doubt, prove durable; but if not, you may have to fear the vengeance of men who are driven to desperate means. I wish you had time to read the memoirs on Poland, which I wrote in 1788. You may perhaps think that what was written so long back is not exactly applicable to the present period. Nevertheless you would meet with much useful information in that work, and a great deal of coincidence between your thoughts and mine on some material points."

"This interesting conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Count Arthur Potocki, a friend of the Prince de Ligne. Though a Pole, and a well-known enthusiastic well-wisher to his country, his presence put a stop to the comments of Monsieur de Novossiloff, who hastily packed up his papers, and took leave of us.

"I come," said Count Potocki, "to inform you that every thing is now in readiness for the intended carousal, which has been so long in preparation, and that the ensuing week has been fixed upon for its celebration. I bring you, prince, the tickets which the grand marshal Trautmannsdorff has desired me to deliver to you; and I would recommend by all means that you should attend this spectacle, for it will doubtless be one of the most extraordinary of any witnessed in modern times."

The prince invited the count to come and dine with us at his *refuge*, as he called his country house on the Kalemberg. He was greatly attached to the Count Arthur, whom he familiarly called his Alcibiades, and who, in his turn, entertained a most sincere regard for his venerable friend. He declined the invitation, however, having had a previous engagement with the Princess Lubomirski, whom he was to attend to court, where a splendid assemblage of illustrious guests had been invited to witness the spectacle of *living pictures* which was to be directed by the celebrated painter Isabey. In giving an account of the programme, the count told us that the picturesque scenes were to be followed by romances, dramatically performed by the handsomest women at court, among whom were to be the Dutchess of Sagan, the Princess Paul Esterhazy, and the Countess Ziehl. He observed, that as the performances were not to commence before eight o'clock, we should be in time to attend after our return from the *refuge*, and he advised us not to neglect any opportunity offered for the enjoyment of the fêtes, for the closing of the congress had already been fixed for the 15th of December. After which he took his leave, and we set out on our intended pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IX.

The Kalemberg—Prince de Ligne's country house—Prince Ypsilanti and the Greeks—Spot from which King Sobieski charged the army of the Grand Vizier, and saved Vienna—Prince de Ligne's interesting conversation.

The Kalemberg is a hill in the immediate vicinity of Vienna, over which it commands an extensive prospect, and to which it presents a picturesque view. The Prince de Ligne had, since a long period, chosen a spot on it for his summer residence, and his house there became the abode of the muses, and the rendezvous of that select society of friends to whom his presence and conversation were an inexhaustible source of instruction and gratification.

On our way thither our discourse turned upon Vienna: he spoke of that city in the most flattering terms. I fully concurred in all he said: nevertheless, I observed, that in order to appreciate the whole of its various resources, a better knowledge of the German language was necessary than the generality of foreigners possessed. Without this requisite it would be difficult to judge exactly of the character and ways of those ranks of society which are not the less interesting for not being the highest, nor the least worthy of being known. Bacon once said to a young man who knew no language but his own, and was asking the chancellor's advice as to the most advisable mode of proceeding on his travels, that it would be far more wise for him to go to school than to travel in foreign lands. "Bacon's suggestion was no doubt a very excellent one," observed the prince; "but I wonder what Metastasio would have said to it?—he who, after twenty years' residence at Vienna, had only picked up twenty German words, which he used to say was quite enough to save his life in case of need. At all events, you will find that the French language sufficiently known here by this time to serve most purposes. It is universally understood in the upper ranks of society, and you see that it has been adopted in the negotiations and coun-

* Alexander's subsequent crusade against liberal institutions has shown how far his "lofty sentiments" were to be taken as the guarantee of his good intentions. As to his Polish constitution, he merely meant it as an acknowledgment on his part that his Polish subjects were not exactly placed on a level with his Muscovite slaves.—Translator.

ferences of the congress, and in drawing up all the official acts which are to be the fruits of the ministerial deliberations."

"The prince's manner of treating every subject on which he spoke gave a certain turn to the mixed trifles, that made them almost equally interesting with subjects of importance. He spoke of many of the distinguished persons of society, the sovereigns assembled there, their ministers and generals, and with that tact which was peculiar to him, pointed at the ridiculous bearings of his portraits, and forcibly described in a few words their general character."

In a little time we entered the court-yard of the prince's country residence. It was a small building, remarkably neat and commodious in external appearance; and its actual owner might easily have realised the wish of Socrates, by filling it with guests who were his real friends. Over the portal of its outward entrance was engraved this sentence:

Quo res curaque cadunt, semper stat linea recta.

"It would be deviating from the practice of all landlords," said the prince, on our entering the house, "if I did not begin doing the honours by conducting you round the extent of my domain: but as my house and the premises belonging to it are not more ample than the territory prescribed to the president of the St. Marin republic, you need not apprehend much fatigue. Such as they are, however, it is here that I seek and find relaxation after the tumult of fêtes, the fatigue of amusements, and the stiffness of that restraint which, however inclined, we are more or less obliged to impose on ourselves in the presence of so many crowned heads and sovereign personages. Here, in short, I can live for my own self."

When we had reached the extremity of the garden, he opened a door which led into a summer house constructed immediately over the Danube, and from which we had a complete view of the city of Vienna. "It is from that spot," said he, "that John Sobieski commenced his glorious attack at the head of his thirty thousand men against the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, whom he defeated through the irresistible impetuosity and bravery of his inferior numbers, thereby saving the Germanic empire. The military experience of that sovereign had so well exercised his *coup d'œil*, that after examining for a few moments from that elevated position the disposition of the Turkish army, he coolly observed to the generals who surrounded him, that they were badly made, and that Mustapha would infallibly be beaten."

"The Polish cavalry which had come to the aid of the Germans had a very martial appearance. They were mounted on magnificent horses, bearing richly ornamented arms. The infantry, however, was in a very different condition. One regiment in particular was in so unpropitious a state, that Prince Lubomirski advised the king not to permit its crossing the Danube before night, as its mean appearance was absolutely a national dishonour to the Poles. The king, however, was not to be swayed by any such consideration. 'Such as you see those men,' said he to Lubomirski, 'they are invincible. They have made a vow not to wear any clothes but those that they will take from the enemy's back. During the whole of the last war they wore Turkish clothes.'

"It was an amusing Leopold from his hitherto successful enemies, that the words applied by Pope Pius V. to John of Austria, after the battle of Lepanto, were transferred to John Sobieski: 'And there was a man sent by God, and his name was John.' Austria has in more recent times chosen to forget this sentence, expressive of her gratitude: she has not scrupled to become instrumental to the overthrow of that nation who had saved her from a similar fate by their valour, and at the expense of their blood. It is in vain that Austria would say to those who would reproach her with this conduct, that the service rendered by Sobieski was a mere return made for a similar one, when Austria saved Poland from the grasp of the Swedes under the reign of Charles Gustavus. The Poles might, on similar grounds, have carried their claims to Austrian gratitude to periods still more remote, and to occurrences equally calling for it. When the founder of Austria, Count Hapsburg, found it necessary to shake off his dependence from the Emperor Henry II., the Poles came to his assistance, and greatly contributed in placing his house in the rank of the most powerful sovereignties of Europe. The fact is, that the iniquitous partition in question can never be excused; and its promoter had no doubt in his mind the apology of La Fontaine, in the fable of the dog carrying his master's dinner."

At three o'clock we sat down to a dinner served out of provisions which the prince had caused to be put in the carriage on our leaving town. Never as long as I live shall my grateful memory lose the recollection of this charming repast. How bright the colours in which he portrayed the celebrated personages who, in his long worldly career, had honoured him with their friendship! The Empress Catherine, whom he called his "living glory," the Emperor Joseph II., his "visible providence," Frederick II., his "immortality," were particularly the subjects of his anecdotic sketches. He also related a variety of interesting particulars respecting the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. "At my introduction," said he, "to the Count d'Artois, he assumed at first all the dignity of a king's brother, but soon after treated me as if he had been my own. Some time after, at the camp of Moravia, I saw the king of Prussia. Frederick perceived at once that I was an admirer of great men, and shortly after I became his visitor at Berlin. On my son Charles's marriage with a Polish lady, it was observed that, being on a footing of intimate friendship with the Empress Catherine, nothing became me so well as the crown of Poland, and I was naturalised a Pole in consequence. On my second arrival in Russia, the empress took it into her head that she must go nowhere without my being at her elbow, and off we set on that long and extraordinary journey to the Crimea, the particulars of which would appear more fabulous than historical. Catherine knew my partiality for Iphigenia, and therefore presented me with the very piece of land on which had stood the temple where Agamemnon's daughter was priestess. I really believe, that what through the paternal friendship with which the Emperor Francis I. honoured me, the maternal kindness which the great Maria Theresa always showed me, and the fraternal intimacy on which I stood with Joseph II., the confidence which the great Marshal de Loudon had placed in me, the intimate footing which I stood in the private circles of the queen of France and the great empress of Russia, and, finally, the unrestrained intercourse I was long allowed to enjoy with Frederick of Prussia; I say, with so many sources of fruitful information and entertaining anecdote at my disposal, I could now sit down and write some very interesting memoirs."

I listened with intense attention to all that he said. It seemed to me as if I was myself transported by turns to the scenes which he had witnessed, and to which the force of his imagination gave such a vivid colouring. He spoke of more recent times, and dwelt at some length on the period when the present emperor married his cousin-german, the daughter of the Archduke of Milan and of the Archduchess Beatrix, the only remnant of that house of Est, which has been so extolled in Ariosto and Tasso.

"That union was brought about by inclination alone," said the prince: "political motives had nothing to do with it. The young empress was brought up in the midst of calamities which add greatly to the interest of her situation. The sentiments of respect she inspires are therefore mixed with feelings of sympathy." He then alluded to the arrival of Madame de Stael at Vienna, where she came at that period for the purpose of participating in the festivities which were to be produced in celebration of the imperial marriage. "Her arrival and her stay among us have formed a kind of era; for, in certain circles of society, it is still usual to say, in reference to some particular fact or occurrence, 'When Madame de Stael was here.' But admiration is not everlasting, however it may be sincere. We get used to the object which has excited it; and frequently that feeling is changed into something of a very opposite kind. Madame de Stael was too eager generally in her conversation to produce effect by her wit. She mostly succeeded, however, in so doing, and nothing could be easier among the crowds of her admiring listeners. She discussed every subject with rare perspicacity. If ever she asked a question, still more seldom did she wait for an answer; and notwithstanding this violation of the common rules of conversation, and a dictatorial mode of delivering her sentiments, she was sure to bring over almost every opinion to a coincidence with her own. Her countenance, altogether, is far from being handsome: the form of her nose and the shape of her mouth are decidedly ugly; but her eyes possess a brilliancy which almost enable them to express the elevated and distinguished thoughts with which her fertile mind abounds. She has preserved all the habits of youth, and all the coquetry of dress which belongs to very young women. Her hands are perhaps the best shaped part of her whole

person. She was in the habit of displaying them here chiefly by twisting in them a small branch of poplar, with three or four leaves on it, the motion of which produced a kind of rustling sound which she called the obligato accompaniment to her words. She is very fond of society, from the notion she has acquired of the impression she produces on the minds of men; but she does not willingly associate with women, whose conversation she thinks unsuitable to a mind like hers. She thinks herself in her proper sphere only when surrounded by those of whose powers of appreciating her she entertains a high notion; and the more this circle is numerous the more her mind becomes exalted, and her eloquence is called forth. Celebrity has become necessary to her existence, but it has not led her to happiness; for she has long regretted her native land, from which she was proscribed by the man whom she called 'a Robespierre on horseback.' It may therefore be said that it was her own cause she was endeavouring to promote when she directed the whole power of her means to the overthrow of the man who was opposed to her return to France. Shortly after she came here an anonymous satire was circulated on the enthusiasm she had excited. Her *Corinne* was criticised in this production, and, I think, most inaptly; for it is not in her literary works that she is vulnerable. That affectation of appearing on a scene where she could display no talent, the *salon* being her only proper station,—that pretension of engrossing every attention and every thought,—that mutability in her opinions, so dangerous to those who thought they could rely upon their consistency; it is on these points that she ought to have been attacked. She was, however, greatly incensed that any one should presume to set up any doubts respecting her literary merits, on which, she thought, there could exist but one opinion."

As it was necessary that we should arrive at court precisely at the hour fixed for the commencement of the performances, we left this delightful retreat, which will, no doubt, become one day an historical subject. Shortly afterwards we repaired to the imperial palace.

CHAPTER X.

Grand assembly at court—Living pictures—Dramatic romances—The Princess Esterházy—The Ex-queen of Holland—Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg's account of his—Diplomatic walking—Grand supper at court.

When we arrived at court, the suite of magnificent apartments were already crowded with company. The Count Arthur Potocki had, however, kept seats for us near those of the Princess Esterházy and the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. I entered into conversation with the princess, and the intended performances very naturally became the subject of our remarks. She said that although the living pictures were a novel exhibition in Vienna, they were not new to her; for some years previously, she gave a fête at Eisenstadt, one of her country seats, where they were executed for the first time. Her chapel master, Haydn, the celebrated composer, heightened the interest of the exhibition on that occasion, by performing on the organ some extemporaneous music of a strikingly appropriate character. I have known but few ladies whose conversation was as fascinating as that of the Princess Esterházy, and whose manners were equally captivating. I became acquainted with the prince's husband, many years previously, at the house of M. Recamier in Paris, and I was on intimate terms with her son, Prince Paul; so that the conversation soon turned on those two members of her family, for whom she entertained the most ardent affection. It was enough to speak of them in terms of admiration to obtain her esteem and friendship.

The commencement of the performances was now announced by all the lights being put out. After an appropriate overture, executed by an orchestra composed solely of harps and French horns, the curtain was drawn, and presented a scene of a picture drawn by a young French artist, representing Louis XIV. at the feet of Madame de la Valière. This scene was executed by the young Count Trautmannsdorff and the beautiful Countess Zichy. They were both of them possessed of superior attractions; and there was such an expression of emotion in the features of the count, and of innocence and alarm in that of the countess, that the illusion was rendered

* While fancy balls are languishing for want of spirit in sustaining assumed characters, we would suggest for another winter the substitution of *living pictures*, which would furnish a rational and, in this country, novel mode of entertainment, and with a judicious choice of subjects, would tend to mental gratification and improvement.—*Ed.*

complete. The third scene was taken from *Le Gros-Picteur*, representing Hippolytus justifying himself to Theseus against the accusation of Phædra.

The subjects of these pictures, represented by the most distinguished persons at court, with costumes so magnificent and appropriate, with shades and lights disposed in the most masterly manner by Leuby, necessarily excited great admiration. It is impossible, however, to judge of the species of magic effect produced, without having witnessed the exhibition. The immobility of the figures was maintained in a surprising manner; but there were attitudes so extremely fatiguing, that they could not be kept up for more than a few minutes, and the curtain dropped on them sooner than the spectators could have wished.

The lights were now restored, and whilst the *dramatic romances* were being prepared, refreshments of all kinds were served round to the audience.

The first performance was the well known romance, *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by the Queen Hortense.* It was executed by Mademoiselle Goubault, daughter of the Dutch minister Baron Goubault, who is now governor of Brussels. Her voice was extremely melodious, and she sung the air with an exquisite expression; whilst the young Count Scheuffeld and the young Princess Philipstätt expressed the meaning of the words through mimic action. They were seconded by a full chorus of both sexes, and the variety of grouping, the figures especially, during the marriage stanza, the perfection of the chorus,—all produced an effect perfectly enthusiastic among the spectators.

I was seated too far away from the Emperor Alexander to hear what he said to the Prince Eugene, who sat between him and his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria. But it was evident from the expression of the prince's countenance that the emperor was paying a just tribute of praise to the merit of his sister's composition.

The second performance was that of *Compigni's* romance, *Le Troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*. It was executed by the Count Schenbor and Countess Marassi. The third was again a composition of the Ex-queen of Holland, *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*. It was as well sung and as well expressed as the others, by the young Prince Radzivil, and the Countess Zana, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Prince Czartorisky. The author's name was deleted, and its announcement elicited loud and universal applause.

"I observed," observed the Prince de Ligne, "Mademoiselle Zaularnia wields a sceptre which will never break hands. She remains a queen by the grace of her talents, after having ceased to be one by the grace of birth. For my part, I most cordially add my applause to the traits of genius. I take pleasure in paying homage to greatness, especially when persons in that position have proved themselves so worthy of the high to which circumstances had raised them."

"I have seen so much of the Queen Hortense," said Leopold, "during my frequent visits to Paris, can bear full testimony to the truth of your remark, so far as it may apply to her. She was extremely when suddenly transferred to a court resplendent with military glory. Her amiable disposition was not in the least manner affected by the brilliant turn of her circumstances. Neither imperial pomp, nor regal honours, produce any alteration in her, and she has always retained her modest and unaffected manners. Nor does the admiration of all these honours appear to have occasioned her any regret with her. Nature has gifted her with a taste for the fine arts, which her superior education means at her command have fully developed. Hence, has, therefore, very justly observed that she is a sceptre of which nothing can deprive her. She is most exquisitely, and plays delightfully on various instruments. She composes very prettily, and draws in great perfection. No lady in Paris danced more gracefully than she did. But what can never be forgotten by strangers who were in the habit of visiting Paris during the time of her greatness there, is the urbanity which both herself and her mother evinced toward those who had the honour of becoming known to them. They seemed both of them as if desirous of smoothing the difficulty of position peculiar to many of us at the court of the Tuileries."

"I admire," said the Prince de Ligne, "the frank homage you pay, my dear prince, where it is justly due. I am fond of admiring where admiration is called for, and I confess that I detect those who are ever seeking a motive for every demonstration of kindness, and who affect to doubt that amiable qualities can spring from natural impulses."

When the sovereigns quitted their seats, the company repaired to the great ball room, where every thing had been prepared for dancing. I offered my arm to the Princess Esterhazy,* and she allowed me to remain by her the rest of the evening.

All those who had figured in the representation had kept on their dramatic costumes, and as their number was considerable, they formed separate quadrilles among themselves, which added much variety and animation to the scene. These fetes, in which dancing was introduced, were frequently as useful to young diplomatists in the furtherance of political objects, as in giving an agreeable relaxation to their labours. All restraint was laid aside on such occasions, and politicians of a maturer age assembled in groups in various parts of the room, discussing grave subjects without reserve. The young waltzers would occasionally stop short near these groups, and, apparently occupied exclusively with their amusement and their fair partners, would listen attentively to the conversations of the politicians. A word or sentence pronounced by any person of note, often served to govern diplomatic proceedings in a manner which puzzled many to discover how their thoughts or intentions could have been suggested.

The Emperor Alexander had opened the ball with the Empress of Austria, by a polonaise, a kind of dancing march with which the court balls are always begun. In an adjoining apartment several members of the *corps diplomatique* were seated gravely at the whist tables, a recreation which seemed to have become indispensable to their ministerial labours.

A magnificent supper was served up at twelve o'clock. The sovereigns sat down to the table which had been reserved for them, and the rest of the company took their seats at other tables without any observance of etiquette or distinction of ranks. These banquets were always magnificent and expensive. It was calculated that up to the occasion of which I am speaking, they had cost the emperor thirty millions of florins. But then the money spent in Vienna by the strangers, attracted either by business or curiosity, was estimated to amount to no less than a hundred thousand florins; and every one knows the means employed by Colbert to replenish the exhausted coffers of his master.

Soon after the sovereigns had withdrawn, dancing ceased, and every one went to seek in rest a new accession of strength and spirits for pleasures long before marked out by the chain of amusements provided for each successive day.

CHAPTER XI.

Neapolitan diplomatists and others—Mausoleum of the Archduchess Christina—Facilities of meeting among the society at Vienna—Situation of the Neapolitan legation at the Congress—The Prater—Meeting with the Emperor Alexander and Prince Eugene.

In the midst of storms I have heard men relate the events of time past, and I have lent an attentive ear to their narrations. Now, when in port, I love to call to mind anecdotes of the celebrated persons who have been my fellow passengers in the different voyages I have made on the great ocean of life.

At a breakfast given by Prince Cariat, Murat's minister at the court of Austria, I found assembled the Dukes of Rocca Romana and Campo Chiaro, Messrs. Schinina and Griffiths, General Filangieri, and Count de Witt. The conversation turned on the fine arts, and the beautiful monuments of architecture and sculpture which adorn the Austrian capital. Among the most remarkable were cited St. Stephen, the equestrian statue of Joseph II., the tomb of Prince Eugene, &c. But Vienna was acknowledged to be richer in monuments of private affection than in those of public gratitude; and among the former was mentioned one, which was said to be peculiarly worthy the admiration of foreigners. This was the mausoleum erected by the Duke of Saxe Teschen to the memory of his consort, the Archduchess Christina. As some of the party had not yet seen it, they proposed taking a view of it after breakfast; and, as I was curious to hear the opinion of these distinguished Italians on

* The Princess Esterhazy, who are at the head of the Hungarian nobility, are among the richest nobles of Europe. The family estates yield a revenue of more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum. The beauty of the princess here alluded to, is a theme of general comment in the highest circles; she adds to her personal appearance by the most graceful and fascinating manners, which are considered a model of elegance and *bon ton*.—Ed.

the exquisite production of their gifted countryman, I offered my services as their *cicerone*. We accordingly repaired to the church of St. Augustin, where, in a small chapel erected for the purpose, stands Canova's thousandth claim to immortality.

Near the summit of a gray marble pyramid, twenty-eight feet high, an angel hovers, with a medallion, bearing the likeness of the lamented archduchess. A lion, sleeping on the steps of the mausoleum, guards its entrance, while the Genius of Grief bends over the lion, in the attitude of profound melancholy. Virtue, who bears in an urn the ashes of the archduchess, guides Innocence and Purity to the steps of the monument; while Charity, supporting an aged man, directs the steps of a weeping orphan to the sanctuary of everlasting repose. The figures are the size of life, and exhibit the most masterly execution.

The contemplation of this monument excited a feeling of admiration and melancholy; a mingled emotion, which no language can adequately describe. The Duke di Rocca Romana, an enlightened connoisseur of art, made many judicious observations on it. After praising the perfect representation of the feebleness of age, in the figure of the old man; the chaste dignity of the figure of Charity; the repose of the lion, &c., he added: "But even the sun has its spots; and I cannot but condemn the spread wings of the Genius of Grief, which are so little in unison with the complete mental dejection expressed in the attitude."

There is so much poetry in the language of educated Italians, and they possess such just and ready discrimination in all that regards the fine arts, that in listening to the remarks of the duke and his friends, I saw a thousand beauties in this *chef d'œuvre*, which had before escaped my attention, and I seemed to view it now for the first time.

There were in the church several other foreigners who like ourselves, had been attracted thither by curiosity. The conversation soon became general, and only one sentiment prevailed, namely admiration.

The habit of meeting each other every day in Vienna created among persons of different countries a sort of friendly feeling, which was both interesting and agreeable. Vienna is so small a city, and its places of public resort so numerous, that people no sooner parted than they met again. Thus, in the space of a few days, an acquaintance was formed which would have required many months' growth in another capital, and under other circumstances.

Count de Witt, with whom I was engaged to dine at Princess Sapieha's, proposed that we should take a turn on the Prater, before the hour appointed for dinner. As some of the gentlemen who had accompanied us to the church of St. Stephen were to stay only a few days in Vienna, they naturally wished to make the most of their time in seeing every thing that was remarkable in the Austrian capital. We accordingly left them to continue their excursions, while we mingled with the promenade in the grand alley of the Prater, which every day at three o'clock was the resort of all the rank and beauty in Vienna. The Englishwomen were remarkable for costly dress, the fair Poles for elegance, and the German ladies for simplicity.

On the way our conversation turned on the difficult situation of the Neapolitan legation at the congress. The count shrewdly analysed the characters of the persons composing it, and gave to each, individually, full credit for a fund of good faith, which deserved to be employed in a better cause. "I really pity," said he, "the peculiar position in which they stand among us. They are present at all the fetes and parties; for every body thinks it an indispensable mark of courtesy to send them invitations, which they conceive it to be their duty to accept. But they must be blessed with a good share of courage to enable them to endure the reserve with which they are treated: they seem to form a sort of *corps diplomatique* apart; and their isolated position is rendered the more conspicuous by their costume. The dress of the court of Naples is always splendid; for the king, taking the very opposite extreme to that adopted by his brother-in-law, displays as much etiquette in his dress as the other affects simplicity. I am particularly sorry for the Duke di Campo Chiaro and Prince Cariat, whose intentions are honourable and upright, but who must necessarily contend unsuccessfully against the perfidious counsellors who surround their king and are preparing his ruin. Castlereagh observed to me, the other day, that the conduct of Murat would infallibly cost him his crown. Still, however, as long as he is upon the throne, it would be but right to abstain from indecorous invective against a man whose elevated rank ought to shield him from in-

* Dutchesse of St. Lea. The reader will find allusions to these romances, for which there is no English word, in the *Memoirs of Hortense*.—Ed.

sult. Besides, the very fact of our having profited by the support of Murat when it was necessary to us, should now be an inviolable shield to him; for had the King of Naples afforded to Napoleon the support which he gave to us, it is probable that we should not now hear the disdainful expressions which are addressed to him, as well as to his representatives at the congress."

The day was gloomy, and the Prater was but thinly attended. However, we met the Emperor Alexander walking with Prince Eugene. The friendship which that monarch entertained for the viceroys, and of which he gave him so many affectionate proofs at the time of the Empress Josephine's death, seemed to increase daily. It was rare to see Alexander unaccompanied by Eugene. At twelve o'clock every day the czar regularly went out dressed in a plain frock coat, and called at the residence of Prince Eugene, situated on the Wieden Kaisergarten: the two princes, after walking once or twice round the ramparts, usually went to see any curious sights which Vienna offered, and then repaired to the Prater.

It would be unnecessary to seek any other grounds for this friendship than the amiable qualities by which Prince Eugene conciliated every heart. The noble disposition which that prince had always evinced was a certain guarantee for his future conduct. But in an exalted mind like Alexander's, the misfortunes by which his interesting young friend had for some time been assailed, was the loadstone which united them more and more intimately together. Yet this friendship found detractors among those who subject every thing to the calculations of interest: those, however, who knew and appreciated the character of the viceroys, esteemed the Emperor Alexander the more highly for the protection which he thus openly extended to him.

As we passed his majesty he stopped for a few moments to speak to Count de Witt. Alexander wore no other decoration than that of the sword of Sweden, which was fastened on the outside of his coat. This, I thought, was a satisfactory augury for the consolidation of the new Swedish dynasty.

The emperor drew Count de Witt a little aside, which gave me the opportunity of exchanging a few words with the viceroys; and even those few words were characterised by that amiability of feeling for which he was so peculiarly remarkable. I had not seen him since my last visit to Milan; but this was not the proper time for opening the conversation, which was every moment likely to be interrupted. Indeed the Emperor Alexander very soon joined us. He spoke of Lady Castlereagh's ball, and his lordship's fondness for dancing. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," observed Prince Eugene; "dancing is the amusement of all times, and frequently of all ages: Socrates learned to dance from Aspasia; and at fifty-six, Cato the censor danced oftener than Lord Castlereagh now does." This remark made the emperor smile. Alexander's noble and handsome countenance would have been exceedingly imposing but that an expression of mildness tempered its dignity. The good natured attention with which he listened to any replies that were addressed to him captivated all with whom he conversed. He was adored by those who enjoyed the honour of his intimacy; and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts at Vienna.

To avoid the embarrassment of precedence of rank among the sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander proposed that it should be determined by age. The monarchs accordingly took their respective ranks in the following order:—

1. King of Württemberg, born in 1754.
2. King of Bavaria, ——— 1756.
3. King of Denmark, ——— 1768.
4. Emperor of Austria, ——— 1768.
5. King of Prussia, ——— 1770.
6. Emperor Alexander, ——— 1777.

Count de Witt and I did not long enjoy the gratification arising from our interesting rendezvous. It was interrupted by Princess de la Tour et Taxis, who alighted from her carriage to accost the Emperor Alexander. This princess, who is sister to the late Queen of Prussia, is alike distinguished for the graces of her person and the accomplishments of her mind. The emperor and Prince Eugene having each offered her his arm, the count and I withdrew to prolong our walk as far as the Last-Haus.

As we were going along I made some inquiry about M. Castaing. "Ah!" exclaimed the general, "your young protégé. Ma foi! if advancement be the natural consequence of the law of motion, I will answer for his getting on under me. By way of beginning, I sent him yesterday as a courier to St. Petersburg. He will find

sledges on the frontiers; and he will have an opportunity of comparing his quiet pedestrian pilgrimage to Vienna with his sliding journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg."

The Emperor Alexander had given Count de Witt some orders relative to a military festival, which was to take place on a very brilliant scale. De Witt entered on a long string of observations on the movements of regiments, manœuvres, plans of campaign, &c.; details which he thoroughly understood and loved to converse about. The Emperor Alexander's officers, though most of them were still very young, had already made so many campaigns and taken part in so many battles, that war had become their element, and they spoke of it like veterans reposing on their laurels. I might easily have recorded in my notes the versions given by my friends of the operations of the different armies during the last ten years of the war. But my object was to write a book of amusement, and not a treatise on military tactics. I recollected the observation of the Prince de Ligne: "That there is as little to be gained by wearying the French as by amusing the Lacedæmonians."

CHAPTER XII.

Prince Stalremburg—Prince Paul Sapiegha and Princess Sapiegha—More remarks relative to Poland—Kosciusko.

Memory is the bequest of the past to the present and the future: it is a treasure which remains when every other is lost.

Conquered nations are deprived of their independence, their prosperity, and even their names; but the voice of memory passes over the ocean of ages, and elevates to a sphere of immortality the glory of their sages and heroes.

When I arrived at Princess Sapiegha's at the hour appointed for dinner, I met Prince Stalremburg just going out. He had declined the princess's invitation on account of a previous engagement with Lord Stewart.

I had not had an opportunity of paying my respects to the prince since my arrival in Vienna, and he accepted my apologies with his usual good natured politeness, which was accompanied by an air at once dignified and easy. I inquired after his family, whose arrival he daily expected. "I am glad," said he, smiling, "to find that you have not forgotten them." "The kind attentions I received from them," replied I, "would have sufficed to fix them in my recollection, independently of the extraordinary circumstance connected with my first introduction at the castle of ———." "Pray, what is that extraordinary circumstance?" inquired Prince Sapiegha. "I will leave Monsieur to tell it you," said the princess; "his memory appears to be very retentive."

Some of the princess's friends now entered; among the number were Princes Lubomirski and Zertvertinsky (chamberlains to the Emperor Alexander), Counts Zavadowski and Komar, the beautiful Countess Rosalie Rezekowska, Mr. Metzel, General Kracinsky, Prince Paul Sapiegha, and Monsieur Aide who was regularly met every where. Prince Paul, the princess's cousin, was the same who distinguished himself in all the battles in which the Poles had been engaged. He was deeply enamoured of his cousin, and he has proved that a profound attachment may become the source of the noblest actions. His mild and dignified countenance assumed an animated expression whenever he alluded to his comrades or his country. Shortly after the congress he was united to his cousin.

At table, the conversation at first turned on the amusements of Vienna; a fertile field, for they varied almost daily. From the current anecdotes of the day, we proceeded to discuss more serious subjects, and very naturally dwelt on the fate of Poland, which is always and every where uppermost in the thoughts of the Poles. Much was said respecting the chances which the new organisation of Poland presented for the future happiness of the country. The measure was considered under every possible form; and some doubts were expressed respecting the sincerity of the promises that had been made, and the possibility of their execution. This little feeling of distrust was neither to be wondered at nor condemned. The Poles have been often enough the victims of their blind credulity. "However," observed Zertvertinsky, "the congress has determined that the Poles, who are the respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain national institutions regulated according to the sort of political existence which those governments may think proper to grant to them. This determination is at least generous. It enables us to embrace a shadow of our country, and we shall no longer see our countrymen wandering abroad, uncertain where

to find a resting place." I ventured to describe the conversation of the preceding evening between M. Novosilsof and the Prince de Ligne, and I quoted from memory some passages which the Emperor Alexander had written in his own hand on the manuscript project of the constitution.

"This is sufficiently consolatory," said General Kracinsky; "for it is with nations as with individuals, little circumstances frequently determine their fate. These circumstances should be seized on and turned to good account, for they occur only at distant intervals. Perhaps the hour of our regeneration has arrived, and will make us forget that monstrous dismemberment, the first attack upon the existence of nations since the downfall of the Roman empire, and the great incursions of the northern barbarians."

"I expect shortly to see Kosciusko in Vienna," said the Countess Rosalie. "Our Paris friends being of opinion that his presence here might be serviceable to the interests of our country, requested him to come. He immediately acceded to our wishes; and I doubt not that his arrival, which will be given in the noble confidence of truth, will have great weight with our king; for the emperor has always entertained a high esteem for him." "When I lately left Kosciusko at Paris," said Prince Lubomirski, "he gave me the copy of a letter which he had addressed to the emperor, and which breathed sentiments of the most devoted patriotism. He formerly resisted Napoleon's efforts to render him the instrument of a general insurrection. He foresaw that it would be attended by no better results than those which have already followed our many fruitless sacrifices. He now thinks the moment more favourable for fixing our future destiny, and he expresses his hopes and wishes in his letter to the emperor. As I happen to have it about me, I will, with your permission, read it."

"Sire,—If I venture from my retirement to address my urgent prayers to an exalted monarch, it is because I regard as the greatest of men him whose magnanimity equals his genius. In the confidence which this conviction inspires, I supplicate that your imperial majesty, the benefactor of mankind, will grant an unrestricted amnesty to Poland: that the peasants now in foreign countries may be free on returning to their native land;—that your majesty on declaring yourself king of Poland, will give her a constitution similar to that of Great Britain;—that public schools, for the instruction of the peasantry be established and maintained out of the funds of the treasury;—that slavery shall be abolished in ten years, and at the expiration of which time every labourer become the owner of a piece of ground, which he has himself cultivated."

"Should my prayers be listened to, Sire, I have only one more boon to ask, which is, that I may be permitted, though ill, to come and throw myself at your feet, to take the first oath of fidelity to you, and to render that homage due to you as my sovereign, and the benefactor of my country."

"This," exclaimed the Countess Rosalie, "is worthy of Kosciusko. His heroic patriotism will, no doubt, be duly appreciated by the sovereign who said,—'May peace and content once more reign throughout the world! I may every nation derive happiness from its own laws and government! may religion be respected, and the arts and sciences encouraged for the general benefit of mankind!' These noble words of Alexander will be fulfilled. Kosciusko will recall them to his majesty's recollection."

"What did Kosciusko say," inquired Prince Paul Sapiegha, "to the story which has recently appeared in the public papers, and which redounds so highly to his honour?"—"In spite of his modesty," replied Prince Lubomirski, "I could plainly perceive that he was pleased with that unquestionable mark of the respect in which he is held." "But is the story as related really true?"—"The facts are these," said the prince:

"On the invasion of France by the allied troops, a party of cossacks entered a little village, called Cugny, near Berville, where they pursued their usual course of spoliation and plunder. They reached a rural habitation, and having broken down the fence which enclosed the grounds, they marched towards the house. At the door they were met by an old man, who endeavoured to point out to them the injustice and cruelty of their unsoldier-like conduct. But the lawless horde, brandishing their spears over his head, declared their determination to pillage the cottage. 'Soldiers,' said the old man, uncovering his bosom, which was scarred by wounds, 'you must respect the dwelling of a soldier, or dishonour yourselves by a crime.' 'Who are you?' said the leader of the cossacks, 'who know our language, and dare presume to address us thus?' 'I am Kosciusko!' . . . On hear-

ing that name, which is synonymous with glory and virtue, the savage soldiers threw themselves at the hero's feet, and implored his pardon."

"This anecdote," said the Countess Rosalie, "is the noblest eulogium that can be pronounced on Kosciusko. The most eloquent language could not convey a more exalted idea of the sublimity of his character."

"A similar testimonial of respect," observed I, "was shown by the enemies of Louis the XIV. and of France, to the author of Telamachus. When they ravaged our provinces, they spared only the possessions of the immortal bishop of Cambray." "Those may well be proud," said Princess Sapiegha, "who can call such men their countrymen. One feels elevated in one's own estimation by having sprung from the soil which gave them birth."

"As soon as Platoff discovered the abode of Kosciusko," resumed Prince Lubomirski, "he directed a guard of honour to be stationed at his door; this mark of respect was no less creditable to the great man who was the object of it, than to him who rendered such a homage to modest merit."

Kosciusko did not arrive soon enough to see the Emperor Alexander at Vienna; but he met his majesty at Brunn. Kosciusko had a long interview with the emperor, in which he spoke to him of the object of his journey. The memorable words uttered on that occasion by the sovereign, who never promised in vain, proved how Alexander identified himself with the hopes of his new subjects.

On his return from the congress of Vienna, Kosciusko met at Solure his old friend M. Zeltner. This circumstance induced him to fix his residence in Switzerland. The 15th of October, 1817, was a day of eternal mourning for Poland. Kosciusko died at Solure of a nervous fever, in the arms of his friend Zeltner, regretted by all the inhabitants of the canton, and above all, by the unfortunate whom he loved to collect around him.

When, on the 31st of October, the last honours were rendered to the Polish general in the Church of Saint Roch, in Paris, General Lafayette seized the opportunity of expressing the attachment and respect he had always entertained for his old companion in arms. The numerous friends to whom Kosciusko's noble qualities had endeared him during a long residence in France attended his funeral, and seemed to deplore his loss like that of a brother.

Men who have defended the laws of their country, without dishonouring the just cause by any unworthy act, well deserve a tribute of public homage at the moment when the tomb closes over their mortal remains. Kosciusko was honoured, even by the sovereigns against whom he had borne arms in defence of his country.

Before the company rose from table Lubomirski proposed the health of the Polish hero; a toast which, of course, met the cordial approbation of all present.

During dinner politics were discussed; but when the dessert was laid, Princess Sapiegha pressed me to relate the anecdote to which Prince Stahrenberg had alluded. "It possesses no interest, madam, to any one but me," I replied; "I doubt whether it will afford you the least amusement. However, if such be your wish, you shall hear it."

CHAPTER XIII.

Anecdote alluded to by Prince Stahrenberg—Ruins of Durnstein.—Unexpected meeting with a beautiful young girl among them—Her presence there accounted for.

"When I sit down to collect my scattered recollections, I am carried back in imagination to scenes which I shall certainly never see again; and feel revived those dreams of early life to which I owe so many delightful hours. If these sketches abound in romantic incidents, it is because such incidents have been of frequent occurrence during my life."

"About two years ago, some important business which the banking-house of Tourton and Ravel had to transact with Prince Stahrenberg induced the head of that firm to go to Vienna."

"On leaving the Austrian capital, M. Tourton, who had been long my banker and friend, proposed returning to Paris by the way of Munich. At that time I also intended to visit Bavaria, and I joyfully accepted M. Tourton's offer to travel with him."

"Prince Stahrenberg, wishing to set off to his country residence before the business was finally arranged with M. Tourton, invited the latter to stop on his way to Munich at the castle of * * *, situated on the extreme frontier of Austria. The prince, on learning that I was to be M. Tourton's travelling companion, politely in-

cluded me in the invitation; and a few days afterwards we set off on our journey."

"In consequence of an accident which happened to our carriage, we were obliged to stop at Emmersdorf, and, according to the custom of travellers, I asked what there was worth seeing in the town and its neighbourhood. 'Very little in the town,' replied our hostess; 'but perhaps you have never seen the ruins of the castle of Durnstein, which all travellers visit who pass this way. You of course know that it is the place in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined; and if you would like to go and see it, I will send you a guide.' I accepted my landlady's offer, and asked M. Tourton to accompany me; but he had some accounts to revise, and he begged me to excuse him."

"After crossing the Danube in a little boat, kept at this place for the accommodation of travellers, I ascended, with considerable difficulty, an almost perpendicular rock composed of huge masses of granite. Its base is washed by the river, and on its summit stands the castle of Durnstein."

"The banks of the Danube are celebrated for the diversity of their picturesque scenery; but to describe the beauty of this particular spot would require the pencil of a Claude or a Ruysdael. The grand spectacles created by the hand of nature seem to acquire new lustre from historical associations. Thus while I gazed on the ruins of Durnstein, I fancied I saw hovering around them the shades of the great Saladin, Frederick Red Beard, Philip of France, the Knights of St. John and the Temple, who, from the deserts of Syria, came to render homage to the courage of Plantagenet Cœur de Lion."

"Since the year 1645, when the Swedes made themselves masters of this castle, it has been nothing but a heap of ruins, now partly concealed by ivy. However, the tower in which Richard is said to have been confined still exists entire."

"I had considerably outstripped my guide in my impatience to reach the scene of Blondel's devoted fidelity, and of the love of Margaret of Flanders for the illustrious prisoner. You may imagine my surprise when, at the entrance of a cavern dug in the rock (which is said to have been Richard's dungeon), I beheld a young female, whose exquisite beauty seemed to realise all that imagination can conceive. She appeared to be about sixteen years of age. The dazzling fairness of her complexion was shaded by the blush of modesty. A girdle encircled her slender waist and confined a light robe of muslin, while some ringlets of beautiful fair hair waved over her forehead, and descended in graceful clusters upon her neck of alabaster. She had in her hand a small drawing and a porte-crayon. She glided past me so rapidly that I had not time to utter a word, even if I could have presumed to do so; but the mute language of my eyes must have sufficiently expressed my admiration. She descended a path cut in the rock, and I followed her with my looks as long as she continued in sight;—nay, I stood gazing after her even when the little trees and shrubs which here and there cluster on the mountain had concealed her from my view. On recovering from my reverie, it seemed as if the beautiful object whom I had just beheld was all I had come to see. With her all the interest of the scene had vanished. The cavern, that monument of treachery, seemed like a temple, the presiding deity of which had for a moment revealed her presence, and then disappeared. Thus are the most powerful emotions excited by the most simple causes."

"I hastily made a sketch of the ruins, without stopping to read the innumerable names inscribed on the stone walls of the tower, or the verses in various languages, which I saw traced on the projecting masses of rock. I descended the mountain, anxiously hoping to catch another glimpse of the beautiful incognita; but I saw no more of her. I reached the boat and gained the opposite bank of the river, dreaming on what now appeared to me to be a vision of another world."

"After remunerating my guide, I returned to the inn, where M. Tourton informed me, with no small mortification, that our carriage required more repairs than had at first been supposed, and that we could not leave Emmersdorf that night. I sat down to finish my sketch of Durnstein, and I showed it to M. Tourton; at the same time relating to him my delightful adventure of the morning. 'Travellers, poets, and painters,' said he, 'have the privilege of seeing wonders every where, and I should not be surprised if, Don Quixote-like, you have mistaken some ruddy milkmaid for a heroine of romance. However, your sketch is very pretty; and on your return to Paris, you may compare it with that made by Denon, from which the *Theatre de Feydeau* copied the scene for Gretry's opera of Richard Cœur de Lion.'

"Next morning at day-break we continued our journey, passing along a beautiful road bordered with trees in full blossom, which shed the most delicious perfume. The beautiful prospects which are every where visible between the trees render this part of Lower Austria a perfect paradise to the traveller."

"My companion, who was much fatigued, having sat up the whole of the preceding night, fell asleep in a corner of the carriage, and left me to muse undisturbedly on the object which had so greatly charmed me, and from which I now thought myself separated for ever."

"Four good horses and a liberal allowance of trinket for our postillions, soon enabled us to clear twelve German posts; and at five o'clock we reached the castle of Prince Stahrenberg. The prince received us with all the cordial hospitality for which he is distinguished. He himself conducted us to our chambers, where we found taste and splendour combined with those comforts which the prince had brought with him from England, where he had long resided as ambassador. 'Now, gentlemen, said the prince, I hope you will dispense with ceremony. We dine at six o'clock; and when you have finished dressing, I shall be happy to present you to my family.'"

"We were not long at our toilet, and on descending to the drawing-room, we found the princess and a few ladies assembled. The prince immediately introduced us;—but what was my astonishment, on advancing to make my bow to the princess, to see, seated beside her the same lovely girl whom I had met the preceding day at the ruins of Durnstein! So great was my amazement, that I could not repress an exclamation, which of course not a little surprised the company. The princess, for by that title she was now introduced to me, appeared no less confused than I. I thought the best way to put an end to this embarrassment was candidly to explain the cause of it. 'Madam,' said I, addressing Princess Stahrenberg, 'permit me to apologise for an exclamation which must have appeared to you very extraordinary. The truth is, I could not help being astonished at unexpectedly meeting here a young lady whom I could (were it not impossible) almost swear I saw yesterday at the ruins of Durnstein.' 'Yes, mamma,' said the young princess, colouring, 'the gentleman is quite right. While the carriage was getting ready I ascended to the castle in order to finish a sketch of one of the views of the Danube, and at the entrance of Richard's Tower I met this gentleman.' 'That encounter may be easily accounted for,' said Prince Stahrenberg. 'The house at the foot of the mountain belongs to me, and the princess and my daughters left it yesterday evening to join me here. The only difference is, that the ladies travelled in the night, and you, gentlemen, in the day.'

"The announcement of dinner put an end to the explanation, but not to my surprise; and though the banquet was seasoned with interesting conversation, interspersed with those lively anecdotes which the prince knows so well how to relate, I could think of nothing but the singular adventure I had just encountered. 'The dinner was followed by a delightful evening. If I had been struck with the beauty of the young princess at first sight, I was now enabled to admire and appreciate her accomplishments. Though endowed with talent of a superior order, and possessing acquisitions far beyond her years, she was devoid of every thing like affectation or vanity. To her night justly be applied the lines of Fontenelle:—*On vous a tout appris, hormis à plaire, et c'est cependant ce que vous savez le mieux.*"

"M. Tourton merely wanted Prince Stahrenberg's signature to some papers; consequently all was arranged in the course of the evening, and next day we left the castle, which, probably, I may never see again; but where I certainly passed a few of the happiest hours of my life."

"Here," said Count Zaradowski, "you have the groundwork of a comic opera ready prepared. It has the unity of time if not the unity of place, and it would be sure to succeed in Vienna, where it is no uncommon thing to see one dramatic subject divided into three different parts, and performed on three different evenings. Your drama has two distinct parts, and you only want the third, with the usual *dénouement* of a marriage; and now you are returned to Vienna to find your heroine." "Such gratifying observations," observed the princess, "have often been brought about without so sympathetic a commencement." "You may jest," said I, as long as you please; "but all your merriment cannot banish the charm which in my mind is connected with the recollection of this incident."

The princess now adjourned to the drawing-room, where the Countess Lanskaronska and several other ladies were assembled. Coffee and ices were handed

round, card-tables were laid out, and the company amused themselves with that absence of formality which is one of the greatest charms of Vienna society. Count Zaradewski proposed that I should accompany him to a ball at the Apollo Saal, and I readily accepted the invitation. As Count de Witt had to go to Princess Bagration's to receive the final orders of the Emperor Alexander relative to the preparations for the military fête, we took with us M. Aidé, and repaired to the brilliant temple of pleasure situated in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

CHAPTER XV.

Masked ball at the Apollo Saal.—The sovereigns *incognito* there.—The King of Bavaria—His partiality for Count Rechberg.—The *minuet*—Supper at the Saal.

We should receive with indulgence those productions which serve to characterise the manners of our times, and not be too distrustful, lest we be unjust. By collecting a few light or graceful sketches of manners, and tracing the portraits of the actors in the great drama of which we have been witnesses, we shall prepare for our successors a path which will lead them to truth.

I never witnessed any thing equal in splendour and picturesque effect to the scene presented by the Apollo Saal on the night of the masked ball supper—it was absolutely the world in miniature. The whole formed by a union of various and incongruous parts, exhibited a more extraordinary *coup d'œil*; and it might be truly said, that, in this instance, disorder was the highest effort of art.

All the amusements which took place at Vienna during the congress were on a scale of grandeur worthy of the exalted individuals in whose honour they were prepared. The masked ball was a perfectly unique entertainment, and in point of splendour it fully realised some of the most brilliant descriptions in the "Arabian Nights."

The spacious building in which the entertainment took place exhibited the most ingenious diversity in fitting up, &c. There were illuminated saloons, fragrant groves, Turkish kiosks, and Lapland huts. In the centre of the principal supper-room rose an immense rock, from whence, amidst clusters of flowers, issued cascades, which fell into basins containing fish. On the adornment of this room every possible variety of decoration seemed to have been lavished, and hundreds of variegated lamps and wax-lights, sparkling in chandeliers of crystal, diffused their radiance on every surrounding object.

When we arrived the chief portion of the company had already assembled. I was told that there were not less than eight or ten thousand persons present; but when the company gradually betook themselves to the various amusements of the evening, the assemblage, numerous as it was, did not prove too great for the space allotted to their reception.

The first person I met on my entrance was Zibin, who was walking with the King of Prussia. As Zibin was short, and the King of Prussia very tall, his head was almost under his majesty's arm; but notwithstanding the inconvenience of this position, it was exceedingly gratifying to the young courtier.

My two companions met so many of their acquaintances, that I was soon separated from them. I however, joined Griffiths and Tettenborn, and we seated ourselves near one of the doors; a situation in which we could observe the whole of the company as they promaded the vast suite of rooms. The freedom attached to the *incognito* observed by the sovereigns at public balls led them to prefer these entertainments to the formality of private court parties. They gladly exchanged empty demonstrations of respect for sincere testimonies of affection. Consequently they were affable and communicative, and seemed even thankful that they could, for a while, lay aside the burden of exalted rank. Besides the habit of continually seeing them for several weeks had considerably exhausted curiosity, particularly in a place like Vienna, where every individual may approach his sovereign as he would his father. Indeed, in that modern Babylon, important events and celebrated persons crowded so thickly together, that the interest excited by any one in particular did not usually last longer than three days.

The King of Bavaria and his two sons were among the latest arrivals. His majesty was attended by his chamberlain, Count Charles von Rechberg, who stepped up to me, and engaged me to sup with him after the king should retire. While he was talking to me some one came behind him, and gently pinching his ear, said:—"Well, gossip, what are you doing there?"

This was no other than the King of Bavaria himself. On perceiving him, Tettenborn and I immediately rose, and the king, turning to us, said, with that air of good nature so peculiar to him, "Do not disturb yourselves, I beg, gentlemen; but, I assure you, it is always thus with the count. As soon as I turn my head he is off, and I must perform the office of public crier to find him again." Count von Rechberg excused himself, by observing that he had unexpectedly met a friend; and he easily obtained forgiveness for his little breach of duty. The tone of the remonstrance, and the playful correction which accompanied it, sufficiently proved how fully he possessed the affection of his sovereign.

"Ah!" said Mr. Griffiths, as soon as his majesty had left us, "that prince has acquired a celebrity of which time will not deprive him, for good kings are more immortal than great ones. The count says truly of Maximilian, that when released from the cares of state, his social qualities constitute the delight of his friends."

I soon distinguished amidst the throng the noble figure of the Prince de Ligne, who, advancing towards me, said, "I am glad I have found you. There are some persons here to whom I wish you to introduce me. I have already been your *cicerone*, and now you have an opportunity of paying your debt."—"Willingly," said I, "prince." I conducted him round the rooms, and every new surprise elicited from him some of those happy remarks which imparted such magic to his conversation. "This," said he, "is in the style of the fêtes given by Prince Potemkin to the Empress of Russia in his palace of the Taurida, where he exhausted the treasures of the empire to prove his attachment to his sovereign. It is however to be regretted that all these decorations are not constructed with the cement employed by the Romans, which was not composed of eggs, as fabulous historians have alleged, but of a particular kind of stone, which was calcined and afterwards reduced to powder."

We retired to the billiard-room, which was fitted up as a Chinese temple. Here we found the King of Denmark, attended only by a single chamberlain. He accented the Prince de Ligne with those testimonials of esteem, which all the sovereigns evinced for the man whom their fathers had so highly distinguished. The prince presented me to his majesty, who immediately recollected me, though I had not seen him since he was prince royal. "Have you learned German," enquired he, "since you left Copenhagen?"—"No, sire," I replied; "but I have not forgotten the short lesson which your majesty condescended to give me." He kindly enquired after my family. "The events which have taken place within the few last months," said he, "have been favourable to their interests. I suppose they are now in France." I returned thanks for his flattering enquiries, assuring him how gratifying they would prove to the individuals who were remembered by him. His majesty maintained a conversation of some length with the Prince de Ligne, which afforded me an opportunity of appreciating his amiable *bonhomie* and extensive information. I observed no change in his personal appearance since I had last seen him. He was still pale and thin, and his hair, which was a light blond nearly approaching to white, was perfectly in keeping with the peculiar expression of his countenance. In short, I saw before me precisely the same individual who had formerly excited my merriement and my alarm; and whose countenance reminded me of a period of my life when gratitude for a benefit conferred by that excellent prince eternally engraved his memory in my heart.

When his majesty had left us, the Prince de Ligne said to me: "What did you allude to when you spoke of your first lesson in German? As to the king recollecting you as well as if he had seen you but yesterday, I am not surprised at that. Sovereigns have always good memories."—"I will tell you the little anecdote about my German lesson," replied I, "at another time."

We entered the grand ball-room, where we found kings, generals, and statesmen, mingled in the crowd with persons of very inferior rank; and here and there might be seen a princely Almativa, who apparently preferred the charms of some simple Rosina to the studied graces of courtly coquettes.

We were now joined by Zibin, whom I congratulated on the footing of favour on which he stood with the King of Prussia. "To preserve that favour," said the Prince de Ligne, "be sparing of your praises. The time has gone by when kings were to be caught by words. Compliments à la *Laucun* will not captivate our modern *Louis Quatorzes*."

In company with several of the sovereigns we amused

ourselves by observing some of the citizens of Vienna who were gravely dancing the minuet; an indispensable ceremony at all German balls. "At the old court of France," said the Prince de Ligne, "this used to be managed better. I cannot help recollecting with a feeling of gratification the minuet I danced at the Grand Trianon with the charming Marquise de Coigny: Though a Frenchman," added he, "you are yet too young to belong to that school, and I doubt whether the minuet now forms a part of the choreographic study."—"It still forms the basis of that study, prince," replied I: "yet, if I remember rightly, you characterise the minuet in one of your works as a *grace stupide*."—"It is not fair to be eternally quarrelling with an author about words. I have composed maxims, without having a claim to wisdom on that account. I may frankly confess that I have described the faults of others by observing my own, and it is not impossible that I called the minuet a *grace stupide* after having danced it myself."—"Be that as it may, prince, I think there is a lady here whose dancing might induce you to alter your opinion of the minuet. If you please I will give you an opportunity of judging." Then approaching the Princess of Hesse-Philippstätt, whom I perceived with her mother in the circle, I said, "Do me the honour, princess, to dance the *minuet de la cour*, in order to convince the Prince de Ligne that the graces of the grave dance are not irrecoverably lost." The princess rose, Zibin lent me his uniform hat, and recollecting the lessons of Abraham, who had been the young princess's dancing-master in Paris, we performed the minuet with tolerable precision. The prince was charmed, and expressed his satisfaction to the princess by one of those elegant compliments which were then much envied in Vienna; for the sayings of the Prince de Ligne already seemed to belong to tradition.

Count Rechberg, who had collected his guests, was now searching for me, and little dreamed that I was in the principal saloon maintaining the honours of the classic dance. As soon as I had conducted the young princess to her mother, he took me, together with the Prince de Ligne, and Zibin, into the supper-room, where all his friends had assembled at table. After admiring the decorations of the supper-room, we pronounced some well-merited eulogies on the cooks, then praised the wines, and at last, as usual, complimented the *véritable Amphitryon*. At a table near us were seated Prince Kosloffsky, Alfred and Stanislaus Potocki, and some other Russians attached to the emperor's suite. A little further off, I espied Tettenborn, Nostitz, Borrel, and Hesse-Homburg. Healths were toasted, bon-mots exchanged, and wit and champagne sparkled in brilliant rivalry.

The princes of Bavaria were of our party. I happened to sit next to Prince Charles; and my residence at Munich enabled me to converse about persons and things which were interesting to us both. I reminded him of the accident at the bridge of the Izard; an occasion on which he evinced so much courage and humanity. [In 1813, the breaking of a dyke occasioned a great swell of the river Izard. Multitudes of people assembled on the bridge to witness the spectacle: the swell of the water, however, soon increased to such a degree of violence and rapidity, that the bridge was broken, and almost entirely washed away. Prince Charles, who happened to be near the spot when the accident occurred, by his courageous exertions saved several persons from an untimely grave. Upwards of three hundred lives were lost.] "And here we are both at Vienna," said he, "surrounded by pleasure and amusement. Really, this seems a land of enchantment, and one may say of it, what a clever Frenchman said of Paris: '*C'est le lieu du monde où l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur*.'"—Certainly, prince, Vienna is a delightful place to those who have nothing but amusement to seek."—"All my family are here; therefore what else have I to seek or to wish for?"—"Oh, nothing, prince, unless it were perhaps the presence of one who is now in Munich." At this allusion the veteran general of two-and-twenty blushed like a girl of fifteen. The prince royal (now King of Bavaria) sat next to Count Rechberg, who did the honours in his usual agreeable way. This prince, though less brilliant than his brother Charles, is distinguished for learning, for an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his country, and a refined taste for the arts. The count possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of telling a story agreeably, one of the greatest charms of conversation. He has seen much of the world, and describes ably what he has seen; so that, aided by the gaiety of his friends, the

supper was delightful. Zavařowski, who said he had been searching for me for some time, came and sat by me. Two other tables were now joined to ours, and as the libations were in proportion to the increased number of the guests, the wine flowed to the conversation became animated. "We have not had a display of fireworks among the evening's entertainments," said the Prince de Ligne; "but the flashes of wit that prevail here make ample amends for the deficiency." At length, at a late hour, the party separated, all evidently disposed to rank the evening among their most gratifying recollections of Vienna.

CHAPTER XV.

Introduction to Mr. R.—Isahey's unlucky leap—Narrow escape from Napoleon's resentment—Successful intercession of Josephine.

It is sometimes advisable not to approach too closely to those whose virtues or talents are loudly extolled by the public voice. On a near acquaintance we frequently incur the risk of seeing enthusiasm give place to an opposite sentiment; for few are able to support the *clat* of a great name or a brilliant reputation.

"I must introduce you," said Mr. Griffiths, when he called on me one morning, "to a countryman of mine, who now rivals Fonceron in giving dinners; but whose luxurious extravagance bids fair soon to eclipse the unostentatious comfortableness of Fonceron's Friday parties." [Mr. Fonceron was an English merchant, who, after amassing a considerable fortune at Loughborough, settled at Vienna, where he acquired some celebrity by giving every Friday a true English dinner, at which beef-steaks were served up in a style which might have vied with the London Beefsteak Club, of which the witty Captain Morris has been for some years president. Mr. Fonceron, who was hump-backed, married a young lady, who, though remarkable for the beauty of her countenance and her various accomplishments, possessed the same deformity as her husband, whom therefore she could not reproach for his personal disadvantages.] Having no engagement, I accepted Griffiths' invitation to accompany him. On our way he gave me some account of the person we were going to visit. "His name is R——," said he, "and that is almost all I know about him. He is one of those singular and mysterious beings who, like Counts St. Germain and Cagliostro, the original models of fortune-hunters, seem to live on any thing but their own property. In the course of my peregrinations I have met him in various parts of the world, and I have always found him living up to a scale of magnificence which denotes, if not the possession, at least the facility of obtaining wealth. The first time I saw him was in India, at the residence of Lord Cornwallis. We were then both very young. R—— was in the English army, and had distinguished himself at the taking of Seringapatam. Since then I have seen him in Egypt, in Sweden, and at Hamburg. During the peace of Amiens I met him in Paris, and he then told me he had just returned from Moscow. Now he is in Vienna, living in magnificence, giving sumptuous dinners, and keeping the highest company. But you shall see him, and judge of him yourself; for I have no doubt he will invite you to one of his dinners, if only from ostentation."

As he finished speaking we entered the court-yard of the magnificent hotel of Count Rosenberg, where Mr. R—— had fixed his temporary residence. He received us with that air of overstrained politeness common to men whose good breeding is not the result of instinctive feeling, or of long and continued intercourse with refined society. He talked with great self-importance about his house, his furniture, his equipages and his horses: then, coming to the favourite topic of his dinners, he gave us a list of the princes and great men who were his frequent guests; and, as Griffiths had foretold, he concluded by saying, "Pray, gentlemen, pardon this short invitation, and honour me with your company to dinner to-day. I expect the hereditary Princes of Bavaria and Württemberg, Sir Sidney Smith, General Jomini, and some ambassadors and other persons of distinction, whom you know as well as I." Griffiths, eager to give me an opportunity of witnessing one of R——'s much-talked-of dinners, accepted the invitation; and leaving our Amphitryon to make the requisite arrangements for his serissimo banquet, we went off to amuse ourselves until the appointed hour.

After making a few visits, we called on Isahey, to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. We found him in his *atelier*, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with most of

the distinguished characters of his day. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isahey was just finishing when I first met him at Schœnbrunn; also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner?" said I. "Unquestionably," replied Isahey; "and that, together with his other remarkable habit of steeping his head, at one time well-nigh proved fatal to me. During the consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte's young aides-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the chateau, to play at leap-frog: you know that was a favourite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when, a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not yet completed my task, I ran forward; but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck. I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least ten yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation to the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris; and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the hearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task; for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed, her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence, to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

"On my return home I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries; and it was during my temporary retirement that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the consul, obtained my pardon, and my recall to court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair was in Josephine's apartments, and stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me on the cheek, saying, '— Really, sir, if people will play such tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly.' 'Mon Dieu!' said Josephine, laughing, 'if you had seen his look of terror when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility.'"

Isahey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery; and he accompanied the story with such expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visibly before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon prostrate on the ground, and then rising to vent his rage, like angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.

After thanking Isahey for the treat he had afforded us, and setting down our names on the list of subscribers for the engraving of his fine picture of the Congress of Vienna, we took our leave, requesting the artist's permission to return occasionally to inspect his interesting gallery of portraits, which was constantly augmenting. This permission Isahey readily granted, while at the same time he accepted an invitation to dine with us on the following day.

His picture is now almost generally known, through the medium of the engraving. It represents the hall of the congress, at the moment when the Duke of Wellington

was introduced by Prince Metternich. The artist has given to each countenance the expression appropriate to the occasion; and the striking resemblances have confirmed Isahey's well-merited reputation as a portrait painter. The picture is a valuable monument of history as well as of the arts.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mehl-Grub—Tombs of the royal family—Remarks thereon of Prince de Ligne—Anecdote of the Emperor Joseph—The Grand-duke Constantine—Monsieur Arde.

At the Congress of Vienna, so many different events were crowded together, so many various pictures exhibited, and so many intrigues developed, that though I retain a vivid recollection of the facts, and the impression they produced, yet I may sometimes fall into the error of confounding the order of dates. I was then at that delightful period of life when youth makes flattering promises which advancing years but rarely fulfil, and I viewed every object through a prism which time but too speedily broke.

On leaving the *atelier* of Isahey, we proposed calling on the Prince de Ligne; and as we were crossing the bridge of the Danube we met Prince Ypsilanti and Princess Suwaroff walking in the same direction. They informed us that they were going to the Mehl-Grub, to see the tombs of the royal family in the Capuchin chapel. As we knew it was yet too early to find the Prince de Ligne up, we accepted their invitation to accompany them.

On our arrival at the chapel we were received by a monk, who, having lighted a large torch, conducted us to the vaults. There are nine tombs of the emperors, thirteen of empresses, and altogether about eighty of individuals of the imperial family. "Here," said the monk, as we entered the vault, "Maria Theresa daily heard mass for the space of thirty years, in sight of the sepulchre which she had prepared for herself beside the tomb of her husband." That illustrious woman had suffered so much in early youth, that the thought of the instability of life never forsook her, even amidst her greatness. There have been many instances of this earnest devotion among sovereigns; for as they are obedient only to Death, his irresistible power makes the more forcible impression on them. The difficulties of life intervene between us and the grave; whilst, with kings, all flows on smoothly till the close of life, which, for that very reason, is frequently the most engrossing subject of their thoughts.

Having contemplated for a short time the monuments of the illustrious dead, we began to ascend the steps of the vault, when the light of several torches announced the approach of rather a numerous party. In another moment we were met by the Grand-duke Constantine, Princess Bagration, Count Nesselrode, Princes Kosloff, sky, Schenckroff, and several other persons of rank. Our guide informed us that all the foreigners then in Vienna, and even the sovereigns, had been several times to visit the catacombs. Thus those who were conspicuous in the gaiety of the fête were naturally led to reflections on the tomb. The poets of all ages have been fond of these contrasts; and fate has but too frequently brought them together.

On leaving the church Ypsilanti and the princess accompanied us as far as the residence of the Prince de Ligne on the ramparts. The scene which we had just quitted naturally gave our conversation a serious turn. The princess compared the vaults of the Capuchin convent to those of the monastery of Petchersky at Kiow, in which most of the saints of that monastery are buried in open biers. Kiow is visited by numbers of pilgrims, who travel on foot from Casan and other places on the confines of Asia. "Nothing," observed the princess, "can more forcibly prove the power of religious zeal than these distant pilgrimages, which, were they undertaken for any other object, would probably be deemed impracticable; but the hope of future reward soothes the toil of the present."

"When passing through Cracow," said I, "I visited the tombs of the kings of Poland in the vaults of the cathedral. There too the tombs are open, and the embalmed bodies are decorated with the attributes of royalty: the ermine mantle, the jewelled diadem and sceptre, and all the emblems of vanished power, form a striking contrast with the ravages of death. The union of earthly greatness and mortality leaves a profound impression on the feelings. Such a picture of annihilation seems to say to those who contemplate it, 'You whom life has not yet abandoned, death will teach you how to die.' In a subterranean vault the mind is not imbued with that soft

melancholy which is felt in an open place like a churchyard.—But," observed I, addressing myself to the princess, "if the marble or the iron conceals the visible effects of death, as in the convent of the Capuchins, and in the church of the Annunciation at St. Petersburg, when the monuments are decorated with inscriptions, recording glorious reflections of the deceased, the reflections excited are of a less awful kind."

As it was a festival day there was a considerable concourse of people on the ramparts. "What a gratifying spectacle it is," said Princess Suwaroff, "to see this assemblage of the working class of people, whose smiling countenances and respectable dress afford the best indication that they enjoy the reward of happy industry!"—"In Vienna," observed Griffiths, "beggars are never seen mingling in such an assemblage as this. Charitable establishments are here managed on a scale of superior order and liberality: private and public benevolence is directed with a spirit of justice; and the people themselves have in general more industry and commercial intelligence than in other parts of Germany: in short, every thing in Austria bears the stamp of a paternal, wise, and religious government."

On reaching the rampart we perceived a crowd of persons collected round the carriage of Maria Louisa, who had been paying a visit to the Empress of Russia. A feeling of reserve, highly commendable in the peculiar delicacy of her situation, kept Maria Louisa apart from all the gaudies of Vienna. She was never present at any court party or public ceremony; but wherever she appeared she was received with the greatest respect. On the day here alluded to we observed some expression of public feeling respecting the imperial arms of France, which still appeared on the panels of the archduchess's carriage, and on the buttons of her liveries. Indeed it is not impossible that observations on this subject reached the ear of Maria Louisa as she stepped in and out of her carriage, for from that day the arms and livery were changed.

On reaching the Prince de Ligne's door we took leave of the princess and Ypsilanti. We went up stairs, and found the prince, contrary to his usual custom at two o'clock, up and sitting in his library, which was also his bed-chamber, and the room for receiving his morning visitors. It was situated at the top of the house, and the prince called it the last perch of his *parrot's cage*; the name he gave to his little house on the ramparts, which had only one room on a floor.

Every morning I was in the habit of rendering an account to the Prince de Ligne of all that I had seen and done on the previous day. At that happy period of my life I was chiefly occupied with the pleasures of society; and I was delighted to study, under so able a master, a living chapter of mankind, and to learn the biography of some of the actors in the moving panorama; not one of whom escaped his excellent memory and judicious remarks. We told the prince where we had been, and also what the monks of the Capuchin convent had related to us respecting Maria Theresa.—"This reminds me," said the prince, "of a remark made by the Emperor Joseph II. When he permitted the Augarten to be thrown open to the public, a lady of the court complained that she could no longer enjoy the recreation of walking there among her equals. 'If we were all confined to the society of our equals,' replied the emperor, 'the only place in which I could take an airing would be the vaults of the Capuchin convent, for there alone I should find my equals.'—"As we were leaving the vaults," said I to the prince, "the Grand-duke Constantine, MM. Nesselrode, Amstel, and several others, came to see the tombs, and our guide informed us that the place has been frequently visited by the sovereigns."—"No doubt," replied the prince, "minds agitated by public affairs may there enjoy repose. As to the grand-duke he does not seem to be very popular here. Yesterday, when I attended a review of some new regiments, I saw him at the head of his. He has a noble air and a military bearing; but he affects too much servility in the presence of his brother, and appears to be as much an enthusiast for slavery as another would be for liberty. Cz—, who accompanied me to the review, when I made these remarks, said, 'Look back on the portrait of his father, which you have traced in one of your letters to the Prince of Kaunitz; it applies to Constantine with a very few exceptions.'"

"His heart is sound, but the rectitude of his judgment is a matter of chance. He is amiable in society, intractable in business, and a passionate lover of justice; but his enthusiasm frequently prevents him from distinguishing the truth. Wo to his friends and to his enemies! and wo to his subjects, should he ever have any! He is extremely changeable, seeming to be fixed in nothing but the vor-

ship of his brother. Whether he loves or hates, it is always with violence." "Oh, time, prince," said I, "will calm the effervescence of youth. Placed by birth in the very highest rank in a vast empire, he has known from his cradle no other mode of feeling and existing. The children of sovereigns are different from those of other men. Flattery addresses to them a language which infuses into their minds all the illusions of vanity, without ever reminding them of those duties which society imposes upon them as well as upon its other members. They are accustomed to view every thing through the eyes of their adulators, who in reality must be blamed for all their faults and vices, and who in short make them like a river without a dyke, which inundates and destroys, but does not fertilize."

"Who," enquired I of the Prince de Ligne, "is that Mr. Aidé whom I met at Princess Sapieha's, and with whom I saw you conversing yesterday evening at the ball, whether he accompanied me?"—"That," replied the prince, "is one of those citizens of the world in whom a good stock of assurance supplies the want of other recommendations. All that I could ever learn about him is, that he is a native of Turkey; that he came at a very early age to Vienna in an eastern dress, and was introduced at court as the Prince of Lebanon. He has now returned with less of oriental pomp; but he visits every body, especially Lord Castlereagh, who seems to patronise him. 'Je vous présente un homme qui n'est pas présentable,' said I one day, on introducing Mr. Aidé to Madame de Staël. I was very sorry for this bad *bon mot*; for public credulity is too apt to take a joke in earnest: the observation was repeated from mouth to mouth, and Mr. Aidé became the general topic of conversation. A duel which he fought with young Major d'Asperne, and in which he evinced some courage, proved that he would not allow any one to say to his face what he might think of him *in petto*. He has now so completely established himself in good society, that the habit of constantly seeing him makes amends for his want of genealogy. Mr. Aidé is not the first man of this kind whom I have met with in the course of my life. But now let me in my turn ask you how you were first introduced to the King of Denmark? and what his majesty alluded to last night when he spoke of your progress in German?" "You shall hear, prince."

But first I will give the reader a short biography.

Mr. George Aidé was the second son of an Armenian merchant of Constantinople, engaged in the India shawl trade, carried on over land between Asiatic Turkey and some of the principal capitals of Europe. Mr. Aidé occasionally entered into speculations on foreign exchanges, commonly called on the continent banking operations, and which, in Turkey, give to those who engage in them the title of bankers. Mr. Aidé was an uneducated Armenian, with coarse manners, and a great deal of that stupid bigotry often mistaken for piety and religious zeal among the followers of the Roman Catholic church. Hearing that a convent of catholic monks, situated at the foot of Mount Lebanon, in Syria, was greatly distressed for money to complete some monuments required for religious consecration, he made a donation of two thousand piastres for that purpose (then about 150*l.*), which so greatly exceeded other contributions, that a special report was addressed thereon to the holy see at Rome. The Pope rewarded Mr. Aidé's zeal by sending him an order of knighthood, called the Golden Spur, by which the title of count or marquis is conferred during life, instead of the usual one of knight. This order, fallen into insignificance, owing to the unworthy manner in which it has long been customary to bestow it, Mr. Aidé made the foundation of claims to personal nobility. His son has since derived from that source notions of birth which seemed to him to place him far above the mercantile station to which the father originally destined him. Being sent at an early age to Vienna, for the purpose of acquiring the knowledge of European languages, and of the routine of the shawl trade in Europe, Mr. George Aidé contrived to procure an introduction into the best society of that capital, in which he appeared under the title of *Prince de Mont Liban*, assumed on no other grounds than the original incident through which an ephemeral title had been conferred on his father. After Mr. G. Aidé's return to Constantinople, the counting-house discipline he was made to undergo, being in little accordance with his late habits of independence, and the deference so long paid to "his highness" by the punctilious Viennese, he solicited and obtained permission to visit other parts of Europe, and again commenced his travels by proceeding to Sicily. In Palermo he met the late Earl of Guilford, then the Hon. Frederick North, who, during his frequent visits to the Turkish capital, had often had recourse to the finan-

cial good offices of Mr. Aidé, "the banker," for the negotiation of his bills on London, and whose constant readiness in supplying Mr. North's pecuniary wants had inspired that good natured and most excellent man with a feeling of kindness for the father which he was found ready to extend to the son. Mr. North introduced Mr. George Aidé to the best society in Palermo, where the court at that time resided. An affair of gallantry with the Princess R—, in which he very nearly fell a victim to the outraged feelings of the husband, gave him a celebrity in the gay world of Palermo, which has tended in no small degree to give him that high opinion of himself, and that air of assurance, amounting almost to effrontery, which all those who have known him personally could not help to be struck with in the early part of their acquaintance with him. Mr. George Aidé, after spending some months in Sicily, resolved to visit England. He obtained from his patron, Mr. North, a great number of letters of introduction to members of his own family, and to many other noble families besides. With such passports he made his *début* at once among the highest circles of society in England. Possessing the external appearance of a gentleman, having from a natural acuteness of observation been enabled to assume the manners of a well bred one, and with that fixed expression of calm assurance which is so commonly and so easily assumed by the natives of Turkey, Mr. George Aidé made himself a welcome visitor in many first rate houses, and soon became, in fact, a most fashionable sort of a personage. He did not, however, very long enjoy the distinguished station to which the whims of the fashionable world had raised him. His late mode of living had so multiplied his calls on the purse of his father, and Mr. Aidé's unwillingness and inability, from recent commercial losses, to continue to furnish means for his son's folly and extravagance, brought down the latter's finances to an ebb greatly disproportioned to the rate of his expenses. Mr. George Aidé, however, not doubting the generosity of his fashionable acquaintances, and with a full reliance on the friendly testimonies he had received from them, commenced a series of applications for loans of money, which in a very short time shut all the doors against him of those who had previously shown themselves most eager for his acquaintance. Pecuniary embarrassments soon drove him away from England, and some how or other he found his way to Vienna at the time the congress was held there. Among the secretaries attached to the late Lord Castlereagh, at the congress, Mr. G. Aidé met a Mr. F. Werry, who had formerly been connected with him at Smyrna in some mercantile concerns. Their intimacy was renewed on this occasion, and Mr. Werry introduced his oriental friend (no longer going under the title of Prince of Mount Lebanon at Vienna) to Lord and Lady Castlereagh, who took Mr. Aidé in favour, introduced him to all their distinguished guests at Vienna, and subsequently received him cordially at their own residence in St. James's Square; thus temporarily reinstating him, under their patronage, in a rank of society from which he seemed to have been expelled for ever. From that time until 1821 Mr. George Aidé generally resided in England; and some curious stories were current, by which the means he had found to satisfy his creditors, and those required for his support, were accounted for. Being on a visit at Cheltenham, he became acquainted with Miss Collier, the accomplished daughter of Sir George and Lady Collier, who conceived an attachment for him, which no consideration and no reasoning could abate. Several times her friends thought they had succeeded in dissuading her from the romantic resolution she had formed of accepting no one but Mr. Aidé as her husband. Miss Collier had long ceased to be a minor, and possessed a fortune, which she held from some distant relative, of 1,200*l.* a year. Nothing therefore prevented her giving her hand to the then penniless and adventurous Mr. Aidé, and they were married early in 1822. Mr. and Mrs. Aidé went afterwards to reside in Paris. Being at a ball one evening, Mr. Aidé was standing and looking at the dancing, when a Monsieur de Bombelles, one of the dancers, accidentally came in contact with Mr. Aidé, and tread on his foot. Mr. de Bombelles expressed his sorrow, and asked pardon—a formality which, according to the rules of French society, takes away all right from the aggrieved party to demand explanation, whether the offence committed has been accidental or intentional. Mr. Aidé, however, did not think proper to remain satisfied with Mr. de Bombelles's apology. He insisted that Mr. de Bombelles had offered him intentional insult, and demanded his card. This was immediately handed to Mr. Aidé, and a hostile meeting a day or two afterwards was the consequence. They both fired at a given signal. Mr. de Bombelles es-

escaped unhurt, but Mr. Aidé received his adversary's ball in the abdomen, and instantly fell. He lingered two days after, at the end of which he expired."

CHAPTER XVII.

Particulars relative to my journey to Hamburg and Denmark—My rencontre in the park of Friederichsberg—Interview with the Crown Prince of Denmark—Some account of the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson.

"How often does the voice, a sound, an inflection of the voice, suddenly call to mind scenes which had long vanished from our memory. The past again appears clothed in vivid colours; feelings and impressions which had lain dormant for years are instantaneously revived, and we enquire what connection can exist between these recollections and the circumstances which have called them up. There is a magic in those pictures which thus rouse the mental instinct; and such is their power, that we feel a sort of pleasure in reverting to melancholy events and cruel losses. There is even a luxury in the tears which these recollections bring from us.

"Owing to the misfortunes which the French revolution entailed on many devoted families, my uncle, who had acted the part of a father to me, fled from France, and took me with him to Hamburg, where we suffered all the privations inseparable from our exile. Being invited by Count Fersen to visit him in Sweden, we left Hamburg, and crossing the heaths of Holstein, we travelled to Copenhagen on foot; for our scanty resources left us no other alternative.

"My uncle, while he held the office of minister for foreign affairs, had been well acquainted in Paris with Count Lowendhall, who received him on his arrival in Denmark with great kindness. He promised to introduce me to the prince royal, with whom he said he would use his influence to procure for us some pecuniary supply, which was very necessary in the circumstances in which we were. On the day preceding that appointed for my introduction to the prince, I was walking alone in the park of the royal residence of Friederichsberg, where I perceived in one of the alleys a young gentleman and lady. The gentleman, who had a sort of jumping motion in his walk, was dressed in a light gray coat, and had an umbrella under his arm. There was something so droll in his appearance that I could not help stopping to look at him; and, with the levity natural to my age and country, I burst into a fit of laughter, which sufficiently enabled the young gentleman to understand the ludicrous effect his presence produced upon me. From the angry look which he cast upon me, I could easily perceive that my gaiety had given offence; but this appeared to me the more ridiculous and served only to increase my laughter, which I was unable to repress until the object that had excited it was entirely out of sight.

"Next day, on the recommendation of Count Lowendhall, an audience was granted to me at the palace. One of the pages on duty conducted me into the gallery; and there, with my petition in my hand, I waited until it should please his highness to admit me to his presence. The doors of the royal apartments were soon thrown open, and a chamberlain came out and called me by name. I advanced, and he made a sign to me to enter. On advancing to the door, what was my astonishment to perceive at the further end of the apartment the young man whom I had seen in the park the day before! He was dressed in the same gray coat, over which now appeared a broad blue ribbon with the order of the elephant. I leave you to guess what was my consternation, for I was well aware that I saw before me the Prince Royal of Denmark. When I recollected my indecorous mirth, and the anger it had excited, I stood motionless, and was undetermined whether to advance or withdraw;—I fancied myself already doomed to the punishment which my impertinence deserved. I stood, as it were, riveted to the ground, in spite of the entreaties of the chamberlain, who urged me to enter the apartment, which, however, in my eyes, was as full of terrors as Blue Beard's secret chamber. Fortunately for me, it happened that the young lady whom I had seen walking with the prince on the preceding day, and who was no other than his charming sister, the Princess Augustinburg, at this moment passed through the gallery on her way to her brother's apartment. Encouraged by her angelic looks, I followed her into the room, hoping that her presence would screen me from the reproaches which I was fully conscious of deserving. Overwhelmed with confusion, I presented to the prince, with a trembling hand, a petition which my uncle had given me. He read it, and then

handing it to his sister, said: 'Here is another victim of the French revolution, whom Lowendhall recommends to me.' He then questioned me with great kindness, respecting our situation, resources, and projects. Emboldened by this reception, I told him all we had suffered since our departure from France, described our forced pilgrimage across Germany; and added, that our design was to proceed to Sweden, where we relied on the assistance of Count Fersen, who cherished a cordial friendship for my uncle. The princess listened to the narrative of our misfortunes with a degree of interest which was calculated to alleviate them. When I described our pedestrian journey and all the privations that attended it, the prince said: 'But doubtless you understand German?'—'Alas, no! your highness,' replied I; 'and that circumstance in itself rendered our journey the more miserable.'—'Poor fellow!' said the princess, in a tone of commiseration: 'to have suffered so much at so early an age!' Her whole manner was in perfect accordance with the delicacy of her features, the elegance of her form, the modesty of her deportment, and the sweet tone of her voice. Every kind word she uttered was the more consolatory on account of the air of sincere feeling with which it was accompanied. In thus describing her, I render only the sincere tribute of memory and gratitude.

"While she addressed to me some questions about my family, and my education, the prince royal wrote a few words on the petition which I had presented to him, and returning the paper to me, said: 'Go to my chancery, and you will receive one hundred Fredericks d'or, which will enable your uncle to travel more at his ease.'—'Sir,' said the princess, 'I wish you happiness; and if you do not find it in Sweden, return to Denmark. Here at least you will find repose.' The prince then summoned his chamberlain, and ordered him to conduct me to the treasury.

"Ah! thought I, as I left the palace, what a lesson have I received! what a dignified revenge for my inconsiderate impertinence! In the excess of my gratitude I was ready to throw myself at his royal highness's feet! However, the lesson he gave me was not without its use; for since that time I have never had cause to reproach myself for a similar act of thoughtlessness.—"But," said the Prince de Ligne, "this was merely a lesson in good manners; you have said nothing about your lesson in German."—"You shall hear of that presently," continued I. A few days after my interview with the prince royal of Denmark, my uncle engaged our passage on board a vessel which was going to Stockholm, but which was detained for some time by contrary winds in the roads of Copenhagen. On the night of the 2d of April we were awakened by a loud cannonade. Nelson, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker, was forcing the straits of the Sound; and next morning at daybreak the whole of the English fleet was in sight of the city. Meanwhile boats were sent out to tow the merchant vessels into the harbour; and a few moments after our return to the port, and the landing of the passengers, the engagement commenced. The attack was as spirited as the defence was heroic. Not a single inhabitant of Copenhagen but took up arms to resist the unjust aggression. The university furnished a corps of twelve hundred young men, the flower of Denmark. It would even have been dangerous not to have taken part in the enthusiasm of resistance, which then universally prevailed. Armed with a sabre which might have belonged to King Canute, and which was lent me by the master of the inn at which we put up, I repaired to the jetty, where I witnessed one of the most terrific spectacles that the imagination can conceive. Denmark was never before engaged in so vigorous a defence, and never perhaps had the Danes such an opportunity of displaying their national courage. I marched about on the quay, holding in my hand the drawn sabre, which was nearly as long as a lance, and I was no doubt supposed to be a sentinel on duty. The city was on fire: the Infodestretten, Captain Thura, blew up, and the frightful conflagration wholly absorbed my attention, when suddenly some one tapped me on the shoulder, and gave me an order in German. I turned round, and beheld the Prince Royal of Denmark. He was dressed in the same gray coat which he wore when I first saw him. In the confusion of the moment he had got separated from his suite. 'What are you doing here?' enquired the prince. 'I am acting as in duty bound, your royal highness.'—'Well, then, will you carry this paper to the young officer who is about to take the command of yonder floating battery? His name is Villemoes; and remember the word *augenblicklich*.'—'What word, prince?'—'*Augenblicklich*, which signifies immediately. You must pronounce that word when you give him the paper.' I executed this order with the utmost despatch;

but on my return to the quay the prince royal was gone. Stationed on one of the floating batteries, whence he could contemplate the action and despatch his orders, he animated by his presence the brave population of Copenhagen; and certainly when I then saw him so energetically practising what he preached, my only feelings were enthusiasm and admiration. You know the issue of the action. The Danes earned immortal glory; but they lost six thousand men; and further resistance appeared impossible. An armistice was granted; and on Good Friday Nelson landed to hold an interview with the prince royal; the result of which was the repeal of the treaty offensive and defensive between Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, against England. Since that time Frederick has ascended the throne of Denmark, which may now be regarded merely as a vast and beautiful seigniory, with a royal crown in its armorial bearings. But you see the many events that have ensued since I last saw him have not caused that excellent prince to forget a circumstance apparently so frivolous."

"All these lessons of experience will, of course, not be lost on you."—"I hope not, prince. I should wish to say with Rousseau: 'J'ai beaucoup vu en peu d'années, et le chemins des passions m'a conduit à la philosophie.'" "Ah! philosophy is a mere word. There have been many kinds of it, from the apostles, who were real philosophers, to the *Septembriseurs*, who called themselves philosophers. The word is not precisely the thing. Take mine, it is that of Epicurus. Real philosophy is pleasure; but we must endeavour to reconcile it with our duty."

"Truly," observed Mr. Griffiths, "from what I know of your life, I think you might already begin to write your memoirs."—"O no," interrupted the Prince de Ligne, "there is time enough for that. In youth we live too much out of ourselves, and in old age too much within ourselves. Mature age is between the two extremes. Let him wait till the romance of his life is terminated before he begins to write its history."

"The prince left us for a few moments to write one of those little billets which he was in the habit of signing with a line thus —, which he said saved him the trouble of writing his name. An anxious wish already prevailed to procure these memorials of a man whom time was hurrying too fast to immortality.

"Like the Arab," said he, as he sealed his note, "let us thank God, who has given us a pen for a tongue, and paper for a messenger. I am sending these lines to the Dutchess of Oldenburg. She yesterday laid a wager that I would not compose before noon a hundred lines on a subject which she would give me. I have won the wager; for well or ill the task is accomplished. I might with justice add the observation of Voltaire to Mademoiselle Clauion:—'*J'ai travaillé pour vous toute cette nuit, madame, comme un jeune homme de vingt ans.*'"—"Has the Dutchess of Oldenburg won?" said I, "to think about poetry? I thought her exclusively engrossed by her attachment for the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg."—"Oh!" replied the Prince de Ligne, "that interesting romance is approaching its dénouement; for I was yesterday informed that the dispensation of the Greek church had arrived, and that the marriage would be officially announced." At that moment the pretty Thine, the Prince de Ligne's adopted daughter, came to inform him, that some persons were waiting for him in the drawing-room. "I will come down immediately, my dear," said he, "I, like others, must pay my contingent to the congress; but people seem to take me for one of the curiosities of this diplomatic fair; and I am often obliged to make an exertion to amuse people who are not worth the trouble. Because I am gay, I am expected to weary myself for those who are not so; but, like a good soldier, I will not quit the breach; and, like a good actor, I will not retire until the fall of the curtain: and though I am not one of the committee which our good emperor has chosen from among the most distinguished personages of the court, for the purpose of rendering the visit of the sovereigns to Vienna as agreeable as possible, yet I do all I can to promote that object. I am one of the speaking puppets, and I leave the acting puppets to fill the higher parts in the grand comedy." We took leave of this extraordinary man, and continued our walk on the Graben, where we met several of our friends. Indeed, at that time in Vienna, it was the custom to be so continually out of doors, that the Graben was to foreigners what the Place of Saint Mark is to the Venetians,—they spend almost their whole time there.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Duke of Saxe-Teschén's picture gallery—The Emperor Alexander's inspection of it—Count Lucchesini—Dinner at Mr. Reilly's—Sir Sydney Smith—His mission at the Congress—Mr. Reilly's ostentation—Loss of his wealth.

No person, whatever may be his political creed, can peruse with indifference narratives which describe the personages who have played prominent parts in the great scene of the world. The anecdotes which I relate will therefore not be devoid of interest to those who love to follow into the social circle, and the details of private life, individuals, whose names appear conspicuous on the page of history. At Vienna, I had the opportunity of approaching and knowing such individuals; and if my pictures are occasionally somewhat highly coloured, the designs are nevertheless correct.

As I had yet some time to spare before the hour appointed for dinner, I went, accompanied by Zibin, Zawadowski, and Lucchesini, to view the residence of Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschén.

Among the numerous valuable objects which the palace contains, I had heard a great deal about a unique collection of drawings and engravings, the former amounting to nearly twelve thousand, and the latter to a hundred and thirty thousand, all copied from the works of artists of eminence. We were received very politely by M. Lefevre, the keeper of these treasures, of which, he informed us, he intended to publish a detailed chronological account, ranged in the order of the different schools. At the further end of the picture gallery Duke Albert was doing the honours of his palace to the Emperor Alexander, who was accompanied by General Ourawoff, and Prince Eugene. When we approached they were engaged in examining a collection of maps, and military plans, which was considered the most complete of the kind in Europe. "Cities have been destroyed," observed Duke Albert, "and empires have been overthrown, but the military positions still remain." He then drew some comparisons, to prove that the same chances had often brought about the same results: but the attention of his distinguished visitors seemed to be particularly directed to the theatre of the late campaigns. The Emperor Alexander, while he inspected the different plans, made some interesting remarks upon them. Those to whom truth has but one language will appreciate the following, which I collect from my memoranda.

"There," said his majesty, pointing out the spot with his finger, "such a corps committed such a fault; such a battery was ill placed; such a charge decided the action. There, at Austerlitz, we might have recovered ourselves and gained the day; but Kutusoff was too long before Mortier; and the frozen lakes of Augend and Monitz, where the ice broke and submerged twenty thousand men, and fifty pieces of cannon, completed our disasters."—"And yet," observed Prince Eugene, "we should perhaps have lost the battle, if the emperor had commenced the attack a few hours sooner:—on what trifles do the chances of war depend?"—"There," at Friedland," continued Alexander, "all was lost by a false movement of our cavalry, of which Ney took advantage, and by the retreat of Korsakow, whose whole corps was surrounded, and who was lost in seeking to escape across the waves of the Alle. We fought well, but we had too able an enemy to cope with." The emperor passed alternately from the campaigns of Italy to those of Germany, delicately avoiding any allusion to the fatal campaign of Russia. "After all," added he, addressing himself to Prince Eugene, "here are scenes of glory which revive recollections with which you have reason to be satisfied."—"Ah, sir," replied Eugene, "you see how this glory has ended?"—"Do not confound glory with ambition," resumed the emperor. "We flit over this earth like shadows; and yet we are as anxious to enrich ourselves as if we thought the elements of which our bodies are composed would never dissolve."—"And, after all," said Eugene, "what is the glory we so eagerly thirst for? We labour to obtain it, and then it is evied, attacked, doubted, and at length forgotten."—"It is not so with respect to yours, and that of your family, prince, which already belongs to history."—"And it is inseparable, sir, to which no one can have more indisputable rights than your majesty. The conqueror overthrows and destroys, but the statesman raises and founds national prosperity on solid bases." From the cordial way in

which the emperor pressed the hand of the prince, I could perceive that he was gratified by the compliment. This dialogue reminded me of Peter the Great entertaining the Swedish generals after the battle of Pultawa, and drinking the healths of his masters in the art of war.

Duke Albert put an end to this conflict of courtesy, by showing his illustrious visitors a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, which he is still engaged in preparing, notwithstanding his advanced age. To enumerate the treasures of this valuable collection, it would be necessary to copy the catalogue from beginning to end. Some of the drawings are dated as far back as the year 1420. There are upwards of a hundred and fifty by Albert Durer, most of which are executed with pen and ink. The figures are richly coloured, particularly some birds, which are remarkable for exquisite finish. The engravings of Albert Durer, besides their intrinsic value, derived additional interest from the circumstance of their having formed a part of the private collection of that great master. The duke drew our attention to some drawings by Raphael, and about fifty sketches by Claude. In short, the complete series is of inestimable value to the history of the arts of drawing and engraving. The Emperor Alexander approached us, and after speaking very kindly to Zibin, presented him to Prince Eugene as the youngest knight of St. George. On hearing some one mention the name of Lucchesini, he asked him whether his father was the individual who had been plenipotentiary to the celebrated congress of Listow, in the reign of Frederick II. "He was, sir."—"And where is he now?"—"Living on his estate near Lueca."—"If," resumed Alexander, "he amuse himself by retracing the recollections of his past life, they must be deeply interesting; for few men have seen so much."

Having inspected the splendidly furnished apartments of the palace, in one of which was a Panharmonicon consisting of a hundred and thirty instruments, and an automaton trumpeter, which executed symphonies and marches with admirable precision, we left the palace and proceeded to the Belvidere to see a collection of pictures, which was enriched by Joseph II. at the time of the suppression of some of the convents. Their number amounts to upwards of one thousand four hundred, and they occupy twenty-three rooms, being ranged in order according to the different schools to which they belong. Most of them are works of rare beauty and value.

At the Belvidere we met the King of Bavaria, accompanied by his chamberlain, Count Reichenberg. The count is an enlightened connoisseur of art, and his explanations of the subjects of the pictures, and his remarks on their execution, were listened to with considerable interest by the king. M. Fuger, the keeper of the Belvidere, who is himself an eminent portrait and historical painter, conducted us through the gallery. He particularly directed our attention to some fine works of Titian and Rubens, which were so numerous that they filled two rooms. We also saw several *chef d'œuvre* of Vandeyck; but as all the pictures of the Belvidere are described in a catalogue published in 1781, I need not enter into any details respecting them. I may however mention, that in each room there is a list of the pictures, together with the names of the masters to whom they are attributed. This arrangement is of course exceedingly useful to visitors who may not happen to be accompanied by such able cicerones as Count Reichenberg and Professor Fuger.

While these two connoisseurs were disputing very learnedly on the pre-eminence of the galleries of Europe, and were commenting on the various styles and degrees of merit belonging to the different painters and schools, I hinted to Mr. Griffiths that our dinner hour was approaching; and we accordingly adjourned from the gallery of portraits to the gallery of living characters.

We got to Mr. Reilly's only a few minutes before the announcement of dinner. The table was laid out in a long gallery, at the further extremity of which an immense English sideboard, covered with a profusion of plate, china, and crystal, denoted the wealth rather than the good taste of our host. Mr. R.—placed on his right the Prince Royal of Bavaria, and on his left the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg. The rest of the company, consisting of a numerous assemblage of princes, generals, ministers, &c. ranged themselves as they pleased. I had the good fortune to get seated next to Sir Sydney

Smith, whose conversation was peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it happened to turn on events in which he had himself been personally concerned.

Sir Sydney Smith had not, like many other foreigners, been drawn to the congress of Vienna merely by motives of curiosity; his object was not less political than philanthropical. He intended to appeal to the magnanimity of the sovereigns with the view of inducing them to put a stop to the outrages committed by the pirates of Algiers and Tunis. He hoped to excite a crusade, of which he would declare himself the leader, and the object of which was to annihilate for ever the odious traffic in white slaves in Africa. He told me that he was arranging in proper order the documents connected with the subject, with which some English societies had furnished him; "And I shall soon," he added, "submit them to the consideration of the illustrious individuals who I hope will become the patrons of my anti-piratical society; for a meeting will very shortly be convoked for that purpose." I requested that he would let me know the time for which the meeting was fixed, which he kindly promised to do.

"Another object, no less important, brings me to Vienna," added he; "I came invested with powers from Gustavus Adolphus, who, under the title of Duke of Holstein, has intrusted me to present to the congress his declaration relative to his claims to the throne of Sweden. In consideration of my rank as an officer in the Swedish navy, and a knight of the order of the sword, he has deigned to honour me with his confidence. I feel proud of this testimonial of esteem, on the part of the unfortunate monarch, and I will raise my voice to defend his rights. In that assembly, where the words justice, reparation, and legitimacy, are sacredly invoked, I will openly appeal to the conscience of the monarchs, and in support of my arguments I will refer them to their own. If, contrary to all probability, my cause should fail before this august tribunal, I will fearlessly bring it before the parliament of England. I will ask why a legitimate king is deprived of his power; why the firmest enemy of Bonaparte is to be the victim of his intrigues; and why the sovereign, who, with chivalrous courage, was the first to attack the colossus, should be forsaken in his misfortune. It is a well-known fact that Napoleon never forgave Gustavus Adolphus for reproaching him as he did with the Duke d'Enghien's murder; for recalling his ambassador from Paris at the time of the duke's death; and finally, for returning to the King of Prussia the decoration of the black eagle, which had also been sent to Bonaparte; Gustavus alleging as his reason for rejecting it, that he could not wear an order which would make him the brother in arms of an assassin. I am well aware," continued the admiral, "that I shall be told the king himself signed his act of abdication; but I will answer that he was then a prisoner; and even though, yielding to circumstances, he renounced his own claim to the throne, is it to be expected that he should disinherit his son, and dethrone his dynasty? The prince, who is allied to so many sovereign houses, the descendant of Gustavus Adolphus, Gustavus Vasa, and Charles XII., must inspire the interest which is attached to such great recollections. Surely at the present moment, when principles are invoked, it is impossible to commit the inconsistency of rejecting the most sacred of principles, viz. that of hereditary succession, supported by so much glory and the duration of centuries."—"But, admiral," observed I, "policy, the faith of promises, and the general interest, are things which cannot be lost sight of; the congress cannot annul these solemn and public acts, or even those secret treaties, which ensure to Bernadotte and to his dynasty the peaceful possession of the throne of Sweden. His eminent service to the European cause can never be recompensed by such treachery: he cannot be hurled from the high station to which he has been raised by the unanimous voice of the Swedish nation, and which he has hitherto shown himself so worthy to fill. The allies will not force upon the Swedes the monarch whom they have rejected, and whose conduct hitherto has perhaps justified their revolt. I have been informed, since my arrival in Vienna, that shortly after the battle of Leipzig Gustavus wrote to Napoleon, requesting that he would permit him to enter his service or at least that he would ensure to him a refuge in France."—"Yes," observed the admiral; "and it may be

added that Napoleon disdained to extend his hand to a prostrate foe."—"Ah, Sir Sydney, a title of glory often pursues its possessor in adversity, and throws a lustre over misfortune; and in the equivocal situation of Gustavus Adolphus, misfortune must be supported with dignity to render it respectable. I have always observed that, in adversity, those are most pitted who live in retirement and avoid attracting attention. But, after all, there is no little honour to be earned in failing in such an attempt; and you, admiral, like our Abbé Delleille, will deserve to be called *le courtisan du malheur*."—"As I have never been a courtier except to fallen greatness, I will be firm to my principles, and defend the interests of Gustavus, who is in all respects worthy of support. Surely the rights of the people will not be contended for in a congress, in which legitimacy is the only god invoked. If, to the misfortune of mankind, there is no tribunal to which an appeal may be made against arbitrary acts, posterity will at least pronounce judgment, and will say that if Gustavus has been the object of envy and animosity, it is because brilliant qualifications and exalted rank seldom escape the attacks of calumny. On the throne as well as in private life, it is unjust that children should suffer for the faults of their parents; and now that all Europe is about to be remoulded, would it not be easy to extract from the vast erudite parts enough for all who have any claim to compensation?"

The increasing interest of the admiral's conversation induced me to ask him for some details of his adventurous life, which he very readily gave me. The incidents he described were so various and extraordinary, that they seemed to belong as much to romance as to history: passing rapidly from the happy days of his boyhood, to the brilliant period of his youth, he recapitulated the principal events of his life in nearly the following terms:

"After the peace of 1763, being unemployed, I entered the Swedish service. On the glorious naval victory of 1791, the king invested me with the grand cross of the order of the sword. Shortly after I entered the Turkish service, whence being recalled by a proclamation from my own sovereign, I accompanied Lord Hood to Toulon; and on our evacuation of that place I burned the French ships in the port. In 1796, being stationed before Havre, I captured a French privateer; but a calm ensuing, I was prevented from securing the prize. A sailor having secretly cut the cable, the flood tide carried me into the Seine, where, being attacked by a superior force, I was obliged to surrender. I was conveyed to Paris, and confined in the prison of the Abbaye. Some friends, by means of a false order, enabled me to effect my escape; and I returned to London. I was then appointed to the command of the Tiger eighty-gun ship, with which I was ordered to watch the coast of Egypt. After having bombarded Alexandria I sailed for Syria, where my presence induced the pasha to defend St. Jean d'Acre; and with my assistance he obliged the French to raise the siege: on that occasion the sultan presented me with an aigrette of considerable value. On my return to London I received the freedom of the city, together with a present of a sword from the corporation. In 1802 I was elected a member of Parliament for Rochester, and I held my seat until the rupture of the peace of Amiens, when I obtained the command of the Antelope. In 1805 I was made a rear-admiral, and I proceeded to the Mediterranean, where I took Caprea after a siege of some hours. When, in 1807, Bonaparte declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign, I conveyed the Prince Regent of Portugal and his family to Brazil, and soon after I was appointed second in command to the fleet in the Mediterranean, in which station I remained until the general peace."

To this brief narrative, which was related with a charming air of simplicity, I listened with such profound interest, that I did not perceive the monotony of Mr. Reilly's dinner, which, though sumptuous, appeared dull to every one perhaps except me and the interesting individual who sat next me. The eminent persons who had been brought together either by their own curiosity or the importunity of their host, appeared to labour under a certain degree of restraint. In spite of profusion of expense, exquisite cookery, and costly wines, the whole went off heavily, and every one appeared to look with impatience to the moment of departure.

At nine o'clock the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee and ices were served. In imitation

of a Russian custom, several tables were covered with the valuables and curiosities of different kinds which Mr. R— had collected in the course of his travels. This gave the room the appearance of a museum. The Tyrolean minstrels, who were then quite *d la mode* at Vienna, sang some of their native melodies; but even these enlivening mountain strains had not power to banish the *ennui* which pervaded the whole party. Mr. R—, to do him justice, made every exertion to entertain his guests; but in vain; and in spite of what, singing, and every other amusement, he found it impossible to thaw the ice which crumbled all present.

By ten o'clock most of the company had, under various pretences, succeeded in getting away. I made my escape unperceived; and I could not help reflecting on the absurdity of the man who had taken so much trouble, and spent so much money, for the sake of producing so unsatisfactory a result; for throughout the whole evening, all seemed to be asking each other, how and why are we here?

I have since learned that, after the empress, Mr. R— left Vienna, and proceeded to Paris. His wealth, which was the subject of so much mystery and wonder, was obtained at the gaming table, and it speedily flowed back to the source whence it had been derived. Reduced to abject misery, as at one time or other the victims of that dangerous passion usually are, he addressed, from his humble abode at Versailles, appeals to the bounty of those who had formerly partaken of his splendid banquets: like the celebrated gamester Beauvarlet, who, seated on the steps of the mansion which had once been his own, gambled with the money thrown to him by his old associates.

CHAPTER XIX.

Unexpected meeting with the Prince de Ligne—His amours, and not less about love—Count Zavadowski—His unlucky adventures.

How many errors and regrets might be spared, if we had always sufficient forethought to ask ourselves what at a future time we should think of any action we are about to perform,—what value we should attach to the object, the attainment of which we eagerly desire,—and in what light we should regard the gratification of a passion, which for a time absorbs the whole soul. To think of the time to come, during the time present; to transport oneself in idea into futurity, if it be the greatest effort of man over himself, is also the best security for the correctness of his actions.

It was late when I left Mr. Reilly's, and the night being very fine, I returned home by the ramparts. I was far from expecting to meet any one I knew; for in spite of the various amusements of Vienna, and the numerous foreigners who thronged to them, all in general retired to their homes before midnight. In one of the bastions which projected over the moat I perceived at a little distance a tall figure wrapped in a light-coloured cloak, which in the moonlight looked very much like the ghost in Hamlet. Curiosity induced me to approach; and it was not without surprise that I recognised the Prince de Ligne. "Ah, prince!" I exclaimed, "what are you doing here at this late hour, and on so cold a night?" "In love," replied he, "all the charm is in the beginning; and therefore I like to renew that beginning as often as possible; but at your age I was waited for: at mine I am obliged to wait; and what is worse, I wait to no purpose."—"I presume, prince, you are here on an assignment?"—"Yes; but unfortunately you see I am alone."—"Ah, prince! if it be true that a woman can enjoy no happiness except by the reflection of another's glory, where is the woman who would not be proud to owe her happiness and glory to you?"

"Prince," said I, "I will not intrude upon you any longer."—"And I," replied he, "will not wait any longer. Lend me your arm, and let us go home." As we walked along, the prince's conversation bore a tinge of melancholy, which was evidently the result of the little disappointment he had just sustained. "One might be tempted to believe," said he, "that in life reflection comes only as a last misfortune. When old, we live by the heart and the imagination: when the body begins to decay, it is only love that can warn us we still live."—"Yes, prince; but the advantage of experience and reason must not be forgotten."—"True, reason helps us to tolerate and console, and that is to love." He then reverted to some of the brilliant incidents of his long career; detailing several of his feats of arms, without forgetting the moments he had devoted to love. "But," added he, as he finished the picture, "life is like a cup of clear water, which is disturbed as we drink it; its little drops

are embrosia; but the sediment is at the bottom. After all, what does it signify? Man arrives at the tomb as the wanderer reaches the threshold of his home;—and here I am at mine. Good night!" I then left that excellent and extraordinary man, whose only foible perhaps was that of not accommodating his taste to his age, and giving credit to the fable of the Loves crowning the grey hairs of Anacreon with roses.

As I was walking slowly homewards, I found myself at the door of the Roman Empress hotel, which Count Zavadowski was just entering. He invited me to take a glass of punch with him; and I followed him to his apartment.

Count Zavadowski was the son of a favourite minister of Catherine II., and on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace, he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with this view, proceeded straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the congress. This was of course an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse.

"I have been spending the evening," said he, "with my relation Prince Razumovsky, who gave a ball in honour of the Empress Elizabeth's Saint's day. The heat was excessive, and I came away before supper. I gave him a description of Mr. Reilly's dinner, an account of which he had already heard from the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg."

I expected next morning two Hungarian horses to be sent to me, which I was assured were the best trotters in Vienna. As I wished to purchase them, I asked the count to accompany me to the Prater to try them, which he promised to do. While we were talking about trotting horses, of which I think none in Europe equal those employed in the Russian sledges, for the winter races on the Moskwa, the count prepared to undress. He observed that he was much fatigued with dancing, as he had been teaching the Mazurka to some German ladies, who were prevailed on to substitute the graceful elegance of the Polish dance for the stiff formality of the minuet. "Good night, then, count," said I; "I will put out the lights, and give this *bonne* to your valet de chambre. Be ready to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

Next morning the horses were harnessed in my curicle, and at the appointed hour I was at Zavadowski's door. On entering I was met by his valet, who told me that the count was not yet up. "How! not up?" I exclaimed, "and in bed before midnight—a lazy fellow! I'll soon rouse him." I entered his chamber, and found his curtains closely drawn. "Come, come, Zavadowski," said I, "what means this? I hope you are not ill?" He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, "Alas! my dear father, why did I lose thee?"—"Count," resumed I, "what aile you? What melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment? Come, come, the horses are at the door!"—"My dear friend," replied he, "it is no dream, but a sad reality. I lost two millions last night!"—"Zavadowski, are you mad? I tell you, you are in bed, where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away. Are you dreaming or asleep?"—"Neither, my friend; but I am awakened from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z— and Count B— called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted: we played the whole night, and I lost two millions of rubles, for which they have my bills." I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours had completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man. "My dear count," said I, "in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to alarm you. Be comforted. They cannot surely intend to rob you in this way. I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my friends if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates."

In a few minutes I was at Z—'s lodgings. I endeavoured by every possible argument, to prevail on him to relinquish his unjust claims. I pointed out the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself, if the affair should reach the ears of the emperor, whose aversion to gaming was well known, and who, I said, would undoubtedly make some signal example, for the purpose of checking the practice among his officers. But all my endeavours to bring him to a sense of justice were unavailing. He ridiculed what he termed my sentimental pathos, and concluded by expressing the hope that I

* About the end of April, 1798, a few days before Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, Sir Sydney Smith, who so powerfully contributed to his rescue, escaped from the Temple. This circumstance, though of no great importance in itself, proved the means of defeating the most gigantic projects, and probably prevented the revolution of the East. How vain it is to seek for great causes for great events!

would give him a chance of winning my curriole and pair of Hungarian horses; in which case, he observed, I should have an opportunity of preaching for myself. I indignantly left him.

From the officer I went to the diplomatist, whom I found, if possible, still more devoid of feeling. He made a long speech to prove to me that nothing was more honest and honourable than to rouse a young man of twenty from his bed at midnight, for the purpose of robbing him of his fortune. "Is it worth while to make so many words about the loss of a few dachmachies?" [the name for paper money in Russia,] said he. "We have claimants here for thrones which have been lost in an unlucky game; but do you think their appeals will be listened to? You saw the gentleman who left me just as you entered—that was the Marquis Brignolo. He has come here to sue for the independence of Genoa. He is ambassador from the expiring republic, and here is the energetic protest which he intends to address to the congress. You may read it. But in spite of all his logic Genoa will be given to Piedmont. The winner must have the winnings. Venice with all her ancient wisdom has disappeared. The Adriatic has not swallowed her up; but Austria has won her, and Austria will have her. Malta solicits from the congress only her arms and her rock; but it is said England has won her, and let England keep her. Prussia has won Saxony, Sweden Norway, and Russia Poland. All Europe is now at play round a large green table: kingdoms are the stakes, and a diplomatic shake of the dice may win a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, or a million heads.* Why should not I win a few seraps of paper, when fortune is inclined to favour me?"—"But from your friend, Count—?"—"Pshaw! why talk to me of friendship? Is friendship or even relationship ever taken into account in the winnings and losings of crowns and sceptres? My dear fellow, Figaro long ago decided that *'ce qui est bon à prendre, est bon à garder.'*"

This heartless sophistry I treated with the contempt it deserved; and I returned sorrowfully to my poor friend Zavadowski, to acquaint him with the ill success of my endeavours to serve him.

"I knew it," said he; "there is but one way to deal with such people, and I will try it." He resumed all his wonted cooing, dressed himself, and went out to call on the grand chamberlain Narishkin, whom he no doubt wished to inform of his disaster, and the justice he expected to receive. He would not allow me to accompany him, and I went alone to try my horses, hoping that my drive would help to divert away the painful state of feeling which the last twenty-four hours had produced.

Such events as the above were not of rare occurrence in Russia, where the passion for gaming was carried to an extreme, and too fully verified the observation of Madame Deshouilliers, "*On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.*" I have often heard anecdotes which proved that it was no unusual thing for vast fortunes to change owners in the course of a few hours. But the instance above related, from the extent of the sum, and the short time in which it was lost and won, seemed to exhibit a refinement in the art scarcely to be expected, considering the ages of the parties, the eldest of whom was not twenty-three.

The result fully verified what I had hinted to Z—. The Emperor Alexander, who entertained the greatest dislike of gaming and gamblers, heard the story, which indeed made some noise in Vienna at the time. From that moment he withdrew his favour from Z—, who told me, when I subsequently met him in Paris, that he would rather have lost half his fortune than the affair should have happened, and that he should always regret not having followed my advice when I urged him to arrange it.

Count Zavadowski and Count B— met, and fought with swords. Zavadowski wounded his adversary, but he was sentenced only to a small fine. However, Alexander never forgave him; for, on the count's application to be attached to the Russian embassy to Florence, the emperor coupled his refusal with the following observation:—

"In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother by your father, Count Zavadowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request."

* The word head was employed in all the stipulations for the exchange, parceling out of territory, &c.

CHAPTER XX.

Dinner at Prince Talleyrand's—His position at the congress.—Sons of his guests.—The Duke of Richelieu—Count Pozzo di Borgo—Newly devised concert at court.—Royal hunting party.—The emperor of Austria's dejection in shooting.—Anecdote relative to the Queen Christina of Sweden.

A stranger visiting Vienna at the time of the congress, merely as a looker on, would probably have been struck with nothing but the confusion that prevailed there; but had he become an actor in the busy scene, it would have assumed a different aspect in his eyes, and the contact of the distinguished individuals present would have awakened a thousand ideas and hopes.

For some time after my arrival in Vienna I had been so constantly engaged, that with the exception of a few formal visits to the members of the French legation, I had had no communication with them, though several among them were my intimate friends. France was represented at the congress by Prince Talleyrand, the Duke Dalberg, and Count Alexis de Noailles, whose names are titles of the highest merit. M. de Talleyrand seemed indeed to be the most influential member of the diplomatic assembly, in which the ascendancy of his wit and talent was not less conspicuous than it had previously been in his own saloons at Paris and Neuilly. France at that time stood in a situation equally difficult with respect to external and internal affairs. Enthralled in the embarrasments and disunion arising out of a new organization, the French government was neither able nor willing to manifest any thing like vigorous measures. The great powers, the arbiters of the congress, therefore maintained a degree of condescendence unparalleled in the records of diplomacy; and the representatives of France, by talents of the first order, smoothed away the obstacles raised up by a quadruple alliance with all its power and importance.

I was invited to dine with Prince Talleyrand, and I naturally looked forward with some impatience to the appointed day, for I had not been in company with that celebrated man since my early boyhood. I found him still remarkable for his penetrating glance, the immovability of his features, and the airs and manners of a man of rank. The presence of my friends M. Rouen and de Baing helped to give me confidence in appearing before that court of wit, of which a circumstance of my youth contributed not a little to inspire me with awe.

At an early hour I arrived at the hotel of the French embassy. From the apartments of Monsieur de Rouen I descended to the *salon de réception*, in which were the prince, the Duke Dalberg, and the Countess de Perigord. M. de Talleyrand's niece, who did the honours of her uncle's house. The prince received me with that graceful affability which to him is second nature, and, taking me by the hand, with an air of kindness which carried me back to a former period of my life, he said, "So, sir, you could not pay me a visit until I came to Vienna." Then, without waiting for a reply, which he perceived from my embarrassment would not be a very ready one, he presented me to the Duke Dalberg. I knew the duke, not only by his political reputation, but also by the character I had received of him from the Countess de Witt, who had been well acquainted with him at Warsaw. As to Madame de Perigord, I was in the habit of meeting her every day in company. These circumstances soon made me feel at home in a saloon in which I expected to witness some of the most animated scenes of the theatrical drama of the congress. I could not help congratulating myself on my fortunate introductions at Vienna. I have passed the morning, thought I, with the intelligent and elegant Prince de Ligne, and in the evening I enjoy the society of M. de Talleyrand; while the other enlightens me, and by the lessons of his long experience, the other will refine my taste by the magic of his conversation, which subdues even when it fails to convince, and that shrewd and judicious observation which forms the most desirable school of talent and manners.

Prince Talleyrand has been so closely connected with the great events of his time, both public and secret, that it is impossible to sketch a portrait of him without entering into a vast series of political details. Of all the statesmen of modern times, none perhaps ever enjoyed so high a reputation during his life, on account of the extraordinary events in which he has taken part; and for that very reason history alone can see and describe his character in its true light.

The dinner party was small, a circumstance at which I rejoiced, since it afforded me the better opportunity of seeing and hearing every individual composing the interesting group.

Besides the members of the French embassy, the only

foreigners were Prince Razumowski, General Pozzo di Borgo,* and the Duke de Richelieu. When I left the duke at Odessa, where I spent some months with him, he was in a most distressing situation. The plague was raging in his governments of Cherson and Taurida, and it was only by the most arduous exertions that he succeeded in ridding himself of the terrific visitant. On meeting him again at Vienna, my questions were as rapid as my joy was sincere. I sat at table between him and M. de la Bernardière; and we talked of the horrors of the terrible scourge, with the interest with which shipwrecked sailors may be supposed to revert to the dangers they have escaped from. All who know the Duke de Richelieu entertain for him the sincere respect which he could not fail to inspire. Few men have given proofs of such nobleness of mind and rigid disinterestedness, in the high offices he has been called to fill: his reward is the universal estimation in which his name is held.

He related to me a number of interesting anecdotes concerning some of the inhabitants of Odessa; and as the duke spoke in a very loud tone of voice, the other guests were unavoidably drawn into our conversation. Thus, during the whole time of dinner, nothing was spoken of but the plague, of which M. de Richelieu painted the disasters at Odessa, while I described what I had witnessed at Constantinople. Gradually, however, other subjects were started, and the conversation became general. M. Pozzo di Borgo, whom I now met for the first time, appeared to me to combine, with a considerable fund of information, the shrewdness of mind common among his countrymen. From the commencement of his career, he had been the declared enemy of Bonaparte, and he did not dissemble the satisfaction he experienced at his downfall. He pointed out, with great clearness of reasoning, all the circumstances which had accelerated the catastrophe.

When we retired to the drawing-room, we found a number of distinguished personages assembled. On seeing most of the members of the diplomatic body grouped round M. de Talleyrand, a stranger might have supposed that his hotel was the place appointed for the sittings of the congress. The Countess de Perigord, who did the honours with her usual grace and spirit, tempered the occasional dryness of the political discussions, which, in the course of the evening, turned upon the affairs of Saxony. M. de Talleyrand maintained the rights of that country with dignity and sound logic: "It has been the fate of Saxony," said he, "to be too frequently drawn into quarrels to which she ought to have been a stranger, and the consequences of which have several times proved fatal to her. Augustus of Saxony, by allying himself with the Czar Peter, drew Charles XII. into Poland; Augustus II., by taking part in two wars of Frederick II., abandoned his states, and retired to Warsaw, where he forgot his disasters in the bosom of pleasure. For upwards of forty years Saxony has flourished quietly and unenvied, distinguished only for the paternal mildness of her government and her cultivation of the arts. Saxony may be more fatally involved in the present instance than she has ever been before; yet it is continually remarked here, that the king is saved, though he cedes the two Lusatias, the circles of —, the county of —, the duchy of —, &c. The king may be saved, it is true, but the kingdom is lost. What will Saxony be when Prussia shall touch the suburbs of Dresden?"

A warm argument arose between Lord Castlereagh and the French envoys: to which however I did not hear, as I had withdrawn to converse with the Duke de Richelieu. When the duke and I rejoined the circle, the prince had overcome the grand arbiter of the destinies of nations, and equity triumphed.

Though there is an air of coldness and reserve in the person and manners of M. de Talleyrand, yet his avowed merit made every one eager to court his favour; and even his apparent coldness served to increase the value of his interest and friendship. All were proud to obtain from him a kind smile, or a token of approbation. He possesses that flexibility of talent, which, without effort and pedantry, enables him to shine on great occasions,

* Prince Pozzo di Borgo's early history is narrated in the "Voice from St. Helena," thus:—

"Pozzo di Borgo was the son of a shepherd in Corsica, who used to bring eggs, milk, and butter to the Bonaparte family: being a smart boy, he was noticed by Madame Mere, who paid for his schooling; afterwards, through the interests of the family, he was chosen deputy to the legislative body, as their sons were too young to be elected. He returned to Corsica as Procurator General, where he united himself to Peraldi, an implacable enemy of the Bonapartes, and consequently became one himself."—Note by the Editor.

and which, in social intercourse, lends inimitable grace even to the most frivolous conversation. Sufficient justice has never been rendered to M. de Talleyrand's kindness of heart. He never rendered a service for the sake of ostentation; and he is the first to forget his own acts of goodness.

The party broke up at rather an early hour, the Comtesse de Perigord and most of the company being engaged to a concert at court. We therefore left the prince at the game of whist, which he usually played every evening, and we repaired to the Burg.

The concert was to consist entirely of instrumental music; and in one of the spacious apartments of the imperial palace were ranged a great number of piano-fortes, on which several professors and amateurs were to perform a concert, led by the celebrated Salieri. The audience were seated in circular galleries; and the general *coup d'œil* was, as at all the court entertainments, magnificent and even dazzling. As to the performance, in spite of the high talent of the maestro di capella, it might be called a musical *tour de force*, rather than a good concert. This new surprise was, however, worthy of the ingenuity of the committee appointed by the court, who sought to justify the confidence reposed in them by daily inventing some new and unexpected amusement.

Next day Count de Witt and Prince Ypsilanti called on me to request that I would accompany them to a royal hunting party, which had been got up for the amusement of the sovereigns, and which was to take place in one of the imperial preserves, near the castle of Luxembourg. The game had been all collected on the preceding day; and when we arrived, the exalted personages for whom the amusement was destined were seated in a vast space prepared for the purpose, behind which was an amphitheatre for the company invited by the court. Each hunter was attended by four pages, who loaded their guns for them; and behind the pages *piqueurs* armed with lances guarded against any possibility of danger.

At a given signal the *battues* drew together, and at the same moment there issued from the various outlets of the wood a countless number of wild bears, deer, hares, and other kinds of game, which were kept up until the privileged sportsmen. The sport was kept up until the number of animals killed amounted to several thousands. My friends and I were stationed at a little distance from the Empress of Austria. She always aimed at hares, or some small kind of game, and rarely missed her mark!

On our return home Ypsilanti expressed himself surprised at the extraordinary dexterity of the empress. "Doubtless," observed I, "she takes her aim with wonderful accuracy; but in the arsenal of Stockholm I have seen a carbine with which, it is affirmed, Queen Christina amused herself by shooting flies in her chamber! Her majesty, it is said, was an excellent marksman, and never missed her aim! This, it must be confessed, was a novel sort of sporting." "Yes," added the Count de Witt, "but that innocent amusement was very different from her sanguinary revenge on Monaldeschi at Fontainebleau, the cause of which has never been accurately ascertained. But Christina was extraordinary in every thing: for example, her abdication, abjuration, &c."

We then began to talk of the pleasures and difficulties of different kinds of sporting. Ypsilanti observed, that in Wallachia the hares are so common, that during the winter the peasants hunt them only with sticks; and they throw at them so adroitly, that they kill ten or twenty in a day.

As I expected some friends to dine with me that day, I engaged Ypsilanti and De Witt to join us; and soon after we reached the Yager-Zeil we sat down to dinner.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dinner-party with some friends—Anecdotes related by them—Touchné—Biographical sketch of the celebrated Countess Potocka—A description of her palace at Touchné—Modes of living in it—Incessant influx of guests.

By the rapid and extraordinary changes of latter times, how many men have been suddenly thrust out of the sphere of their affections and habits, far from the circle for which fate had destined them! How many victims of violent political commotions have perished on the rock on which they had climbed to save themselves from the shipwreck! Happy are those who, by their efforts, have succeeded in stemming the torrent, and who, turning to good account the lessons of their experience, or the vicissitudes of their destiny, create to themselves a second youth by the interest of their recollections. Still more enviable

perhaps are those who, having lived in peaceful times, have only to relate a simple unostentatious tale, and not a history, the extraordinary nature of which recommends it to posterity.

Among the persons I had invited to dine with me were Sir Sydney Smith, M.M. Rouen, Isabe, Borel, Ompteda, and Tettenborn. The party was small and select, and the conversation was consequently animated and unconstrained; and all seemed pleased one with another. Borel related some of the current anecdotes of the day, in that tone of good nature and simplicity which rendered him so dear to his friends. In the world, which he loved, he was in his turn truly beloved for his excellent qualities of mind and heart: he was amiable in the strictest acceptance of the term; for he never sought to appear so at the expense of any one. It was not exactly so with Baron Ompteda; he took a minute survey, not of the interior of the cabinet of the plenipotentiaries, but he drew aside the curtains of the boudoir; and his happy vein of satirical humour, mingled with his irremovable Hanoverian *sang froid*, produced a most amusing picture: his magic lantern exhibited in animated colours the page and the princess, the sovereign and the grisette, and the conqueror prostrate at the feet of the syren; and these traits, apparently darted off at random, never failed to reach the objects at which they were aimed. The baron seemed to be thoroughly installed in all the love intrigues of the day; and the indiscreet Bussy-Rahutin, in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, to which he owed his long and just exile, did not evince greater boldness than did Ompteda, in quoting from the scandalous chronicle of the Austrian capital. I shall not repeat any of his anecdotes, which were no doubt, for the most part, founded on mere conjecture; but even if positively true, since they were kept secret there, they need not now be revealed. "With your talent for observation and description," said Ypsilanti to the baron, "why do you not publish a picture of the grand drama that is acting here, affixing to each of the great actors the seal of his peculiar genius?" "Ah!" replied Ompteda, "at the present moment there would be either a piece of servile flattery or bitter satire; and indeed, with very few exceptions, the originals would not be worth the colours and the canvass. You know what Oxentien said to his son, who, on account of his youth, was unwilling to go to the congress of Munster: 'Go, my son; you will see by what men the world is governed!'—"But baron," observed Mr. Griffiths, "you must not forget that merit attracts envy as the lodestone attracts iron."

Isabe related many amusing anecdotes in reference to the inauguration of the imperial court, where he had such ample opportunity to observe and to caricature. He fully concurred in opinion with Pascal, who says, "*Rien n'est plus dû à la vanité que la risée*." The new ranks and the new coats of the newly elevated dignitaries of the empire afforded a vast field for the exercise of his original humour. His description of the affectation of those who made a serious study of the art of imitating the noblemen of the old court was in the highest degree amusing, especially as Isabe accompanied his descriptions by appropriate action. The conversation gradually took a different turn, and each guest gave a biographical sketch of his life: and certainly the remarkable events which were crowded together in the career of some among them might have furnished materials for a volume or two of anecdotes connected with the history of the age. Tettenborn repeated with but little variety the history he had related to me on my first arrival in Vienna.

The hour had now arrived for the masked ridotto at court, and we all proposed to set off, promising, as usual, to conclude the evening with one of those pleasant picnics which were then very customary at Vienna.

Having frequently mentioned the name of Count De Witt, before narrating the occurrences at the ridotto, the following memoranda may not be unacceptable to the reader.

One of the places we were most anxious to visit in our tour to Russia was the town of Touchné, the capital, if I may so call it, of the vast domains possessed by the head of the family of Potocki. That opulent and formerly powerful house was, at the period of my visit there, represented by a woman, the Comtesse Sophia Potocka,* the history of whose life had given her even more celebrity in this part of Europe than her immense riches. Madame Potocka was at that time not far from her eightieth year. She had, however, by no means yet

lost any of her freshness and vigour, and she was in every respect entitled to the reputation of being a very beautiful woman. Her figure was tall, commanding, graceful, and extremely well formed, and there was an unaffected dignity in her deportment which kept familiarity within the proper limits of good breeding. Her features were extremely well formed; her large black eyes full of expression and vivacity; and an agreeable smile often played upon her lips, which occasionally uncovered a most beautiful set of teeth.

The Comtesse Potocka was a native of Constantinople, where her father, a reputed descendant of the Cantacuzene family, followed the humble calling of a butcher. In spite of industry and activity, he found great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

Fate ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snare that was laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home; and he set out, accompanied by his oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey, they proceeded by short stages; and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kaminick in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the marquis determined to rest for a short time before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count De Witt, a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia than he became deeply enamoured of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave nor a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandise purchased for 1500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favour of his sovereign, Catharine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favour of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The count therefore found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the drawbridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a *papa*.* When the marquis appeared at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have fully justified, the count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his excellency *extra muros*. The poor marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to

* Where a family name in Poland ends in *ki*, the female part are always designated by the substitution of an *a* for the *i*.

* A Greek priest.

go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says:

Le brui est pour le fait, la plainte pour le soit,
Le lionnet lionne trompe, s'eloge, et ne dit mot;

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold.

About two years after his marriage the Count De Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain oriental languishment of manner, was every where the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his Memoirs in terms of eulogy which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Toulchin her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

The second period of Sophia's life forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Potocki, at the beginning of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the court of Poland he made a tour through Italy, and on his return he met the Count and Countess De Witt at Hamburg, when he fell deeply in love with Sophia.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point that I knew a gentleman who had no less than four wives, all living and bearing his name. The motives of parties suing for a divorce are never enquired into, nor is the act itself considered as implying improper conduct on either side. The love of diversity is in most cases the cause of the wished for separation. Count Potocki therefore availing himself of the advantage afforded by the Polish law of divorce, and having passionately made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count De Witt, and without further ceremony said: "Count, I love your wife, and I cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her, and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain for ever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers: one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's in this city. We may therefore settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please!" The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kamienieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became that same day Countess Potocka; and to the charms of beauty and talent were now added the attractions of a fortune, the amount of which was unequalled in Europe.

She was received at court as a matter of course, and, through her amiable manners and rank, soon became the leader of the *ton* among the Polish nobility. At his death the Count Potocki made her the sole and absolute disposer of the whole of his immense property.* She had a son by the Count De Witt, and several children by the Count Potocki, who were all very young at the time of their father's death. When I became acquainted with this interesting family the eldest was not more than eighteen years of age. The countess had bestowed the greatest care on the education of her children. Although herself originally brought up in a manner which would not have qualified her for the superintendence of the education of others, her mind had subsequently been cultivated under the guidance and tuition of her first friend, the ambassador, who taught her to read and write many languages correctly, and laid the foundation of acquisitions not commonly possessed even by the best educated ladies in Poland.

After the death of her first husband the Countess Potocka took charge of the son she had by him, and brought him up with her other children.

The family mansion of the Potockis at Toulchin, commonly called the palace of Toulchin, is one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. It is built in the most elegant style of modern architecture, and is furnished in a manner suitable to its external magnificence. Over its

portico is written in large gold letters the following sentiment in the Polish language:

May it ever be the abode of virtue and freedom!

The wish therein expressed is no doubt praiseworthy; but its application would have been more suitable to the house of Socrates than to a palace in Poland.

Having been formerly known to the Countess Potocka at St. Petersburg, where she had given me a pressing invitation to visit her at Toulchin, I hastened, on my arrival there, to pay my respects to her. My companion was a still older acquaintance of hers than myself, and we proceeded together to the palace. We met with the most friendly reception from the countess, who rebuked us for not having gone straight to her house to take-up our abode there during the stay we might feel disposed to make in Toulchin. She gave orders immediately for our carriages, servants, and baggage to be brought from the place at which we had left them, not suffering us even to go and fetch them ourselves.

As the Countess Potocka made this her chief place of residence, Toulchin might have been called the El Dorado of Poland. The time we spent there, though only limited to a few weeks, forms one of the most agreeable periods of my existence. Besides the members of the family, consisting of the countess, her eight sons and daughters, and her daughter-in-law, the young and amiable Countess De Witt, a great number of ladies were attached to the household, either as relatives, or *dames de compagnie*. There were also two foreigners of considerable merit retained as instructors to the sons of the countess; one was the Abbé de Chalenton, a French emigrant priest, who had been preceptor to the Counts Armand and Jules de Polignac; the other was Mr. Allen, the English historical painter, who was commissioned by the countess to execute for her a variety of pictures destined for the gallery of the palace, besides teaching the art of drawing to her children. A suite of apartments and two attendants were assigned to each guest and each inmate, and it was the established rule that every one should consider himself at home, asking for all he wanted, keeping any hours most convenient to him, disposing of his time as he pleased, and not even appearing at the public dinner table, if it best suited him to dine in his own apartments. The countess's dinner table was always attended by all the family and visitors. Indeed the charms of conversation were never more attractive than during the sumptuous banquets which constituted the ordinary fare at the palace of Toulchin, and no one would willingly have foregone their enjoyment. The interval between coffee and tea was usually spent in walking in the extensive gardens, or riding out either in open carriages or on horseback. After tea, music, cards, and conversation went on among the senior portion of the society, and *des petits jeux* among the juniors, who not infrequently tempted even the gravest among us to join them in their juvenile sports. I recollect one evening the game of blindman's buff becoming so universal, that among the numerous persons present, none but the countess had abstained from taking an active part.

One of the most remarkable features of a protracted residence in the palace of Toulchin was the frequent and almost uninterrupted appearance there of persons of eminence and celebrity in Russia and in Poland, as well as of travellers of distinction from various parts of the world. None came within thirty or forty versts of Toulchin without deviating from their regular course in order to pay their personal respects to the countess; and parties of her friends and acquaintance came all the way from St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and other distant parts, for the express purpose of visiting her. There was therefore a constant succession of arrivals and departures, which, far from giving that annoyance of which one would suppose so much bustle to be productive, appeared to form a source of incessant gratification to the amiable hostess. With her, in fact, it was as if she resided in one of the capitals of the empire. Her acquaintances were almost as frequently under her roof as if they only resided a street or two from her residence. Here, however, she was enabled to receive them without that restraint more or less imposed by the regulations of social intercourse in great capitals, and their visits thereby became far more agreeable.

To convey an idea of the manner in which time was disposed of in the palace of Toulchin, I will give some account of the manner I spent mine during the whole month of July that I participated in its friendly hospitalities. I got up between seven and eight in the morning, and proceeded to bathe, sometimes in an artificial river which has been made to run through the garden,

and at other times in one of the Turkish baths, of which several are always ready for immediate use. I breakfasted at ten in my own *salon*, read, wrote, or rode out between that time and one o'clock, at which hour I always proceeded to the countess's private sitting room to pay my respects to her. After remaining with her about an hour, passed in the most agreeable conversation, I proceeded to the apartments of others, either inmates or visitors like myself, with whom I generally stayed till three, when the dinner bell summoned us all to the banquet hall, where a table with fifty covers was always prepared. This dining room was laid out in a manner which answered the purpose of a museum of works of sculpture, and a conservatory of odoriferous plants indigenous to almost every part of the globe. It was a kind of temple dedicated to art, to nature, and to Bacchus. The dinner generally lasted an hour and a half. On getting up from table we proceeded to an extensive *orangerie*, to which three glass folding doors opened, where coffee and ices were served. Here the arrangements for the evening promenade were discussed and settled, after which the ladies retired to their chambers to prepare themselves for going out, leaving the gentlemen to spend the interval in conversation or chess playing. At six a sufficient number of open carriages and saddle horses were ready, and we rode out till half past seven. At eight we all took tea in one of the suite of drawing-rooms, where we remained till eleven, at which hour supper was announced. Most of the company retired at half past twelve, and at one in the morning I went to bed.

In this abode of pleasure I was frequently reminded of the requisites which Epicurus makes happiness consist of—body without pain, and mind without anxiety. I was not, however, so wholly taken up with the amusements afforded by the interior of the palace as to be unmindful of matters equally worthy a traveller's notice on the outside of it. The scenery round Toulchin is varied and picturesque. Indeed I have seen no part of the vast province of Ukraina, in which it is situated, which was otherwise than interesting. Its fertility is so great, that it might be denominated the granary of Poland.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Court Ridotto.—Anecdote relative to Dupont the dancer.—Recounte with two far-naks.—Sketch of M. de Talleyrand's career.—Loss of opportunity.—Consequences thereof.—Prince Reuss's acknowledgment of the French republic.—Humorous reply of M. de Talleyrand.

As it often happens that I cannot avoid bringing myself into the foreground of the pictures I trace, I fear that I may sometimes appear to occupy too prominent a place. But in describing what I have seen and heard, I cannot but speak as an eye witness; and if I do not pretend to captivate by the charms of style, I at least claim the merit of a strict adherence to truth.

The Court Ridotto, at which we had now arrived, differed but little from other entertainments of the same kind, one of which took place almost weekly at Vienna. I met the Prince de Ligne, who appeared somewhat less dejected than at our last nocturnal interview on the ramparts, which I accounted for by presuming that the cause of vexation he then experienced now presented a remedy. Judging from the figure, the tone of voice, and the graceful manners of the domino by whom he was accompanied, I could easily imagine the regret which the disappointment must have occasioned him.

"Look," said he, as I approached him, "at the elegant Bayadère who is dancing in that quadrille! would you not swear that she is one of the most charming girls in the room? Yet I found him out before he had spoken three words. He is no other than young Alfred, the brother of Count Vorna."—"How, prince," exclaimed I, "a boy?"—"Yes, a boy in female attire. Is there any thing so very wonderful in that? Your celebrated dancer Dupont came to Vienna disguised as a female, and delighted from his travelling carriage at the residence of the Princess Jean Lichtenstein. There he danced the whole evening without changing his dress, to the great astonishment of a circle of admirers, who, on the following evening applauded him to the skies at the Court Theatre, where he appeared in a female character in his ballet of *Achille de Syros*. Here we live in such a continual vortex of ambition or pleasure, that there is no time for judging or estimating any thing correctly; thus an ignorant fellow, with a little talent for compilation, may pass for a clever author; and a man of mediocrity, with a stock of anecdotes, and an hour's reading every morning on the subject on which he means to converse in the evening, may easily acquire a reputation for talent. People do not scrutinise very narrowly. Happy

* At the period of his death the extent of the count's property was estimated at 155,000 of available individuals, besides petty nobles, Jews, and women, who altogether amounted to twice that number. With such a vast population, who might be called his subjects, and with a revenue of one million of florins, (750,000 sterling,) Count Potocki not only enjoyed regal honours in his estates, but nearly exercised sovereign powers in the administration of them.

is he who has nothing to do but to observe the follies of others!"

While I was listening with interest to the Prince de Ligne's lively remarks, two ladies wearing masks approached and drew me aside.—"When you address verses to ladies, sir," said one of the two, "you should not make them travel three hundred leagues to thank the author."—"And Vienna is three hundred leagues from Paris, St. Petersburg, or Naples, where I have occasionally addressed bad verses to ladies, permit me, I pursue, to request you to explain yourself more clearly, for otherwise it will be long before I find out my unknown heroine."—"Well," said the other lady, "suppose it should have been at St. Petersburg, and that Lafont should have turned your verses into a romance?"—"Then," said I, "I am not vain enough to flatter myself that any thanks are due to me."—"Why not, if your compliments afforded pleasure?"—"The most timid bird may salute the sun at his rising, but the eagle alone can gaze on him in his full brilliancy."—"Here the Grand Duke Constantine accosting the ladies, put an end to our conversation. I had discovered the names of my fair interlocutors; but all my efforts to speak to them again were fruitless. The dream ended there!

In one of the rooms I found Prince Cariat engaged in a very animated conference with a lady disguised as a gipsy, who soon after made herself known to me. This was Countess Z—, our charming neighbour at the Jager-Zeil. "Come both of you, and breakfast with me to-morrow," said she. "I want to consult you about a trick which I intend to play upon some one. It has been suggested to me by a little intrigue, which I will explain to you. I assure you the man I wish to plague is well worth the trouble; so pray come to-morrow at twelve without fail."

A trick to be played, an intrigue to be made acquainted with, and a breakfast with a pretty woman, were powerful attractions; and we accordingly took leave of the lady, promising to be with her next morning at the appointed hour.

While I was sauntering about, weary of the buzz of conversation, the noise of the music, and the monotonous whirling of the waltz, I happened to cast my eye on Achille de Rouen, who was languishing on a sofa, and appeared to be quite as *ennuyé* as I was. I sat down beside him, and asked him whether he had seen the two dominoes whom I was anxious to meet again. "If," said he, "you mean the two ladies who were with the Grand Duke Constantine, and I knew them to be the same from his description, they left the ball about a quarter of an hour ago."

To me all the enchantment of the evening had now vanished. I stayed with Achille de Rouen until supper time, and as I happened to mention the name of M. de Talleyrand, our conversation turned on that celebrated man; of whom Rouen, who was on a footing of the closest intimacy with him, drew the following picture:—

"Of M. de Talleyrand history will be as lavish of her praise as some of his contemporaries have been of their censures. When, during a long and difficult career, a statesman has acquired and preserved many faithful friends, and made but few real enemies, his conduct must be pronounced to be wise and moderate, his character honourable, and his talent profound. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without loving him. All who enjoy the happiness of his acquaintance must, I am sure, judge of him as I do. He is an undefinable mixture of simplicity and dignity, of grace and sound sense, of severity and urbanity. Near him one learns, as it were unconsciously, the history of ancient and modern times, and a thousand interesting anecdotes of courts. His conversation leads one through an instructive, and varied gallery of events and portraits."—"And yet," said Achille, "how severely he is sometimes attacked! It is a pity that people who possess no reputation of their own, should have the power of conferring reputation on others, and that mediocrity should make talent pay so dearly for the favour it enjoys."—"Especially," resumed Rouen, "when talent is accompanied, as in the case of M. de Talleyrand, by the most amiable qualities of heart. Of this I will give you an instance. M. de R— applied to the Prince de Benevento for the loan of 15,000 francs, and the sum was without hesitation presented to him. A few days afterwards the prince was informed that M. R— had shot himself in consequence of distress of mind occasioned by pecuniary embarrassment. 'How glad I am that I did not refuse him the money!' observed M. de Talleyrand immediately. This little trait sufficiently characterises the disposition of the man. By the by, if I recollect rightly, a circumstance occurred between you and M. de Talleyrand some years ago, which

must have had an influence on your destiny."—"My dear Achille," replied I, "how often have I regretted having let slip one of those rare opportunities—those bright meteors of fortune, which show themselves only in early life, as flowers appear in the spring! How often does it happen that a moment decides the fate of a whole existence! There is an opportunity which, if not seized when it presents itself, is not to be won back by regret. In this labyrinth called the world, the path we pursue, the outlet we arrive at, and the end we attain, depend on an infinity of little causes, in which our foresight and our will sometimes have considerable influence, and at other times have none at all. Of this, the circumstance to which you have just alluded is a proof. It is as follows:—

"When M. Ouvrard was in the apogee of his fortune, I was on a visit at his residence at Rancy, where I occupied apartments in the pavilion called the *pompe à feu*. I was then seventeen years of age, and circumstances, with which you are in part acquainted, brought me into contact with all the eminent individuals who composed what might then be called new France.

"M. Daneucourt gave a hunting party and a dinner at the Russian cottage at Rancy, to celebrate his appointment as captain-general of Bonaparte's hunts. Among the company were MM. de Talleyrand, Destillères, Ouvrard, Admiral Bruix, Generals Berthier and Lannes, and no other lady than Madame Grand, who afterwards married the Prince de Benevento. In spite of the talent and information which distinguished most of the individuals present, the conversation became languid towards the conclusion of the dinner. During a pause which ensued, M. Ouvrard asked me how I had contrived the day before to get to Paris, my horse having been hurt when I was out hunting, and there was not another in the stables. 'I fell upon a very simple plan,' replied I, 'as you shall hear.

"'With my head still aching from the effects of the wine of which I had drunk copiously the night before, to prove to my friend Montrou that I was no longer to be looked upon as a boy, I went down from the *pompe à feu* to the chateau. My poor fondered horse was, as you know, the only disposable one in the stables: however, I was obliged to be in Paris at three o'clock to accompany the Dutchess of Gordon and her charming daughter, Lady Georgina, on a visit to the deaf and dumb school, to which they had been invited by the Abbé Sicard. As there was no probability of riding, I naturally enough determined to walk. I set off, and about noon reached the village of Pantin, without having met with any conveyance on the road. Being oppressed by the heat, and having gained a good appetite by my morning walk, I stopped at a mill, about a gun shot distant from the road side, where I ordered breakfast. I asked the miller whether he could procure me a horse? 'I have but one, sir,' replied the man, 'and for five francs it is at your service. It is a sure footed beast, and I will answer for his carrying you safely to Paris. I shall be in town to-morrow, and will call for him.' The horse was produced. It was about the height of an ass, and was provided with a pack saddle. 'But how am I to mount him?' said I to the miller: 'have you not another saddle?' That, for example, which is hanging against the wall.'—"Oh, sir, that saddle is new, and I cannot let you have it."—"I will give you five more francs."—"No, sir, not if you give me a hundred: the saddle is new, and I will not let it out on hire." The man was obstinate, and I began to think what a ridiculous figure I should cut as I approached Paris, wearing my hunting dress, and perched upon a pack saddle. What would you have done, gentlemen, in my dilemma?—You, Ouvrard, whose vast resources fed our armies, and who contribute so materially to our national glory?—You, Daneucourt, who can bring back to the track a pack of hounds when at fault, and defeat the cunning of the fox?—You, admiral, who dispute with the English the triquet of Neptune?—You, Messieurs Berthier and Lannes, who, in Italy and Egypt, have each been the friend and the Parmenio of the modern Alexander?—You, minister for foreign affairs," continued I, addressing myself to M. de Talleyrand, "who know so well the springs by which empires are moved, and who can stir up war and make peace at will?—what, I ask, gentlemen, would you have done, to get possession of the saddle which was so pertinaciously refused? You laugh, gentlemen, but that is not an answer. However, I can perceive that that lady," continued I, pointing to Madame Grand, "has guessed the secret; which is, that I made love to the miller's wife. The saddle and horse were then at my disposal, and I really believe that if I had wished it, I might have had the mill

itself; such is the power of female influence in the cottage as well as in the palace!"

"When I had finished this foolish story, my hearers were kind enough to applaud me, and to drink my health, and like all young persons whose talking is listened to, I began to be exceedingly loquacious. Every thing I said met the approval of Madame Grand and of the minister, who was then the lady's ardent admirer. The rest of the guests applauded me because M. de Talleyrand did: as people often find it more easy to adopt the opinion of a man of talent, than to take the trouble of forming one of their own.

"When we rose from the dinner table, M. de Talleyrand took me aside, and conversed for a considerable time with me. My remarks on Sweden, whence I had just arrived, appeared to him accurate. He was also interested by the picture I drew of the emigrants at Hamburg; and he desired me to call upon him on the following morning at ten o'clock. 'I shall expect you,' added he: 'but you are young and thoughtless, and I fear you will forget. Promise me that you will not fail to come: I ask this as a favour.' And as he uttered these words, he affectionately pressed my hand. Madame Grand now stepped up to us and added her invitations to those of M. de Talleyrand. I promised, my dear Achille, and I ought to have kept my promise;—but on what trivial circumstances our fate sometimes depends! Next morning, I cannot say I forgot my appointment;—but I was afraid to keep it. My life was at that time such an unbroken tissue of happiness, that whatever might have been proposed to me, I should have feared being awakened from a dream, which my youth and inexperience easily persuaded me would be eternal. However, the friendship and influence of such a man as M. de Talleyrand would have given a new direction to my ideas and my conduct, and would have transferred me, as it were, to another sphere. Alas! I learned too late that favour has wings as well as pleasure. It was a chance held out by the god of opportunity, and I neglected to take advantage of it."

"I lately heard a story," observed M. de Rouen, "which, though it has no connection with yours, affords another example of the caprice of the god of opportunity, whom Frederick the Great philosophically denominated *his Majesty Chance*. It relates to the celebrated banker Tortonia of Rome, whose father was nothing more than a *violet de placé*. Tortonia, who was an active, intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way as a jeweller. In course of time he became a sort of banker: and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti. On the death of Pius VI. a conclave was to be held at Venice for the election of a new pope. Chiaramonti was unable to attend for want of money, and Tortonia advanced him a few hundred crowns. The cardinal accordingly repaired to Venice, where, in the church of St. George, he was elected pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service, the sovereign pontiff, on his return to Rome, appointed him banker to the court. He was created a marquis, and afterwards a duke, and is now perhaps one of the richest capitalists in Europe."

Just as M. de Rouen had finished this little biographical sketch, Tettenborn came to inform us that he was waiting supper. We accordingly followed him, and found all our party collected at the supper table, and each individual present could have related some curious anecdote to add to the word 'opportunity' in the dictionary of Fortune. During supper, the Prince de Reuss approached us, and addressing himself to M. de Rouen, made some enquiries respecting M. de Talleyrand. "His father, the reigning Prince of Ticon," observed Rouen, "during the turn of the French Republic, commenced an official despatch with the words, 'The Prince of Reuss acknowledges the French Republic.' M. de Talleyrand, whose business it was, as minister of foreign affairs, to reply to the note, wrote at the head of his, 'The French Republic is happy to make acquaintance with the Prince of Reuss.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Countess Z.'s scheme regarding Lord S.—Prince de Ligne's opinion of the Archduke Charles's military talents.—Some account of Malmaison.—Origin of the name given to that chateau.

If anecdotes and stories of time past are read and listened to with interest, it may easily be conceived that I experience no slight degree of pleasure in describing facts connected with the memorable events of which I have been a witness, as well as with the distinguished persons with whom I was at one period of my life on a footing of intimacy. Though then only twenty years of age, I could laugh at the movements of certain actors in

the drama, and at the importance which was attached to little things. My character as a foreigner rendered me free and independent every where. In Russia I was a Frenchman, in Paris a Pole, and in Vienna a cosmopolitan; and in all places I frequented the best company; for, as a witty female writer has justly observed, we to him who forsakes it, for he is out of place every where, even in bad society.

Prince Cariati was with me at the appointed hour, and we both proceeded together to the Countess Z.—s, all impatience to know what trick she proposed to play, and what part we were to take in it.

As soon as breakfast was ended we adjourned to one of the saloons of the countess's elegant residence, where the sculptured marbles of Italy were overhung with rich draperies from France, and intermingled with the flowers of every climate. In this temple of Aspasia the countess desired us to sit down beside her, and she thus addressed us:

"It is not likely," said she, "that a woman would wish to take a very malicious revenge, or even to any great extent, on a brave and handsome young man by whom she has been admired though under a mask; and who has proved the constancy of his taste by a fidelity of four weeks, during a succession of balls where there were so many objects calculated to divert his attention. Do not therefore be astonished, gentlemen, if I make you my accomplices, not in a mystification, but merely a surprise, which I wish should be as ingenious as possible, in good taste, and in the best ton. It is for this that I wish to call in the aid of your talent and gaiety:—but to come to the point.

"During four successive ridicoties Lord S. has closely followed my footsteps, in the hope of becoming acquainted with a lady who took a little pleasure in tormenting him. On my part the task was not very difficult. I had only to make myself familiar with some events of his public life, and certain circumstances which have occurred during his residence in Vienna, to induce him to believe that the same gipsy who was then amusing herself at his expense, had followed him in the Peninsular war, to the camp of the allied sovereigns, and even kept watch upon him in his gallant adventures in England. I carefully availed myself of the information respecting different passages of his life, with which he himself supplied me in the course of my conversations with him, and in the course of a week after I gave it him back as if it had come from myself. Thus I wound up his curiosity to the highest pitch: and now that my little romance has arrived at its last chapter, you shall hear how I have prepared the *dénouement*.

"It is not in one's power to give a heart which is no longer one's own. This was always what I urged in reply to his lordship's ardent declarations. But, gentlemen, you so readily persuade yourselves that we women resist only for mere form's sake, that it is often necessary to prove that we resist in good earnest. Of this fact I wished to convince his diplomatic lordship. While I render full justice to his powers of pleasing, I cannot sacrifice to the caprice of a moment, the happiness of an affection which is inseparable from my existence. I wish that he should know me in my own character, and I am desirous to make a friend of one of whose character I know enough to make me prefer his esteem to his gallantry.

"It appears to be the fashion of the day to give to every amusement an air of singularity and mystery; and I have moreover observed, that his lordship has somewhat of a romantic turn. I therefore proposed, that if he wished to know me, he should repair at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, to the end of the grand alley of the Prater; that there he must suffer himself to be blindfolded, and a carriage would be in readiness to convey him and his guide to my abode.

"You may easily imagine that his lordship did not hesitate to accept the invitation; though it is not extremely prudent for the representative of a court like that of St. James's to risk an adventure of this kind, the consequences of which might be very different from what he hopes. I accordingly wish to give his lordship a reception, which, though whimsical, may be worthy the confidence he reposes in me. I have invited most of my friends to come here this evening: we shall all be masked, and Isabeau and Moreau* have promised to superintend the arrangements of this Venetian fete. I am therefore confident that it will produce some effect. I shall have a concert in which several celebrated professors will perform. Mademoiselle Lombard will recite some

verses suited to the occasion, and the amusements will conclude with a ball and supper: in short, I expect that the evening will make a lasting and pleasing impression."—"Really, countess," observed Cariati, "I fear the remedy you propose will not effect his lordship's cure; such sedatives are more likely to increase, than to allay the fever in his head or his heart!"

The countess rang the bell. "Tell Mademoiselle Juliette I wish to speak with her," said she to the servant. "This is a little accomplice whom I wish to introduce to you, gentlemen. She is my adopted daughter, and her talents will be of material assistance to us in this business." Juliette entered, and the countess explained the task that was assigned to her. In the meanwhile I will endeavour to describe her.

Juliette, who was sixteen years of age, was a subject for the pencil of Raphael or Albano—the former might have portrayed her modesty, like a divine emanation, while the latter might have represented her grace, like that which he conferred on his celestial beings. Her father was an Englishman and her mother an Italian. Juliette herself passed her early childhood in France, and her education was completed in Germany; and it might truly be said that she had received the impression of the best characteristics of the four countries. She was beautiful without either speaking or moving; but when she spoke, danced, sang, or played, her charms were irresistible. In addition to these attractions she possessed an excellent heart, and her mind was as pure as her person was lovely.

The aid of such a conspirator of course facilitated the execution of the plot. After having made our arrangement we separated, promising to meet soon again.

On leaving the Jager-Zeil, I paid a visit to the Prince de Ligne, whom I found perusing a military book, entitled, "*Principes de Stratégie appliqués aux Campagnes de 1796, en Allemagne*," which had been sent to him by its author, the Archduke Charles. "I am a little fatigued this morning," said the prince; "for I have been at all night reading these volumes, which are full of the most curious details. I have but one fault to find with the author, and that is, that he has judged himself too severely. It never could be disputed that the Archduke Charles possesses military talent of the first rate order; but that talent is combined with a degree of modesty, and with simple and unaffected manners, which it is difficult to reconcile with the reputation of the first captain of Austria. In valour and military genius, in firmness and the art of making himself feared and obeyed, he resembles Frederick the Great; for virtue, love of duty, strict integrity, and sound understanding, he is the image of Prince Charles of Lorraine. Some time ago I attempted to sketch his portrait in verse, and sent it to him incognito, being well aware that direct praise would not be agreeable to him. I suspect, however, that he has discovered the author, and as an answer to the verses he has sent me this work. It will no doubt be generally read; and what is more, it will obtain lasting admirers, were it only on account of the personal merit of the author." The prince then began to converse on the art of war, in the agreeable manner in which he was accustomed to discourse on every subject. He read to me several passages of his military works, which contained a thousand amusing anecdotes. While he described the great captains of his age and their glorious actions, I felt that he communicated his ardour to me. To hear the conversation of such men is infinitely more instructive and gratifying, than to read their books. Having already collected many literary fragments which had emanated from the ready pen of that extraordinary man, who might justly lay claim to glory of every kind, I requested him to give me a copy of the lines on the archduke, which he readily did. "Remember," said the prince, when I took my leave, "that to-morrow evening is fixed for the carnival at court which has been so long announced, and so impatiently expected. Be here at seven o'clock precisely, and we will go together: thus, amidst balls, fetes, hunting parties, and carousals, we advance to the grand result of this learned assembly, which as yet affords no indication of what is likely to be the future destiny of Europe. I must now bid you good morning, for I am engaged to preside at a chapter of the order of Maria Theresa, of which General Ouvaroff is to-day to be created commander. Farewell, and remember to-morrow evening."

No one can obtain the decoration of this Austrian order, which is one of the highest rank in Europe, who has not personally decided the successful issue of an action or an engagement, unassisted by his superior in command. The individual wishing to claim the decoration addresses himself to the chapter of the order, where his

rights are discussed, and the cross awarded or refused, according to his merits.

After parting with the Prince de Ligne I called on the Countess Fuchs, who insisted on my staying to partake of a family dinner. In the evening she had as usual a numerous party, and among the company was Prince Eugene. Colonel Brosin, and Prince Gagarin, the Emperor Alexander's aides-de-camp, who had frequently accompanied their sovereign in his visits to the Empress Josephine, spoke with rapture of the palace of Malmaison, the splendid galleries filled with *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture: and the rich hot-houses, in which the plants of both hemispheres were collected: in short, all who had seen Malmaison concurred in eulogising the pure taste of the princess by whom it had been embellished.

"You will perhaps scarcely believe, gentlemen," said Prince Eugene, "that a place whose beauty and splendour now claim your admiration, was once viewed only with feelings of horror, as the abode of tyranny and the scene of human misery. Such, nevertheless, is the fact, as the name, *Malmaison*, serves to attest. The place has retained that appellation since it was the residence of Cardinal de Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII., who, beneath the cover of the throne, committed acts of the most sanguinary despotism. I have heard," added the prince, "a traditional anecdote relative to Malmaison, which might furnish materials for a modern melodrama." The company requested him to relate it, and he readily complied. It was as follows:—

"In a gloomy day in the month of November, a traveller on horseback stopped at the door of an inn in the village of Rochelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable boy, he ordered dinner. He was shown into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing his repast. In a few minutes another traveller on horseback stopped at the inn, and also ordered dinner. 'I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, sir,' said the hostess; 'but every thing we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you.'—'Go up stairs,' said the traveller, 'and tell your guest I shall be obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense.' The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, 'Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but that it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me.' The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had experienced, they both sat down to table.

"The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them, the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphytrion what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger. 'I have been ordered here,' he replied, 'by the cardinal.'—'By the cardinal?' resumed his companion, in a tone of surprise. 'Pardon my curiosity, sir, if I enquire whether you have reason to suppose you have given his eminence any offence?'—'By no means,' replied the first traveller; 'and it is to free myself from any such imputation that I have come here. The fact is, there has been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king; and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obliges such ready belief as the whisperings of folly and ill nature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the absurd charge that has been brought against me.'—'Sir,' said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety, 'return thanks to Providence for the fortunate accident which has introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beholding you.' A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed. 'Yes, sir,' resumed the speaker, 'I say again, my task would have been to behold you. I am the executioner of a neighbouring town; and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform, I receive orders to repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me, beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim.—But fear nothing; I will secure your escape

* M. Moreau is an eminent architect, to whom the city of Vienna is indebted for some of its finest structures, particularly known by the name of the Baths of Diana.

Order your horse instantly, and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed on me."

"The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Butard. 'Do you see,' said his guide, as they approached the castle, 'that grated window which almost reaches the crannies of the central turret? In that dungeon, sentences, against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurled into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed by quick-lime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge; and if within the space of an hour you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance on another: but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier, and there plead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns, law and justice are powerless.'"

"Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelary saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent proved well founded. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of the hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal."

"On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Ruelle, and to make inquiries respecting his benefactor; who, however, had not been seen or heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Ruelle, known by the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day, and is called *la salle de bon secours*."

"You see, gentlemen," added Prince Eugene, "that there is some difference between the impression which Malmaison produced on you, and that which was experienced when the *four des oubliettes* was an object of terror to the neighbouring country."

The above story, which was told in a very interesting manner by Prince Eugene, introduced the narration of other terrific adventures, and next day all the ladies complained that they had been disturbed by frightful dreams. But it is pleasing to have the imagination excited even at the expense of a broken night's rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Account of the celebrated tournament given at Vienna during congress—Lady Castlereagh wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter as a diadem.

Good taste is not I think so superficial a quality as it is generally considered. The concurrence of many requisites is necessary to form it; delicacy of mind and sentiment, acquaintance with the manners of polite society, and a certain tact spontaneously regulating the whole. Elegance in the habits of life is requisite to form good taste; and finally, the feeling should be superior to the condition of its possessor; for no one feels at ease, even in prosperity, unless he has a mind which raises him beyond its influence.

This definition of a valuable quality, which imparts too great a charm to actions insignificant in themselves, may with equal justice be applied to whatever relates to fetes, parties and entertainments of every kind. It may therefore properly precede the description of a spectacle, unique in its kind, and the splendour of which was greatly enhanced by a judicious display of taste; as a brilliant varnish increases the transparency of a painting.

The engagement I had formed with the Prince de Ligne for the evening occupied my thoughts the whole day long, so anxious was I to be present at a fete, where the exhibition of ancient fates of chivalry would revive the recollections of the time when valour obeyed love, and beauty crowned them both. Many weeks had been spent in preparations for this carousal: so that no doubt was entertained that the court would display, on the occasion, the utmost splendour and magnificence.

At seven o'clock I was with the prince, and in a few moments after we were seated in a carriage on our way to the court.

"Do not imagine," said the prince to me, as we drove

along, "that we are going to witness a deadly conflict. The combatants will not maintain the honour of their mistresses by a feat of arms, nor by an appeal to the judgment of God, as the vanquished were accustomed to do, when there was no other way of escaping death but by perpetual seclusion in a convent. Since the fatal accident, which took place in a tournament, and ended the days of King Henry II. of France, such barbarous amusements have given place to more harmless and graceful exercises, and our modern righters of wrongs now maintain the incomparable beauty of their ladies in a tournament with as little danger as if they were pleading a thesis in the court of love."

Several officers under the direction of Count Wurmb, grand master of the ceremonies, waited at the gates for the persons invited, and conducted them to their allotted places.

The tournament was to be held in the imperial mews. The hall, the extent of which nearly equalled that of an ordinary church, was in the form of a long parallelogram. A circular gallery, supported by twenty-four Corinthian columns, from which were suspended the escutcheons of the knights, ornamented with their arms and devices, communicated with the different apartments of the palace: in this gallery benches were placed, raised gradually one above another, and capable of accommodating nearly one thousand spectators.

At each extremity of the hall there were two ranges of seats adorned with drapery, one for the monarchs, empresses, archdukes, and sovereign princes, and the other for the twenty-four ladies whose knights were to maintain in the tournament that they were the fairest of the fair.

In the galleries surmounting these seats orchestras were placed: and it need scarcely be added, that every distinguished musical performer in Vienna was present.

A multitude of chandeliers with wax candles diffused a lustre through the hall, which rivalled the light of day.

We were placed between the Count de Montgelas, the Bavarian minister, and the Chevalier de Los-Rios, the Spanish envoy. Near us sat the Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, dressed in the uniform of the Hungarian hussars, richly embroidered with fine pearls, which was an object of curiosity in itself, considering that it was valued at no less than 4,000,000 florins.

The whole front of the gallery was occupied by ladies distinguished for their beauty and rank. "Observe," said the Prince de Ligne, "Lady Castlereagh near the seat allotted to the sovereigns. She wears in her hair by way of a diadem, his lordship's order of the garter set with diamonds; a coquetish conceit, of which Edward III. could scarcely have dreamed in 1314, when he picked up the garter of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury."—"Perhaps," replied the Count de Montgelas, "her ladyship wishes at the present moment to convey an allusion to the wish of the founder of the order of the garter to revive the institution of the knights of the round table. With this view he invited all the English and foreign knights to different fetes given at Windsor; and but for the jealousy of Philip de Valois, they would doubtless have been no less brilliant than this."

On the two rows of seats behind the ladies princes and noblemen of every country presented a complete line of gold and diamonds; for their court dresses and uniforms were studded with orders and embroidery, while the turban of the Pacha of Widdin, the caftan of the Maurojcing, and the calpack of Prince Maun-Beg Mirza, gave picturesque variety to the *coup d'œil*. I was continually enquiring of the Prince de Ligne the names of the individuals whom I did not know; and on his finishing the long nomenclature, I could not help exclaiming, "Truly, prince, the whole world is here!"—"Not so," he replied; "there is still an important guest absent."—"And who is that?" I enquired, presuming that he meant Napoleon. "The mechanist Degen, whom you remember to have seen here with me, in 1808, extending his wings and hovering over our heads. I should like to see him here now, holding in his hand the crown which will presently be decreed to the victor in the sports, and descending from the roof to have it placed on his head. Degen is in Vienna, and I am indeed astonished that he has not been thought of."

At eight o'clock precisely a flourish of trumpets from the heralds at arms announced the entry of the ladies, who were conducted by their champions to their seats. On beholding them one might have imagined that all the wealth of the Austrian monarchy had been put in requisition to contribute to their adornment. Their velvet robes were trimmed with rich lace, and made after the fashion of Louis XIV.'s time, but modified by the taste of the wearers, and enriched in every way that luxury could

suggest: they were literally covered with pearls and precious stones, and their dresses were studded with diamonds. The dresses of Princesses Paul Esterhazy, of Maria de Metternich, of the Comtesses de Perigord, Rezewouski, de Marassy, Sophia Zieby, &c. were valued at more than twenty millions. The whole scene was a revival of the old French court with new graces. The ladies were separated into four parties, and distinguished by different coloured dresses, viz. black, crimson, scarlet, and blue. The cloak and scarf of each knight corresponded with the colour chosen by his mistress.

The knights were dressed in the Spanish costume, and their dresses were richly embroidered with gold and silver; and their hats, surmounted with waving plumes, were ornamented with loops of pearls or diamonds.

As soon as the ladies of the tournament had taken their place,—forming an assemblage of beauty such as I thought could only be seen in the native land of Raphael, or depicted by his pencil, a second flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the sovereigns.

The two emperors sat with the empresses at their sides, and the older sovereigns and reigning princes ranged themselves in the order of rank: they were all in full costume, and presented the grandest spectacle that Europe could afford. It was hoped that the empress Maria Louisa, and her son, young Napoleon, would have been present; but they were not. Maria Louisa felt the delicacy of her situation, and wisely deemed, that the only means of maintaining dignity in misfortune was to live in obscurity. She accordingly left the palace of Schoenbrunn, but seldom: the prince, however, told me that she had several times attended the rehearsals of the tournament, accompanied by her father and her young sisters.

As soon as all the sovereigns and the rest of the spectators were seated, strains of martial music resounded through the hall, and the twenty-four knights made their entry. They were the flower of the Austrian nobility, and had during the preceding campaigns gallantly won their spurs. They were mounted on superb horses, so richly caparisoned, that their colour could not be distinguished. Twenty-four pages preceded them displaying their banners; and they were followed by thirty-six esquires bearing their shields. These esquires were also in the Spanish costume, but more plainly dressed than the knights, and were mounted on fine black horses.

The whole cavalcade advanced towards the sovereigns, whom they saluted with their lances; then returning at a galloping pace, they offered the same mark of respect to their mistresses, who, rising, returned the salutation. Having twice made the round of the circus, they all withdrew, and four of them immediately re-entered to commence the elegant exercises of the evening. Turks' and Moors' heads were fixed on slightly elevated stakes, and each knight passing a gallop had to carry one of them off on the point of his sword. This was a relic of an old custom, introduced for the purpose of maintaining the hatred of the German knights towards their daring and implacable enemies the Turks.

These and other feats were executed with singular address. Some of the knights carried off rings on the point of the lance, or pierced small objects suspended at a few feet from the ground.

Others were armed with short javelins, which they hurled with great dexterity at the image of a Saracen, which served as a target, and then with another javelin, having a hook at the point, they picked up from the ground, while passing at full gallop, the dart they had just thrown.

Another party armed with sabres cut in two an apple suspended by a thread, and afterwards cut it across again. This last feat required infinite dexterity, and the knight who most excelled in it was the son of Prince Trautmansdorff.

All these feats were performed alternately by the different knights, to the accompaniment of beautiful military symphonies, while the smiles of the ladies rewarded their address and dexterity. Unlike the fair dames who, in the tilts and tournaments of the old time, uttered loud cries and shrieks, to excite their champions to defend their fame, the ladies on this occasion seemed by their smiles to say to the knights, "remember that you are jousting for two bright eyes."

In a few minutes the whole cavalcade of knights and squires reappeared and executed various elegant manoeuvres, terminating with a sort of dance, which served to display to advantage the intelligence and beauty of their horses. The prizes awarded to the conquerors were those distributed by fair hands, which enhanced their value. The knights having once more saluted the sovereigns and the ladies, rode round the circle for the last

time, and withdrew in the same order in which they had entered.

A short time elapsed before they returned to lead out the ladies. I had been standing the whole time of the tournament; but the admiration which the grandeur of the spectacle excited banished every sensation of fatigue.

At length the knights reappeared in the gallery, and conducted their ladies to the grand suite of rooms, which were hung with flowers and tastefully decorated for the ball. A splendid blaze of light displayed the beauty of the ladies to the highest advantage; and the whole presented the most magnificent spectacle imaginable.

The knights and their fair partners now became the chief objects of attention, for the sovereigns appeared incognito, and disguised in their dominos, mingled freely with the crowd.

The supper was of the most sumptuous description. Among the tables was one laid out with forty-eight covers, for the performers in the tournament. The perfume of the flowers, the magnificence of the dresses and jewels, and the blaze of wax lights, sparkling in hundreds of crystal chandeliers, presented altogether a picture resembling those descriptions of enchanted palaces created by the imagination of poets and romance writers. During supper minstrels, selecting themselves on the harp, sang *lays* and *servantes* in praise of beauty and valour.

After supper the company again repaired to the ball rooms, where in a short time there were assembled upwards of three thousand persons. The quadrilles boasted all that was illustrious in rank and birth, and dancing was kept up until daylight. The company separated, apparently astonished at the unmingled pleasure they had enjoyed at one of those splendid fetes, where *ennui*, accompanied by constraint and vanity, so frequently intrudes. In short, the scene will, I am certain, never be forgotten by any one who had the happiness to witness it.

After supper I again joined the Prince de Ligne, whom I met in one of the ball rooms, admiring the dancing of some of the ladies of the tournament. "Observe," said I to him, "how beautiful the Countess Rezewowski looks this evening: the elegance of her dress is rivalled only by the charms and graces of her person."—"To see her surrounded by all this splendour and happiness," said the prince, "you would not suppose her to be the heroine of one of the most extraordinary adventures of this extraordinary age; but I can assure you that a prison was her cradle, and a poor laundress's garret her first school." As I expressed some surprise on hearing this, he added, drawing me aside, "Come this way, and I will relate to you an episode of her life, which I have heard twenty times from her own lips."

"At that period of the reign of terror, when France was covered with scaffolds, Princess Fanny Lubomirski, who was as celebrated for beauty as she was illustrious by birth, resided in Paris. She had with her her only daughter Rosalie, who was then five years of age; and for her safety she confidently relied on the sacred law of nations. She was however denounced to the revolutionary committee, on the charge of conspiring against the republic, and arraigned before that sanguinary tribunal—to be suspected, accused, and condemned to death, was in a few days the fate of the unfortunate victim."

"During her imprisonment in the Conciergerie she was separated from all her servants; but she was allowed to have her daughter with her; and the day on which she was carried to the scaffold she recommended Rosalie to the care of some of her fellow prisoners. But the latter, in their turns, speedily experienced the same fate as the princess, and left Rosalie as a dying bequest to their companions in misfortune. The poor child was at length consigned to the charitable care of the laundress of the prison, whose name was Bertot. This poor woman, though she had five children of her own to maintain, generously took charge of the poor orphan, and removed her from the prison to her own obscure lodging."

"Rosalie, who was now consigned to a sphere of life very different from that which fate had marked out for her, was alike remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition. She diligently assisted her benefactress in her domestic occupations, and her adopted mother cherished the same affection for her as for her own children."

"The reign of blood had ceased, and the list of the victims, which was at that period published throughout Europe, informed the friends of the countess, that in a country which was called free an illustrious Polish lady had paid the forfeit of her head for her imprudent confidence in a misguided people."

"On being made acquainted with the horrible intelligence, Count Rezewowski, the princess's brother, hastened to Paris, where, with the assistance of the magistracy

authorities, he actively endeavoured to discover the daughter of his unfortunate sister. For several weeks, however, his efforts were unavailing: advertisements, promises of reward, nothing had been neglected. But the advertisements never reached the eye of the poor laundress, and the jailer of the Conciergerie, the only person who could give him any account of the orphan, was dead, and had had two successors. The count almost relinquished every hope of attaining his object, and began to fear that misery had hastened the death of his niece. However, Rosalie's trials were drawing to a close—it happened that the laundress of the Conciergerie also washed for the hotel *Grange Batelière*, where the count had put up on his arrival in Paris.

"One morning when Rosalie, accompanied by her adopted mother, brought home some linen to the hotel, the count saw her as she crossed the court-yard. He was struck with her beauty, and thought he could trace in her features some resemblance to those of his sister: 'What is your name, my little girl?' said he. 'Rosalie,' 'Rosalie!' repeated the count with surprise. 'My good woman,' continued he, addressing himself to the laundress, 'is this your child?'—'I might say she is mine, sir,' replied the woman, 'for I have brought her up since she was three years old; however, I am not her mother; she is the daughter of a lady who died a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and she has now neither father nor mother.'—

'A lady who was a prisoner in the Conciergerie?'—'Yes, sir, and a lady of quality, too; but she was guillotined like many others by Robespierre.' The count no longer doubted that his niece stood before him. He immediately addressed Rosalie in the Polish language, the accents of which revived all the impressions of her childhood. She burst into tears, and running into the arms of the count, she exclaimed, 'I understand you, sir, I understand you! that is the language which my mother used to speak?' The count pressed the child to his bosom, saying, 'Have I at length found thee, Rosalie! the child of my beloved sister?' Then turning to the laundress, who stood motionless with surprise, he said, 'Bertot, continue still to be her mother—she shall not leave you. She has been a part of your family—you shall henceforth be a part of hers!—Rosalie shall now begin to share her bettered fortune with you!' With these words he put into her hand a purse of gold, and desired her to remove with her children to the hotel *Grange Batelière*. A few days afterwards he left Paris to return to Poland, whither Bertot and her family accompanied Rosalie.

"The children of the laundress were brought up under the eyes of the count. The boys were placed at the university of Wina; and afterwards having entered the Polish army, they became the aides-de-camp of Prince Potemski; and the girls, to whom handsome portions were given, married Polish gentlemen."

"The beautiful Countess Rosalie, who is very naturally the object of your admiration, married her cousin Count Rezewowski. Since, happiness has spread its golden veil over her destiny: her benefactress, the estimable Bertot, continues to reside with her; and the countess, who loves her as a mother, calls her her Providence."

"This," added the prince, "is an anecdote which deserves to be engraven in the hearts of all women."—"Yes," observed I, "it ought to be made known, so that public esteem may reward actions which unfortunately are but too rare."

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit to the porcelain manufactory, and to the Imperial treasury—Account of a tournament in Sweden—Anecdotes of French teachers.

How many people there are in the world who love to compare rather than to applaud—who examine a book with prejudice, lest it should afford them too much pleasure! These persons imagine they display talent in proportion as they affect to be fastidious—they judge before they read, and criticise rather than allow their feelings to be moved. Yet a few short lines imbued with sentiment and imagination are preferable to a whole encyclopædia of words, and a few hours' pleasant reading are sometimes worth twenty learned dissertations.

Colonel Brosin and the Chevalier Danilewski gave me an early call, and requested me to accompany them on a visit to the celebrated porcelain manufactory situated in the suburb of Rosseau. The Emperor Alexander had bespoken several articles at the manufactory, and had directed his aide-de-camp Brosin to hasten their completion. On our arrival we met the Dutchesse of Oldenburg, accompanied by her charming sister the hereditary princess of Saxe Weimar, and the prince royal of Württemberg. The illustrious party had ordered dinner

services, which were nearly ready, and were certainly the most tasteful productions of the manufactory. The designs were executed by Vienna artists. On one of the services were represented the costumes of the fifty-two Russian governments, copied from the designs in Count Charles Reebberg's work on Russia; and on another were retraced the games and costumes of the Slavonians, after the sketches of the painter Orłowski. The vases ordered by the emperor were ornamented with fanciful designs, similar to those which the manufactory exports to Turkey and China.

Nearly six hundred individuals are employed in this porcelain manufactory, and of these one hundred are artists. Two vases of great beauty, ornamented with open work, cut almost as fine as lace, were presented to the prince royal. "Ah!" observed he, "I am afraid to take charge of things which require so much care." Then, turning to the princesses, he added,—"Ladies, allow me to transfer these elegant fragilities to you—they will be more safe in your keeping than in mine." On leaving the establishment, which is far inferior to those of Sevres, Saxony, and Berlin, we accompanied the prince and princesses to the imperial treasury, which contained a few objects of antiquity, and a rich collection of modern curiosities. Among other things were several specimens of clock work, and the first watches made in Nuremberg, which being contained in oval cases of carved ivory, have received the name of eggs. We were also shown some splendid vases of crystal, and others cut from blocks of jasper and agate, cups and lamps formed of lapis-lazuli, and a vase ten inches high and four in diameter, cut out of a single topaz. We also saw an assortment of crowns, sceptres, and jewelry of every kind, which, though very old-fashioned, had been several times copied and re-copied.

In a separate apartment we found a collection of the early works of Raphael, executed at a time when that great artist was employed to make designs for the Italian pottery. This unique collection was a present from the pope, and a high value is set upon it. The pictures are fixed into the carved panelling of the wall. Though the talent of the great painter is scarcely discernible in these imperfect sketches, yet they possess the interest which cannot fail to be attached to every production of his immortal pencil.

As my friends and I had no engagement for dinner, we repaired to the Empress of Austria hotel, which was the resort of foreigners, where the numerous parties who daily assembled, constantly formed an agreeable sort of a club.

(Notwithstanding the influx of foreigners of rank and fortune in Vienna, the expense of living was by no means extravagant. A Dutch ducat was at that time worth twelve florins in paper money; its numerical value being thus doubled, the property of foreigners was augmented in an equal proportion. Picnic dinners, served with profusion, did not exceed five florins per head, including wine.)

During dinner the conversation turned exclusively on the carousal of the preceding day, at which most of the guests had been present. The knights and their ladies, the music and the horses, &c. were praised and criticised by turns; but it was universally admitted that so splendid a spectacle and so illustrious a circle of spectators, had never before been seen in Europe. "As tournaments probably had their rise in Germany," observed the prince of Hesse-Homburg, "it was very natural that an endeavour should have been made yesterday to revive the recollection of that circumstance." "Since the reign of Louis XIV.," said General Jemini, "certainly nothing similar has been attempted; and the great Collet, could he have witnessed the fête of yesterday, would have acknowledged himself outdone." "Pardon me," interrupted the Chevalier Ilermann, "I think that Stockholm has occasionally been the scene of equal gaiety and splendour. At the beginning of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus IV. several tournaments were given at the queen's palace at Drottningholm, for the king was of opinion that such amusements tended to keep up in Sweden that valour, elegance, and courtesy of manners, of which Gustavus III. and his court exhibited such perfect models. I can assure you, gentlemen, that though yesterday's carousal was certainly a splendid spectacle, those at which I have been present in Sweden have rivalled it, not in magnificence, but in the accurate fidelity to old traditions. The last at which I was present was very remarkable. The German papers had for some time previously announced that a knight who wished to remain unknown, challenged to single combat any Swedish knight who might dispute with him the prize of the tournament, which was a scarf embroidered

by the hands of the queen. He accordingly suspended at the barrier of the camp his shield, which was ornamented with stars on an azure ground, with the device *fra tanti una*. His gauntlet was taken up by young Count Oxenstiern. A circumstance which added to the whimsicality of the combat was, that the knight chose as his weapon the battle-axe, the use of which had been exploded for centuries. On this occasion there were, as you may naturally suppose, a thousand reports in circulation, and a thousand various conjectures afloat. However, the most accredited story was, that the unknown Don Quixote was a young English nobleman, who, during a visit to the court of Baden, had become passionately enamoured of the queen, then Princess Dorothea. It was for a time supposed he would obtain her hand; but one of the daughters of the Margrave having become empress of Russia, and another queen of Bavaria, policy made Dorothea queen of Sweden. The lover was discarded; but he was unable to master his unfortunate passion; and his only remaining wish was to die or to triumph over his adversary in the presence of the object of his adoration. The king, who rarely failed to take part in these amusements, and to dispute the prizes with the other champions of the carousal, was unwilling that so public a duel should violate the observance of the laws, which by his coronation oath he had sworn to maintain; and in consequence the combat did not take place.

The tournament was however extremely magnificent. The queen crowned the conqueror, who proved to be young Count Piper. After the tournament the count's banner was placed in an antique car, drawn by two reindeer as white as snow; and the entertainment, like that of yesterday, closed by a ball and supper, at which all the court were present.

As my chapter is but short, I will here relate two anecdotes which I heard while at Raginow in Russia, a village 500 wersts from Moscow.

In this neighbourhood the Count de W—— has his principal estate, on which he spends a great portion of the year. A curious incident occurred, whilst here, to my recollection, which justifies the appellation of the *Butany Bay* of the European continent given by my witty friend, the Marquis de Maisonfort, to Moscow. That city in fact abounds with adventures and quacks of all kinds from almost every part of Europe.

The Count W—— had commissioned his brother, who resided at Moscow, to look out for some Frenchman who was competent to undertake the education of the count's two sons, and to enter into the necessary agreement with him for that purpose. A Frenchman of good appearance was selected from among a great number of candidates, and was soon after despatched to Raginow. Things went on satisfactorily for some time, and the count applauded the choice his brother had made for him. One day a servant of the count, who had been appointed to attend exclusively on the French tutor, accidentally observed that the latter had the mark of a hilly printed on one of his shoulders. Astonished at a novelty so unaccountable, he ventured to question the Frenchman, who, taken by surprise, and probably not knowing exactly what explanation to give, told the servant in great secrecy that he was a member of the family of the Bourbons, who, after the revolution, had all agreed on printing that royal mark upon their persons, that it might always serve as a sign of recognition among themselves in any part of the world where their misfortunes might happen to lead them. Notwithstanding his promise to keep the matter secret, the servant, as may be easily imagined, hastened to inform every one of his fellow domestics with his luck in having to attend on a person of royal blood. This soon came to the ears of the whole family, and from that moment he was treated by all with an obsequiousness and respect which almost placed the whole establishment at his command. Ill luck would have it, however, that one day a French emigrant holding a distinguished rank in the Russian service, being on his way to Cazan, stopped at Raginow to spend a day with Count de W——. The latter hastened to inform his visiter of the illustrious personage who resided in his house. "But," said the traveller, "are you quite sure it is so?"—"Nothing more certain," replied the count. "I have seen it, I have touched it, and so has almost every body in the house." "But what have you seen? Is it documents, parchments, or certificates?"—"Not at all," said the count, "it is something infinitely surer than all that—nothing less than the mark of the fleur-de-lis printed on his shoulder!" The astonishment of the traveller may be easily guessed on learning this evidence of the tutor's pretensions to

royalty; but when it was explained to the count that it was the brand of a criminal, his indignation knew no bounds. The royal preceptor did not long remain under the count's roof after the discovery of his inapudant imposture.

The relation of this occurrence recalls to my memory another, which, though of a less important character, is rather more amusing. A maid servant from Provence had, somehow or other, found her way to Moscow, where she gave herself out as a lady of education who wanted a situation as governess. She contrived, in fact, to impose on the credulity of a lady of respectability, who engaged her chiefly for the purpose of teaching Italian to her daughter. The governess knew not a word of this language; but as her own native tongue, the Provençal, bears some resemblance to Italian in regard to pronunciation, she taught that language to her pupil, who, in fact, after three years' study, became as complete a mistress of it as the capacity of her governess was able to make her. The imposture, however, could not always remain concealed; but it was a long time before the young lady could be persuaded that she had been losing her time in learning a useless *patois*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Some of Prince de Ligne's maxims—Prince Cz——Claims preferred at the congress—Curious fete given to Lord S———His lordship's splendid dinner in retire—Discussion on London and Paris—Lord S——'s good manners.

To describe accurately the manners, laws, and national character of any country, it is necessary not only to have lived long in it, but also to have been acquainted with a vast number of individuals of different classes and opinions, otherwise we should be unavoidably led into error, according to the various situations, prejudices, or passions, which may give a colouring to the information we collect. But to know the spirit, the habits and customs of the brilliant society of a capital, the intrigues, the talents, and the adventures of the distinguished personages it contains, it is sufficient to have lived as I did at Vienna, on a footing of intimacy with an impartial and intelligent observer like the Prince de Ligne, and to have noted down every shrewd remark that escaped him.

"Is it true," said I, one morning when I called on the prince, "that you are the author of a song on the subject of the congress, the chorus of which is repeated even in the saloons of the empresses?"—"I am aware," replied he, "that it is attributed to me; but even if I could forget the way in which the Countess de Boufflers rewarded the vanity of Count de Tressan," yet as I have only lines of words to oppose to the lines of bayonets which the occupants of thrones have at their disposal, I should not think the conflict equal. However, like other people, I have heard the song sung, and I have sung it myself. I have even copied it out, and if you wish to have it, here it is written with my own hand." "It would appear," observed I, after I had perused the manuscript, "that the poet is a scholar, if I may judge from the motto he has chosen for his stanzas. Yet I doubt, prince, whether Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of your monarchy, would take a gold chain from his neck, and present it to the author of these lines, as the old chronicles say he did to reward a minstrel of his own time." "After all," resumed the Prince de Ligne, "the song you so much admire is but an inconsequential *jeu d'esprit*. Good intentions prompt a man to write what may entail dangerous results upon himself; it is not so much an effort of talent, as an instance of laudable zeal for the public cause or justice in general." "True, prince, and we do not often find men possessed of that sort of courage." "More often, perhaps, than you imagine. As long as there are abuses there will be people to complain of them; and if kings will not bear the plain truth, it must be conveyed to them through the medium of satire or ridicule. But as to you, you have fortunately not reached the age when people love to complain. Enjoy your youth while it lasts, and adopt as a maxim, carelessness till twenty-five, gaiety till forty, and philosophy to the end of life." "The maxim is short," observed I, "and

* A song was made upon the Marchioness de Luxembourg, when Countess de Boufflers, which commenced with the following lines:—

"Quand Boufflers parut à la cour,
On crut voir la mère d'Amour,
Chacun s'empressa de lui plaire,
Et chacun l'avait à son tour."

Suspecting Count de Tressan to be the author of the song, she said to him one day—"Count, have you seen this little production? It is so very clever that if I knew the author I would not only pardon him but embrace him." The count, caught in the snare, said:—"I am the author, madam!"—upon which the lady boxed his ears.

easily put into practice." "Yes, easily like every thing that is easily analysed. Life may be divided into three parts: the past is history, the present poetry, and the future romance. May the first, which is truth, serve to enliven you by its recollections, if they be agreeable, or to correct and instruct you! May a somewhat ardent imagination diffuse a charm over the second part of your life! and may all that is brilliant and happy cheer your latter days?" We were interrupted in this conversation, to me so interesting, by the entrance of Prince Cz——. His highness immediately introduced politics, and though I must confess he possessed the secret of imparting to the driest subjects that captivating eloquence which seems to be a natural gift among his countrymen yet I was heartily tired of political discussions, and could not endure to hear them maintained by men who on any other subject would have been equally profound and instructive, and more entertaining. The conversation turned on the demands made upon the congress, and truly they would have formed altogether an amusing *catalogue raisonné*. Regusa, Genoa, Venice, and the other republics claimed their independence; the Grand duke of Baden a portion of territory; Saxony her possessions which had been given to Prussia; Sicily the throne of Naples; the Hans Towns the restoration of their privileges; the town of Wetlar its *chambre ardente* and Germanic tribunal; the queen of Etruria Tuscany; the pope his legation of Ferrara; Spain the duchy of Parma; and in short there was not a descendant of the family of the *Bueni Compagni* who did not claim the Isle of Elba, and was angry at seeing it unlawfully bestowed upon Napoleon.

I perceived that the discussion was likely to be protracted to a considerable length, and as the surprise intended by the Countess Z—— for Lord S—— was fixed for that evening, I took leave of the Prince de Ligne, and proceeded to the Jager-Zeil. There I found the countess and some of her friends, among whom were Isabey and Moreau, engaged in preparing for the fete. The invitation cards requested the company to assemble at eight o'clock precisely, and all were punctual. The company were in fancy dresses, and those worn by the ladies were exceedingly rich and elegant.

At half past seven M. Moreau, wrapped in a large domino, stepped into the countess's carriage, and drove to the Prater, near the Lust-haus, where Lord S—— was to wait for his conductor. Curiosity, vanity, or some other powerful motive induced his lordship to be punctual, and according to his promise he came alone. Lord S—— permitted a bandage to be tied over his eyes, and accompanied by M. Moreau, who observed profound silence, he stepped into the carriage. At half past eight o'clock it entered the court-yard of the hotel. M. Moreau removed the handkerchief from the eyes of Lord S——, and then commenced a series of surprises which I am sure must have left in his lordship's mind an impression of gratitude and admiration. The residence of the Countess Z—— presented an exquisite combination of splendour and taste. The costly furniture, a great portion of which consisted of porphyry and lapis-lazuli, the pictures, &c. gave to the whole the effect of an enchanted palace; and to the charms of art were on this occasion added the beauties of nature. The staircases and drawing-rooms were adorned with fragrant shrubs and flowers. A grove of orange trees and vines, thickly hung with fruit, extended from the entrance hall to the drawing-room. The Countess Z—— received Lord S—— in the same gypsy's costume in which he had repeatedly met her at the ridotto, and she introduced him to the assembled company. By a refinement of courtesy, the orchestra performed an English air on his entrance. When he had taken his seat, Juliette, the countess's interesting adopted daughter, and Mademoiselle Lombard, the actress whom I have mentioned in a preceding chapter, recited some lines in French and English, highly complimentary to Lord S——. These recitations were succeeded by the national dances of the countries through which his lordship had travelled; and one amusement succeeded another until supper was announced. It had been determined that the ineognito should be kept up during supper; but at his lordship's earnest entreaties, the countess was prevailed on to give the signal for the company to unmask. Lord S—— now found that most of the individuals present were his intimate acquaintances, and he no doubt congratulated himself on this last agreeable surprise. The supper was magnificent, and partook of the gaiety which had enlivened the previous part of the evening. On taking leave of the countess, Lord S—— invited the whole of the company collectively to dine

with him on the following day, which those who had not formed previous engagements promised to do.

Thus terminated this delightful evening, which passed off almost unnoticed amidst the brilliant festivities of the congress; but which was nevertheless one of the most pleasing fetes of which any individual then in Vienna could boast of being the object.

The dinner given by Lord S— next day was certainly a fair specimen of British magnificence and vanity. Besides the individuals who had attended the party of the preceding evening, there were present. Princes Razumowski and Koslowski, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Cathcart, the Duke d'Arenberg, and some others. The dinner was served with profusion, but in the best taste. The places allotted for the ladies were distinguished by bouquets of choice flowers; and the whole betrayed a desire to present in detail what the entertainment of the preceding had presented in a mass. During the first course all went off admirably; but when the second course was served, the appetite being somewhat satisfied, the conversation took a more free course, and our noble host, anxious to maintain that supremacy which sometimes the English as well as others love to arrogate to themselves, spoke in the most unreserved terms of the pre-eminence of his own country. He satirised the Germans without mercy; and as the quiet politeness of the Viennese checked any attempt to refute his arguments, he concluded that France would doubtless be more vulnerable. Accordingly he threw down the gauntlet, which was immediately taken up; for since his lordship transgressed the laws of common civility by openly attacking the country of his guests, it would certainly have been a weakness to allow such a want of urbanity to pass unnoticed. Isabeau, who, in an arbitrary court, had already often ventured to return smart replies to unjust attacks, took up the defence of France in the following way:—

"It is our custom, my lord," said he, "to support our arguments by facts, which are always more convincing than mere assertions. We do not mistake emphasis for genius, nor diatribes for reasoning. You would wish to convince us that the most serious nation in the world alone possesses the merit of inventing every elegant fashion. I thought, and I believe all Europe is of the same opinion, that our supremacy in this respect is not to be disputed; but I am inclined to extend that supremacy, not only to the fine arts, but to all the arts of industry. Of this positive and indisputable proofs may be adduced. For example, have you ever succeeded in equalling our Gobelin tapestry, or French lace? In spite of all your efforts, has your Wedgewood's ware equaled our Sevres porcelain? Can your composition crystal rival our rock crystal? Have your engravings ever attained the perfection of ours? By the invention of mezzotint, a style devoid of vigour or firmness, your artists have appealed to economy rather than to taste. Do your looking-glass or your silk manufactures equal ours? Do your clocks and watches rival those of Breget? In short, a thousand examples might be adduced to prove—" "To prove nothing," interrupted Lord S—, "except indeed that in mechanics, literature, horses, carriages, manufactures, agriculture, laws and morals, we are your superiors, and that the superiority of your fine arts consists solely in hair-dressing, opera-dancing and fencing, which the evidence of several centuries has sufficiently proved;—but without entering into details, is Paris to be compared to London?"—"I would not presume to determine," observed Count de Mejan, "to which of the two capitals the preference is due. However, if I were to attempt a comparison, I should say that if London contains the greater number of objects worthy of interest and curiosity, it must be acknowledged that the lovers of the arts, the *belles lettres*, and of pleasure, must gladly turn from the fogs of England, to admire, on the smiling banks of the Seine, the majesty of our monuments, the elegance of our edifices, the attic wit of our brilliant literary circles, and the animation and taste which impart life and grace to every thing. Finally, in Paris one enjoys the reality of that happiness, which in London is only known in dull dreams. Nothing can be more singular than the contrast which the English capital presents to a foreigner at the first glance. The monotonous regularity of those parts of London, in which the streets are wide, clean, and uniform, and the filth and closeness of other places; the incredible activity of a crowd of persons who hurry through the streets, and the gloomy gravity expressed in every countenance; the brilliant illuminations at Vauxhall, and the silence of the promenaders in the gardens, who seem to have collected to-

gether for any purpose rather than amusement; the perpetual movement of the immense population on week-days, and the tranquillity which succeeds that agitation on Sundays; the tumult of the elections, the frequency of disturbances, and the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the universal feeling of civil equality and the maintenance of the most singular feudal customs; the admiration and honour rendered to talent and merit, and the almost exclusive respect entertained for wealth; finally, the insatiable thirst for amusement, and the almost incurable distaste for all the pleasures of life!—this is totally the reverse of our habits, manners, and tastes, and renders your nation, my lord, a sort of foreign family among the other great families of Europe."

A conversation of this nature was not calculated to inspire gaiety and confidence among the company. Certainly our Amphitryon richly deserved that all these parallels should be summed up by a comparison between his manners and those of the other foreign ambassadors at Vienna. Some part of his lordship's conduct had astonished and shocked the grave Germans. However, respect for the presence of the Countess Z— caused the friends of that lady to forbear expressing in a decided way their opinion of that which, in any other place, might have been excused on the score of national prejudice; but which, at his lordship's own table, was very far from what might have been expected from the representative of one of the most polite, affable and elegant princes in Europe.

When the company retired to the drawing-room there was first a little music, and then an attempt to dance; but nothing could subdue the dullness which his lordship's want of good breeding had diffused among his guests. On our departure, at midnight, we could not but add a new paragraph to the chapter of oddities, which, during his residence at Vienna, characterised a man who, by his own personal merit and his rank, might have been more honourably distinguished than by waging a war of *mauvais ton*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Last moments of the Prince de Ligne—His death—Ceremonies observed at his funeral.

We labour for glory and for the good opinion of posterity, which even to the atheist is a compensation for the immortality of the soul. But after all, is it not a melancholy error to attach so much importance to that posterity, which in all probability may know nothing of the present generation, especially if we admit the certainty of the physical revolutions of the globe? Shall we be thought of when ships are sailing over our proud cities and fertile plains? What, alas! is the voice of fame, for which man makes so many sacrifices, and which perhaps will to-morrow be drowned by the tolling of the bell which announces he is no more?

I hurried this morning to the Prince de Ligne, who, I was informed, was dangerously indisposed. On entering, I found with him Dr. Malfatti, his physician, and Count Golowkin, who gained notoriety by the failure of his embassy to China. The doctor blamed the prince for having imprudently left the court ball without his cloak, by which he had caught a violent cold, which terminated in erysipelas. The count, on the other hand, who had no more faith than Malicre in physis and physicians, sought to console the prince, who seemed somewhat uneasy at the tone and language of the doctor.

"I have always," said the prince, "belonged to the incredulous sect, with all due deference to the faculty; and I remember very well that when the Empress Catherine seriously urged me to submit to medical treatment, I replied, 'I have, madam, a peculiar mode of treating myself:—when I am ill I send for my two friends: I physis Segor and bleed Cobenzel, and I am immediately well again!'"—"But times are changed since then, prince," observed the doctor, rather piqued; "for, if I remember right, it is some thirty years ago since you joked in that way on your journey in the Crimea; but we are now in Vienna, and you are thirty years older."

"—I have no doubt," resumed the prince, "that now, since every sort of entertainment has been presented to our illustrious visitors, no one will be sorry to relieve the monotony of pleasure by the funeral of a field-marshal. But, gentlemen, I really am not courtier enough to wish to be the principal performer in such a scene, though death is not to be feared by every body, as I have endeavoured to prove in fourteen articles which I wrote last night between a shivering fit and a fit of fever. You shall hear them, doctor; they will perhaps serve you as a text, when preaching resignation to patients whom

you have condemned *in petto*. Death need not be feared—"

"1st, By men of pure conscience, who are sure of their reward in the world to come.

"2d, By those who are tormented by evil consciences, who do not believe in a future state, and who being miserable in this life, are not sorry to exchange it for the annihilation which their infidelity persuades them is the fate for which they are reserved.

"3d, By people of feeling minds, who, having suffered an irreparable loss, hope, by a pardonable illusion, to regain the object of their affections.

"4th, By the miserable; for they do not lose a life of which they have never known the value, and which is a mere burthen to them.

"5th, 'By the happy; for if they do not die while their happiness lasts, they may live to see it forsake them.

"6th, By the truly unhappy in health and fortune.

"7th, By the unfortunate dupes of courts and of love, who are the martyrs of their taste for favour and favours.

"8th, By the wise, who are weary of the folly of the world.

"9th, By the virtuous, who are weary of its wickedness.

"10th, By people of taste, who are weary of those who have none.

"11th, By men who have seen the world, and who suffer the mortification of finding that those who have neither seen nor read any thing are believed in preference to them.

"12th, By the honest and the upright, who cannot endure the injustice, the falsehood, the intrigue, the selfishness, the malice, and the mediocrity of those by whom they are surrounded.

"13th, By those who have deceived, who have been deceived, or who have deceived themselves.

"14th, By those who are sated with pleasure, who have experienced ingratitude, and who unfortunately know mankind too well to esteem them."

After having heard this little moral lecture the doctor took his leave, and Count Golowkin endeavoured to divert the prince from the gloomy thoughts to which he gave way in spite of his philosophy. The count spoke of his embassy to China, which introduced a variety of anecdotes, and served to revive the spirits of the prince. However, his two days' illness had produced a melancholy change in his appearance.

His daughter, the Countess Palffy, entered, bringing the medicine which Malfatti had prescribed, and we left him, promising to return in the evening. When the count and I reached the rampart we could not forbear expressing the anxiety we mutually felt on account of the prince. Count Golowkin, who had known him long, and who, like all who knew him, loved him with enthusiasm, said to me as we walked along, "What an irreparable loss to the family and friends of that great man would be the termination of a life, of which each glorious action would in itself suffice to confer immortality! Where shall we find such another model of ancient chivalry and courtly *bon ton*? Where shall we find a man who in so eminent a degree possesses the art of rendering himself beloved and admired by amiability of temper, original talent, and lively imagination? During forty years of military service he was distinguished by the most chivalrous courage; and he is alike remarkable for the extent of his information, military, historical, and literary. He is kind to his equals, affable to his inferiors, and familiar even with sovereigns. He is adored by his children, of whom he is the companion and playfellow; and the frivolity for which he is sometimes reproached is so varied, so piquant, and agreeable, that it is impossible to refrain from loving even his faults."

Just as the count had concluded this brief but accurate portrait, we perceived the Emperor of Austria coming towards us. He was alone, not having even a single attendant with him, for, as Voltaire says—

Comme il était sans crainte, il marchait sans défense.

As his majesty approached us he recognised Count Golowkin, and accosted him. Supposing that he might probably have something to communicate to the count in private, I withdrew, and called on Mr. Griffiths, to whom I communicated the apprehensions I felt on account of the illness of our incomparable friend.

At eight in the evening I made another visit to the prince, accompanied by Mr. Griffiths, who had made the healing art the study of his life, and now offered his services to assist in preserving the friend whom he dearly loved.

We found the prince exceeding weak, and the presentiment of his dissolution rendered him thoughtful and

melancholy. "Nature has ordained," said he, "that we shall all in our turns abandon the space we occupy in the world to make room for others. We must submit to our fate. Yet," added he, with deep emotion, "it is a painful struggle to part from those we love—that is the severest pang." At these words a tear, which I had not power to repress, dropped from my eye. "Come, come," said he, "fear nothing. Death will miss his aim this time; and to-morrow you will find that all this illness will have vanished like a dream."—"In that case, prince," replied I, "this nightmare will form one page more in your memorandum book?"—"Alas! how melancholy it is to look back on the past! If it has been unfortunate, it is distressing to think of it. If happy, it is painful to say—it has been. If we think of our days of glory and pleasure, our youthful occupations, and even the sports of our childhood, all are calculated to excite regret." Here he paused for a few moments, as if collecting his ideas, and then he added, "Yet, were I to begin my life over again, I would do almost every thing I have done, except indeed that I would not afford the same opportunities for ingratitude; and that I would take a little more pains to avoid the want of money, that I might have it in my power to aid those who do want it."

The prince's illness continued to make rapid and alarming progress, and all about him were plunged into despair. I remained with him during a great part of the day, and I returned in the evening. His afflicted family were assembled at his bed side, and the most distinguished personages then in Vienna were momentarily sending to enquire how he was. When Malaffi arrived, about eleven o'clock, the prince said, "Nothing ails me, doctor, except the difficulty of dying. I did not know it was an affair of so much ceremony. Truly, the uncertainty and the briefness of existence are not worth this." He afterwards began to converse in a very cheerful tone of the legacies he had bequeathed. "My fortune is not difficult to divide," said he; "but I wish to do it fairly. As to you, my boy," said he, addressing me, "your family has already received the best share of your portion. Conformably with an old custom," continued he, "I must leave a legacy to my company of Trabants, and I have made that legacy my posthumous works, which are well worth a hundred thousand florins." In vain we endeavoured to divert him from this melancholy train of ideas: he constantly turned the conversation on the subject of death. "I admire," said he, "the manner in which Petronius departed from the world. Wishing that his death should be as voluptuous as his life, he commanded soft music to be played and fine poetry recited to him in his last moments. But for my part I will do better. Surrounded by all whom I love, I will expire in the arms of friendship." Some moments afterwards he said to us—"Do not be so cast down. Perhaps we shall not part yet awhile. One illness sometimes saves us from a worse; for there is a connecting link between all that has happened and all that is to happen, and uncertainty is sometimes a blessing."

He was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, which greatly alarmed us. When he was somewhat restored he said—"Ah! I feel that I have not strength to live; but I have yet strength to love you." At these words all his children threw themselves on the bed, and kissed his hands, which they watered with their tears. "What means this," said he, "my children?" withdrawing his hands, "I am not yet a saint!"

A potion which the doctor prescribed had the effect of composing him for a few hours; but about three in the morning his imagination seemed to be suddenly excited. He fancied he beheld Death enter his chamber, and raising himself up in his bed, he assumed the attitude of a man who was about to struggle with an adversary. In a tone of inconceivable agitation he exclaimed—"Close the door!—See, he is coming in!—Turn him out!" He then seemed to be struggling with all his strength, uttering incoherent sentences, and calling us all to his aid. This last effort completely exhausted him, and he afterwards continued insensible. This was on the 13th of December, 1814.*

The Prince de Ligne is no more!—How melancholy it is to write these words! One of the brightest intellectual luminaries of the age has disappeared. How justly may be applied to him the words that he employed in allusion to the death of another great man—"Il n'est plus!"

* In the last moments of existence, it would appear that an imaginary phantom sometimes presents itself to the sight. Lucien Bonaparte, in his *Memoirs*, states that in the delirium which preceded his father's last moments, he was seen to struggle powerfully against Death, which appeared to be visible to him, and that he called upon his son Napoleon to come and defend him with his great sword.

Il n'est plus! Ce prince qui faisait honneur à l'homme, l'homme qui faisait le plus d'honneur au prince."

The Prince de Ligne was for sixty years a model and an example to his contemporaries. Dignities reflected less lustre on him than he reflected on them, and he died an object of veneration to all friends of glory, virtue, and talent, and an object of regret and of just pride to his family and his country. When celebrated men cease to exist, it is allowable and useful to judge their characters; but my praise might be subject to suspicion, for I returned him in enthusiasm what he granted me in friendship. But he now belongs to history, and history I am sure will judge him as I do.

Yesterday the last honours were rendered to the Prince de Ligne. The funeral procession left his house at noon, to convey the body to the Kalemberg, which had been his favourite retreat during life, and which he singled out as his resting-place after death.

The body was conveyed to the tomb with the honours due to the high rank which the deceased held in the army; and the mournful ceremony was accompanied with a degree of pomp which had never before been observed at the funeral of a private individual in Vienna. Ten thousand troops, infantry and cavalry, were ordered out to follow the procession. The prince's company of Trabants surrounded the funeral car, and the officers wore the insignia of mourning. A man in armour, on horseback, wearing a crape scarf *en bandoulière*, followed the car, holding a drawn sword inclined towards the earth. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with crowds of people. Among the mourners were, besides the relatives of the deceased, Sir Sidney Smith, Prince Eugene, Generals Ouwaroef, De Witt, Ypsilanti, the Prince de Lorraine, the Duke de Richelieu, and a multitude of persons of distinction.

Fugitive, like all human pomp, the field-marshal's funeral procession passed before the sovereigns. The King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander beheld it from that part of the ramparts which had been razed by the French, and their countenances sufficiently indicated the grief they felt for the death of the prince.

When we accompanied the body to the vault prepared for it in the little chapel of the Kalemberg, the sun, as if eager to illumine the asylum of that justly celebrated man, saluted us with his parting ray.

After the funeral service was read, all the members of his family, his friends, and his servants, took an affectionate farewell of his beloved remains.

On leaving the house where I had passed so many happy hours, I heard his praises in every mouth, and I saw tears in every eye. The sincere regret which accompanied him to the tomb was more eloquent than the most solemn funeral oration.

Mr. Griffiths and I returned to Vienna, carefully avoiding the crowd of people who were also hurrying back to town. The trees were leafless, but the sky was serene. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a dead stillness prevailed around us. "How calm the evening is!" said Griffiths. "See, my friend, how nature is resigned—surely from this the heart of man should learn resignation."

END OF THE JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the tidings* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
The mountain winds, the furnished fox,
Complain that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steep and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils, in light, the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
His leucous nest to make.
Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,

Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature:
A world not scorned by Him who made
E'en weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light!—not alone on clouds afar,
O'er storm-lodged mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, O light! minutely fair,
Divine plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here!
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear the thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!—
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains, mushroom-high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruined realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite like me,
Impelled by wo or whim,
May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might;
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!

Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects sparked with thought?
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into naught!
But should'st thou wreck our father land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little one will sleep.

From the Literary Souvenir.

SONNET.

On Sir Walter Scott's quitting Abbotsford for Naples.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice, again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in laurelled conqueror know,
Than sceptred kings, or laurelled conqueror know,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

* The hedge-sparrow. † The dandelion. ‡ Golden-crested wren.

LETTERS

FROM THE LATE

Earl of Chatham

TO HIS NEPHEW

THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

From the fourth London edition.

INTRODUCTION.

We are not aware of any American edition of the following little work—at all events, we are sure it is not as generally known as it deserves to be. We join the English editor in wishing there had been more of the letters preserved from oblivion.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Droptree, Dec. 3, 1803.

My dear sir—When you expressed to me your entire concurrence in my wish to print the following letters, you were not apprised that this address would accompany them. By that you will, I trust, be received as a testimony of affectionate friendship. To others the propriety will be obvious of inscribing with your name a publication, in which Lord Chatham teaches, how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed.

GRENVILL.

The English Editor's Preface.

The following letters were addressed by the late Lord Chatham to his nephew Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Lord Camelford), then at Cambridge. They are few in number, written for the private use of an individual during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subjects to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will undoubtedly be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture which they display of the character of their author. The editor's wish to do honour to the memory both of the person by whom they were written, and of him to whom they were addressed, would alone have rendered him desirous of making these papers public. But he feels a much higher motive, in the hope of promoting by such a publication the inseparable interests of learning, virtue, and religion. By the writers of that school, whose philosophy consists in the degradation of virtue, it has often been triumphantly declared, that no excellence of character can stand the test of close observation: that no man is a hero to his domestic servants, or to his familiar friends. How much more just, as well as more amiable and dignified, is the opposite sentiment, delivered to us in the words of Plutarch, and illustrated throughout all his writings! "Real virtue," says that inimitable moralist, "is most loved, where it is most nearly seen; and with respect which it commands from strangers, can equal the never ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life."—*Plut. Vit. Pericles*.

The following correspondence, imperfect as it is, (and who will not lament that many more such letters are not preserved?) exhibits a great orator, statesman, and patriot, in one of the most interesting relations of private society. Not, as in the cabinet or the senate, enforcing by a vigorous and commanding eloquence, those councils to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory; but implanting with parental kindness into the mind of an ingenious youth, seeds of wisdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a most accomplished man: directing him to the acquisition of knowledge, as the best instrument of action; teaching him by the cultivation of his reason, to strengthen and establish in his heart those principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it; and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude, and obedience to God, as the only sure groundwork of every human duty.

What parent, anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What

young spirit animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honourable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace with transport any opportunity of listening on such a subject to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him. Not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard.

On that disposition and character the editor forbears to enlarge. Their best panegyric will be found in the following pages. Lord Camelford is there described such as Lord Chatham judged him in the first dawn of his youth, and such as he continued to his latest hour. The same suavity of manners, and steadiness of principle, the same correctness of judgment, and integrity of heart, distinguished him through life; and the same affectionate attachment from those who knew him best has followed him beyond the grave.

It will be obvious to every reader on the slightest perusal of the following letters, that they were never intended to comprise a perfect system of education, even for the short portion of time to which they relate. Many points in which they will be found deficient, were undoubtedly supplied by frequent opportunities of personal intercourse, and much was left to the general rules of study established at an English university. Still less therefore should the temporary advice addressed to an individual, whose previous education had laboured under some disadvantage, be understood as a general dissuasive from the cultivation of Grecian literature. The sentiments of Lord Chatham were in direct opposition to any such opinion. The manner in which, even in these letters, he speaks of the first of poets, and the greatest of orators; and the stress which he lays on the benefits to be derived from their immortal works, could leave no doubt of his judgment on this important point. That judgment was afterwards most unequivocally manifested, when he was called upon to consider the question with a still higher interest, not only as a friend and guardian, but also as a father.

"I call that," says Milton, "a complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

This is the purpose to which all knowledge is subordinate; the test of all intellectual and all moral excellence. It is the end to which the lessons of Lord Chatham are uniformly directed. May they contribute to promote and encourage its pursuit! Recommended, as they must be, to the heart of every reader, by their warmth of sentiment and eloquence of language; deriving additional weight from the affectionate interest by which they were dictated; and most of all enforced by the influence of his own great example, and by the authority of his venerable name.

LETTER I.

My dear child—I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is written over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sounds, and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the Eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leech to carry you quite through Virgil's *Æneid*, from beginning to ending. Pray show him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's Fables in particular. I am not sure, if they are not called Tales instead of Fables. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake if you will, has read Virgil's *Æneid* quite through, and much of Horace's Epistles. Terence's plays I would also desire Mr. Leech to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on, my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good that I have nothing to wish but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child.

Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER II.

Bath, Oct. 13, 1751.

My dear nephew—As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath, but very lately, after making a considerable circuit to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt but you will become a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's *Iliad*; and have made so great a progress in Virgil, I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much: they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibed: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and, in one word, virtue in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: *Ille impiger hantit spumantem patrum*. "Quickly he drained the foaming bowl!"

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection, my dear child,
Your loving uncle.

LETTER III.

Bath, Jan. 12, 1754.

My dear nephew—Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and above all I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Maecte tua virtute*; "Go on, and prosper." Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurement of it, lest by small indulgences, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est improba siren, desidia*, "Avoid that ugly siren, idleness." I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good as to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular

manner, may be exactly followed in every title. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society, to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave, therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things, as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one.*

Believe me, with the truest affection, my dear nephew, ever yours.

LETTER IV.

Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

My dear nephew—You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have written soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If any thing, my dear boy, could have happened, to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly, (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit,) which has opened to you at your college, and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlivened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheeler,† and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, genuine love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule. Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr. Wheeler which you have so fortunately begun; and, in general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superior in age and knowledge, namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well bred hearer, and to answer with modesty: to deliver your own opinions sparingly and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire farther information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as, begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long novitiate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity; but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done, (no matter how vainly and weakly,) the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting, for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile

prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their railletry with railletry, always tempered with good breeding; if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt. I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit. "When you have spoken ingratitude, you have spoken every thing." If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never failing almighty friend. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, is big with the deepest wisdom: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and, an upright heart, the wise understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wise and rakes of Cambridge allow it or no; nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, Heretics are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure may think of a tainted health and battered constitution. Hold fast therefore by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger; the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you will fly with abhorrence and contempt superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto*. "What is just and right within the soul, and the sacred recesses of the mind, and a breast imbued with generous honesty."

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world! I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly

I am yours.

LETTER V.

Bath, Jan. 24, 1754.

I will lose not a moment before I return my most tender and warm thanks to the most amiable, valuable, and noble minded of youths, for the infinite pleasure his letter gives me. My dear nephew, what a beautiful thing is genuine goodness, and how lovely does the human mind appear, in its native purity, (in a nature as happy as appears,) before the taints of a corrupted world have touched it! To guard you from the fatal effects of all the dangers that surround and beset youth, (and many there are,) I thank God, is become my pleasing and very important charge; your own choice, and our nearness of hearts, which I feel between us, all concur to make it so. I shall seek then every occasion, my dear young friend, of being useful to you, by offering you those lights, which one must have lived some years in the world to see the full force and extent of, and which the best mind and clearest understanding will suggest imperfectly, in any case, and in the most difficult, delicate, and essential points perhaps not at all, till experience, that dear brought instructor, comes to our assistance. What I shall therefore make my task, (a happy, delightful task, if I prove a safeguard to so much opening virtue,) is to be for some years, what you cannot be to yourself, your experience; experience anticipated, and ready digested for your use. Thus we will endeavour, my dear child, to join the two best seasons of life, to establish your virtue and your happiness upon solid foundations. So much in general. I

will now, my dear nephew, say a few things to you upon a matter where you have surprisingly little to learn, considering you have seen nothing but Beconnock; I mean behaviour. Behaviour is of infinite advantage or prejudice to a man, as he happens to have formed it to a graceful, noble, engaging, and proper manner, or to a vulgar, coarse, ill bred, or awkward and ungenteel one. Behaviour, though an external thing which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues: though I have known instances of good men, with something very revolting and offensive in their manner of behaviour, especially when they have the misfortune to be naturally very awkward and ungenteel; and which their mistaken friends have helped to confirm them in, by telling them, they were above such trifles, as being genteel, dancing, fencing, riding, and doing all manly exercises, with grace and vigour. As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man: and the proper, easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man. You are in no danger of falling into this preposterous error: and I had a great pleasure in finding you, when I first saw you in London, so well disposed by nature, and so properly attentive to make yourself genteel in person, and well bred in behaviour. I am very glad you have taken a fencing master: that exercise will give you some manly firm, and graceful attitudes: open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it; but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence: and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of a man of virtue, in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping; nothing has so poor a look: above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affliction, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily, when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it; but the trick of laughing frivolously by all means to be avoided; *Risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est*. "Nothing is so silly as a silly laugh." Now as to politeness; many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would however venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention, (by Bahit it grows easy and natural to us,) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent, or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness: that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues. Nothing is so incompatible with politeness as any trick of absence of mind. I would trouble you with a word or two more upon some branches of behaviour, which have a more serious moral obligation in them, than those of mere politeness; which are equally important in the eye of the world. I mean a proper behaviour, adapted to the respective relations we stand in towards the different ranks of superiors, equals, and inferiors. Let your behaviour towards superiors, in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things intrusted to it, and an inviolable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good we should consider them as humilis amici, as fellow Christians, at conversi; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware, my dear child, of anger, that demon, that de-

* The course of study recommended being obsolete, (the author's opinions on the cultivation of Grecian literature having since changed,) we omit here, as it is more particularly for their other excellent qualities that we value these letters.—Ed.
† The Rev. John Wheeler, prebendary of Westminster. The friendship formed between this gentleman and Lord Chatham, at an early period of their lives, was founded in mutual esteem, and continued uninterrupted till Lord Chatham's death.

stroyer of our peace. Ira furor brevis est, animum regni qui nisi parat imperat, hunc frænis hunc to compescere catenis. "Anger is temporary madness—unless it obey, it will rule the mind like a tyrant: restrain it with curbs and chains."

Write soon, and tell me of your studies.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER VI.

Bath, Feb. 3, 1754.

Nothing can or ought to give me a higher satisfaction than the obliging manner in which my dear nephew receives my most sincere and affectionate endeavours to be of use to him. You much overrate the obligation, whatever it be, which youth has to those who have trod the paths of the world before them, for their friendly advice how to avoid the inconveniences, dangers, and evils, which they themselves may have run upon for want of such timely warnings, and to seize, cultivate, and carry forward towards perfection, those advantages, graces, virtues, and felicities, which they may have totally missed, or stopped short in the generous pursuit. To lend this helping hand to those who are beginning to tread the slippery way, seems, at best, but an office of common humanity to all; but to withhold it from one we truly love, and whose heart and mind bear every genuine mark of the very soil proper for all the amiable, manly, and generous virtues to take root, and bear their heavenly fruit; inward, conscious peace, fame amongst men, public love, temporal and eternal happiness; to withhold it, I say, in such an instance, would deserve the worst of names. I am greatly pleased, my dear young friend, that you do me the justice to believe I do not mean to impose any yoke of authority upon your understanding and conviction. I wish to warn, admonish, instruct, enlighten, and convince your reason; and so determine your judgment to right things, when you shall be made to see that they are right; not to overbear, and impel you to adopt any thing before you perceive it to be right or wrong, by the force of authority. I hear with great pleasure, that Locke lay before you when you last wrote to me; and I like the observation that you make from him, that we must use our own reason, not that of another, if we would deal fairly by ourselves, and hope to enjoy a peaceful and contented conscience. This precept is truly worthy of the dignity of rational natures. But here, my dear child, let me offer one distinction to you, and it is of much moment: it is this: Mr. Locke's precept is applicable only to such opinions as regard moral or religious obligations, and which as such, our own consciences alone can judge and determine for ourselves: matters of mere expediency, that affect neither honour, morality, or religion, were not in that great and wise man's view: such are the usages, forms, manners, modes, proprieties, decors, and all those numberless ornamental little acquisitions, and genteel well bred attentions, which constitute a proper, graceful, amiable, and noble behaviour. In matters of this kind, I am sure, your own reason, to which I shall always refer you, will at once tell you, that you must, at first, make use of the experience of others; in effect, see with their eyes, or not be able to see at all; for the ways of the world, as to its usages, and exterior manners, as well as to all things of expediency and prudential considerations, a moment's reflection will convince a mind as right as yours, must necessarily be to inexperienced youth, with ever so fine natural parts, a terra incognita. As you would not therefore attempt to form notions of China or Persia but from those who have travelled those countries, and the fidelity and sagacity of whose relations you can trust; so will you, as little, I trust, prematurely form notions of your own concerning that usage of the world (as it is called) into which you have not yet travelled, and which must be long studied and practised before it can be tolerably well known. I can repeat nothing to you of so infinite consequence to your future welfare, as to conjure you not to be hasty in taking up notions and opinions: guard your honest and ingenious mind against this main danger of youth: with regard to all things that appear not to your reason, after due examination, evident duties of honour, morality, or religion, (and in all such as do, let your conscience and reason determine your notions and conduct,) in all other matters, I say, be slow to form opinions, keep your mind in a candid state of suspense, and open to full conviction when you shall procure it, using in the mean time the experience of a friend you can trust, the sincerity of whose advice you will try and prove by your own experience hereafter, when more years shall have given it to you. I have been longer upon this head than I hope there was any occasion for: but the great importance of

the matter, and my warm wishes for your welfare, figure, and happiness, have drawn it from me. I wish to know if you have a good French master: I must recommend the study of the French language, to speak and write it correctly, as to grammar and orthography, as a matter of the utmost and indispensable use to you, if you would make any figure in the great world. I need say no more to enforce this recommendation: when I get to London I will send you the best French dictionary. Have you been taught geography and the use of the globes by Mr. Leech? If not, pray take a geography master and learn the use of the globes: it is soon known. I recommend to you to acquire a clear and thorough notion of what is called the solar system; together with the doctrine of comets. I wanted as much or more to hear of your private reading at home as of public lectures, which I hope, however, you will frequent for example's sake. Pardon this long letter, and keep it by you if you do not hate it. Believe me, my dear nephew, ever affectionately yours.

LETTER VII.

Bath, March 30, 1754.

My dear nephew—I am much obliged to you for your kind remembrance and wishes for my health. It is much recovered by the regular fit of gout, of which I am still lame in both feet, and I may hope for better health hereafter in consequence. I have thought it long since we conversed: I waited to be able to give you a better account of my health, and in part to leave you time to make advances in your plan of study, of which I am very desirous to hear an account. I desire you will be so good as to let me know particularly if you have gone through the abridgment of Burnet's History of the Reformation, and the treatise of Father Paul on Benefices; also how much of Locke you have read. I beg you not to mix any other English reading with what I recommended to you. I propose to save you much time and trouble by pointing out to you such books, in succession, as will carry you the shortest way to the things you must know to fit yourself for the business of the world, and give you the clearer knowledge of them by keeping them unmixed with superfluous, vain, empty trash. Let me hear, my dear child, of your French also; as well as of those studies which are more properly university studies. I cannot tell you better how truly and tenderly I love you, than by telling you I am most solicitously bent on your doing every thing that is right, and laying the foundations of your future happiness and figure in the world, in such a course of improvement as will not fail to make you a better man, while it makes you a more knowing one. Do you time early? I hope you have already made to yourself the habit of doing it: if not, let me conjure you to acquire it. Remember your friend Horace. Et ni posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non intendas animum studiis, et rebus honestis, invidia vel amore miser torquere. "If you do not go with a lamp before daylight to your books,—if you do not bend your mind to study and virtuous employment, jealousy or love will soon make you miserable." Adieu.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER VIII.

Astorp Wells, Sept. 5, 1754.

My dear nephew—I have been a long time without conversing with you, and thanking you for the pleasure of your last letter. You may possibly be about to return to the seat of learning on the banks of the Cam; but I will not defer discoursing to you on literary matters till you leave Cornwall, not doubting but you are mindful of the muses amidst the very savage rocks and moors, and yet more savage natives, of the ancient and respectable duchy. First, with regard to the opinion you desire concerning a common-place book; in general, I much disapprove the use of it: it is chiefly intended for persons who mean to be authors, and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready, extempore use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be common-placed in order to be of any use; dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance, Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can; but in general my advice to you is, not to common-place upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodise in your head what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually to fix matter in the memory. If you have not read Burnet's History of his own Times, I beg you will. I hope your father is well. My love to the girls.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER IX.

Pay Office, April 9, 1755.

My dear nephew—I rejoice extremely to hear that your father and the girls are not uncontented in their travels. In the mean time your travels through the paths of literature, arts, and sciences, (a road some times set with flowers, and some times difficult, laborious, and arduous,) are not only infinitely more profitable in future, but at present, upon the whole, infinitely more delightful. My own travels at present are none of the pleasantest: I am going through a fit of the gout; with much proper pain and what proper patience I may. Avis an lecturer, my sweet boy; remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Let no excesses lay the foundations of gout and the rest of Pandora's box; nor any immoralities, or vicious courses, sow the seeds of a too late and painful repentance. Here ends my sermon, which, I trust, you are not fine gentleman enough, or in plain English silly fellow enough to laugh at. Lady Hester is much yours. Let me hear some account of your intercourse with the muses.

And believe me ever, your truly most affectionate.

LETTER X.

Pay Office, April 15, 1755.

A thousand thanks to my dear boy for a very pretty letter. I like extremely the account you give of your literary life; the reflections you make upon some West Saxon actors in the times you are reading, are natural, manly, and sensible, and flow from a heart that will make you far superior to any of them. I am content you should be interrupted (provided the interruption be not long) in the course of your reading by declining in defence of the thesis you have so wisely chosen to maintain. It is true indeed that the affirmative maxim, Omne solum fortia patitur est, "Every soul is his country to the brave," has supported some great and good men under the persecutions of faction and party injury, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land to an unnatural mother country. Some few such may be found in ancient times; in our own country also some; such was Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others. But how dangerous is it to trust frail, corrupt man, with such an aphorism! What fatal casuistry is it big with! How many a villain might, and has, masked himself in the sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws divine and human! How easy the transition from this political to some impious ecclesiastical aphorisms! If all souls are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all churches and modes of worship; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind. Such was the late Bolingbroke of impious memory. Let me know when your declamation is over.

LETTER XI.

Pay Office, May 20, 1755.

My dear nephew—I am extremely concerned to hear that you have been ill, especially as your account of an illness, you speak of as past, implies such remains of disorder as I beg you will give all proper attention to. By the medicine your physician has ordered, I conceive he considers your case in some degree nervous. If that be so, advise with him whether a little change of air and of the scene, together with some weeks' course of steel waters, might not be highly proper for you. I am to go the day after to-morrow to Sunning Hill, in Windsor Forest, where I propose to drink those waters for about a month. Lady Hester and I shall be happy in your company, if your doctor shall be of opinion that such waters may be of service to you; which, I hope, will be his opinion. Besides health recovered, the muses shall not be quite forgot: we will ride, read, walk, and philosophise, extremely at our ease, and you may return to Cambridge with new ardour, or at least with strength repaired, when we leave Sunning Hill. If you come, the sooner the better on all accounts. We propose to go into Buckinghamshire in about a month. I rejoice that your declamation is over, and that you have begun, my dearest nephew, to open your mouth in public. I wish I had heard you perform: the only way I ever shall hear your praises from your own mouth. My gout prevented my so much intended and wished for journey to Cambridge: and now my plan of drinking waters renders it impossible. Come, then, my dear boy, to us; and so Mahomet and the mountain may meet, no matter which moves to the other. Adieu.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XII.

July 13, 1755.

My dear nephew—I have delayed writing to you in expectation of hearing farther from you upon the subject of your stay at college. No news is the best news, and I will hope now that all your difficulties upon that head are at an end. I represent you to myself deep in study, and drinking large draughts of intellectual nectar; a very delicious state to a mind happy enough, and elevated enough, to thirst after knowledge and true honest fame, even as the hart panteth after the water brooks. When I name knowledge, I ever intend learning as the weapon and instrument only of manly, honourable, and virtuous action, upon the stage of the world, both in private and public life; as a gentleman, and as a member of the commonwealth, who is to answer for all he does to the laws of his country, to his own breast and conscience, and at the tribunal of honour and good fame. You, my dear boy, will not only be acquitted, but applauded and dignified at all these respectable and awful bars. So, go on and prosper in your glorious and happy career; not forgetting to walk an hour briskly, every morning and evening, to fortify the nerves. I wish to hear, in some little time, of the progress you shall have made in the course of reading chalked out. Adieu.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments to you.

LETTER XIII.

Stowe, July 24, 1755.

My dear nephew—I am just leaving this place to go to Wotton; but I will not lose the post, though I have time but for one line. I am extremely happy that you can stay at your college, and pursue the prudent and glorious resolution of employing your present moments with a view to the future. May your noble and generous love of virtue pay you with the sweet rewards of a self-approving heart and an applauding country! and may I enjoy the true satisfaction of seeing your fame and happiness, and of thinking that I may have been fortunate enough to have contributed, in any small degree, to do common justice to kind nature by a suitable education! I am no very good judge of the question concerning the books; I believe they are your own in the same sense that your wearing apparel is. I would retain them, and leave the candid and equitable Mr. ——— to plan with the honest Mr. ——— schemes of perpetual vexation. As to the persons just mentioned, I trust that you bear about you a mind and heart much superior to such malice; and that you are as little capable of resenting it, with any sensations but those of cool, decent contempt, as you are of fearing the consequences of such low efforts. As to the caution money, I think you have done well. The ease of the chambers, I conceive, you likewise apprehend rightly. Let me know in your next what these two articles require you to pay down, and how far your present cash is exhausted, and I will direct Mr. Campbell to give you credit accordingly. Believe me, my dear nephew, truly happy to be of use to you.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XIV.

Bath, Sept. 25, 1755.

I have not conversed with my dear nephew a long time: I have been much in a post-chaise, living a wandering Scythian life, and he has been more usefully employed than in reading or writing letters; travelling through the various, instructing, and entertaining road of history. I have a particular pleasure in hearing now and then a word from you in your journey, just while you are changing horses, if I may so call it, and getting from one author to another. I suppose you are going through the biographers, from Edward the Fourth downwards, not intending to stop till you reach to the continuator of honest Rapin. * * * * I have met with a scheme of chronology by Blair, showing all contemporary historical characters, through all ages: it is of great use to consult frequently, in order to fix periods, and throw collateral light upon any particular branch you are reading. Let me know, when I have the pleasure of a letter from you, how far you are advanced in English history. You may probably not have heard authentically of Governor Lyttleton's captivity and release. He is safe and well in England, after being taken and detained in France some days. Sir Richard and he met, unexpectedly enough, at Brussels, and came together to England. I propose returning to London in about a week, where I hope to find Lady Hester as well

as I left her. We are both much indebted for your kind and affectionate wishes. In publica commoda pecunia longo sermone moror, "I should sin against the public weal were I to detain with a long discourse" one bent on so honourable and virtuous a journey as you are.

LETTER XV.

Pay Office, Dec. 6, 1755.

Of all the various satisfactions of mind I have felt upon some late events, none has affected me with more sensibility and delight than the reading my dear nephew's letter. The matter of it is worthy of a better age than that we live in; worthy of your own noble, untainted mind; and the manner and expression of it is such, as, I trust, will one day make you a powerful instrument towards mending the present degeneracy. Examples are unnecessary to happy natures; and it is well for your future glory and happiness that this is the case; for to copy any now existing might cramp genius and check the native spirit of the piece, rather than contribute to the perfection of it. I learn from Sir Richard Lyttleton that we may have the pleasure of meeting soon, as he has already or intends to offer you a bed at his house. It is on this, as on all occasions, little necessary to preach prudence, or to intimate a wish that your studies at Cambridge might not be broken by a long interruption of them. I know the rightness of your sound mind, and leave you to all the generous and animating motives you find there, for pursuing improvements in literature and useful knowledge, as much better counsellors than

Your ever most affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments. The little cousin is well.

LETTER XVI.

Horse Guards, Jan. 31, 1756.

My dear nephew—Let me thank you a thousand times for your remembering me, and giving me the pleasure of bearing that you was well, and had laid by the ideas of London and its dissipations, to resume the sober train of thoughts that gowns, square caps, quadrangles, and matins-bells, naturally draw after them. I hope the air of Cambridge has brought no disorder upon you, and that you will compound with the muses so as to dedicate some hours, not less than two, of the day to exercise. The earlier you rise, the better your nerves will bear study. When you next do me the pleasure to write to me, I beg a copy of your elegy on your mother's picture; it is such admirable poetry, that I beg you to plunge deep into prose and severer studies, and not indulge your genius with verse for the present. Substitute Tully and Demosthenes in the place of Homer and Virgil; and arm yourself with all the variety of manner, copiousness and beauty of diction, nobleness and magnificence of ideas of the Roman consul; and render the powers of eloquence complete by the irresistible torrent of vehement argumentation, the close and forcible reasoning, and the depth and fortitude of mind of the Grecian statesman. This I mean at leisure intervals, and to relieve the course of those studies, which you intend to make your principal object. The book relating to the empire of Germany, which I could not recollect, is Vitaris's Jus Publicum, an admirable book in its kind, and esteemed of the best authority in matters much controverted. We are all well: Sir Richard is upon his legs and abroad again.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER XVII.

Hayes, near Bromley, May 11, 1756.

My dear nephew's obliging letter was every way most pleasing; as I had more than begun to think it long since I had the satisfaction of hearing he was well. As the season of humidity and relaxation is now almost over, I trust that the muses are in no danger of nervous complaints, and that whatever pains they have to tell are out of the reach of Esculapius, and not dangerous, though epidemic to youth at this soft month—

"When lavish nature, in her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire."

To be serious, I hope my dearest nephew is perfectly free from all returns of his former complaint, and enabled by an unalloyed body, and an ardent elevated mind, to follow, Quo te celestis sapientia ducet: "Wherever divine wisdom shall lead thee." My holidays are now approaching, and I long to hear something of your labours, which,

I doubt not, will prove in their consequence more profitable to your country a few years hence than your unpleasable. Be so good as to let me know what progress you have made in our historical and constitutional journey that I may suggest to you some further reading.

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER XVIII.

Hayes, Oct. 7, 1756.

I think it very long since I heard any thing of my dear nephew's health and learned occupations at the mother of arts and sciences. Pray give me the pleasure of a letter soon, and be so good as to let me know what progress is made in our plan of reading. I am now to make a request to you in behalf of a young gentleman coming to Cambridge, Mr. ———'s son. The father desires much that you and his son may make an acquaintance: as what father would not? Mr. ——— is one of the best friends I have in the world, and nothing can oblige me more than that you would do all in your power to be of assistance and advantage to the young man. He is young, and consequently much depends on the first habits he forms, whether of application or dissipation. You see, my dear nephew, what it is already to have made yourself Princeps Juventutis. It has its glories and its cares. You are invested with a kind of public charge, and the eyes of the world are upon you, not only for your own acquittal, but for the example and pattern to the British youth.

My dear nephew, most affectionately yours.

LETTER XIX.

St. James's Square, Oct. 27, 1757.

My dear nephew—Enclosed is a letter from ———, which came in one to me. I heartily wish the contents may be agreeable to you.

I am far from being satisfied, my dearest nephew, with the account your last letter to my sister gives of your health. I had formed the hope of your ceasing to be an invalid before this time; but since you must submit to be one for this winter, I am comforted to find your strength is not impaired, as it used to be, by the returns of illness you sometimes feel; and I trust the good regimen you are under, and the fortitude and manly resignation you are possessed of, will carry you well through this trial of a young man's patience, and bring you out in spring like a gold, the better for the proof. I rejoice to hear you have a friend of great merit to be with you. My warmest wishes for your health and happiness never fail to follow you. Lady Hester desires her best compliments. Believe me,

With the truest affection, ever yours.

END OF THE LETTERS.

WACOUSTA,

A TALE OF DETROIT AND MICHILLIMACKINAC.

By the author of *Eccarté*. London: 1833.

"It is a curious fact, that so popular an author as Mr. Cooper has hitherto met with no rivals. The first thing that usually happens to a successful writer, is to be overwhelmed with followers: perhaps the author of the 'Spy' avoided this, by the unknown land on which he set his mark. An English adventurer has now, however, entered on his track, and we must say with great spirit. The first volumes of Wacousta are exceedingly good, and the interest excited about the lonely garrison is well sustained; but the history of Wacousta himself borders a little on the improbable, but all the earlier part is real and animated. Among the most striking passages, we would mention the scenes on board the schooner, the trial of the sentinel, and the discovery of the body. The plot is laid in Canada some seventy years ago.

"We now for the full gratification of their curiosity refer our readers to the work itself."—*London Lit. Gazette*.

Wacousta will be commenced in the next number of the "Library."

Erratum—In the 23d line of Chap. V. of the Memoirs of Horstene Beauharnais, for 1779 read 1779.

Wacousta;

OR,
THE PROPHECY:

A TALE OF DETROIT AND MICHILLIMACKINAC.

"Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fir, me with her charms."
The Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE."

DEDICATED TO THE FORTY-FIRST BRITISH REGIMENT BY A
ONCE SHARER IN THEIR SERVICE.

Note to the first American edition.

Although the following work has been received with great favour by the reading public in England, it is in this country, where the scene is laid, and where we are more familiar with the Indian character, that its merits can be best tested. Though not without defects, yet, taken as a whole, we think it will be pronounced a very superior production. For deep interest throughout, it has few rivals of the modern school, and the style and language are in general excellent. We feel compelled on a second perusal to consider it highly creditable to the author, and an earnest of still higher flights in a field so successfully trodden by our own Cooper. It is the more remarkable as coming from the pen of the author of "Ecarté, or the Saloons of Paris," a work in which the gaming houses of the French capital, and its dissipation were the subjects—scenes which are strongly contrasted with those here portrayed.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A few cursory remarks, illustrative of the general features of the country where the scene of the following events is laid, may not be misplaced at the opening of this volume.

Without entering into minute geographical detail, it may be necessary merely to state that the most distant of the northwestern settlements of America is Michillimackinac, a name given by the Indians, and preserved by the Americans, who possess the fort even to this hour. It is situated at the head of the Lakes Michigan and Huron, and adjacent to the Island of St. Joseph's, where, since the existence of the United States as an independent republic, an English garrison has been maintained, with a view of keeping the original fortress in check. From the lakes we descend into the River Sinclair, which, in turn, disembogues itself into the lake of the same name. This again renders tribute to the Detroit, a broad majestic river, not less than a mile in breadth at its source, and progressively widening towards its mouth until it is finally lost in the beautiful Lake Erie. From the embouchure of this latter lake commences the Chippawa, better known from the celebrity of its stupendous falls of Niagara, which form an impassable barrier to the seaman, and, for a short space, sever the otherwise uninterrupted chain connecting the remote fortresses we have described with the Atlantic. At a distance of a few miles from the falls, the Chippawa finally empties itself into the Ontario, the most splendid of the gorgeous American lakes. At the opposite extremity of this magnificent and sea-like lake, the far-famed St. Lawrence takes its source; and after passing through a vast tract of country, connects itself with the Lake Champlain, celebrated, as well as Erie, for a signal defeat of the British flotilla during the late contest with the Americans.

The several forts and harbours established along the left bank of the St. Lawrence, and throughout that portion of the British possessions which is known as Lower Canada, are necessarily, from the improved condition and

more numerous population of that province, on a larger scale and of better appointment; but in Upper Canada, where the traces of civilisation are less evident throughout, and become gradually more faint as we advance westward, the fortresses and harbours bear the same proportion in strength and extent to the scantiness of the population they are erected to protect.

At the epoch of our story, it will be borne in mind, the United States were the British colonies of America dependent on the mother country; while the Canadas, on the contrary, were, or had very recently been, under the dominion of France, from whom they had been wrested after a long struggle, greatly advanced in favour of England by the glorious battle fought on the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, and celebrated for the defeat of Montcalm and the death of Wolfe.

The several attempts made to repossess themselves of the strong hold of Quebec having, in every instance, been met by discomfiture and disappointment, the French, in despair, relinquished the contest, and, by treaty, ceded their claims to the Canadas—an event that was hastened by the capitulation of the garrison of Montreal, commanded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, to the victorious arms of General Amherst. Still, though conquered as a people, many of the leading men in the country, actuated by that jealousy for which they were remarkable, contrived to oppose obstacles to the quiet possession of a conquest by those whom they seemed to look upon as their hereditary enemies; and in furtherance of this object, paid agents, men of artful and intriguing character, were dispersed among the numerous tribes of savages, with a view of exciting them to acts of hostility against their conquerors. The long and uninterrupted possession, by the French, of these countries immediately bordering on the hunting grounds and haunts of the natives, with whom they carried on an extensive traffic in furs, had established a communion of interest between themselves and those savage and warlike people, which failed not to turn to account the vindictive views of the former. The whole of the province of Upper Canada at that time possessed but a scanty population, protected in its most flourishing and defensive points by stockade forts; the chief object of which was to secure the garrisons, consisting each of a few companies, from any sudden surprise on the part of the natives.

These stockade forts were never, at any one period, nearer to each other than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, so that, in the event of surprise or alarm, there was little prospect of obtaining assistance from without. Each garrison, therefore, was almost wholly dependent on its own resources; and, when surrounded unexpectedly by numerous bands of hostile Indians, had no other alternative than to hold out to the death. Capitulation was out of the question; for, although the wile and artifice of the natives might induce them to promise mercy, the moment their enemies were in their power promises and treaties were alike broken, and indiscriminate massacre ensued. Communication by water was, except during a period of profound peace, almost impracticable; for, although of late years the lakes of Canada have been covered with vessels of war, many of them of vast magnitude, and been the theatres of conflicts that would not have disgraced the salt waters of ocean itself, at the period to which our story refers the flag of England was seen to wave only on the solitary mast of some ill-armed and ill-manned gun boat, employed rather for the purpose of conveying despatches from fort to fort, than with any serious view to acts either of aggression or defence.

In proportion as the colonies of America, now the United States, pushed their course of civilisation westward, in the same degree did the numerous tribes of Indians, who had hitherto dwelt more seaward, retire upon those of their own countrymen, who, buried in vast and impenetrable forests, had seldom yet seen the face of the European stranger; so that, in the end, all the more central parts of those stupendous wilds became doubly peopled. Hitherto, however, that civilisation had not been carried beyond the state of New York; and all those countries which have, since the American revolution, been added to the Union under the names of Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, &c., were, at the period embraced by our story, inhospitable and unproductive woods, subject only to the dominion of the native, and as yet un-

shorn by the axe of the cultivator. A few portions only of the opposite shores of Michigan were occupied by emigrants from the Canadas, who, finding no one to oppose or molest them, selected the most fertile spots along the banks of the river; and of the existence of these infant settlements, the English colonists, who had never ventured so far, were not even aware until after the conquest of Canada by the mother country. This particular district was the centre around which the numerous warriors, who had been driven westward by the colonists, had finally assembled; and rude villages and encampments rose far and near for a circuit of many miles around this infant settlement and fort of the Canadians, to both of which they had given the name of Detroit, after the river on whose elevated banks they stood. Proceeding westward from this point, and along the tract of country that diverged from the banks of the Lakes Huron, Sinclair, and Michigan, all traces of that partial civilisation were again lost in impervious wilds, tenanted only by the fiercest of the Indian tribes, whose homes were principally along the banks of Lake Superior, and in the country surrounding the isolated fort of Michillimackinac, the last and most remote of the European fortresses in Canadas.

When at a later period the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain by France, those parts of the opposite frontier which we have just described became also tributary to the English crown, and were, by the peculiar difficulties that existed to communication with the more central and populous districts, rendered especially favourable to the exercise of hostile intrigue by the numerous active French emissaries every where dispersed among the Indian tribes. Fired by their wily suggestions, the high and jealous spirit of the Indian chiefs took the alarm, and they beheld with impatience the "Red Coat," or "Sagunaw,"* usurping, as they deemed it, those possessions which had so recently acknowledged the supremacy of the pale flag of their ancient ally. Such was the state of things in 1763, the period at which our story commences—an epoch fruitful in designs of hostility and treachery on the part of the Indians. Several inferior forts situated on the Ohio had already fallen into their hands, when they summoned all their address and cunning to accomplish the fall of the two important though remote posts of Detroit and Michillimackinac. For a length of time they were baffled by the activity and vigilance of the respective governors of these forts, who had had too much fatal experience in the fate of their companions not to be perpetually on the alert against their guile; but when they had at length, in some degree, succeeded in lullying the suspicions of the English, they determined on a scheme, suggested by a leading chief, a man of more than ordinary character, which promised fair to rid them altogether of a race they so cordially detested. We will not, however, mar the interest of our tale, by anticipating, at this early stage, either the nature or the success of a stratagem which forms the essential groundwork of our story.

And now we have partially explained a course of events which were in some measure necessary to the full understanding of the country by the majority of our readers, we shall, in furtherance of the same object, proceed to sketch a few of the most prominent scenes more immediately before us.

The fort of Detroit, as it was originally constructed by the French, stands in the middle of a common, or description of small prairie, bounded by woods, which were at that time untouched by the hand of civilisation. Erected at a distance of about half a mile from the banks of the river, which at that particular point are high and precipitous, it stood then just far enough from the woods that swept round it in a semicircular form to be secure from the rifle of the Indian; while from its batteries it commanded a range of country on every hand, which no enemy unsupported by cannon could traverse with impunity. Immediately in the rear, and on the skirt of the wood, the French had constructed a sort of bomb-proof, possibly intended to serve as a cover to the workmen originally employed in clearing the woods, but long since suffered to fall into decay. Without the fortification rose

* This word thus pronounced by themselves, in deference to the English soldier, is, in all probability, derived from the original English settlers in Sagunaw Bay.

a strong and triple line of pickets, each of about two feet and a half in circumference, and so fitted into each other as to leave no other interstices than those which were perforated for the discharge of musketry. They were formed of the hardest and most knotted pines that could be procured; the sharp points of which were seasoned by fire until they acquired nearly the durability and consistency of iron. Beyond these firmly imbedded pickets was a ditch, encircling the fort, of about twenty feet in width, and of proportionate depth, the only communication over which to and from the garrison was by means of a drawbridge, protected by a strong *chevaux-de-frise*. The only gate with which the fortress was provided faced the river; on the more immediate banks of which, and to the left of the fort, rose the yet infant and straggling village that bore the name of both. Numerous farm-houses, however, almost joining each other, contributed to form a continuity of many miles along the borders of the river, both on the right and on the left; while the opposite shores of Canada, distinctly seen in the distance, presented, as far as the eye could reach, the same enlivening character of fertility. The banks, covered with verdure on either shore, were more or less undulating at intervals; but in general they were high without being abrupt, and picturesque without being bold, presenting, in their partial cultivation, a striking contrast to the dark, tall, and frowning forests bounding every point of the perspective.

At a distance of about five miles on the left of the town the course of the river was interrupted by a small and thickly wooded island, along whose sandy beach occasionally rose the low cabin or wigwag, which the birch canoe, carefully upturned and left to dry upon the sands, attested to be the temporary habitation of the wandering Indian. That branch of the river which swept by the shores of Canada was (as at this day) the only navigable one for vessels of burden, while that on the opposite coast abounded in shallows and bars, affording passage merely to the light barks of the natives, which seemed literally to skim the very surface of its waves. Midway between that point of the continent which immediately faced the eastern extremity of the island we have just named and the town of Detroit, flowed a small tributary river, the approaches to which, on either hand, were over a slightly sloping ground, the view of which could be entirely commanded from the fort. The depth of this river, now nearly dried up, at that period varied from three to ten or twelve feet; and over this, at a distance of about twenty yards from the Detroit, into which it emptied itself, rose, communicating with the high road, a bridge, which will more than once be noticed in the course of our tale. Even to the present hour it retains the name given to it during these disastrous times; and there are few modern Canadians, or even Americans, who traverse the "Bloody Bridge," especially at the still hours of advanced night, without recalling to memory the tragic events of those days, (handed down as they have been by their fathers, who were eye-witnesses of the transaction,) and peopling the surrounding gloom with the shades of those whose life-blood erst crimsoned the once pure waters of that now nearly exhausted stream; and whose mangled and headless corpses were slowly borne by its tranquil current into the bosom of the parent river, where all traces of them finally disappeared.

What Detroit was in 1763 it nearly is at the present day, with this difference, however, that many of those pickets which were then in a great degree isolated and rude are now redolent with the beneficent effects of improved cultivation; and in the immediate vicinity of that memorable bridge, where formerly stood merely the occasional encampment of the Indian warrior, are now to be seen flourishing farms and crops, and other marks of agricultural industry. At the final cession of the Canadas, the fort was delivered over to England, with whom it remained until the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies by the mother country, when it hoisted the colours of the republic.

CHAPTER II.

It was during the midnight watch, late in September, 1763, that the English garrison of Detroit, was thrown into the utmost consternation by the sudden and mysterious introduction of a stranger within its walls. The circumstance at this moment was particularly remarkable; for the period was so fearful and pregnant with events of danger, the fort being assailed on every side by a powerful and vindictive foe, that a caution and vigilance of no common kind were unceasingly exercised by the prudent governor for the safety of those committed to his charge. A long series of hostilities had been pursued by the North American Indians against the

subjects of England, within the few years that had succeeded to the final subjection of the Canadas to her victorious arms; and many and sanguinary were the conflicts in which the devoted soldiery were made to succumb to the cunning and numbers of their savage enemies. In those lone regions, both officers and men, in their respective ranks, were, by a communionship of suffering, isolation, and peculiarity of duty, drawn towards each other with feelings of almost fraternal affection; and the fates of those who fell were lamented with sincerity of soul, and avenged, when opportunity offered, with a determination prompted equally by indignation and despair. This sentiment of union, existing even between men and officers of different corps, was, with occasional exceptions, of course doubly strengthened among those who fought under the same colours, and acknowledged the same head; and, as it often happened in Canada, during this interesting period, that a single regiment was distributed into two or three fortresses, each so far removed from the other that communication could with the utmost facility be cut off, the anxiety and uncertainty of these detachments became proportioned to the danger with which they knew themselves to be more immediately beset. The garrison of Detroit, at the date above named, consisted of a third of the ——— regiment, the remainder of which occupied the forts of Michillimackinac and Niagara, and to each division of this regiment was attached an officer's command of artillery. It is true that no immediate overt act of hostility had for some time been perpetrated by the Indians, who were assembled in force around the former garrison; but the experienced officer to whom the command had been intrusted was too sensible of the craftiness of the surrounding hordes to be deceived, by any outward semblance of amity, into neglect of those measures of precaution which were so indispensable to the surety of his trust.

In this he pursued a line of policy happily adapted to the delicate nature of his position. Unwilling to excite the anger or wound the pride of the chiefs, by any outward manifestation of distrust, he affected to confide in the sincerity of their professions, and, by inducing his officers to mix occasionally in their councils, and his men in the amusements of the inferior warriors, contrived to impress the conviction that he reposed altogether on their faith. But, although these acts were in some degree coerced by the necessity of the times, and a perfect knowledge of all the misery that must accrue to them in the event of their provoking the Indians into acts of open hostility, the prudent governor took such precautions as were deemed efficient to defeat any treacherous attempt at violation of the tacit treaty on the part of the natives. The officers never ventured out, unless escorted by a portion of their men, who, although appearing to be dispersed among the warriors, still kept sufficiently together to be enabled, in a moment of emergency, to afford succour not only to each other, but to their superiors. On these occasions, as a further security against surprise, the troops left within were instructed to be in readiness, at a moment's warning, to render assistance, if necessary, to their companions, who seldom, on any occasion, ventured out of reach of the cannon of the fort, the gate of which was hermetically closed, while numerous supernumerary sentinels were posted along the ramparts, with a view to give the alarm if any thing extraordinary was observed to occur without.

Painful and harassing as were the precautions it was found necessary to adopt on these occasions, and little desirous as were the garrison to mingle with the natives on such terms, still the plan was wisely laid by the governor from the policy already named; as, it was absolutely essential to the future interests of England that the Indians should be won over by acts of confidence and kindness; and so little disposition had hitherto been manifested by the English to conciliate, that every thing was to be apprehended from the untamable rancour with which these people were but too well disposed to repay a neglect at once galling to their pride and injurious to their interests.

Such, for a term of many months, had been the trying and painful duty that had devolved on the governor of Detroit; when, in the summer of 1763, the whole of the western tribes of Indians, as if actuated by one common impulse, suddenly threw off the mask, and commenced a series of the most savage trespasses upon the English settlers in the vicinity of the several garrisons, who were cut off in detail, without mercy, and without reference to either age or sex. On the first alarm the weak bodies of troops, as a last measure of security, shut themselves up in their respective forts, where they were as incapable of rendering assistance to others as of receiving it themselves. In this emergency the prudence and fore-

thought of the governor of Detroit were eminently conspicuous; for, having long foreseen the possibility of such a crisis, he had caused a plentiful supply of all that was necessary to the subsistence and defence of the garrison to be provided at an earlier period, so that, if foiled in their attempts at stratagem, there was little chance that the Indians would speedily reduce them by famine. To guard against the former, a vigilant watch was constantly kept by the garrison both day and night, while the sentinels, doubled in number, were constantly on the alert. Strict attention, moreover, was paid to such parts of the ramparts as were considered most assailable by a cunning and midnight enemy; and, in order to prevent any imprudence on the part of the garrison, all egress or ingress was prohibited that had not the immediate sanction of the chief. With this view the keys of the gate were given in trust to the officer of the guard; to whom, however, it was interdicted to use them unless by direct and positive order of the governor. In addition to this precaution, the sentinels on duty at the gate had strict private instructions not to suffer any one to pass either in or out unless conducted by the governor in person; and this restriction extended even to the officer of the guard.

Such being the cautious discipline established in the fort, the appearance of a stranger within its walls at the still hour of midnight could not fail to be regarded as an extraordinary event, and to excite an apprehension which could scarcely have been surpassed had a numerous and armed band of savages suddenly appeared among them. The first intimation of this fact was given by the violent ringing of an alarm bell; a rope communicating with which was suspended in the governor's apartments, for the purpose of arousing the slumbering soldiers in any case of pressing emergency. Soon afterwards the governor himself was seen to issue from his rooms into the open area of the parade, clad in his dressing-gown, and bearing a lamp in one hand and a naked sword in the other. His countenance was pale; and his features, violently agitated, betrayed a source of alarm which those who were familiar with his usual haughtiness of manner were ill able to comprehend.

"Which way did he go?—why stand ye here?—follow—pursue him quickly—let him not escape, on your lives!" These sentences, hurriedly and impatiently uttered, were addressed to the two sentinels who, stationed in front of his apartments, had, on the first sound of alarm from the portentous bell, lowered their muskets to the charge, and now stood immovable in that position.

"Who does your honour mean?" replied one of the men, startled, yet bringing his arms to recover, in salutation of his chief.

"Why, the man—the stranger—the fellow who has just passed you." "Not a living soul has passed us since our watch commenced, your honour," observed the second sentinel; "and we have now been here upwards of an hour."

"Impossible, sirs: ye have been asleep on your posts, or ye must have seen him. He passed this way, and could not have escaped your observation had ye been attentive to your duty."

"Well, sure, and your honour knows best," rejoined the first sentinel; "but so help me St. Patrick, as I have served man and boy in your honour's regiment this twelve years, not even the fitch of a man has passed me this blessed night. And here's my comrade, Jack Halford, who will take his Bible oath to the same, with all due deference to your honour." The pithy reply to this eloquent attempt at exculpation was a brief "Silence, sirrah, walk about!"

The men brought their muskets once more, and in silence, to the shoulder, and, in obedience to the command of their chief, resumed their limited walk; crossing each other at regular intervals in the course that enlaid, as it were, the only entrance to the governor's apartments.

Meanwhile every thing was bustle and commotion among the garrison, who, roused from sleep by the appalling sound of the alarm bell at that late hour, were hastily arming. Throughout the obscurity might be seen the flitting forms of men, whose already fully accounted persons proclaimed them to be of the guard; while in the lofty barracks, numerous lights flashing to and fro, and moving with rapidity, attested the alacrity with which the troops off duty were equipping for some service of more than ordinary interest. So noiseless, too, was this preparation, as far as speech was concerned, that the occasional opening and shutting of pans, and ringing of ramrods to ascertain the efficiency of the muskets, might be heard distinctly in the stillness of the night at a distance of many furlongs.

He, however, who had touched the secret spring of all this picturesque movement, whatever might be his gratification and approval of the promptitude with which the summons to arms had been answered by his brave troops, was far from being wholly satisfied with the scene he had conjured up. Recovered from the first and irrepressible agitation which had driven him to sound the tocsin of alarm, he felt how derogatory to his military dignity and proverbial coolness of character it might be considered, to have awakened a whole garrison from their slumbers, when a few files of the guard would have answered his purpose equally well. Besides, so much time had been suffered to elapse, that the stranger might have escaped; and if so, how many might be disposed to ridicule his alarm, and consider it as emanating from an imagination disturbed by sleep, rather than caused by the actual presence of one endowed like themselves with the faculties of speech and motion. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not countermand the summons to arms which had been so precipitately given; but when he recollected the harrowing threat that had been breathed in his ear by his midnight visitor,—when he reflected, moreover, that even now it was probable he was lurking within the precincts of the fort with a view to the destruction of all that it contained,—when, in short, he thought of the imminent danger that must attend them should he be suffered to escape,—he felt the necessity of precaution, and determined on his measures, even at the risk of manifesting a prudence which might be construed unfavorably. On re-entering his apartments, he found his orderly, who, roused by the midnight tumult, stood waiting to receive the commands of his chief.

"Desire Major Blackwater to come to me immediately." The mandate was quickly obeyed. In a few seconds a short, thick set, and elderly officer made his appearance in a grey military undress frock.

"Blackwater, we have traitors within the fort. Let diligent search be made in every part of the barracks for a stranger, an enemy, who has managed to procure admittance among us: let every nook and cranny, every empty cask, be examined forthwith; and cause a number of additional sentinels to be stationed along the ramparts, in order to intercept his escape."

"Good heaven, is it possible?" said the major, wiping the perspiration from his brows, though the night was unusually chilly for the season of the year:—"how could he contrive to enter a place so vigilantly guarded?"

"Ask me not *how*, Blackwater," returned the governor, seriously; "let it suffice that he has been in this very room, and that ten minutes since he stood where you now stand."

The major looked agast:—"God bless me, how singular! How could the savage contrive to obtain admission? or was he in reality an Indian?" "No more questions, Major Blackwater. Hasten to distribute the men, and let diligent search be made every where; and recollect, neither officer nor man courts his pillow until dawn."

The "major" emphatically prefixed to his name was a sufficient hint to the stout officer that the doubts thus familiarly expressed were here to cease, and that he was now addressed in the language of authority by his superior, who expected a direct and prompt compliance with his orders. He therefore slightly touched his hat in salutation, and withdrew to make the dispositions that had been enjoined by his colonel.

On regaining the parade, he caused the men, already forming into companies and answering to the roll call of their respective non-commissioned officers, to be wheeled into square, and then in a low but distinct voice stated the cause of alarm; and, having communicated the orders of the governor, finished by recommending to each the exercise of the most scrutinizing vigilance; as on the discovery of the individual in question, and the means by which he had contrived to procure admission, the safety of the whole garrison, it was evident, must depend.

The soldiers now dispersed in small parties throughout the interior of the fort, while a select body were conducted to the ramparts by the officers themselves, and distributed between the sentinels already posted there, in such numbers, and at such distances, that it appeared impossible any thing wearing the human form could pass them unperceived, even in the obscurity that reigned around.

When this duty was accomplished, the officers proceeded to the posts of the several sentinels who had been planted since the last relief, to ascertain if any or either of them had observed ought to justify the belief that an enemy had succeeded in sealing the works. To all their

enquiries, however, they received a negative reply, accompanied by a declaration, more or less positive with each, that such had been their vigilance during the watch, had any person come within their beat, detection must have been inevitable. The first question was put to the sentinel stationed at the gate of the fort, at which point the whole of the officers of the garrison were, with one or two exceptions, now assembled. The man at first evinced a good deal of confusion; but this might arise from the singular effect of the alarm that had been given, and the equally singular circumstance of his being thus closely interrogated by the collective body of his officers: he, however, persisted in declaring that he had been in no wise inattentive to his duty, and that no cause for alarm or suspicion had occurred near his post. The officers then, in order to save time, separated into two parties, pursuing opposite circuits, and arranging to meet at that point of the ramparts which was immediately in the rear, and overlooking the centre of the semicircular sweep of wild forest we have described as circumventing the fort.

"Well, Blessington, I know not what you think of this sort of work," observed Sir Everard Valtort, a young lieutenant of the ——— regiment, recently arrived from England, and one of the party who now traversed the rampart to the right; "but confound me if I would not rather be a barber's apprentice in London, upon nothing, and find myself, than continue a life of this kind much longer. It positively quite knocks me up; for what with early risings, and watchings, (I had almost added prayings,) I am but the shadow of my former self."

"Hist, Valtort, hist! speak lower," said Captain Blessington, the senior officer present, "or our search might be in vain. Poor fellow!" he pursued, laughing low and good humouredly at the picture of miseries thus solemnly enumerated by his subaltern;—"how much, in truth, are you to be pitied, who have so recently basked in all the sunshine of enjoyment at home. For our parts, we have lived so long amid these savage scenes, that we have almost forgotten what luxury, or even comfort, means. Doubt not, my friend, that in time you will, like us, be reconciled to the change."

"Confound me for an idiot, then, if I give myself time," replied Sir Everard, affectionately. "It was only five minutes before that cursed alarm bell was sounded in my ears, that I had made up my mind fully to resign or exchange the instant I could do so with credit to myself; and, I am sure, to be called out of a warm bed at this unseasonable hour offers little inducement for me to change my opinion."

"Resign or exchange with credit to yourself!" sullenly observed a stout tall officer of about fifty, whose spleen might well be accounted for in his rank of "Ensign" Delme. "Methinks there can be little credit in exchanging or resigning, when one's companions are left behind, and in a post of danger."

"By Jesus, and ye may say that with your own pretty mouth," remarked another veteran, who answered to the name of Lieutenant Murphy; "for it isn't now, while we are surrounded and bedeviled by the savages, that any man of the ——— regiment should be after talking of bating a retrace."

"I scarcely understand you, gentlemen," warmly and quickly retorted Sir Everard, who, with all his dandyism and effeminacy of manner, was of a high and resolute spirit. "Do either of you fancy that I want courage to face a positive danger, because I may not happen to have any particular vulgar predilection for early rising?"

"Nonsense, Valtort, nonsense," interrupted, in accents of almost feminine sweetness, his friend Lieutenant Charles de Haldimar, the youngest son of the governor: "Murphy is an eternal echo of the opinions of those who look forward to promotion; and as for Delme—do you not see the drift of his observation? Should you retire, as you have threatened, of course another lieutenant will be appointed in your stead; but, should you chance to lose your scalp during the struggle with the savages, the step goes in the regiment, and he, being the senior ensign, obtains promotion in consequence."

"Ah!" observed Captain Blessington, "this is indeed the greatest curse attached to the profession of a soldier. Even among those who most esteem, and are drawn towards each other as well by fellowship in pleasure as companionship in danger, this vile and debasing principle—this insatiable desire for personal advancement—is certain to intrude itself; since we feel that over the mangled bodies of our dearest friends and companions, we can alone hope to attain preëminent and distinction."

This conversation, interrupted only by occasional questioning of the sentinels whom they passed in their

circuit, was carried on in an audible whisper, which the close approximation of the parties to each other, and the profound stillness of the night, enabled them to hear with distinctness.

When the conversation dropped, the party pursued their course in silence. They had just passed the last sentinel posted in their line of circuit, and were within a few yards of the immediate rear of the fortress, when a sharp "Hist!" and sudden halt of their leader, Captain Blessington, threw them all into an attitude of the most profound attention.

"Did you hear?" he asked in a subdued whisper, after a few seconds of silence, in which he had vainly sought to catch a repetition of the sound.

"Assuredly," he pursued, finding that no one answered, "I distinctly heard a human groan." "Where?—in what direction?" asked Sir Everard and De Haldimar in the same breath.

"Immediately opposite to us on the common. But see, here are the remainder of the party stationary, and listening also."

They now stole gently forward a few paces, and were soon at the side of their companions, all of whom were straining their necks and bending their heads in the attitude of men listening attentively.

"Have you heard any thing, Erskine?" asked Captain Blessington in the same low whisper, and addressing the officer who led the opposite party.

"Not a sound ourselves, but here is Sir Everard's black servant, Sambo, who has just riveted our attention, by declaring that he distinctly heard a groan towards the skirt of the common." "He is right," hastily rejoined Blessington;—"I heard it also."

Again a death-like silence ensued, during which the eyes of the party were strained eagerly in the direction of the common. The night was clear and starry, yet the dark shadow of the broad belt of forest threw all that part of the waste which came within its immediate range into impenetrable obscurity.

"Do you see any thing?" whispered Valtort to his friend, who stood next him:—"look—look!" and he pointed with his finger. "Nothing," returned De Haldimar, after an anxious gaze of a minute, "but that dilapidated old bomb-proof."

"See you not something dark, and slightly moving, immediately in a line with the left angle of the bomb-proof?" De Haldimar looked again. "I do begin to fancy I see something," he replied; "but so contusedly and indistinctly, that I know not whether it be not merely an illusion of my imagination. Perhaps it is a stray Indian dog devouring the carcass of the wolf you shot yesterday."

"Be it dog or devil, here is for a trial of his vulnerability. Sambo, quick, my rifle."

The young negro handed to his master one of those long heavy rifles, which the Indians usually make choice of for killing the buffalo, elk, and other animals whose wildness renders them difficult of approach. He then, unbidden, and as if tutored to the task, placed himself in a stiff upright position in front of his master, with every nerve and muscle braced to the most inflexible steadiness. The young officer next threw the rifle on the right shoulder of the boy for a rest, and prepared to take his aim on the object that had first attracted his attention.

"Make haste, massa,—him go directly,—Sambo see him."

All was breathless attention among the group of officers; and when the sharp ticking sound produced by the cocking of the rifle of their companion fell on their ears, they bent their gaze upon the point towards which the murderous weapon was levelled with the most aching and intense interest.

"Quick, quick, massa,—him quite up," again whispered the boy.

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the crack of the rifle, followed by a bright blaze of light, sounded throughout the stillness of the night with exciting sharpness. For an instant all was hushed; but scarcely had the distant woods ceased to reverberate the spirit-stirring echoes, when the anxious group of officers were surprised and startled by a sudden flash, the report of a second rifle from the common, and the whizzing of a bullet past their ears. This was instantly succeeded by a fierce, wild, and prolonged cry, expressive at once of triumph and revenge. It was that peculiar cry which an Indian utters when the reeking scalp has been wrested from his murdered victim.

"Missed him, as I am a sinner," exclaimed Sir Everard, springing to his feet, and knocking the butt of his rifle on the ground with a movement of impatience.

"Sambo, you young scoundrel, it was all your fault,—

you moved your shoulder as I pulled the trigger. Thank heaven, however, the aim of the Indian appears to have been no better, although the sharp whistling of his ball proves his pique to have been well levelled for a random shot.

His aim has been too true," faintly pronounced the voice of one somewhat in the rear of his companions. "The ball of the villain has found a lodgment in my breast. God bless ye all, my boys; may your fates be more lucky than mine!" While he yet spoke, Lieutenant Murphy sank into the arms of Blessington and De Haldimar, who had flown to him at the first intimation of his wound, and was in the next instant a corpse.

CHAPTER III.

"To your companies, gentlemen, to your companies on the instant. There is treason in the fort, and we had need of all our diligence and caution. Captain de Haldimar is missing, and the gate has been found unlocked. Quick, gentlemen, quick; even now the savages may be around us, though unseen."

"Captain de Haldimar missing!—the gate unlocked!" exclaimed a number of voices. "Impossible!—surely we are not betrayed by our own men." "The sentinel has been relieved, and is now in irons," resumed the communicator of this startling piece of intelligence. It was the adjutant of the regiment.

"Away, gentlemen, to your posts immediately," said Captain Blessington, who, aided by De Haldimar, hastened to deposit the stiffening body of the unfortunate Murphy, which they still supported, upon the rampart. Then addressing the adjutant, "Mr. Lawson, let a couple of files be sent immediately to remove the body of their officer."

"That shot which I heard from the common, as I approached, was not fired at random, then, I find," observed the adjutant, as they all now hastily descended to join their men. "Who has fallen?" "Murphy, of the grenadiers," was the reply of one near him.

"Poor fellow! our work commences badly," resumed Mr. Lawson: "Murphy killed, and Captain de Haldimar missing. We had few officers enough to spare before, and their loss will be severely felt; I greatly fear, too, these casualties may have a tendency to discourage the men."

"Nothing more easy than to supply their place, by promoting some of our oldest sergeants," observed Ensign Delme, who, as well as the ill-fated Murphy, had risen from the ranks. "If they behave themselves well, the king will confirm their appointments."

"But my poor brother, what of him, Lawson? what have you learnt connected with his disappearance?" asked Charles de Haldimar with deep emotion. "Nothing satisfactory, I am sorry to say," returned the adjutant: "in fact, the whole affair is a mystery which no one can unravel; even at this moment the sentinel, Frank Halloway, who is strongly suspected of being privy to his disappearance, is undergoing a private examination by your father the governor."

"Frank Halloway!" repeated the youth with a start of astonishment; "surely Halloway could never prove a traitor,—and especially to my brother, whose life he once saved at the peril of his own."

"The officers had now gained the parade, when the 'Fall in, gentlemen, fall in,' quickly pronounced by Major Blackwater, prevented all further questioning on the part of the younger De Haldimar. The scene, though circumscribed in limit, was picturesque in effect, and might have been happily illustrated by the pencil of the painter. The immediate area of the parade was filled with armed men, distributed into three divisions, and forming, with their respective ranks facing outwards, as many sides of a hollow square, the mode of defence invariably adopted by the governor in all cases of sudden alarm.

In a few minutes from the falling in of the officers with their respective companies, the clank of irons was heard in the direction of the guard-room, and several forms were seen slowly advancing into the area already occupied as we have described. This party was preceded by the Adjutant Lawson, who, advancing towards Major Blackwater, communicated a message, that was followed by the command of the latter officer for the three divisions to face inwards. The officer of artillery also gave the word to his men to form lines of single files immediately in the rear of their respective guns, leaving space enough for the entrance of the approaching party, which consisted of half a dozen files of the guard, under a non-commissioned officer, and one whose manacled limbs, rather than his unaccustomed uniform, attested him to be

not merely a prisoner, but a prisoner confined for some serious and flagrant offence.

This party now advanced through the vacant quarter of the square, and took their stations immediately in the centre. Here the countenances of each, and particularly that of the prisoner, who was, if we may so term it, the centre of the centre, were thrown into strong relief by the bright glare of the torches, so that the features of the prisoner stood revealed to those around as plainly as if it had been noon day. Not a sound, not a murmur, escaped from the ranks; but, though the etiquette and strict laws of military discipline chained all speech, the workings of the inward mind remained unchecked; and as they recognised in the prisoner Frank Halloway, one of the bravest and boldest in the field, and, as all had hitherto imagined, one of the most devoted to his duty, an irrepressible thrill of amazement and dismay crept throughout the frames, and for a moment blanched the cheeks of those especially who belonged to the same company. On being summoned from their fruitless search after the stranger, to fall in without delay, it had been whispered among the men that treason had crept into the fort, and a traitor, partly detected in his crime, had been arrested and thrown into irons: but the idea of Frank Halloway being that traitor was the last that could have entered into their thoughts, and yet they now beheld him covered with every mark of ignominy, and about to answer his high offence, in all human probability, with his life.

With the officers the reputation of Halloway for courage and fidelity stood no less high; but, while they secretly lamented the circumstance of his defilement, they could not disguise from themselves the absolute certainty of his guilt, for each, as he now gazed upon the prisoner, recollected the confusion and hesitation of manner he had evinced when questioned by them preparatory to their ascending to the ramparts.

Once more the suspense of the moment was interrupted by the entrance of other forms into the area. They were those of the adjutant, followed by a drummer, bearing his instrument, and the governor's orderly, charged with pens, ink, paper, and a book which, from its peculiar form and colour, every one present knew to be a copy of the articles of war. A variety of contending emotions passed through the breasts of many, as they witnessed the silent progress of these preparations, rendered painfully interesting by the peculiarity of their position, and the wildness of the hour at which they thus found themselves assembled together. The prisoner himself was unmoved: he stood proud, calm, and fearless, amid the guard, of whom he had so recently formed one; and though his countenance was pale, as much, perhaps, from a sense of the ignominious character in which he appeared as from more private considerations, still there was nothing to denote either the abjectness of fear or the consciousness of merited disgrace. Once or twice a low sobbing, that proceeded at intervals from one of the barrack windows, caught his ear, and he turned his glance in that direction with a restless anxiety, which he exerted himself in the instant afterwards to repress; but this was the only mark of emotion he betrayed.

The above dispositions having been hastily made, the adjutant and his assistants once more retired. After the lapse of a minute, a tall martial-looking man, habited in a blue military frock, and of handsome, though stern, haughty, and inflexible features, entered the area. He was followed by Major Blackwater, the captain of artillery, and Adjutant Lawson.

"Are the garrison all present, Mr. Lawson? are the officers all present?"

"Allexcept those of the guard, sir," replied the adjutant, touching his hat with a submission that was scrupulously exacted on all occasions of duty by his superior.

The governor passed his hand for a moment over his brows. It seemed to those around him as if the mention of that guard had called up recollections which gave him pain; and it might be so, for his eldest son, Captain Frederick de Haldimar, had commanded the guard. Whether he had disappeared, or in what manner, no one knew.

"Are the artillery all present, Captain Wentworth?" again demanded the governor, after a moment of silence, and in his wonted firm authoritative voice.

"All present, sir," rejoined the officer, following the example of the adjutant, and saluting his chief.

"Then let a drum-head court-martial be assembled immediately, Mr. Lawson, and without reference to the roster let the senior officers be selected."

The adjutant went round to the respective divisions, and in a low voice warned Captain Blessington, and the four senior subalterns, for that duty. One by one the officers, as they were severally called upon, left their

places in the square, and sheathing their swords, stepped into that part of the area appointed as their temporary court. They were now all assembled, and Captain Blessington, the senior of his rank in the garrison, was preparing to administer the customary oaths, when the prisoner Halloway advanced a pace or two in front of his escort, and removing his cap, in a clear, firm, but respectful voice, thus addressed the governor:—

"Colonel de Haldimar, that I am no traitor, as I have already told you, the Almighty God, before whom I swore allegiance to his majesty, can bear me witness. Appearances, I own, are against me; but, so far from being a traitor, I would have shed my last drop of blood in defence of the garrison and your family. Colonel de Haldimar," he pursued, after a momentary pause, in which he seemed to be struggling to subdue the emotion which rose, despite of himself, to his throat, "I repeat, I am no traitor, and I scorn the imputation—but here is my best answer to the charge. This wound, (and he unbuttoned his jacket, opened his shirt, and disclosed a deep scar upon his white chest,) this wound I received in defence of my captain's life at Quebec. Had I not loved him, I should not so have exposed myself, neither but for that should I now stand in the situation of shame and danger, in which my comrades behold me."

Every heart was touched by this appeal—this bold and manly appeal to the consideration of the governor. The officers, especially, who were fully conversant with the general merit of Halloway, were deeply affected, and Charles de Haldimar—the young, the generous, the feeling Charles de Haldimar,—even shed tears.

"What mean you, prisoner?" interposed the governor, after a short pause, during which he appeared to be weighing and deducing inferences from the expressions just uttered. "What mean you, by stating, but for that (alluding to your regard for Captain de Haldimar) you would not now be in this situation of shame and danger?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment; and then rejoined, but in a tone that had less of firmness in it than before,— "Colonel de Haldimar, I am not at liberty to state my meaning; for, though a private soldier, I respect my word, and have pledged myself to secrecy."

"You respect your word, and have pledged yourself to secrecy! What mean you, man, by this rhodomontade! To whom can you have pledged yourself, and for what, unless it be to some secret enemy without the walls? Gentlemen, proceed to your duty: it is evident that the man is a traitor, even from his own admission. On my life," he pursued, more hurriedly, and speaking in an under tone, as if to himself, "the fellow has been bribed by, and is connected with—" "The name escaped him; his lips for, aware of the emotion he was betraying, he suddenly checked himself, and assumed his wonted stern and authoritative bearing."

Once more the prisoner addressed the governor in the same clear firm voice in which he had opened his appeal.

"Colonel de Haldimar, I have no connection with any living soul without the fort; and again I repeat, I am no traitor, but a true and loyal British soldier, as my services in this war, and my comrades, can well attest. Still, I seek not to shun that death which I have braved a dozen times at least in the—regiment. All that I ask is, that I may not be tried—that I may not have the shame of hearing sentence pronounced against me yet; but if nothing should occur before eight o'clock to vindicate my character from this disgrace, I will offer up no further prayer for mercy. In the name of that life, therefore, which I once preserved to Captain de Haldimar, at the price of my own blood, I entreat a respite from trial until then."

"In the name of God and all his angels, let mercy reach your soul, and grant his prayer!"

Every ear was startled—every heart touched by the plaintive, melancholy, silver tones of the voice that faintly pronounced the last appeal, and all recognised it for that of the young, interesting, and attached wife of the prisoner. Again the latter turned his gaze towards the window whence the sounds proceeded, and by the glare of the torches a tear was distinctly seen by many coursing down his manly cheek. The weakness was momentary. In the next instant he closed his shirt and coat, and resuming his cap stepped back once more amid his guard, where he remained stationary, with the air of one who, having nothing further to hope, has resolved to endure the worst that can happen with resignation and fortitude.

After the lapse of a few moments, again devoted to much apparent deep thought and conjecture, the governor once more, and rather hurriedly, resumed,—

"In the event, prisoner, of this delay in your trial

being granted, will you pledge yourself to disclose the secret to which you have alluded? Recollect, there is nothing but that which can save your memory from being consigned to infamy for ever; for who, among your comrades, will believe the idle denial of your treachery, when there is the most direct proof against you? If your secret die with you, moreover, every honest man will consider it as having been so infamous and injurious to your character, that you were ashamed to reveal it."

These suggestions of the colonel were not without their effect; for, in the sudden swelling of the prisoner's chest, as allusion was made to the disgrace that would attach to his memory, there was evidence of a high and generous spirit, to whom obloquy was far more hateful than even death itself.

"I do promise," he at length replied, stepping forward, and unweaving himself as before,—“if no one appear to justify my conduct at the hour I have named, a full disclosure of all I know touching this affair shall be made. And may God, of his infinite mercy, grant, for Captain de Haldimar's sake, as well as mine, I may not then be wholly deserted!"

There was something so peculiarly solemn and impressive in the manner in which the unhappy man now expressed himself, that a feeling of the utmost awe crept into the bosoms of the surrounding throng; and more than one veteran of the grenadiers, the company to which Halloway belonged, was heard to relieve his chest of the long pent-up sigh that struggled for release.

"Enough, prisoner," rejoined the governor; "on this condition do I grant your request; but recollect,—your disclosure ensures no hope of pardon, unless, indeed, you have the fullest proof to offer in your defence. Do you perfectly understand me?"

"I do," replied the soldier firmly; and again he placed his cap on his head, and retired a step or two back among the guard.

"Mr. Lawson, let the prisoner be removed, and conducted to one of the private cells. Who is the subaltern of the guard?"

"Ensign Fortescue," was the answer.

"Then let Ensign Fortescue keep the key of the cell himself. Tell him moreover, I shall hold him individually responsible for his charge."

Once more the prisoner was marched out of the area; and, as the clanking sound of his chains became gradually fainter in the distance, the same voice that had before interrupted the proceedings, pronounced a "God be praised!—God be praised!" with such melody of sorrow in its intonations that no one could listen to it unmoved. Both officers and men were more or less affected, and all hoped,—they scarcely knew why or what—but all hoped something favourable would occur to save the life of the brave and unhappy Frank Halloway.

Of the first interruption by the wife of the prisoner the governor had taken no notice; but on this repetition of the expression of her feelings he briefly summoned, in the absence of the adjutant, the sergeant-major of the regiment to his side.

"Sergeant-major Bletson, I desire that, in future, on all occasions of this kind, the women of the regiment may be kept out of the way. Look to it, sir!"

The sergeant-major, who had stood erect as his own halbert, which he held before him in a saluting position, during this brief admonition of his colonel, acknowledged, by a certain air of deferential respect and drooping of the eyes, unaccompanied by speech of any kind, that he felt the reproof, and would, in future, take care to avoid all similar cause for complaint. He then stalked stiffly away, and resumed, in a few hasty strides, his position in rear of the troops.

"Hard-hearted man!" pursued the same voice: "if my prayers of gratitude to heaven give offence, may the hour never come when my lips shall pronounce their bitterest curse upon your severity!"

There was something so painfully wild—so solemnly prophetic—in these sounds of sorrow as they fell faintly upon the ear, and especially under the extraordinary circumstances of the night, that they might have been taken for the warnings of some supernatural agency. During their utterance, not even the breathing of human life was to be heard in the ranks. In the next instant, however, Sergeant-major Bletson was seen repairing, with long and hasty strides, to the barrack whence the voice proceeded, and the interruption was heard no more.

Meanwhile the officers, who had been summoned from the ranks for the purpose of forming the court-martial, still lingered in the centre of the square, apparently waiting for the order of their superior, before they should resume their respective stations. As the quick and comprehensive glance of Colonel de Haldimar now embraced

the group, he at once became sensible of the absence of one of the seniors, all of whom he had desired should be selected for the court-martial.

"Mr. Lawson," he remarked, somewhat sternly, as the adjutant now returned from delivering over his prisoner to Ensign Fortescue, "I thought I understood from your report the officers were all present!"

"I believe, sir, my report will be found perfectly correct," returned the adjutant, in a tone which, without being disrespectful, marked his offended sense of the implication.

"And Lieutenant Murphy —"

"Is here, sir," said the adjutant, pointing to a couple of files of the guard, who were bearing a heavy burden, and following into the square. "Lieutenant Murphy," he pursued, "has been shot on the ramparts; and I have, as directed by Captain Blessington, caused the body to be brought here, that I may receive your orders respecting the interment." As he spoke, he removed a long military grey cloak, which completely enshrouded the corpse, and disclosed, by the light of the still brightly flaming torches of the gunners, the features of the unfortunate Murphy.

"How did he meet his death?" enquired the governor; without, however, manifesting the slightest surprise, or appearing at all moved at the discovery.

"By a rifle shot fired from the common, near the old bomb proof," observed Captain Blessington, as the adjutant looked to him for the particular explanation he could not render himself.

"Ah! this reminds me," pursued the austere commandant,—“there was a shot fired also from the ramparts. By whom, and at what?"

"By me, sir," said Lieutenant Valtort, coming forward from the ranks, "and at what I conceived to be an Indian, lurking as a spy upon the common."

"Then, Lieutenant Sir Everard Valtort, no repetition of these firings, if you please; and let it be borne in mind by all, that although, from the peculiar nature of the service in which we are engaged, I so far depart from the established regulations of the army as to permit my officers to arm themselves with rifles, they are to be used only as occasion may require in the hour of conflict, and not for the purpose of throwing a whole garrison into alarm by trials of skill and dexterity upon shadows at this unreasonable hour."

"I was not aware, sir," returned Sir Everard proudly, and secretly galled at being thus addressed before the men, "it could be deemed a military crime to destroy an enemy at whatever hour he might present himself, and especially on such an occasion as the present. As for my firing at a shadow, those who heard the yell that followed the second shot, can determine that it came from no shadow, but from a fierce and vindictive enemy. The cry denoted even something more than the ordinary defiance of an Indian triumph and revenge."

The governor started involuntarily. "Do you imagine, Sir Everard Valtort, the aim of your rifle was true—that you hit him?"

The question was asked so hurriedly, and in a tone so different from that in which he had hitherto spoken, that the officers around simultaneously raised their eyes to those of their colonel with an expression of undissembled surprise. He observed it, and instantly resumed his habitual sternness of look and manner.

"I rather fear not, sir," replied Sir Everard, who had principally remarked the emotion, "but may I hope (and this was said with emphasis), in the evident disappointment you experience at my want of success, my offence may be overlooked?"

The governor fixed his penetrating eyes on the speaker, as if he would have read his inmost mind; and then calmly, and even impressively observed,—

"Sir Everard Valtort, I do overlook the offence, and hope you may as easily forgive yourself. It were well, however, that your indiscretion, which can only find its excuse in your being so young an officer, had not been altogether without some good result. Had you killed or disabled the—savage, there might have been a decent palliative offered; but what must be your feelings, sir, when you reflect, the death of your officer, and he pointed to the corpse of the unhappy Murphy, "is, in a great degree, attributable to yourself? Had you not provoked the anger of the savage, and given a direction to his aim by the impotent and wanton discharge of your own rifle, this accident would never have happened."

This severe reproof of an officer, who had acted from the most praiseworthy of motives, and who could not possibly have anticipated the unfortunate catastrophe that had occurred, was considered especially harsh and

unkind by every one present; and a low and almost inaudible murmur passed through the company to which Sir Everard was attached. For a minute or two that officer also appeared deeply pained, not more from the reproof itself than from the new light in which the observation of his chief had taught him to view, for the first time, the causes that had led to the fall of Murphy. Finding, however, that the governor had no further remark to address to him, he once more returned to his station in the ranks.

"Mr. Lawson," resumed the commandant, turning to the adjutant, "let this victim be carried to the spot on which he fell, and there interred. I know no better grave for a soldier than beneath the sod that has been moistened with his blood. Recollect," he continued, as the adjutant once more led the party out of the area,—“no firing, Mr. Lawson. The duty must be silently performed, and without the risk of provoking a forest of arrows, or a shower of bullets, from the savages. Major Blackwater," he pursued, as soon as the corpse had been removed, "let the men pile their arms even as they now stand, and remain ready to fall in at a minute's notice. Should any thing extraordinary happen before the morning, you will, of course, apprise me." He then strode out of the area with the same haughty and measured step that had characterised his entrance.

"Our colonel does not appear to be in one of his most amiable moods to-night," observed Captain Blessington, as the officers, after having disposed of their respective companies, now proceeded along the ramparts to assist at the last funeral offices of their unhappy associate. "He was disposed to be severe, and must have put you, in some measure, out of conceit with your favourite rifle, Valtort."

"True," rejoined the baronet, who had already rallied from the momentary depression of his spirits, "he hit me devilish hard, I confess, and was disposed to display more of the commanding officer than quite suits my ideas of the service. His words were as caustic as his looks; and could both have pierced me to the quick, there was no inclination on his part wanting. By my soul I could . . . but I forgive him. He is the father of my friend; and for that reason will I chew the end of my mortification, nor suffer, if possible, a sense of his unkindness to rankle at my heart. At all events, Blessington, my mind is made up, and resign or exchange I certainly shall the instant I can find a decent loop-hole to creep out of."

Sir Everard fancied the ear of his captain was alone listening to these expressions of his feeling, or in all probability he would not have uttered them. As he concluded the last sentence, however, he felt his arm gently grasped by one who walked a pace or two silently in his rear. He turned, and recognised Charles de Haldimar.

"I am sure, Valtort, you will believe how much pained I have been at the severity of my father; but, indeed, there was nothing personally offensive intended. Blessington can tell you, as well as myself, it is his manner altogether. Nay, that although he is the first in seniority after Blackwater, the governor treats him with the same distance and hauteur he would use towards the youngest ensign in the service. Such are the effects of his long military habits, and his ideas of the absolutism of command. Am I not right, Blessington?"

"Quite right, Charles. Sir Everard may satisfy himself his is no solitary instance of the stern severity of your father. Still, I confess, notwithstanding the rigidity of manner which he seems, on all occasions, to think so indispensable to the maintenance of authority in a commanding officer, I never knew him so inclined to find fault as he is to-night."

"Perhaps," observed Valtort, good humouredly, "his conscience is rather restless; and he is willing to get rid of it and his spleen together. I would wager my rifle against the worthless scalp of the rascal I fired at to-night, that this same stranger, whose asserted appearance has called us from our comfortable beds, is but the creation of his disturbed dreams. Indeed, how is it possible any thing formed of flesh and blood could have escaped us with the vigilant watch that has been kept on the ramparts? The old gentleman certainly had that illusion strongly impressed on his mind when he so sapiently spoke of my firing at a shadow."

"But the gate," interrupted Charles de Haldimar, with something of mild reproach in his tones,—“you forget, Valtort, the gate was found unlocked, and that my brother is missing. He, at least, was flesh and blood, as you say, and yet he has disappeared. What more probable, therefore, than that this stranger is at once the cause and the agent of his abduction?"

"Impossible, Charles," observed Captain Blessington; "Frederick was in the midst of his guard. How, therefore, could he be conveyed away without the alarm being given? Numbers only could have succeeded in so desperate an enterprise; and yet there is no evidence, or even suspicion, of more than one individual having been here."

"It is a singular affair altogether," returned Sir Everard, musingly. "Of two things, however, I am satisfied. The first is, that the stranger, whoever he may be, and if he really has been here, is no Indian; the second, that he is personally known to the governor, who has been, or I mistake much, more alarmed at his individual presence than if Pontac and his whole band had suddenly broken in upon us. Did you remark his emotion, when I dwelt on the peculiar character of personal triumph and revenge which the cry of the lurking villain outside seem to express? and did you notice the eagerness with which he enquired if I thought I had hit him? Depend upon it, there is more in all this than is dreamt of in our philosophy."

"And it was your undisguised perception of that emotion," remarked Captain Blessington, "that drew down his severity upon your own head. It was, however, too palpable not to be noticed by all; and I dare say conjecture is as busily and as vaguely at work among our companions as it is with us. The clue to the mystery, in a great degree, now dwells with Frank Halloway; and to him we must look for its elucidation. His disclosure will be one, I apprehend, full of ignominy to himself, but of the highest interest and importance to us all. And yet I know not how to believe the man the traitor he appears."

"Did you remark that last harrowing exclamation of his wife?" observed Charles de Haldimar, in a tone of unspeakable melancholy. "How fearfully prophetic it sounded in my ears. I know not how it is," he pursued, "but I wish I had not heard those sounds; for since that moment I have had a sad strange presentiment of evil at my heart. Heaven grant my poor brother may make his appearance, as I still trust he will, at the hour Halloway seems to expect, for if not, the latter most assuredly dies. I know my father well; and, if convicted by a court martial, no human power can alter the destiny that awaits Frank Halloway."

"Rally, my dear Charles, rally," said Sir Everard, affecting a confidence he did not feel himself; "indulge not in these idle and superstitious fancies. I pity Halloway from my soul, and feel the deepest interest in his pretty and unhappy wife; but that is no reason why one should attach importance to the incoherent expressions wrung from her in the agony of grief."

"It is kind of you, Valletot, to endeavour to cheer my spirits, when, if the truth were confessed, you acknowledge the influence of the same feelings. I thank you for the attempt, but time alone can show how far I shall have reason, or otherwise, to lament the occurrence of this night."

"They had now reached that part of the ramparts whence the shot from Sir Everard's rifle had been fired. Several men were occupied in digging a grave in the precise spot on which the unfortunate Murphy had stood when he received his death wound; and into this, when completed, the body, enshrouded in the cloak already alluded to, was deposited by his companions.

CHAPTER IV.

While the adjutant was yet reading, in a low and solemn voice, the service for the dead, a fierce and distant yell, as if from a legion of devils, burst suddenly from the forest, and brought the hands of the startled officers instinctively to their swords. This appalling cry lasted, without interruption, for many minutes, and was then, as abruptly checked as it had been unexpectedly delivered. A considerable pause succeeded, and then again it rose with even more startling vehemence than before. By one unaccustomed to those devilish sounds, no distinction could have been made in the two several yells that had been thus savagely pealed forth; but those to whom practice and long experience in the warlike habits and customs of the Indians had rendered their shouts familiar, at once divined, or fancied they divined, the cause. The first was, to their conception, a yell expressive at once of vengeance and disappointment in pursuit,—perhaps of some prisoner who had escaped from their toils; the second, of triumph and success,—in all probability, indicative of the recapture of that prisoner. For many minutes afterwards the officers continued to listen, with the mostaching attention, for a repetition of the cry, or even

fainter sounds, that might denote either a nearer approach to the fort, or the final departure of the Indians. After the second yell, however, the woods, in the heart of which it appeared to have been uttered, were buried in as profound a silence as if they had never yet echoed back the voice of man; and all at length became satisfied that the Indians, having accomplished some particular purpose, had retired once more to their distant encampments for the night. Captain Erskine was the first who broke the almost breathless silence that prevailed among themselves.

"On my life, De Haldimar is a prisoner with the Indians. He has been attempting his escape,—has been detected,—followed, and again fallen into their hands. I know their infernal yells but too well. The last expressed their savage joy at the capture of a prisoner; and there is no one of us missing but De Haldimar."

"Not a doubt of it," said Captain Blessington; the cry was certainly what you describe it, and Heaven only knows what will be the fate of our poor friend."

No other officer spoke, for all were oppressed by the weight of their own feelings, and sought rather to give indulgence to speculation in secret, than to share their impressions with their companions. Charles de Haldimar stood a little in the rear, leaning his head upon his hand against the box of the sentry, (who was silently, though anxiously, pacing his walk,) and in an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"I suppose I must finish Lawson's work, although I am but a poor hand at this sort of thing," resumed Captain Erskine, taking up the prayer book the adjutant had, in hastening on the first alarm to get the men under arms, carelessly thrown on the grave of the now unconscious Murphy.

He then commenced the service at the point where Mr. Lawson had so abruptly broken off, and went through the remainder of the prayers. A very few minutes sufficed for the performance of this solemn duty, which was effected by the faint dim light of the at length dawning day, and the men in attendance proceeded to fill up the grave of their officer.

Gradually the mists, that had fallen during the latter hours of the night, began to ascend from the common, and disperse themselves in air, conveying the appearance of a rolling sheet of vapour retiring back upon itself, and disclosing objects in succession, until the eye could embrace all that came within its extent of vision. As the officers yet lingered near the rude grave of their companion, watching with abstracted air the languid and almost mechanical action of their jaded men, as they emptied shovel after shovel of the damp earth over the body of his new tenant, they were suddenly startled by an expression of exultation from Sir Everard Valletot.

"By Jupiter, I have pinked him," he exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew my rifle could not err; and as for my sight, I have carried away too many prizes in target shooting to have been deceived in that. How delighted the old governor will be, Charles, to hear this. No more lecturing, I am sure, for the next six months at least," and the young officer rubbed his hands together, at the success of his shot, with as much satisfaction and unconcern for the future, as if he had been in his own native England, in the midst of a prize-ring.

Roused by the observation of his friend, De Haldimar quitted his position near the sentry box, and advanced to the outer edge of the rampart. To him, as to his companions, the outline of the old bomb-proof was now distinctly visible, but it was some time before they could discover, in the direction in which Valletot pointed, a dark speck upon the common; and this so indistinctly, they could scarcely distinguish it with the naked eye.

"Your sight is quite equal to your aim, Sir Everard," remarked Lieutenant Johnstone, one of Erskine's subalterns, "and both are decidedly superior to mine; yet I used to be thought a good rifleman too, and have credit for an eye no less keen than that of an Indian; you have the advantage of me, however; for I honestly admit I never could have picked off my fellow in the dark as you have done."

As the dawn increased, the dark shadow of a human form, stretched at its length upon the ground, became perceptible; and the officers, with one unanimous voice, bore loud testimony to the skill and dexterity of him who had, under such extreme disadvantages, accomplished the death of their skulking enemy.

"Bravo, Valletot," said Charles de Haldimar, recovering his spirits, as much from the idea, now occurring to him, that this might indeed be the stranger whose appearance had so greatly disturbed his father, as from the gratification he felt in the praises bestowed on his friend. "Bravo, my dear fellow!" then approaching, and in a

half whisper, "when next I write to Clara, I shall request her, with my cousin's assistance, to prepare a chaplet of bays, wherewith I shall myself crown you as their proxy. But what is the matter now, Valletot? Why stand you there gazing upon the common, as if the victim of your murderous aim was rising from his bloody couch, to reproach you with his death? Tell me, shall I write to Clara for the prize, or will you receive it from her own hands?"

"Did her rather pour her curses on my head; and to those, De Haldimar, add your own," exclaimed Sir Everard, at length raising himself from the statue-like position he had assumed. "Almighty God," he pursued, in the same tone of deep agony, "what have I done? Where, where shall I hide myself?"

As he spoke he turned away from his companions, and covering his eyes with his hand, with quick and unequal steps, even like those of a drunken man, walked, or rather ran, along the rampart, as if fearful of being overtaken. The whole group of officers, and Charles de Haldimar in particular, were struck with dismay at the language and action of Sir Everard; and for a moment they fancied that fatigue, and watching, and excitement had partially affected his brain. But when, after the lapse of a minute or two, they again looked out upon the common, the secret of his agitation was too faithfully and too painfully explained.

What had at first the dusky and dingy hue of a half-naked Indian, was now perceived, by the bright beams of light just gathering in the east, to be the gay and striking uniform of a British officer. Doubt as to who that officer was there could be none, for the white sword-belt suspended over the right shoulder, and thrown into strong relief by the field of scarlet on which it reposed, denoted the wearer of this distinguishing badge of duty to be one of the guard.

If they could regret the loss of such a companion as Murphy, how deep and heartfelt must have been the sorrow they experienced when they beheld the brave, generous, manly, amiable, and highly-talented Frederick de Haldimar—the pride of the garrison, and the idol of his family—lying extended, a cold, senseless corpse, slain by the hand of the bosom friend of his brother!—Notwithstanding the stern severity and distance of the governor, whom few circumstances, however critical or exciting, could surprise into relaxation of his habitual staidness, it would have been difficult to name two young men more universally liked and esteemed by their brother officers than were the De Haldimars—the first for the qualities already named—the second, for those retiring, mild, winning manners, and gentle affections, added to extreme and almost feminine beauty of countenance for which he was remarkable. Alas, what a gloomy picture was now exhibited to the minds of all! Frederick de Haldimar a corpse, and slain by the hand of Sir Everard Valletot! What but disunion could follow this melancholy catastrophe? and how could Charles de Haldimar, even if his band nature should survive the shock, ever bear to look again upon the man who had, however innocently or unintentionally, deprived him of a brother whom he adored?

These were the impressions that passed through the minds of the compassionating officers, as they directed their glance alternately from the common to the pale and marble-like features of the younger De Haldimar, who, with parted lips and stupid gaze, continued to fix his eyes upon the inanimate form of his ill-fated brother, as if the very faculty of life itself had been for a period suspended. At length, however, while his companions watched in silence the mining workings of that grief which they feared to interrupt by ill-timed observations, even of condolence, the death-like hue, which had hitherto suffused the usually blooming cheek of the young officer, was succeeded by a flush of the deepest dye, while his eyes, swollen by the tide of blood now rushing violently to his face, appeared to be bursting from their sockets. The shock was more than his delicate frame, exhausted as it was by watching and fatigue, could bear. He tottered, reeled, pressed his hand upon his head, and before any one could render him assistance, fell senseless on the ramparts.

During the interval between Sir Everard Valletot's exclamation, and the fall of Charles de Haldimar, the men employed at the grave had performed their duty, and were gazing with mingled astonishment and concern, both on the body of their murdered officer, and on the dumb scene acting around them. Two of these were now despatched for a litter, with which they speedily reappeared. On this Charles de Haldimar, already delirious with the fever of intense excitement, was carefully placed, and, followed by Captain Blessington and Lieut-

nant Johnstone, borne to his apartment in the small range of buildings constituting the officers' barracks. Captain Erskine undertook the disagreeable office of communicating these distressing events to the governor; and the remainder of the officers once more hastened to join or linger near their respective companies, in readiness for the order which it was expected would be given to despatch a numerous party of the garrison to secure the body of Captain de Haldimar.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was just rising above the horizon, in all that peculiar softness of splendour which characterises the early days of autumn in America, as Captain Erskine led his company across the drawbridge that communicated with the fort. It was the first time it had been lowered since the investment of the garrison by the Indians; and as the dull and rusty chains performed their service with a harsh and grating sound, it seemed as if an earnest were given of melancholy boding. Although the distance to be traversed was small, the risk the party incurred was great; for it was probable the savages ever on the alert, would not suffer them to effect their object unmolested. It was perhaps singular, and certainly contradictory, that an officer of the acknowledged prudence and forethought ascribed to the governor—qualities which in a great degree neutralised his excessive severity in the eyes of his troops—should have hazarded the chance of having his garrison enfeebled by the destruction of a part, if not of the whole, of the company appointed to this dangerous duty; but with all his severity, Colonel de Haldimar was not without strong affection for his children. The feelings of the father, therefore, in a great degree triumphed over the prudence of the commander; and to shield the corpse of his son from the indignities which he well knew would be inflicted on it by Indian barbarity, he had been induced to accede to the earnest prayer of Captain Erskine, that he might be permitted to lead out his company for the purpose of securing the body. Every means were, however, taken to cover the advance, and ensure the retreat of the detachment. The remainder of the troops were distributed along the rear of the ramparts, with instructions to lie flat on their faces until summoned by their officers from that position; which was to be done only in the event of close pursuit from the savages. Artillerymen were also stationed at the several guns that flanked the rear of the fort, and necessarily commanded both the common and the outskirt of the forest, with orders to fire with grape-shot at a given signal. Captain Erskine's instructions were, moreover, if attacked, to retreat back under the guns of the fort slowly and in good order, and without turning his back upon the enemy.

Thus confident of support, the party, after traversing the drawbridge with fixed bayonets, inclined to the right, and following the winding of the ditch by which it was surrounded, made the semi-circuit of the rampart until they gained the immediate centre of the rear, and in a direct line with the bomb-proof. Here their mode of advance was altered, to guard more effectually against the enemy with whom they might possibly have to contend. The front and rear ranks of the company, consisting in all of ninety men, were so placed as to leave space in the event of attack, of a portion of each wheeling inwards so as to present in an instant three equal faces of a square. As the rear was sufficiently covered by the cannon of the fort to defeat any attempt to turn their flanks, the manoeuvre was one that enabled them to present a fuller front in whatever other quarter they might be attacked; and had this additional advantage, that in the advance by single files a narrower front was given to the aim of the Indians, who, unless they fired in an oblique direction, could only, of necessity, bring down two men (the leading files) at a time.

In this order, and anxiously overlooked by their comrades, whose eyes alone peered from above the surface of the rampart on which they lay prostrate, the detachment crossed the common; one rank headed by Captain Erskine, the other by Lieutenant Johnstone. They had now approached within a few yards of the unfortunate victim, when Captain Erskine commanded a halt of his party; and two files were detached from the rear of each rank, to place the body on a litter with which they had provided themselves. He and Johnstone also moved in the same direction in advance of the men, prepared to render assistance if required. The corpse lay on its face, and in no way despoiled of any of its glittering habiliments; a circumstance that too well confirmed the

fact of De Haldimar's death having been accomplished by the ball from Sir Everard Vallcott's rifle. It appeared, however, the ill-fated officer had struggled much in the agonies of death; for the left leg was drawn up into an unnatural state of contraction, and the right hand, closely compressed, grasped a quantity of grass and soil, which had evidently been torn up in a paroxysm of suffering and despair.

The men placed the litter at the side of the body, which they now proceeded to raise. As they were in the act of depositing it on this temporary bier, the plumed hat fell from the head, and disclosed, to the astonishment of all, the scalpless crown completely saturated in its own clotted blood and oozing brains. An exclamation of horror and disgust escaped at the same moment from the lips of the two officers, and the men started back from their charge as if a basilisk had suddenly appeared before them. Captain Erskine pursued:—

"What the devil is the meaning of all this, Johnstone?" "What, indeed!" rejoined his lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders, that was intended to express his inability to form any opinion on the subject.

"Unless it should prove," continued Erskine, "as I sincerely trust it may, that poor Vallcott is not, after all, the murderer of his friend. It must be so. De Haldimar has been slain by the same Indian who killed Murphy. Do you recollect his scalp cry? He was in the act of despoiling his victim of this trophy of success, when Sir Everard fired. Examine the body well, Mitchell, and discover where the wound lies."

The old soldier to whom this order was addressed now prepared, with the assistance of his comrades, to turn the body upon its back, when suddenly the air was rent with terrific yells, that seemed to be uttered in their very ears, and in the next instant more than a hundred dark and hideous savages sprang simultaneously to their feet without the bomb-proof, while every tree along the skirt of the forest gave back the towering form of a warrior. Each of these, in addition to his rifle, was armed with all those destructive implements of warfare which render the Indians of America so formidable and so terrible an enemy.

"Stand to your arms, men," shouted Captain Erskine, recovering from his first and unavoidable, though but momentary, surprise. "First and fourth sections, on your right and left backwards wheel!—Quick, men, within the square, for your lives." As he spoke, he and Lieutenant Johnstone sprang hastily back, and in time to obtain admittance within the troops, who had rapidly executed the manoeuvre commanded. Not so with Mitchell and his companions. On the first alarm they had quitted the body of the mutilated officer, and flown to secure their arms, but even while in the act of stooping to take them up, they had been grappled by a powerful and vindictive foe; and the first thing they beheld on regaining their upright position, was a dusky Indian at the side, and a gleaming tomahawk flashing rapidly round the head of each.

"Fire not, on your lives," exclaimed Captain Erskine hastily, as he saw several of the men in front levelling, in the excitement of the moment, their muskets at the threatening savages. "Prepare for attack," he pursued; and in the next instant each man dropped on his right knee, and a barrier of bristling bayonets seemed to rise from the very bowels of the earth. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, the bold and daring warriors, although still retaining their firm grasp of the unhappy soldiers, were for a moment diverted from their bloody purpose, and temporarily suspended the quick and rotary motion of their weapons. Captain Erskine took advantage of this pause to seize the halbert of one of his sergeants, to the extreme point of which he hastily attached a white pocket handkerchief; this he loosely thrust into the breast of his uniform; this he waved on high three several times, and then relinquishing the halbert, dropped also on his knee within the square.

"The dog of a Saganaw asks for mercy," said a voice from within the bomb-proof, and speaking in the dialect of the Ottawas. "His pale flag bespeaks the quailing of his heart, and his attitude denotes the timidity of the hind. His warriors are like himself, and even now upon their knees they call upon their Manitou to preserve them from the vengeance of the red-skins. But mercy is not for dogs like these. Now is the time to make our tomahawks warm in their blood; and every head that we count shall be a scalp upon our war poles."

As he ceased, one universal and portentous yell burst from the fiend-like band; and again the weapons of

death were fiercely brandished around the heads of the stupefied soldiers who had fallen into their power.

"What can they be about?" anxiously exclaimed Captain Erskine, in the midst of this deafening clamour, to his subaltern. "Quiet, man; damn you, quiet, or I'll cut you down," he pursued, addressing one of his soldiers, whose impatience caused him to bring his musket half up to the shoulder. And again he turned his head in the direction of the fort:—"Thank God, here it comes at last,—I feared my signal had not been noticed."

While he yet spoke, the loud roaring of a cannon from the ramparts was heard, and a shower of grape-shot passed over the heads of the detachment, and was seen tearing up the earth around the bomb-proof, and scattering fragments of stone and wood into the air. The men simultaneously and unbidden gave three cheers.

In an instant the scene was changed. As if moved by some mechanical impulse, the fiend band that lined the bomb-proof sank below the surface, and were no longer visible, while the warriors in the forest again sought shelter behind the trees. The captured soldiers were also liberated without injury, so sudden and startling had been the terror produced in the savages by the lightning flash that announced its heavy messengers of destruction. Discharge after discharge succeeded without intermission; but the guns had been levelled so high, to prevent injury to their own men, they had little other effect than to keep the Indians from the attack. The rush of bullets through the close forest, and the crashing of trees and branches as they fell with startling fury upon each other, were, with the peals of artillery, the only noises now to be heard; for not a yell, not a word was uttered by the Indians after their first discharge; and but for the certainty that existed in every mind, it might have been supposed the whole of them had retired.

"Now is your time," cried Captain Erskine; "bring in the litter to the rear, and stoop as much as possible to avoid the shot."

The poor half-strangled fellows, however, instead of obeying the order of their captain, looked round in every direction for the enemy; by whom they had been so rudely handled, and who had glided from them almost imperceptibly and swiftly as they had at first approached. It seemed as if they apprehended that any attempt to remove the body would be visited by those fierce devils with the same appalling and ferocious threatenings.

"Why stand ye there, ye dolts," continued their captain, "looking around as if ye were bewitched? Bring the litter in to the rear. Mitchell, you old fool, are you grown a coward in your age? Are you not ashamed to set such an example to your comrades?"

The doubt thus implied of the courage of his men, who, in fact, were merely stupefied with the scene they had gone through, had, as Captain Erskine expected, the desired effect. They now bent themselves to the litter, on which they had previously deposited their muskets, and with a self-possession that contrasted singularly with their recent air of wild astonishment, bore it to the rear at the risk of being cut in two at every moment by the fire from the fort. One fierce yell, instinctively proffered by several of the lurking band in the forest, marked their disappointment and rage at the escape of their victims; but all attempt at uncovering themselves, so as to be enabled to fire, was prevented by the additional showers of grape which that yell immediately brought upon them.

The position in which Captain Erskine now found himself was highly critical. Before him, and on either flank, was a multitude of savages, who only awaited the cessation of the fire from the fort to commence their fierce and impetuous attack. That that fire could not long be sustained was evident, since ammunition could ill be spared for the present inefficient purpose, where supplies of all kinds were so difficult to be obtained; and, if he should attempt a retreat, the upright position of his men exposed them to the risk of being swept away by the ponderous metal, that already fanned their cheeks with the air it so rapidly divided. Suddenly, however, the fire from the batteries was discontinued, and this he knew to be a signal for himself. He gave an order in a low voice, and the detachment quitted their rearmost and defensive position, still remaining formed in square. At the same instant, a gun flashed from the fort; but not as before was heard the rushing sound of the destructive shot crushing the trees in its resistless course. The Indians took courage at this circumstance, for they deemed the bullets of their enemies

were expended; and that they were merely discharging their powder to keep up the apprehension originally produced. Again they showed themselves, like so many demons, from behind their lurking places; and yells and shouts of the most terrific and threatening character once more rent the air, and echoed through the woods. Their cries of anticipated triumph were, however, but of short duration. Presently, a hissing noise was heard in the air; and close to the bomb-proof, and at the very skirt of the forest, they beheld a huge globe of iron fall perpendicularly to the earth, to the outer part of which was attached what they supposed to be a reed, that spat forth innumerable sparks of fire, without however, seeming to threaten the slightest injury. Attracted by the novel sight, a dozen warriors sprang to the spot, and fastened their gaze upon it with all the childish wonder and curiosity of men in a savage state. One, more eager and restless than his fellows, stooped over it to feel with his hand of what it was composed. At that moment it burst, and limbs, and head, and entrails, were seen flying in the air, with the fragments of the shell, and prostrate and struggling forms lay writhing on every hand in the last, fierce agonies of death.

A yell of despair and a shout of triumph burst at the same moment from the adverse parties. Taking advantage of the terror produced, by this catastrophe, in the savages, Captain Erskine caused the men bearing the corpse to retreat, with all possible expedition, under the ramparts of the fort. He waited until they got nearly half way, and then threw forward the wheeling sections, that had covered this movement, once more into single file, in which order he commenced his retreat. Step by step, and almost imperceptibly, the men paced backwards, ready, at a moment's notice, to re-form the square. Partly recovered from the terror and surprise produced by the bursting of the shell, the Indians were quick in perceiving this movement: filled with rage at having been so long balked of their aim, they threw themselves once more impetuously from their cover; and, with stimulating yells, at length opened their fire. Several of Captain Erskine's men were wounded by this discharge; when, again, and furiously the cannon opened from the fort. It was then that the superiority of the artillery was made manifest. Both right and left of the retreating files the ponderous shot flew heavily past, carrying death and terror to the Indians; while not a man of those who intervened was scathed or touched in its progress. The warriors in the forest were once more compelled to shelter themselves behind the trees; but in the bomb-proof, where they were more secure, they were also more bold. From this a galling fire, mingled with the most hideous yells, was now kept up; and the detachment, in their slow retreat, suffered considerably. Several men had been killed; and, about twenty, including Lieutenant Johnstone, wounded, when, again, one of those murderous globes fell, hissing in the very centre of the bomb-proof. In an instant, the Indian fire was discontinued; and their dark and pliant forms were seen hurrying with almost incredible rapidity over the dilapidated walls, and flying into the very heart of the forest, so that when the shell exploded, a few seconds afterwards, not a warrior was to be seen. From this moment the attack was not renewed, and Captain Erskine made good his retreat without further molestation.

"Well, old buffers!" exclaimed one of the leading files, as the detachment, preceded by its dead and wounded, now moved along the moat in the direction of the draw-bridge, "how did you like the grip of them black savages?—I say, Mitchell, old Nick will scarcely know the face of you, it's so much altered by fright. Did you see," turning to the man in his rear, "how harum-scarum he looked, when the captain called out to him to come off?"

"Hold your clapper, you spooney, and be d—d to you!" exclaimed the angry veteran.—"Had the Indian fastened his paw upon your ugly neck as he did upon mine, all the pitiful life your mother ever put into you would have been spirited away from very fear; so you needn't brag."

"Sure, and if any of ye had a grain of punk, ye would have fired, and freed a fellow from the clutch of them Injun thieves," muttered another of the men at the litter. "All the time, the devil had me by the throat, swinging his tommyhawk about my head, I saw ye dancing up and down in the heavens, instead of being on your marrow bones on the common."

"And didn't I want to do it?" rejoined the first speaker. "Ask Tom Winkler here, if the captain didn't

swear he'd cut my head off if I even offered so much as to touch the trigger of my musket."

"Faith, and lucky he did," replied his covering man (for the ranks had again joined), "since but for that, there wouldn't be at this moment so much as a hair of the scalp of one of you left."

"By gracious," said a good-humoured, quaint looking Irishman, who had been fixing his eyes on the litter during this colloquy; "it sames to me, my boys, that ye have caught the wrong cow by the horns, and that all your pains has been for nothing at all, at all. By the pope, ye are all wrong; it's like bringing salt butter to Cork, or coals to your Newcastle, as ye call it. Who the devil ever heard of the officer wearing ammunition shoes?"

The men all turned their gaze on that part of the vestment of the corpse to which their attention had been directed by this remark, when it was at once perceived, although it had hitherto escaped the observation even of the officers, that not only the shoes were those usually worn by the soldiers, and termed ammunition or store shoes, but also, the trowsers were of the description of coarse grey, peculiar to that class.

"By the piper and ye're right, Dick Doherty," exclaimed another Irishman; "sure, and it isn't the officer at all! Just look at the great black fist of him too, and never call me Phil Sheban, if it ever was made for the banding of an officer's spit."

"What a set of hignoramuses ye must be," grunted old Mitchell, "not to see that the captain's hand is only covered with dirt; and as for the ammunition shoes and trowsers, why you know our officers wear any thing since we have been cooped up in this here fort."

"Yes, by the holy cooper, off duty, if they like it," returned Phil Sheban; "but it isn't even the colonel's own born son that dare to do so while officer of the guard."

At this point of their conversation, one of the leading men at the litter, in turning to look at its subject, stumbled over the root of a stump that lay in his way, and fell violently forward. The sudden action destroyed the equilibrium of the corpse, which rolled off its temporary bier upon the earth, and disclosed, for the first time, a face begrimed with masses of clotted blood, which had streamed forth from the scalped brain during the night.

"It's the devil himself," said Phil Sheban, making the sign of the cross, half in jest, half in earnest: "for it isn't the captain at all, and who but the devil could have managed to clap on his regimentals?"

"No, it's an Ingian," remarked Dick Barford, sagaciously; "it's an Ingian that has killed the captain, and dressed himself in his clothes. I thought he smelt strong, when I helped to pick him up."

"What a set of prating fools ye are," interrupted the leading sergeant; "who ever saw an Ingian with light hair? and sure this hair in the neck is that of a Christian."

At that moment Captain Erskine, attracted by the sudden halt produced by the falling of the body, came quickly up to the front.

"What is the meaning of all this, Cassidy?" he sternly demanded of the sergeant; "why is this halt without my orders, and how comes the body here?"

Carter stumbled against a root, sir, and the body rolled over upon the ground."

"And was the body to roll back again?" angrily rejoined his captain. "What mean ye, fellows, by standing there; quick, replace it upon the litter, and mind this does not occur again."

"They say, sir," said the sergeant, respectfully, as the men proceeded to their duty, "that it is not Captain de Haldimar after all, but an Ingian."

"Not Captain de Haldimar! are ye all mad? and have the Indians, in reality, turned your brains with fear?"

What, however, was his own surprise, and that of Lieutenant Johnstone, when, on a closer examination of the corpse, which the men had now placed with its face uppermost, they discovered the bewitching fact that it was not, indeed, Captain de Haldimar who lay before them, but a stranger, dressed in the uniform of that officer.

There was no time to solve, or even to dwell on the singular mystery; for the Indians, though now retired, might be expected to rally and renew the attack. Once more, therefore, the detachment moved forward; the officers dropping as before to the rear, to watch any movements of the enemy should he re-appear. Nothing, however, occurred to interrupt their march; and in a few minutes the heavy clanking sound of the chains of the

drawbridge, as it was again raised by its strong pulleys, and the dull creaking sound of the rusty bolts and locks that secured the ponderous gate, announced the detachment was once more safely within the fort.

While the wounded men were being conveyed to the hospital, a group, comprising almost all the officers of the garrison, hastened to meet Captain Erskine and Lieutenant Johnstone. Congratulations on the escape of the one, and compliments, rather than condolences, on the accident of the other, which the arm *en écharpe* denoted to be slight, were hastily and warmly proffered. These felicitations were the genuine ebullitions of the hearts of men who really felt a pride, unmixed with jealousy, in the conduct of their fellows; and so cool and excellent had been the manner in which Captain Erskine had accomplished his object, that it had claimed the undivided admiration of all who had been spectators of the affair, and had, with the aid of their telescopes, been enabled to follow the minutest movements of the detachment.

"By heaven!" he at length replied, his chest swelling with gratified pride at the warm and generous approval of his companions; "this more than repays me for every risk. Yet, to be sincere, the credit is not mine, but Wentworth's. But for you, my dear fellow," grasping and shaking the hand of that officer, "we should have rendered but a Flemish account of ourselves. How beautifully those guns covered our retreat! and the first mortar that sent the howling devils flying in air like so many Will-o'-the-wisps, who placed that, Wentworth?"

"I did," replied the officer, with a quickness that denoted a natural feeling of exultation; "but Bombardier Kitson's was the most effective. It was his shell that drove the Indians finally out of the bomb-proof, and left the coast clear for your retreat."

"Then Kitson, and his gunners also, merit our best thanks," pursued Captain Erskine, whose spirits, now that his detachment was in safety, were more than usually exhilarated by the exciting events of the last hour; "and what will be more acceptable, perhaps, they shall each have a glass of my best old Jamaica before they sleep,—and such stuff is not to be met with every day in this wilderness of a country. But, confound my stupid head! where are Charles de Haldimar and Sir Everard Valtcott?"

"Poor Charles is in a high fever, and confined to his bed," returned Captain Blessington, who now came up adding his congratulations in a low tone, that marked the despondency of his heart; "and Sir Everard I have just left on the rampart with the company, looking, as he well may, the very image of despair."

"Run to them, Summers, my dear boy," said Erskine, hastily addressing himself to a young ensign who stood near him; "run quickly, and relieve them of their error. Say it is not De Haldimar who has been killed, therefore they need not make themselves any longer uneasy on that score." The officers gave a start of surprise. Summers, however, hastened to acquit himself of the pleasing task assigned him, without waiting to hear the explanation of the singular declaration.

"Not De Haldimar!" eagerly and anxiously exclaimed Captain Blessington; "who then have you brought to us in his uniform, which I clearly distinguished from the rampart as you passed? Surely you would not tamper with us at such a moment, Erskine?"

"Who it is, I know no more than Adam," rejoined the other; "unless, indeed, it be the devil himself. Ah! I do know, it is not our friend De Haldimar; although, as you observe, he most certainly wears his uniform. But you shall see and judge for yourselves, gentlemen. Sergeant Cassidy," he enquired of that individual, who now came to ask if the detachment was to be dismissed, "where have you placed the litter?"

"Under the piazza of the guard-room, sir," answered the sergeant. These words had scarcely been uttered, when a general and hasty movement of the officers, anxious to satisfy themselves by personal observation it was not indeed De Haldimar who had fallen, took place in the direction alluded to, and in the next moment they were at the side of the litter.

A blanket had been thrown upon the corpse to conceal the loathsome disfigurement of the face, over which masses of thick coagulated blood were laid in patches and streaks, that set all recognition at defiance. The formation of the head alone, which was round and short, denoted it to be not De Haldimar's. Not a feature was left undefiled; and even the eyes were so covered, it was impossible to say whether their lids were closed or open. More than one officer's cheek paled with the sickness that rose to his heart as he gazed on the hideous spectacle; yet, as the curiosity of all was strongly excited to know who the murdered man really was who had been so un-

accountably inducted in the uniform of their lost companion, they were resolved to satisfy themselves without further delay. A basin of warm water and a sponge were procured from the guard-room of Ensign Fortescue, who now joined them, and with these Captain Blessington proceeded to remove the disguise.

In the course of this lavation, it was discovered the extraordinary flow of blood and brains had been produced by the infliction of a deep wound on the back of the head, by the sharp and ponderous tomahawk of an Indian. It was the only blow that had been given; and the circumstance of the deceased having been found lying on his face, accounted for the quantity of gore, that, trickling downwards, had so completely disguised every feature. As the coat of thick encrusted matter gave way beneath the frequent application of the moistening sponge, the pallid hue of the countenance denoted the murdered man to be a white. All doubt, however, was soon at an end. The ammunition shoes, the grey trousers, the coarse linen, and the stiff leathern stock encircling the neck, attested the sufferer to be a soldier of the garrison; but it was not until the face had been completely denuded of its unsightly covering, and every feature fully exposed, that that soldier was at length recognised to be Harry Donellan, the trusty and attached servant of Captain de Haldimar.

While yet the officers stood apart, gazing at the corpse, and forming a variety of conjectures, as vague as they were unsatisfactory, in regard to their new mystery, Sir Everard Valletort, pale and breathless with the speed he had used, suddenly appeared among them.

"God of heaven! can it be true—and it is really not De Haldimar whom I have shot?" wildly asked the agitated young man. "Who is this, Erskine?" he continued, glancing at the litter. "Explain, for pity's sake, and quickly."

"Compose yourself, my dear Valletort," replied the officer addressed. "You see this is not De Haldimar, but his servant Donellan. Neither has the latter met his death from your rifle; there is no mark of a bullet about him. It was an Indian tomahawk that did his business; and I will stake my head against a hickory nut the blow came from the same rascal at whom you fired, and who gave back the shot and the scalp halloo."

This opinion was unanimously expressed by the remainder of the officers. Sir Everard was almost as much overpowered by his joy, as he had previously been overwhelmed by his despair, and he grasped and shook the hand of Captain Erskine, who had thus been the means of relieving his conscience, with an energy of gratitude and feeling that almost drew tears from the eyes of that blunt but gallant officer.

"Thank God! thank God!" he fervently exclaimed: "I have not then even the death of poor Donellan to answer for; and hastening from the guard-room, he pursued his course hurriedly and delightfully to the barrack-room of his friend.

CHAPTER VI.

The hour fixed for the trial of the prisoner Halloway had now arrived, and the officers composing the court were all met in the mess-room of the garrison, surrounding a long table covered with green cloth, over which were distributed pens, ink, and paper for taking minutes of the evidence, and such notes of the proceedings as the several members might deem necessary in the course of the trial. Captain Blessington presided; and next him, on either hand, were the first in seniority, the two junior occupying the lowest places. The demeanour of the several officers, serious and befitting the duty they were met to perform, was rendered more especially solemn from the presence of the governor, who sat a little to the right of the president, and without the circle, remained covered, and with his arms folded across his chest. At a signal given by the president to the orderly in waiting, that individual disappeared from the room, and soon afterwards Frank Halloway, strongly ironed, as on the preceding night, was ushered in by several files of the guard, under Ensign Fortescue himself.

The prisoner having been stationed a few paces on the left of the president, that officer stood up to administer the customary oath. His example was followed by the rest of the court, who now rose, and extending each his right hand upon the prayer book, repeated, after the president, the form of words prescribed by military law. They then, after successively touching the sacred volume with their lips, once more resumed their seats at the table.

The prosecutor was the Adjutant Lawson, who now handed over to the president a paper, from which the

latter officer read, in a clear and distinct voice, the following charges, viz.—

"1st. For having on the night of the —th September 1763, while on duty at the gate of the Fortress of Detroit, either admitted a stranger into the garrison himself, or suffered him to obtain admission, without giving the alarm, or using the means necessary to ensure his apprehension, such conduct being treasonable, and in breach of the articles of war."

"2d. For having been accessory to the abduction of Captain Frederick de Haldimar and private Harry Donellan, the disappearance of whom from the garrison can only be attributed to a secret understanding existing between the prisoner and the enemy without the walls, such conduct being treasonable, and in breach of the articles of war."

"Private Frank Halloway," continued Captain Blessington, after having perused these two short but important charges, "you have heard what has been preferred against you; what say you, therefore? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," firmly and somewhat exultingly replied the prisoner, laying his hand, at the same time on his swelling heart.

"Stay, sir," sternly observed the governor, addressing the president; "you have not read all the charges."

Captain Blessington took up the paper from the table, on which he had carelessly thrown it, after reading the accusations above detailed, and perceived, for the first time, that a portion had been doubled back. His eye now glanced over a third charge, which had previously escaped his attention.

"Prisoner," he pursued, after the lapse of a minute, "there is a third charge against you, viz. for having, on the night of the —th Sept. 1763, suffered Captain de Haldimar to unlock the gate of the fortress, and, accompanied by his servant, private Harry Donellan, to pass your post without the sanction of the governor, such conduct being in direct violation of a standing order of the garrison, and punishable with death."

The prisoner started. "What!" he exclaimed, his cheek paling for the first time with momentary apprehension; "is this voluntary confession of my own to be turned into a charge that threatens my life? Colonel de Haldimar, is the explanation which I gave you only this very hour, and in private, to be made the public instrument of my condemnation? Am I to die because I had not firmness to resist the prayer of my captain and of your son, Colonel de Haldimar?"

The president looked towards the governor, but a significant motion of the head was the only reply; he proceeded—

"Prisoner Halloway, what plead you to this charge? Guilty, or not guilty?"

"I see plainly," said Halloway, after the pause of a minute, during which he appeared to be summoning all his energies to his aid; "I see plainly that it is useless to strive against my fate. Captain de Haldimar is not here, and I must die. Still I shall not have the disgrace of dying as a traitor, though I own I have violated the orders of the garrison."

"Prisoner," interrupted Captain Blessington, "whatever you may have to urge, you had better reserve for your defence. Meanwhile, what answer do you make to the last charge preferred?—Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said Halloway, in a tone of mingled pride and sorrow, "guilty of having listened to the earnest prayer of my captain, and suffered him, in violation of my orders, to pass my post. Of the other charges I am innocent."

The court listened with the most profound attention and interest to the words of the prisoner, and they glanced at each other in a manner that marked their sense of the truth they attached to his declaration.

"Halloway, prisoner," resumed Captain Blessington, mildly, yet impressively; "recollect the severe penalty which the third charge, no less than the others, entails, and recall your admission. Be advised by me," he pursued, observing his hesitation. "Withdraw your plea, then, and substitute that of not guilty to the whole."

"Captain Blessington," returned the prisoner with deep emotion, "I feel all the kindness of your motive; and if any thing can console me in my present situation, it is the circumstance of having presided at my trial an officer so universally beloved by the whole corps. Still," and again his voice acquired its wonted firmness, and his cheek glowed with honest pride, "still, I say, I scorn to retract my words. Of the two first charges I am as innocent as the babe unborn. To the last I plead

guilty; and vain would it be to say otherwise, since the gate was found open while I was on duty, and I know the penalty attached to the disobedience of orders."

After some further but ineffectual remonstrances on the part of the president, the pleas of the prisoner were recorded, and the examination commenced. Governor de Haldimar was the first witness.

That officer, having been sworn, stated, that on the preceding night he had been intruded upon in his apartment by a stranger, who could have obtained admission only through the gate of the fortress, by which also he must have made good his escape. That it was evident the prisoner had been in correspondence with their enemies; since, on proceeding to examine the gate it had been found unlocked, while the confusion manifested by him on being accused, satisfied all who were present of the enormity of his guilt. Search had been made every where for the keys, but without success.

The second charge was supported by presumptive evidence alone; for although the governor swore to the disappearance of his son, and the murder of his servant, and dwelt emphatically on the fact of their having been forcibly carried off with the connivance of the prisoner, still there was no other proof of this, than the deductions drawn from the circumstances already detailed. To meet this difficulty, however, the third charge had been framed.

In proof of this the governor stated, "that the prisoner, on being interrogated by him immediately subsequent to his being relieved from his post, had evinced such confusion and hesitation, as to leave no doubt whatever of his guilt; that, influenced by the half promise of communication, which the court had heard as well as himself, he had suffered the trial of the prisoner to be delayed until the present hour, strongly hoping he might then be induced to reveal the share he had borne in these poworthy and treasonable practices; that, with a view to obtain this disclosure, so essential to the safety of the garrison, he had, conjointly with Major Blackwater, visited the cell of the prisoner, to whom he related the fact of the murder of Donellan, in the disguise of his master's uniform, conjuring him, at the same time, if he regarded his own life, and the safety of those who were most dear to him, to give a clue to the solution of this mysterious connection, and disclose the nature and extent of his communication with the enemy without; that the prisoner however resolutely denied, as before, the guilt imputed to him, but having had time to concoct a plausible story, stated, (doubtless with a view to shield himself from the severe punishment he well knew to be attached to his offence,) that Captain de Haldimar himself had removed the keys from the guard-room, opened the gate of the fortress, and accompanied by his servant, dressed in a coloured coat, had sallied forth upon the common. And this, emphatically pursued the governor, the prisoner admits he permitted, although well aware that, by an order of long standing for the security of the garrison, such a flagrant dereliction of his duty subjected him to the punishment of death.

Major Blackwater was the next witness examined. His testimony went to prove the fact of the gate having been found open, and the confusion manifested by the prisoner. It also substantiated that part of the governor's evidence on the third charge, which related to the confession recently made by Halloway, on which that charge had been framed.

The sergeant of the guard, and the governor's orderly having severally corroborated the first portions of Major Blackwater's evidence, the examination on the part of the prosecution terminated; when the president called on the prisoner Halloway for his defence. The latter, in a clear, firm, and collected tone, and in terms that surprised his auditory, thus addressed the Court:—

"Mr. President, and gentlemen,—Although standing before you in the capacity of a private soldier, and, oh! bitter and humiliating reflection, in that most wretched and disgraceful of all situations, a suspected traitor, I am not indeed what I seem to be. It is not for me here to enter into the history of my past life; neither will I tarnish the hitherto unsullied reputation of my family by disclosing my true name. Suffice it to observe, I am a gentleman by birth; and although, of late years, I have known all the hardships and privations attendant on my fallen fortunes, I was once used to bask in the luxuries of affluence, and to look upon those who now preside in judgment over me as my equals. A marriage of affection,—a marriage with one who had nothing but her own virtues and her own beauty to recommend her, drew upon me the displeasure of my family, and the little I possessed, independently of the pleasure of my

relations, was soon dissipated. My proud soul scorned all thought of supplication to those who had originally spared my wife from their presence; and yet my heart bled for the privations of her who, alike respectable in family, was, both from sex and the natural delicacy of her frame, so far less constituted to bear up against the frowns of adversity than myself. Our extremity had now become great—too great for human endurance; when, through the medium of the public prints, I became acquainted with the glorious action that had been fought in this country by the army under General Wolfe. A new light burst suddenly upon my mind, and visions of after prosperity constantly presented themselves to my view. The field of honour was open before me, and there was a probability I might, by good conduct, so far merit the approbation of my superiors, as to obtain, in course of time, that rank among themselves to which by birth and education I was so justly entitled to aspire. Without waiting to consult my Ellen, whose opposition I feared to encounter until opposition would be fruitless, I hastened to Lieutenant Walgrave, the recruiting officer of the regiment,—tendered my services,—was accepted and approved,—received the bounty money,—and became definitely a soldier, under the assumed name of Frank Holloway.

"It would be tedious and impertinent, gentlemen," resumed the prisoner, after a short pause, "to dwell on the humiliations of spirit to which both my wife and myself were subjected at our first introduction to our new associates, who, although invariably kind to us, were nevertheless, ill suited, both by education and habit, to awaken any thing like congeniality of feeling or similarity of pursuit. Still we endeavoured, as much as possible, to lessen the distance that existed between us; and from the first moment of our joining the regiment, determined to adopt the phraseology and manners of those with whom an adverse destiny had so singularly connected us. In this we succeeded; for no one, up to the present moment, has imagined either my wife or myself to be other than the simple unpretending Frank and Ellen Holloway.

"On joining the regiment in this country," pursued the prisoner, after another pause, marked by much emotion, "I had the good fortune to be appointed to the grenadier company. Gentlemen, you all know the amiable qualities of Captain de Haldimar. But although, unlike yourselves, I have learnt to admire that officer only at a distance, my devotion to his interests has been proportioned to the kindness with which I have ever been treated by him; and may I not add, after this avowal of my former condition, my most fervent desire has all along been to seize the first favourable opportunity of performing some action that would eventually elevate me to a position in which I might, without blushing for the absence of the ennobling qualities of birth and condition, avow myself his friend, and solicit that distinction from my equal which was partially extended to me by my superior? The opportunity I sought was not long wanting. At the memorable affair with the French general, Levi, at Quebec, in which our regiment bore so conspicuous a part, I had the good fortune to save the life of my captain. A band of Indians, as you all, gentlemen, must recollect, had approached our right flank unperceived, and while busily engaged with the French in front, we were compelled to divide our fire between them and our new and fierce assailants. The leader of that band was a French officer, who seemed particularly to direct his attempts against the life of Captain de Haldimar. He was a man of powerful proportions and gigantic stature."

"Hold!" said the governor, starting suddenly from the seat in which he had listened with evident impatience to this long outline of the prisoner's history. "Gentlemen," addressing the court, "that is the very stranger who was in my apartment last night,—the being with whom the prisoner is evidently in treacherous correspondence, and all this absurd tale is but a blind to deceive your judgment, and mitigate his own punishment. Who is there to prove the man he has just described was the same who aimed at Captain de Haldimar's life at Quebec?"

A flush of deep indignation overspread the features of the prisoner, whose high spirit, now he had avowed his true origin, could ill brook the affront thus put upon his veracity.

"Colonel de Haldimar!" he proudly replied, while his chains clanked with the energy and force with which he drew up his person into an attitude of striking dignity; "for once I sink the private soldier, and address you in the character of the gentleman and your equal.

I have a soul, sir, notwithstanding my fallen fortunes, as keenly alive to honour as your own; and not even to save my wretched life, would I be guilty of the baseness you now attribute to me. You have asked," he pursued, in a more solemn tone, "what proof I have to show this individual to be the same who attempted the life of Captain de Haldimar. To Captain de Haldimar himself, should Providence have spared his days, I shall leave the melancholy task of bearing witness to all I here advance, when I shall be no more. Nay, sir," and his look partook at once of mingled scorn and despondency, "well do I know the fate that awaits me; for in these proceedings—in that third charge—I plainly read my death-warrant. But what, save my poor and wretched wife, have I to regret? Colonel de Haldimar," he continued, with a vehemence meant to check the growing weakness which the thought of his unfortunate companion called up to his heart, "I saved the life of your son, even by your own admission, no matter whose arm that threatened his existence; and in every other action in which I have been engaged, honourable mention has ever been made of my conduct. Now, sir, I ask what has been my reward? So far from attending to the repeated recommendations of my captain for promotion, even in a subordinate rank, have you once deemed it necessary to acknowledge my services by even a recognition of them in any way whatever?"

"Mr. President, Captain Blessington," interrupted the governor haughtily, as we met here to listen to such language from a private soldier? You will do well, sir, to exercise your prerogative, and stay such impertinent matter, which can have no reference whatever to the defence of the prisoner."

"Prisoner," resumed the president, who as well as the other members of the court, had listened with the most profound and absorbing interest to the singular disclosure of him whom they still only knew as Frank Holloway, "this language cannot be permitted; you must confine yourself to your defence."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," returned Holloway, in his usual firm but respectful tone of voice; pardon me, if, standing on the brink of the grave as I do, I have so far forgotten the rules of military discipline as to sink for a moment the soldier in the gentleman; but to be taxed with an unworthy fabrication, and to be treated with contumely when avowing the secret of my condition, was more than human pride and human feeling could tolerate."

"Confine yourself, prisoner, to your defence," again remarked Captain Blessington, perceiving the restlessness with which the governor listened to these bold and additional observations of Holloway.

Again the governor interposed:—"What possible connection can there be between this man's life, and the crime with which he stands charged? Captain Blessington, this is trifling with the court, who are assembled to try the prisoner for his treason, and not to waste their time in listening to a history utterly foreign to the subject."

"The history of my past life—Colonel de Haldimar," proudly returned the prisoner, "although tedious and uninteresting to you, is of the utmost importance to myself; for on that do I ground the most essential part of my defence. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence against me on the two first charges; and as those alone can reflect dishonour on my memory, it is for the wisdom of this court to determine whether that evidence is to be credited in opposition to the solemn declaration of him, who, in admitting one charge, equally affecting his life with the others, repudiates as false those only which would attain his honour. Gentlemen," he pursued, addressing the court, "it is for you to determine whether my defence is to be continued or not; yet, whatever be my fate, I would fain remove all injurious impression from the minds of my judges; and this can only be done by a simple detail of circumstances, which may, by the unprejudiced, be as simply believed."

Here the prisoner paused; when, after some low and earnest conversation among the members of the court, two or three slips of written paper were passed to the President. He glanced his eye hurriedly over them, and then directed Holloway to proceed with his defence.

"I have stated," pursued the interesting soldier, "that the officer who led the band of Indians was a man of gigantic stature, and of apparently great strength. My attention was particularly directed to him from this circumstance, and as I was on the extreme flank of the grenadiers, and close to Captain de Haldimar, I had every opportunity of observing his movements principally pointed at that officer. He first discharged a carbine, the ball of which killed a man of the company at his (Captain de

Haldimar's) side; and then, with evident rage at having been defeated in his aim, he took a pistol from his belt, and advancing with rapid strides to within a few paces of his intended victim, presented it in the most deliberate manner. At that moment, gentlemen, (and it was but the work of a moment,) a thousand confused and almost inexpressible feelings rose to my heart. The occasion I had long sought was at length within my reach; but even the personal considerations, which had hitherto influenced my mind, were sunk in the anxious desire I entertained to preserve the life of an officer so universally beloved, and so every way worthy of the sacrifice. While yet the pistol remained levelled, I sprang before Captain de Haldimar, received the ball in my breast, and had just strength sufficient to fire my musket at the formidable enemy, when I sank senseless to the earth.

"It will not be difficult for you, gentlemen, who have feeling minds, to understand the pleasurable pride with which, on being conveyed to Captain de Haldimar's own apartments in Quebec, I found myself almost overwhelmed by the touching marks of gratitude showered on me by his amiable relatives. Miss Clara de Haldimar, in particular, like a ministering angel, visited my couch of suffering at almost every hour, and always provided with some little delicacy, suitable to my condition, of which I had long since tutored myself to forget even the use. But what principally afforded me pleasure, was to remark the consolations which she tendered to my poor drooping Ellen, who, already more than half subdued by the melancholy change in our condition in life, frequently spent hours together in silent grief at the side of my couch, and watching every change in my countenance with all the intense anxiety of one who feels the last stay on earth is about to be severed for ever. Ah! how I then longed to disclose to this kind and compassionate being the true position of her on whom she lavished her attention, and to make her known not as the inferior honoured by her notice, but as the equal alike worthy of her friendship and deserving of her esteem; but the wide, wide barrier that divided the wife of the private soldier from the daughter and sister of the commissioned officer scaled my lips, and our true condition continued unrevealed.

"Gentlemen," resumed Holloway, after a short pause, "if I dwell on these circumstances, it is with a view to show how vile are the charges preferred against me. Is it likely, with all the incentives to good conduct I have named, I should have proved a traitor to my country? And, even if so, what to gain, I would ask; and by what means was a correspondence with the enemy to be maintained by one in my humble station? As for the second charge, how infamous, how injurious is it to my reputation, how unworthy to be entertained! From the moment of my recovery from that severe wound, every mark of favour that could be bestowed on persons in our situation had been extended to my wife and myself, by the family of Colonel de Haldimar; and my captain, knowing me merely as the simple and low born Frank Holloway, although still the preserver of his life, has been unceasing in his exertions to obtain such promotion as he thought my conduct generally, independently of my devotedness to his person, might claim. How these applications were met, gentlemen, I have already stated; but notwithstanding Colonel de Haldimar has never deemed me worthy of the promotion solicited, that circumstance could in no way weaken my regard and attachment for him who had so often demanded it. How then, in the name of heaven, can a charge so imprudent, so extravagant, as that of having been instrumental in the abduction of Captain de Haldimar, be entertained? and who is there among you, gentlemen, who will for one moment believe I could harbour a thought so absurd as that of lending myself to the destruction of one for whom I once cheerfully offered up the sacrifice of my blood? And now," pursued the prisoner, after another short pause, "I come to the third charge,—that charge which most affects my life, but impugns neither my honour nor my fidelity. That God, before whom I know I shall shortly appear, can attest the sincerity of my statement, and before him do I now solemnly declare what I am about to relate is true.

"Soon after the commencement of my watch last night, I heard a voice distinctly on the outside of the rampart, near my post, calling in a low and subdued tone on the name of Captain de Haldimar. The accents, hastily and anxiously uttered, were apparently those of a female. For a moment I continued irresolute how to act, and hesitated whether or not I should alarm the garrison; but, at length, presuming it was some young female of the village with whom my captain was acquainted, it occurred to me the most prudent course would be to apprise that officer himself. While I yet hesitated whether to

leave my post for a moment for the purpose, a man crossed the parade a few yards in my front; it was Captain de Haldimar's servant, Donellan, then in the act of carrying some things from his master's apartment to the guard-room. I called to him, to say the sentinel at the gate wished to see the captain of the guard immediately. In the course of a few minutes he came up to my post, when I told him what I had heard. At that moment, the voice again repeated his name, when he abruptly left me and turned to the left of the gate, evidently on his way to the rampart. Soon afterwards I heard Captain de Haldimar immediately above me, sharply calling out "Hist, hist!" as if the person on the outside, despairing of success, was in the act of retreating. A moment or two of silence succeeded, when a low conversation ensued between the parties. The distance was so great I could only distinguish inarticulate sounds; yet it seemed to me as if they spoke not in English, but in the language of the Ottawa Indians, a tongue with which, as you are well aware, gentlemen, Captain de Haldimar is familiar. This had continued about ten minutes when I again heard footsteps hastily descending the rampart, and moving in the direction of the guard-house. Soon afterwards Captain de Haldimar re-appeared at my post, accompanied by his servant Donellan; the former had the keys of the gate in his hand, and he told me that he must pass to the skirt of the forest on some business of the last importance to the safety of the garrison.

"At first I peremptorily refused, stating the severe penalty attached to the infringement of an order, the observation of which had so especially been insisted upon by the governor, whose permission, however, I ventured respectfully to urge, might, without difficulty, be obtained, if the business was really of the importance he described it. Captain de Haldimar, however, declared he well knew the governor would not accord that permission, unless he was positively acquainted with the nature and extent of the danger to be apprehended; and of these, he said, he was not himself sufficiently aware. All argument of this nature proving ineffectual, he attempted to enforce his authority, not only in his capacity of officer of the guard, but also as my captain, ordering me, on pain of confinement, not to interfere with or attempt to impede his departure. This, however, produced no better result; for I knew that, in this instance, I was amenable to the order of the governor alone, and I again firmly refused to violate my duty.

"Finding himself thwarted in his attempt to enforce my obedience, Captain de Haldimar, who seemed much irritated and annoyed by what he termed my obstinacy, now descended to entreaty; and in the name of that life which I had preserved to him, and of that deep gratitude which he had ever since borne to me, conjured me not to prevent his departure. 'Halloway,' he urged, 'your life, my life, my father's life,—the life of my sister Clara perhaps, who nursed you in illness, and who has ever treated your wife with attention and kindness,—all these depend upon your compliance with my request. Hear me,' he pursued, following up the impression which he clearly perceived he had produced in me by this singular and touching language: 'I promise to be back within the hour; there is no danger attending my departure, and here will I be before you are relieved from your post; no one can know I have been absent, and your post will remain with Donellan and myself. Do you think,' he concluded, 'I would encourage a soldier of my regiment to disobey a standing order of the garrison, unless there was some very extraordinary reason for my so doing? But there is no time to be lost in parley. I halloo! I entreat you to offer no further opposition to my departure. I pledge myself to be back before you are relieved.'

"Gentlemen," impressively continued the prisoner, after a pause, during which each member of the court seemed to breathe for the first time, so deeply had the attention of all been riveted by the latter part of this singular declaration, "how, under these circumstances, could I be expected to act? Assured by Captain de Haldimar, in the most solemn manner, that the existence of those most dear to his heart hung on my compliance with his request, how could I refuse to him, whose life I had saved, and whose character I so much esteemed, a boon so earnestly, nay, so imploringly solicited? I acceded to his prayer, intimating at the same time, if he returned not before another sentinel should relieve me, the discovery of my breach of duty must be made, and my punishment inevitable. His last words, however, were to assure me he should return at the hour he had named, and when I closed the gate upon him, it was under the firm impression his absence would only prove of the temporary nature he had stated.—Gentlemen," ab-

ruptly concluded Halloway, "I have nothing further to add; if I have failed in my duty as a soldier, I have, at least, fulfilled that of a man; and although the violation of the first entail upon me the punishment of death, the motives which impelled me to that violation will not, I trust, be utterly lost sight of by those by whom my punishment is to be awarded."

"The candid, fearless, and manly tone in which Halloway had delivered this long and singular statement, however little the governor appeared to be affected by it, evidently made a deep impression on the court, who had listened with undiverted attention to the close. Some conversation again ensued, in a low tone, among several members, where two slips of written paper were passed up, as before, to the president. These elicited the following interrogatories:—

"You have stated, prisoner, that Captain de Haldimar left the fort accompanied by his servant Donellan. How were they respectively dressed?"

"Captain de Haldimar in his uniform; Donellan, as far as I could observe, in his regimental clothing also, with this difference, that he wore his servant's round glazed hat and his grey great coat."

"How then do you account for the extraordinary circumstance of Donellan having been found murdered in his master's clothes? Was any allusion made to a change of dress before they left the fort?"

"Not the slightest," returned the prisoner; "nor can I in any way account for this mysterious fact. When they quitted the garrison, each wore the dress I have described."

"In what manner did Captain de Haldimar and Donellan effect their passage across the ditch?" continued the president, after glancing at the second slip of paper. "The draw-bridge was evidently not levered, and there were no other means at hand to enable him to effect his object with promptitude. How do you explain this, prisoner?"

When this question was put, the whole body of officers, and the governor especially, turned their eyes simultaneously on Halloway, for on his hesitation or promptness in replying seemed to attach much of the credit they were disposed to accord his statement. Halloway observed it, and coloured. His reply, however, was free, unflattering, and unstudied.

"A rope with which Donellan had provided himself, was secured to one of the iron hooks that support the pulleys immediately above the gate. With this they swung themselves in succession to the opposite bank."

"The members of the court looked at each other, apparently glad that an answer so confirmatory of the truth of the prisoner's statement, had been thus readily given."

"Were they to have returned in the same manner?" pursued the president, framing his interrogatory from the contents of another slip of paper, which, at the suggestion of the governor, had been passed to him by the prosecutor, Mr. Lawson.

"They were," firmly replied the prisoner. "At least I presumed they were, for, I believe in the hurry of Captain de Haldimar's departure, he never once made any direct allusion to the manner of his return; nor did it occur to me until this moment how they were to regain possession of the rope, without assistance from within."

"Of course," observed Colonel de Haldimar, addressing the president, "the rope still remains. Mr. Lawson examine the gate, and report accordingly."

The adjutant hastened to acquaint himself of this laconic order, and soon afterwards returned, stating not only that there was no rope, but that the hook alluded to had disappeared altogether.

For a moment the cheek of the prisoner paled; but it was evidently less from any fear connected with his individual existence, than from the shame he felt at having been detected in a supposed falsehood. He however speedily recovered his self-possession, and exhibited the same character of unconcern by which his general bearing throughout the trial had been distinguished.

On this announcement of the adjutant, the governor betrayed a movement of impatience, that was meant to convey his utter disbelief of the whole of the prisoner's statement, and his look seemed to express to the court it should also arrive, and without hesitation, at the same conclusion. Even all authoritative as he was, however, he felt that military etiquette and strict discipline prevented his interfering further in this advanced state of the proceedings.

"Prisoner," again remarked Captain Blessington, "your statement in regard to the means employed by Captain de Haldimar in effecting his departure, is, you must admit, unsupported by appearances. How happens it the rope is no longer where you say it was placed? No

one could have removed it but yourself. Have you done so? and if so, can you produce it, or say where it is to be found?"

"Captain Blessington," replied Halloway, proudly, yet respectfully, "I have already invoked that great Being, before whose tribunal I am so shortly to appear, in testimony of the truth of my assertion; and again, in his presence, do I repeat, every word I have uttered is true. I did not remove the rope, neither do I know what is become of it. I admit its disappearance is extraordinary, but a moment's reflection must satisfy the court, I would not have devised a tale, the falsehood of which could at once have been detected on an examination such as that which has just been instituted. When Mr. Lawson left this room just now, I fully expected he would have found the rope lying as it had been left. What has become of it, I repeat, I know not; but in the manner I have stated did Captain de Haldimar and Donellan cross the ditch. I have nothing further to add," he concluded once more, drawing up his fine tall person, the native elegance of which could not be wholly disguised even in the dress of a private soldier; "nothing further to disclose. Yet do I repel with scorn the injurious insinuation against my fidelity, suggested in these doubts. I am prepared to meet my death as best may become a soldier, and let me add, as best may become a proud and well born gentleman; but humanity and common justice should at least be accorded to my memory. I am an unfortunate man, but no traitor."

The members were visibly impressed by the last sentences of the prisoner. No further question however was asked, and he was again removed by the escort, who had been wondering spectators of the scene, to the cell he had so recently occupied. The room was then cleared of the witnesses and strangers, the latter comprising nearly the whole of the officers off duty, when the court proceeded to deliberate on the evidence, and pass sentence on the accused.

CHAPTER VII.

Although the young and sensitive De Haldimar had found physical relief in the summary means resorted to by the surgeon, the moral wound at his heart not only remained unsoothed, but was rendered more acutely painful by the wretched reflections, which now that he had full leisure to review the past, and anticipate the future in all the gleam attached to both, so violently assailed him. From the moment when his brother's strange and mysterious disappearance had been communicated by the adjutant in the manner we have already seen, his spirits had been deeply and fearfully depressed. Still he had every reason to expect, from the well-known character of Halloway, the strong hope expressed by the latter might be realised; and that, at the hour appointed for trial, his brother would be present to explain the cause of his mysterious absence, justify the conduct of his subordinate, and exonerate him from the treachery with which he now stood charged. Yet, powerful as this hope was, it was unavoidably qualified by dispiriting doubt; for a nature affectionate and bland, as that of Charles de Haldimar, could not but harbour distrust, while a shadow of uncertainty, in regard to the fate of a brother so tenderly loved, remained. He had forced himself to believe as much as possible what he wished, and the effort had, to a certain extent, succeeded; but there had been something so solemn and so impressive in the scene that had passed when the prisoner was first brought up for trial, something so fearfully prophetic in the wild language of his unhappy wife, he had found it impossible to resist the influence of the almost superstitious awe they had awakened in his heart.

What the feelings of the young officer were subsequently, when in the person of the murdered man on the common, the victim of Sir Everard Valloet's aim, he recognised that brother, whose disappearance had occasioned him so much inquietude, we shall not attempt to describe; their nature is best shown in the effect they produced—the almost overwhelming agony of body and mind, which had borne him, like a stricken plant, unresisting to the earth. But now that, in the calm and solitude of his chamber, he had leisure to review the fearful events conspiring to produce this extremity, his anguish of spirit was even deeper than when the first rude shock of conviction had flashed upon his understanding. A tide of suffering, that overpowered, without rendering him sensible of its positive and abstract character, had, in the first instance, oppressed his faculties, and obscured his perception; but now, slow, sure, stinging, and gradually succeeding each other, came every bitter thought and reflection of which that tide was composed; and the

generous heart of Charles de Haldimar was a prey to feelings that would have wrung the soul, and wounded the sensibilities of one far less gentle and susceptible than himself.

Between Sir Everard Valletort and Charles de Haldimar, who, it has already been remarked, were lieutenants in Captain Blessington's company, a sentiment of friendship had been suffered to spring up almost from the moment of Sir Everard's joining. The young men were nearly of the same age; and although the one was all gentleness, the other all spirit and vivacity, not a shade of disunion had at any period intervened to interrupt the almost brotherly attachment subsisting between them, and each felt the disposition of the other was the one most assimilated to his own. In fact, Sir Everard was far from being the ephemeral character he was often willing to appear. Under a semblance of affectation, and much assumed levity of manner, never, however, personally offensive, he concealed a brave, generous, warm, and manly heart, and talents becoming the rank he held in society, such as would not have reflected discredit on one numbering twice fifty years. He had entered the army, as most young men of rank usually did at that period, rather for the *agrement* it held forth, than with any serious view to advancement in it as a profession. Still he entertained the praiseworthy desire of being something more than what he is, among military men, emphatically termed a feather-bed soldier. Not that we mean, however, to assert he was not a feather-bed soldier in its more literal sense; in fact, his own observations, recorded in the early part of this volume, sufficiently prove his predilection for the indulgence of pressing his downy couch to what is termed a decent hour in the day.

We need scarcely state Sir Everard's theories on this important subject were seldom reduced to practice; for, even long before the Indians had broken out into open acts of hostility, when such precautions were rendered indispensable, Colonel de Haldimar had never suffered either officer or man to linger on his pillow after the first faint dawn had appeared. This was a system to which Sir Everard could never reconcile himself. "If the men must be drilled," he urged, "with a view to their health and discipline, why not place them under the direction of the adjutant or the officer of the day, whoever he might chance to be, and not unnecessarily disturb a body of gentlemen from their comfortable slumbers at that unconscionable hour?" Poor Sir Everard! this was the only grievance of which he complained, and he complained bitterly. Scarcely a morning passed without his inveighing loudly against the barbarity of such a custom; threatening at the same time, amid the laughter of his companions, to quit the service in disgust at what he called so ungentlemanly and gothic a habit; and, but for two motives, there is every probability he would have seriously availed himself of the earliest opportunity of retiring. The first of these was his growing friendship for the amiable and gentle Charles de Haldimar; the second, the secret, and scarcely to himself acknowledged, interest which had been created in his heart for his sister Clara; whom he only knew from the glowing descriptions of his friend, and the strong resemblance she was said to bear to him by the other officers.

Clara de Haldimar was the constant theme of her younger brother's praise. Her image was ever uppermost in his thoughts—her name ever hovering on his lips; and when alone with his friend Valletort, it was his delight to dwell on the worth and accomplishments of his amiable and beloved sister. Then, indeed, would his usually calm blue eye sparkle with the animation of his subject, while his colouring cheek marked all the warmth and sincerity with which he bore attestation to her gentleness and her goodness. The heart of Charles de Haldimar, soldier as he was, was pure, generous, and unsophisticated as that of the sister whom he so constantly eulogised; and, while listening to his eloquent praises, Sir Everard learnt to feel an interest in a being whom all declared to be the counterpart of her brother, as well in personal attraction as in singleness of nature. With all his affected levity, and notwithstanding his early initiation into fashionable life—that matter-of-fact life which strikes at the existence of our earlier and dearer illusions—there was a dash of romance in the character of the young baronet which tended much to increase the pleasure he always took in the warm descriptions of his friend. The very circumstance of her being personally unknown to him, was, with Sir Everard, an additional motive for interest in Miss de Haldimar.

Imagination and mystery generally work their way together; and as there was a shade of mystery attached to Sir Everard's very ignorance of the person of one whom he admired and esteemed from report alone, ima-

gination was not slow to improve the opportunity, and to endow the object with characteristics, which perhaps a more intimate knowledge of the party might have led him to qualify. In this manner, in early youth, are the silken and willing fetters of the generous and the enthusiastic forged. We invest some object, whose praises, whispered secretly in the ear, have glided imperceptibly to the heart, with all the attributes supplied by our own vivid and readily acceding imaginations; and so accustomed do we become to linger on the picture, we adore the semblance with an ardour which the original often fails to excite.

We do not say Clara de Haldimar would have fallen short of the high estimate formed of her worth by the friend of her brother; neither is it to be understood, Sir Everard suffered this fair vision of his fancy to lead him into the wild and labyrinthine paths of boyish romance.

Whatever were the impressions of the young baronet, and however he might have been inclined to suffer the fair image of the gentle Clara, such as he was perhaps wont to paint it, to exercise its spell upon his fancy, certain it is, he never expressed to her brother more than that esteem and interest which it was but natural he should accord to the sister of his friend. Neither had Charles de Haldimar, even amid all his warmth of commendation, ever made the slightest allusion to his sister, that could be construed into a desire she should awaken any unusual or extraordinary sentiment of preference. Much and fervently as he desired such an event, there was an innate sense of decorum, and it may be secret pride, that caused him to abstain from any observation having the remotest tendency to compromise the spotless delicacy of his adored sister; and such he would have considered any expression of his own hopes and wishes, where no declaration of preference had been previously made. There was another motive for this reserve on the part of the young officer. The baronet was an only child, and would, on attaining his majority, of which he wanted only a few months, become the possessor of a large fortune. His sister Clara, on the contrary, had little beyond her own fair fame and the beauty transmitted to her by the mother she had lost. Colonel de Haldimar was a younger son, and had made his way through life with his sword, and an unblemished reputation alone—advantages he had shared with his children, for the two eldest of whom his interest and long services had procured commissions in his own regiment.

But even while Charles de Haldimar abstained from all expression of his hopes, he had fully made up his mind that Sir Everard and his sister were so formed for each other, it was next to an impossibility they could meet without loving. In one of his letters to the latter, he had alluded to his friend in terms of so high and earnest panegyric, that Clara had acknowledged, in reply, she was prepared to find in the young baronet one whom she should regard with partiality, if it were only on account of the friendship subsisting between him and her brother. This admission, however, was communicated in confidence, and the young officer had religiously preserved his sister's secret.

These and fifty other recollections now crowded on the mind of the sufferer, only to render the intensity of his anguish more complete; among the bitterest of which was the certainty that the mysterious events of the past night had raised up an insuperable barrier to this union; for how could Clara de Haldimar become the wife of him whose hands were, however innocently, stained with the life-blood of her brother! To dwell on this, and the loss of that brother, was little short of madness, and yet de Haldimar could think of nothing else; nor for a period could the loud booming of the cannon from the ramparts, every report of which shook his chamber to its very foundations, call off his attention from a subject which, while it pained, engrossed every faculty and absorbed every thought. At length, towards the close, he called faintly to the old and faithful soldier, who, at the foot of the bed, stood watching every change of his master's countenance, to know the cause of the cannonade. On being informed the batteries in the rear were covering the retreat of Captain Erskine, who, in his attempt to obtain the body, had been surprised by the Indians, a new direction was temporarily given to his thoughts, and he now manifested the utmost impatience to know the result.

In a few minutes Morrison, who, in defiance of the surgeon's strict order not on any account to quit the room, had flown to obtain some intelligence which he trusted might remove the anxiety of his suffering master, again made his appearance, stating the corpse was already secured, and close under the guns of the fort, beneath which the detachment, though hotly assailed from the forest, were also fast retreating.

"And is it really my brother, Morrison? Are you quite certain that it is Captain de Haldimar?" asked the young officer, in the eager accents of one who, with the fullest conviction on his mind, yet grasps at the faintest shadow of a consoling doubt. "Tell me that it is *not* my brother, and half of what I possess in the world shall be yours."

The old soldier brushed a tear from his eye. "God bless you, Mr. de Haldimar, I would give half my grey hairs to be able to do so; but it is, indeed, too truly the captain who has been killed. I saw the very wings of his regimentals as he lay on his face on the litter."

Charles de Haldimar groaned aloud. "Oh God! oh God! would I had never lived to see this day." Then springing suddenly up in his bed—"Morrison where are my clothes? I insist on seeing my slaughtered brother myself!"

"Good Heaven, sir, consider," said the old man approaching the bed, and attempting to replace the covering which had been spurned to its very foot—"consider you are in a burning fever, and the slightest cold may kill you altogether. The doctor's orders are, you were on no account to get up." The effort made by the unfortunate youth was momentary. Faint from the blood he had lost, and giddy from the excitement of his feelings, he sank back exhausted on his pillow, and wept like a child.

Old Morrison shed tears also; for his heart bled for the sufferings of one whom he had nursed and played with even in early infancy, and whom, although his master, he regarded with the affection he would have borne to his own child. As he had justly observed, he would have willingly given half his remaining years to be able to remove the source of the sorrow which so deeply oppressed him.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, De Haldimar became more composed; but his was rather that composure which grows out of the apathy produced by overwhelming grief, than the result of any relief afforded to his suffering heart by the tears he had shed. He had continued some time in this faint and apparently tranquil state, when confused sounds in the barrack-yard, followed by the raising of the heavy drawbridge, announced the return of the detachment. Again he started up in his bed and demanded his clothes, declaring his intention to go out and retrieve the corpse of his murdered brother. All opposition on the part of the faithful Morrison was now likely to prove fruitless, when suddenly the door opened, and an officer burst hurriedly into the room.

"Courage! courage! my dear De Haldimar; I am the bearer of good news. Your brother is not the person who has been slain."

Again De Haldimar sank back upon his pillow, overcome by a variety of conflicting emotions. A moment afterwards, and he exclaimed reproachfully, yet almost gasping with the eagerness of his manner,—

"For God's sake, Summers—in the name of common humanity, do not trifle with my feelings. If you would seek to lull me with false hopes, you are wrong. I am prepared to hear and bear the worst at present; but to be undeceived again would break my heart."

"I swear to you by every thing I have been taught to revere as sacred," solemnly returned Ensign Summers, deeply touched by the affliction he witnessed, "what I state is strictly true. Captain Erskine himself sent me to tell you."

"What, is he only wounded then?" and a glow of mingled hope and satisfaction was visible even through the flush of previous excitement on the cheek of the sufferer. "Quick, Morrison, give me my clothes. Where is my brother, Summers?" and again he raised up his debilitated frame with the intention of quitting his couch.

"De Haldimar, my dear De Haldimar, compose yourself, and listen to me. Your brother is still missing, and we are as much in the dark about his fate as ever. All that is certain is, we have no positive knowledge of his death; but surely that is a thousand times preferable to the horrid apprehensions under which we have all hitherto laboured."

"What mean you, Summers? or am I so bewildered by my sufferings as not to comprehend you clearly?—Nay, nay, forgive me; but I am almost heart-broken at this loss, and scarcely know what I say. But what is it you mean? I saw my unhappy brother lying on the common with my own eyes. Poor Valletort himself—" here a rush of bitter recollections flashed on the memory of the young man, and the tears coursed each other rapidly down his cheek. His emotion lasted for a few moments, and he pursued,— "Poor Valletort himself saw him, for he was nearly as much overwhelmed with afflic-

tion as I was; and even Morrison beheld him also, not ten minutes since, under the very walls of the fort; nay, distinguished the wings of his uniform; and yet you would persuade me my brother, instead of being brought in a corpse, is still gissing and alive. This is little better than tridling with my wretchedness, Summers," and again he sank back exhausted on his pillow.

"I can easily forgive your doubts, De Haldimar," returned the sympathising Summers, taking the hand of his companion, and pressing it gently in his own; "for, in truth, there is a great deal of mystery attached to the whole affair. I have not seen the body myself; but I distinctly heard Captain Erskine state it certainly was not your brother, and he requested me to apprise both Sir Everard Valtort and yourself of the fact."

"Who is the murdered man, then? and how comes he to be clad in the uniform of one of our officers? Pshaw! it is too absurd to be credited. Erskine is mistaken—he must be mistaken—it can be no other than my poor brother Frederick. Summers, I am sick, faint, with this cruel uncertainty: go, my dear fellow, at once, and examine the body; then return to me, and satisfy my doubts, if possible."

"Most willingly, if you desire it," returned Summers, moving towards the door; "but believe me, De Haldimar, you may make your mind tranquil on the subject—Erskine spoke with certainty."

"Have you seen Valtort?" asked De Haldimar, while an involuntary shudder pervaded his frame.

"I have. He flew on the instant to make further enquiries; and was in the act of going to examine the body of the murdered man when I came here. But here he is himself, and his countenance is the harbinger of any thing but a denial of my intelligence."

"Oh, Charles, what a weight of misery has been removed from my heart!" exclaimed that officer, now rushing to the bedside of his friend, and seizing his extended hand—"Your brother, let us hope, still lives."

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" fervently ejaculated De Haldimar; and then, overcome with joy, surprise, and gratitude, he again sank back upon his pillow, sobbing and weeping violently.

Summers had, with delicate tact, retired the moment Sir Everard made his appearance: for he, as well as the whole body of officers, was aware of the close friendship that subsisted between the young men.

We shall not attempt to paint all that passed between the friends during the first interesting moments of an interview which neither had expected to enjoy again, or the delight and satisfaction with which they congratulated themselves on the fulfilment of those fears, which, if realised, must have embittered every future moment of their lives with the most harrowing recollections.

With that facility with which in youth the generous and susceptible are prone to exchange their tears for smiles, as some powerful motive for the reaction may prompt, the invalid had already, and for the moment, lost sight of the painful past in the pleasurable present, so that his actual excitement was strongly in contrast with the melancholy he had so recently exhibited. Never had Charles de Haldimar appeared so eminently handsome; and yet his beauty resembled that of a frail and delicate woman, rather than that of one called to the manly and arduous profession of a soldier. The large, blue, long, dark-lashed eye, in which a shade of languor harmonised with the soft but animated expression of the whole countenance,—the dimpled mouth,—the small, clear, and even teeth,—all these now characterised Charles de Haldimar; and if to these we add a voice rich, full, and melodious, and a smile sweet and fascinating, we shall be at no loss to account for the readiness with which Sir Everard suffered his imagination to draw on the brother for those attributes he ascribed to the sister.

It was while this impression was strong upon his fancy, he took occasion to remark, in reply to an observation of De Haldimar's, alluding to the despair with which his sister would have been seized, had she known one brother had fallen by the hand of the friend of the other.

"The grief of my own heart, Charles, on this occasion, would have been little inferior to her own. The truth is, my feelings during the last three hours have let me into a secret, of the existence of which I was, in a great degree, ignorant until then: I scarcely know how to express myself, for the communication is so truly absurd and romantic you will not credit it." He paused, hesitated, and then, as if determined to anticipate the ridicule he seemed to feel would be attached to his confession, with a forced half laugh pursued: "The fact is, Charles, I have been so much used to listen to your warm and eloquent praises of your sister, I have absolutely, I will

not say fallen in love with (that would be going too far), but conceived so strong an interest in her, that my most ardent desire would be to find favour in her eyes. What say you, my friend? are you inclined to forward my suit; and if so, is there any chance for me, think you, with herself?"

The breast of Charles de Haldimar, who had listened with deep and increasing attention to this avowal, swelled high with pleasurable excitement, and raising himself up in his bed with one hand, while he grasped one of Sir Everard's with the other, he exclaimed with a transport of affection too forcible to be controlled,—

"Oh, Valtort, Valtort! this is, indeed, all that was wanting to complete my happiness. My sister Clara I adore with all the affection of my nature; I love her better than my own life, which is wrapped up in hers. She is an angel in disposition,—all that is dear, tender, and affectionate,—all that is gentle and lovely in woman; one whose welfare is dearer far to me than my own, and without whose presence I could not live. Valtort, that prize,—that treasure, that dearer half of myself, is yours,—yours for ever. I have long wished you should love each other, and I felt, when you met, you would. If I have hitherto forbore from expressing this fondest wish of my heart, it has been from delicacy—from a natural fear of compromising the purity of my adored Clara. Now, however, you have confessed yourself interested, by a description that falls far short of the true merit of that dear girl, I can no longer disguise my gratification and delight. Valtort," he concluded, impressively, "there is no other man on earth to whom I would say so much; but you were formed for each other, and you will, you must, be the husband of my sister."

If the youthful and affectionate De Haldimar was happy, Sir Everard was no less so; for already, with the enthusiasm of a young man of twenty, he painted to himself the entire fruition of those dreams of happiness that had so long been familiarised to his imagination. A single knock was now heard at the door of the apartment; it was opened, and a sergeant appeared at the entrance.

"The company are under arms for punishment parade, Lieutenant Valtort," said the man, touching his cap.

In an instant, the visionary prospects of the young men gave place to the stern realities connected with that announcement of punishment. The treason of Halloway,—the absence of Frederick de Haldimar,—the danger, by which they were beset,—and the little present probability of a re-union with those who were most dear to them,—all these recollections now flashed across their minds with the rapidity of thought; and the conversation that had so recently passed between them seemed to leave no other impression than what is produced from some visionary speculation of the moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the bells of the fort tolled the tenth hour of morning, the groups of dispersed soldiery, warned by the rolling of the assembly drum, once more fell into their respective ranks in the order described in the opening of this volume. Soon afterwards the prisoner Halloway was reconducted into the square by a strong escort, who took their stations as before in the immediate centre, where the former stood principally conspicuous to the observation of his comrades. His countenance was paler, and had less, perhaps, of the indifference he had previously manifested; but to supply this there was a certain subdued air of calm dignity, and a composure that sprang, doubtless, from the consciousness of the new character in which he now appeared before his superiors. Colonel de Haldimar almost immediately followed, and with him were the principal staff of the garrison, all of whom, with the exception of the sick and wounded and their attendants, were present to a man. The former took from the hands of the adjutant, Lawson, a large packet, consisting of several sheets of folded paper closely written upon. These were the proceedings of the court martial.

After enumerating the several charges, and detailing the evidence of the witnesses examined, the governor came at length to the finding and sentence of the court, which were as follows:—

"The court having duly considered the evidence adduced against the prisoner private Frank Halloway, together with what he has urged in his defence, are of opinion,—

"That with regard to the first charge, it is not proved.
"That with regard to the second charge, it is not proved.

"That with regard to the third charge, even by his own voluntary confession, the prisoner is guilty.

"The court having found the prisoner private Frank Halloway guilty of the third charge preferred against him, which is in direct violation of a standing order of the garrison entailing capital punishment, do hereby sentence him, the said prisoner, private Frank Halloway, to be shot to death at such time and place as the officer commanding may deem fit to appoint."

Although the utmost order pervaded the ranks, every breath had been suspended, every ear stretched during the reading of the sentence; and now that it came arrayed in terror and in blood, every glance was turned in pity on its unhappy victim. But Halloway heard it with the ears of one who has made up his mind to suffer; and the faint half smile that played upon his lip spoke more in scorn than in sorrow. Colonel de Haldimar pursued:—

"The court having found it imperatively incumbent on them to award the punishment of death to the prisoner, private Frank Halloway, at the same time gladly avail themselves of their privilege by strongly recommending him to mercy. The court cannot, in justice to the character of the prisoner, refrain from expressing their unanimous conviction, that notwithstanding the mysterious circumstances which have led to his confinement and trial, he is entirely innocent of the treachery ascribed to him. The court have founded this conviction on the excellent character, both on duty and in the field, hitherto borne by the prisoner,—his well known attachment to the officer with whose abduction he stands charged,—and the manly, open, and (as the court are satisfied) correct history given of his former life. It is, moreover, the impression of the court, that, as stated by the prisoner, his guilt on the third charge has been the result only of his attachment for Captain de Haldimar. And for this, and the reasons above assigned, do they strongly recommend the prisoner to mercy."

(Signed)

"NOEL BLESSINGTON,
Captain and President.

"Sentence approved and confirmed.

"CHARLES DE HALDIMAR,
Colonel Commandant."

While these concluding remarks of the court were being read, the prisoner manifested the deepest emotion. If a smile of scorn had previously played upon his lip, it was because he fancied the court, before whom he had sought to vindicate his fame, had judged him with a severity not inferior to his colonel's; but now that, in the presence of his companions, he heard the flattering attestation of his services, coupled even as it was with the sentence that condemned him to die, tears of gratitude and pleasure rose despite of himself to his eyes; and it required all his self-command to enable him to abstain from giving expression to his feelings towards those who had so generously interpreted the motives of his dereliction from duty. But when the melancholy and startling fact of the approval and confirmation of the sentence met his ear, without the slightest allusion to that mercy which had been so urgently recommended, he again overcame his weakness, and exhibited his wonted air of calm and unconcern.

"Let the prisoner be removed, Mr. Lawson," ordered the governor, whose stern and somewhat dissatisfied expression of countenance was the only comment on the recommendation for mercy.

The order was promptly executed. Once more Halloway left the square, and was reconducted to the cell he had occupied since the preceding night.

"Major Blackwater," pursued the governor, "let a detachment consisting of one half the garrison be got in readiness to leave the fort within the hour. Captain Wentworth, three pieces of field artillery will be required. Let them be got ready also." He then retired from the area, while the officers, who had just received his commands, prepared to fulfil the respective duties assigned them.

Since the first alarm of the garrison no opportunity had hitherto been afforded the officers to snatch the slightest refreshment. Advantage was now taken of the short interval allowed by the governor, and they all repaired to the mess-room, where their breakfast had long since been provided.

"Well, Blessington," remarked Captain Erskine, as he filled his plate for the third time from a large haunch of smoke-dried venison, for which his recent skirmish with the Indians had given him an unusual relish, "so it appears your recommendation of poor Halloway to mercy is little likely to be attended to. Did you remark how displeased the colonel looked as he bungled through it? One might almost be tempted to think he had an interest

in the man's death, so determined does he appear to carry his point."

Although several of his companions, perhaps, felt and thought the same, still there was no one who would have ventured to avow his real sentiments in so unqualified a manner. Indeed such an observation proceeding from the lips of any other officer would have excited the utmost surprise; but Captain Erskine, a brave, bold, frank, and somewhat thoughtless soldier, was one of those beings who are privileged to say any thing. His opinions were usually expressed without ceremony; and his speech was not the most circumspect now, as since his return to the fort he had swallowed, fasting, two or three glasses of a favourite spirit, which, without intoxicating, had greatly excited him.

"I remarked enough," said Captain Blessington, who sat leaning his head on one hand, while with the other he occasionally, and almost mechanically, raised a cup filled with a liquid of a pale blood colour to his lips,— "quite enough to make me regret from my very soul I should have been his principal judge. Poor Holloway, I pity him much; for, on your honour, I believe him to be the gentleman he represents himself."

"A finer fellow does not live," remarked the last remaining officer of the grenadiers. "But surely Colonel de Haldimar cannot mean to carry the sentence into effect. The recommendation of a court, couched in such terms as these, ought alone to have some weight with him."

"It is quite clear, from the fact of his having been remanded to his cell, the execution of the poor fellow will be deferred at least," observed one of Captain Erskine's subalterns. "If the governor had intended he should suffer immediately, he would have had him shot the moment after his sentence was read. But what is the meaning and object of this new sort of? and whither are we now going? Do you know, Captain Erskine, our company is again ordered for this day?"

"Know it, Leslie of course I do; and for that reason am I paying my court to the more substantial part of the breakfast. Come, Blessington, my dear fellow, you have quite lost your appetite, and we may have sharp work before we get back. Follow my example: throw that nasty blood-thickening sassafras away, and lay a foundation from this venison. None sweeter is to be found in the forests of America. A few slices of that, and then a glass each of my best Jamaica, and we shall have strength to go through the expedition, if its object be the capture of the bold Pontiac himself."

"I presume the object is rather to seek for Captain de Haldimar," said Lieutenant Boyce, the officer of grenadiers; "but in that case why not send out his own company?"

"Because the colonel prefers trusting to cooler heads and more experienced arms," good-humouredly observed Captain Erskine. "Blessington is our senior, and his men are all old stagers. My lads, too, have had their mettle up already this morning, and there is nothing like that to prepare men for a dash of enterprise. It is with them as with blood horses, the more you put them on their speed the less anxious are they to quit the course. Well, Johnstone, my brave Scot, ready for another skirmish?" he asked, as that officer now entered to satisfy the cravings of an appetite little inferior to that of his captain.

"With 'Nunquam non paratus' for my motto," gaily returned the young man, "it were odd, indeed, if a mere scratch like this should prevent me from establishing my claim to it by following wherever my gallant captain leads."

"Most courteously spoken, and little in the spirit of a man yet smarting under the infliction of a rifle wound, it must be confessed," remarked Lieutenant Leslie. "But, Johnstone, you should bear in mind a too close adherence to that motto has been, in some degree, fatal to your family."

"No reflections, Leslie, if you please," returned his brother subaltern, slightly reddening. "If the head of our family was unfortunate enough to be considered a traitor to England, he was not so, at least to Scotland; and Scotland was the land of his birth. But let his political errors be forgotten. Though the wretched spur no longer adorns the booted heel of an earl of Annandale, the time may not be far distant when some liberal and popular monarch of England shall restore a title forfeited neither through cowardice nor dishonour, but from an erroneous sense of duty."

"That is to say," muttered Ensign Delme, looking round for approval as he spoke, "that our present king is neither liberal nor popular. Well, Mr. Johnstone,

were such an observation to reach the ears of Colonel de Haldimar you would stand a very fair chance of being brought to a court martial."

"That is to say nothing of the kind, sir," somewhat fiercely retorted the young Scot; "but any thing I do say you are at liberty to repeat to Colonel de Haldimar, or whom you will. I cannot understand, Leslie, why you should have made any allusion to the misfortunes of my family at this particular moment, and in this public manner. I trust it was not with a view to offend me," and he fixed his large black eyes upon his brother subaltern, as if he would have read every thought of his mind.

"Upon my honour, Johnstone, I meant nothing of the kind," frankly returned Leslie. "I merely meant to hint that as you had had your share of service this morning, you might, at least, have suffered me to borrow your spurs, while you repose for the present on your laurels."

"There are my gay and gallant Sects," exclaimed Captain Erskine, as he swallowed off a glass of the old Jamaica which lay before him, and with which he usually neutralised the acidities of a meat breakfast. "Settled like gentlemen and lads of spirit, as ye are," he pursued, as the young men cordially shook each other's hand across the table. "What an enviable command is mine, to have a company of brave fellows who would face the devil himself were it necessary; and two hot and impatient subalterns, who are ready to cut each other's throat for the pleasure of accompanying me against a set of savages that are little better than so many devils. Come, Johnstone, you know the Colonel allows us but one sub at a time, in consequence of our scarcity of officers, therefore it is but fair Leslie should have his turn. It will not be long, I dare say, before we shall have another brush with the rascals."

"In my opinion," observed Captain Blessington, who had been a silent and thoughtful witness of what was passing around him, "neither Leslie nor Johnstone would evince so much anxiety, were they aware of the true nature of the duty for which our companies have been ordered. Depend upon it, it is no search after Captain de Haldimar in which we are about to be engaged; for much as the colonel loves his son, he would on no account compromise the safety of the garrison, by sending a party into the forest, where poor De Haldimar, if alive, is at all likely to be found."

"Faith you are right, Blessington; the governor is not one to run these sort of risks on every occasion. My chief surprise, indeed, is, that he suffered me to venture even upon the common; but if we are not designed for some hostile expedition, why leave the fort at all?"

"The question will need no answer, if Holloway be found to accompany us."

"Psha! why should Holloway be taken out for the purpose? If he be shot at all, he will be shot on the ramparts, in the presence of, and as an example to, the whole garrison. Still, on reflection, I cannot but think it impossible the sentence should be carried into full effect, under the strong, nay, the almost unprecedented recommendation to mercy recorded on the face of the proceedings."

Captain Blessington shook his head despondingly. "What think you, Erskine, of the policy of making an example, which may be witnessed by the enemy as well as the garrison? It is evident, from his demeanour throughout, nothing will convince the colonel that Holloway is not a traitor, and he may think it advisable to strike terror in the minds of the savages, by an execution which will have the effect of showing the treason of the soldier to have been discovered."

In this opinion many of the officers now concerned, and as the fate of the unfortunate Holloway began to assume a character of almost certainty, even the spirit of the gallant Erskine, the least subdued by the recent distressing events, was overclouded; and all sank, as if by one consent, into silent communion with their thoughts, as they almost mechanically completed the meal, at which habit rather than appetite still continued them. Before any of them had yet risen from the table, a loud and piercing scream met their ears from without; and so quick and universal was the movement it produced, that its echo had scarcely yet died away in distance, when the whole of the breakfast party had issued from the room, and were already spectators of the cause.

As the officers now passed from the mess-room nearly opposite to the gate, they observed, at that part of the barracks which ran at right angles with it, and immediately in front of the apartment of the younger De Haldimar, whence he had apparently just issued, the

governor, struggling, though gently, to disengage himself from a female, who, with disordered hair and dress, lay almost prostrate upon the piazza, and claspings his booted leg with an energy evidently borrowed from the most rooted despair. The quick eye of the haughty man had already rested on the group of officers drawn by the scream of the supplicant. Numbers, too, of the men, attracted by the same cause, were collected in front of their respective block-houses, and looking from the windows of the rooms in which they were also breakfasting, preparatory to the expedition. Vexed and irritated beyond measure, at being thus made a conspicuous object of observation to his inferiors, the unbending governor made a violent and successful effort to disengage his leg; and then, without uttering a word, or otherwise noticing the unhappy being who lay extended at his feet, he stalked across the parade to his apartments at the opposite angle, without appearing to manifest the slightest consciousness of the scene that had awakened such universal attention.

Several of the officers, among whom was Captain Blessington, now hastened to the assistance of the female, whom all had recognised, from the first, to be the interesting and unhappy wife of Holloway. Many of the comrades of the latter, who had been pained and pitying spectators of the scene, also advanced for the same purpose; but, on perceiving their object anticipated by their superiors, they withdrew to the block-houses, whence they had issued. Never was grief more forcibly depicted, than in the whole appearance of this unfortunate woman; never did anguish assume a character more fitted to touch the soul, or to command respect. Her long fair hair, that had hitherto been hid under the coarse mob cap, usually worn by the wives of the soldiers, was now divested of all fastening, and lay shadowing a white and polished bosom, which, in her violent struggles to detain the governor, had burst from its rude but modest confinement, and was now displayed in all the dazzling delicacy of youth and sex. If the officers gazed for a moment with excited look upon charms that had long been strangers to their sight, and of an order they had little deemed to find in Ellen Holloway, it was but the involuntary tribute rendered by nature unto beauty. The depth and sacredness of that sorrow, which had left the wretched woman unconscious of her exposure, in the instant afterwards imposed a check upon admiration, which each felt to be a violation of the first principles of human delicacy, and the feeling was repressed almost in the moment that gave it birth.

They were immediately in front of the room occupied by Charles de Haldimar, in the piazza of which were a few old chairs, on which the officers were in the habit of throwing themselves during the heat of the day. On one of these Captain Blessington, assisted by the officer of grenadiers, now seated the suffering and sobbing wife of Holloway. His first care was to repair the disorder of her dress; and never was the same office performed by man with greater delicacy, or absence of levity by those who witnessed it. This was the first moment of her consciousness. The involubility of modesty for a moment rose paramount even to the desolation of her heart, and putting rudely aside the hand that reposed unavoidably upon her person, the poor woman started from her seat, and looked wildly about her, as if endeavouring to identify those by whom she was surrounded. But when she observed the pitying gaze of the officers fixed upon her, in earnestness and commiseration, and heard the benevolent accents of the ever kind Blessington exhorting her to compose, her weeping became more violent and her sobs more convulsive. Captain Blessington threw an arm round her waist to prevent her from falling; and then motioning to two or three women of the company to which her husband was attached, who stood at a little distance, in front of one of the block-houses, prepared to deliver her over to their charge.

"No, no, not yet!" burst at length from the lips of the agonised woman, as she shrank from the rude but well intentioned touch of the sympathising assistants, who had promptly answered the signal; then, as if obeying some new direction of her feelings, some new impulse of her grief, she liberated herself from the slight grasp of Captain Blessington, turned suddenly round, and, before any one could anticipate the movement, entered an opening on the piazza, raised the latch of a door situated at its extremity, and was, in the next instant, in the apartment of the younger De Haldimar.

The scene that met the eyes of the officers, who now followed close after her, was one well calculated to make an impression on the hearts even of the most insensible. In the despair and recklessness of her extreme sorrow,

the young wife of Halloway had already thrown herself upon her knees at the bed side of the sick officer, and, with her hands upraised and firmly clasped together, was now supplicating him in tones, contrasting singularly in their gentleness with the depth of the sorrow that had rendered her thus regardless of appearances, and insensible to observation.

"Oh, Mr. de Haldimar!" she implored, "in the name of God and of our blessed Saviour, if you would save me from madness, intercede for my unhappy husband, and preserve him from the horrid fate that awaits him. You are too good, too gentle, too amiable, to reject the prayer of a heart-broken woman. Moreover Mr. de Haldimar," she proceeded, with deeper energy, while she caught and pressed, between her own white and bloodless hands, one nearly as delicate that lay extended near her. "consider all my dear but unfortunate husband has done for your family. Think of the blood he once spilt in the defence of your brother's life; that brother, through whom alone, oh God! he is now condemned to die. Call to mind the days and nights of anguish I passed near his couch of suffering, when yet writhing beneath the wound aimed at the life of Captain de Haldimar. Almighty Providence!" she pursued, in the same impassioned yet plaintive voice, "why is not Miss Clara here to plead the cause of the innocent, and to touch the stubborn heart of her merciless father? She would, indeed, move heaven and earth to save the life of him to whom she so often vowed eternal gratitude and acknowledgment. Ah, she little dreams of his danger now; or, if prayer and intercession could avail, my husband should yet live, and this terrible struggle at my heart would be no more."

Overcome by her emotion, the unfortunate woman suffered her aching head to droop upon the edge of the bed, and her sobbing became so painfully violent, that all who heard her expected, at every moment, some fatal termination to her immoderate grief. Charles de Haldimar was little less affected; and his sorrow was the more bitter, as he had just proved the utter inefficacy of any thing in the shape of appeal to his inflexible father.

"Mrs. Halloway, my dear Mrs. Halloway, compose yourself," said Captain Blessington, now approaching, and endeavoring to raise her gently from the floor, on which she still knelt, while her hands even more firmly grasped that of De Haldimar. "You are ill, very ill, and the consequences of this dreadful excitement may be fatal. Be advised by me, and retire. I have desired your room to be prepared for you, and Sergeant Wilnot's wife shall remain with you as long as you may require it."

"No, no, no!" she again exclaimed with energy; "what care I for my own wretched life—my beloved and unhappy husband is to die. Oh God! to die without guilt—to be cut off in his youth—to be shot as a traitor—and that simply for obeying the wishes of the officer whom he loved!—the son of the man who now spurns all supplication from his presence. It is inhuman, it is unjust—and Heaven will punish the hard-hearted man who murders him—yes, murders him! for such a punishment for such an offence is nothing less than murder." Again she wept bitterly, and as Captain Blessington still essayed to soothe and raise her—"No, no! I will not leave this spot," she continued; "I will not quit the side of Mr. de Haldimar, until he pledges himself to intercede for my poor husband. It is his duty to save the life of him who saved his brother's life; and God and human justice are with my appeal. Oh, tell me, then, Mr. de Haldimar,—if you would save my wretched heart from breaking,—tell me you will intercede for, and obtain the pardon of my husband!"

As she concluded this last sentence in passionate appeal, she had risen from her knees; and, conscious only of the importance of the boon solicited, now threw herself upon the breast of the highly pained and agitated young officer. Her long and beautiful hair fell floating over his face, and mingled with his own, while her arms were wildly clasped around him, in all the energy of frantic and hopeless adoration.

"Almighty God!" exclaimed the agitated young man, as he made a feeble and fruitless effort to raise the form of the unhappy woman; "what shall I say to impart comfort to this suffering being? Oh, Mrs. Halloway," he pursued, "I would willingly give all I possess in this world to be the means of saving your unfortunate husband,—and as much for his own sake as for yours would I do this; but, alas! I have not the power. Do not think I speak without conviction. My father has just been with me, and I have pleaded the cause of your husband with an earnestness I should scarcely have used had my own life been at stake. But all my entreaties have been in vain. He is obstinate in the belief my brother's strange absence, and Donellan's death, are attributable

only to the treason of Halloway. Still there is a hope. A detachment is to leave the fort within the hour, and Halloway is to accompany them. It may be, my father intends this measure only with a view to terrify him into a confession of guilt; and that he deems it politic to make him undergo all the fearful preliminaries without carrying the sentence itself into effect."

The unfortunate woman said no more. When she raised her heaving chest from that of the young officer, her eyes, though red and shrunk to half their usual size with weeping, were tearless; but on her countenance there was an expression of wild woe, infinitely more distressing to behold, in consequence of the almost unnatural check so suddenly imposed upon her feelings. She tottered, rather than walked, through the group of officers, who gave way on either hand to let her pass; and rejecting all assistance from the women who had followed into the room, and who now, in obedience to another signal from Captain Blessington, hastened to her support, finally gained the door and quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

The sun was high in the meridian, as the second detachment, commanded by Colonel de Haldimar in person, issued from the fort of Detroit. It was that soft and hazy season, peculiar to the bland and beautiful autumns of Canada, when the golden light of Heaven seems as if transmitted through a veil of tissue, and all of animate and inanimate nature, expanding and fructifying beneath its fostering influence, breathes the most delicious languor and voluptuous repose. It was one of those still, calm, warm, and genial days, which in those regions come under the vulgar designation of the Indian summer; a season that is ever hailed by the Canadian with a satisfaction proportioned to the extreme sultriness of the summer, and the equally oppressive rigour of the winter, by which it is immediately preceded and followed.

Such a day as that we have just described was the — of September, 1763, when the chief portion of the English garrison of Detroit issued forth from the fortifications in which they had so long been cooped up, and in the presumed execution of a duty undeniably the most trying and painful that ever fell to the lot of soldier to perform. The detachment wended its slow and solemn course, with a mournful pageantry of preparation that gave fearful earnest of the tragedy expected to be enacted.

In front, and dragged by the hands of the gunners, moved two of the three three-pounders, that had been ordered for the duty. Behind these came Captain Blessington's company, and in their rear, the prisoner Halloway, divested of his uniform, and clad in a white cotton jacket, and cap of the same material. Six rank and file of the grenadiers followed, under the command of a corporal, and behind these again, came eight men of the same company; four of whom bore on their shoulders a coffin, covered with a coarse black pall that had perhaps already assisted at fifty interments; while the other four carried, in addition to their own, the muskets of their burdened comrades. After these, marched a solitary drummer-boy; whose tall bear-skin cap attested him to be of the grenadiers also, while his muffled instrument marked the duty for which he had been selected. Like his comrades, none of whom exhibited their scarlet uniforms, he wore the collar of his great coat closely buttoned beneath his chin, which was only partially visible above the stiff leathern stock that encircled his neck. Although his features were half buried in his huge cap and the high collar of his coat, there was an air of delicacy about his person that seemed to render him unsuited to such an office; and more than once was Captain Erskine, who followed immediately behind him at the head of his company, compelled to ask sharply to the archer, threatening him with a week's drill unless he mended his feeble and unequal pace, and kept from under the feet of his men. The remaining gun brought up the rear of the detachment, who marched with fixed bayonets and two balls in each musket; the whole presenting a front of sections, that completely filled up the road along which they passed. Colonel de Haldimar, Captain Wentworth, and the Adjutant Lawson followed in the extreme rear.

An event so singular as that of the appearance of the English without their fort, hesitated as they were by a host of fierce and dangerous enemies, was not likely to pass unnoticed by a single individual in the little village of Detroit. We have already observed, that most of the colonist settlers had been cruelly massacred at the very onset of hostilities. Not so, however, with the

Canadians, who, from their anterior relations with the natives, and the mutual and tacit good understanding that subsisted between both parties, were suffered to continue in quiet and unmolested possession of their homes, where they preserved an avowed neutrality, never otherwise infringed than by the assistance secretly and occasionally rendered to the English troops, whose gold they were glad to receive in exchange for the necessities of life.

Every dwelling of the infant town had commenced giving up its tenants, from the moment when the head of the detachment was seen traversing the drawbridge; so that, by the time it reached the highway, and took its direction to the left, the whole population of Detroit were already assembled in groups, and giving expression to their several conjectures, with a vivacity of language and energy of gesticulation that would not have disgraced the parent land itself. As the troops drew nearer, however, they all sank at once into a silence, as much the result of certain unacknowledged and undefined fears, as of the respect the English had ever been accustomed to exact.

At the further extremity of the town, and at a bend in the road, which branched off more immediately towards the river, stood a small public house, whose creaking sign bore three ill executed fleur-de-lis, apologetic emblems of the arms of France. The building itself was little more than a rude log hut, along the front of which ran a plank, supported by two stumps of trees, and serving as a temporary accommodation both for the traveller and the inmate. On this bench three persons, apparently attracted by the beauty of the day and the mildness of the autumnal sun, were now seated, two of whom were leisurely puffing their pipes, while the third, a female, was employed in carding wool, a quantity of which lay in a basket at her feet, while she warbled, in a low tone, one of the simple airs of her native land. The elder of the two men, whose age might be about fifty, offered nothing remarkable in his appearance; he was dressed in a coat made of the common white blanket, while his hair, cut square upon the forehead, and tied into a club of nearly a foot long, fell into the cape or hood attached to it.

His companion was habited in a still more extraordinary manner. His lower limbs were cased, up to the mid-thigh, in leathern leggings, the seams of which was on the outside, leaving a margin, or border, of about an inch wide, which had been slit into innumerable small fringes, giving them an air of elegance and lightness; a garter of leather, curiously wrought, with the stained quills of the porcupine, encircled each leg, immediately under the knee, where it was tied in a bow, and then suffered to hang pendant half way down the limb; to the fringes of the leggings, moreover, were attached numerous dark-coloured horny substances, emitting, as they rattled against each other, at the slightest movement of the wearer, a tinkling sound, resembling that produced by a number of small thin delicate brass bells; these were the tender hoofs of the wild deer, dried, scraped, and otherwise prepared for this ornamental purpose.

The form and face of this individual were in perfect keeping with the style of his costume, and the character of his equipment. His stature was beyond that of the ordinary race of men, and his athletic and muscular limbs united the extremes of strength and activity. His features, marked and prominent, wore a cast of habitual thought, strangely tinged with ferocity; and the expression of his otherwise not unhandsome countenance was repellent and disdainful. At the first glance he might have been taken for one of the swarthy natives of the soil; but though time and constant exposure to scorching suns had given to his complexion a dusky hue, still there was wanting the quick, black, penetrating eye; the high cheek bone; the straight, coarse, shining black hair; the small bony hand and foot; and the placidly proud and serious air, by which the former is distinguished. His own eye was of a deep bluish gray; his hair short, dark, and wavy; his hands large and muscular; and so far from exhibiting any of the self-command of the Indian, the constant play of his features betrayed each passing thought with the same rapidity with which it was conceived. But if any doubt could have existed in the mind of him who beheld this strangely accoutred figure, it would have been instantly dispelled by a glance at his limbs. From his leggings to the hip, that portion of the lower limb was completely bare, and disclosed, at each movement of the garment that was suffered to fall loosely over it, not the swarthy and copper-coloured flesh of the Indian, but the pale though sun-burnt skin of one of a more temperate clime. His age might be about forty-five.

At the moment when the English detachment approached

the bend in the road, these two individuals were conversing earnestly together, pausing only to puff at intervals thick and wreathing volumes of smoke from their pipes, which were filled with a mixture of tobacco and odoriferous herbs. Presently, however, sounds that appeared familiar to his ear arrested the attention of the wildly accoutred being we have last described. It was the heavy roll of the artillery carriages already advancing along the road, and somewhat in the rear of the hut. To dash his pipe to the ground, seize and cock and raise his rifle to his shoulder, was but the work of a moment. Startled by the suddenness of the action, his male companion moved a few paces also from his seat, to discover the cause of this singular movement. The female, on the contrary, stirred not, but ceasing for a moment the occupation in which she had been engaged, fixed her dark and brilliant eyes upon the tall form of the rifleman, whose athletic limbs, thrown into powerful relief by the distention of each nerve and muscle, appeared to engross her whole admiration and interest, without any reference to the cause that had produced this abrupt and hostile change in his movements. It was evident that, unlike the other inhabitants of the town, this group had been taken by surprise, and were utterly unprepared to expect any thing in the shape of interruption.

For upwards of a minute, during which the march of the men became audible even to the ears of the female, the formidable warrior, for such his garb denoted him to be, continued motionless in the attitude he had at first assumed. No sooner, however, had the head of the advancing column come within sight, than the aim was taken, the trigger pulled, and the small and ragged bullet sped hissing from the grooved and delicate barrel. A triumphant cry was next pealed from the lips of the warrior,—a cry produced by the quickly repeated application and removal of one hand to and from the mouth, while the other suffered the butt end of the now harmless weapon to fall loosely upon the earth. He then slowly and deliberately withdrew within the cover of the hut.

This daring action, which had been viewed by the leading troops with astonishment not unmingled with alarm, occasioned a temporary confusion in the ranks, for all believed they had fallen into an ambuscade of the Indians. A halt was instantly commanded by Captain Blessington, in order to give time to the governor to come up from the rear, while he proceeded with one of the leading sections to reconnoitre the front of the hut. To his surprise, however, he found neither enemy, nor evidence that an enemy had been there. The only individuals visible were the Canadian, and the dark-eyed female. Both were seated on the bench,—the one smoking his pipe with a well assumed appearance of unconcern—the other carding her wool, but with a hand that by a close observer might be seen to tremble in its office, and a cheek that was paler than at the moment when we first placed her before the imagination of the reader. Both, however, started with unaffected surprise on seeing Captain Blessington, and his little force turn the corner of the house from the main road; and certain looks of recognition passed between all parties, that proved them to be no strangers to each other.

"Ah, monsieur," said the Canadian, in a mingled dialect, neither French nor English, while he attempted an ease and freedom of manner that was too miserably affected to pass current with the mild but observant officer whom he addressed, "how much surprise I am, and glad to see you. It is a long time since you came out of de fort. I hope de gouverneur et de officier be all very well. I was tinkin' to go to-day to see if you want any ting. I have got some nice rum of the Janinaque for Capitaine Erskine. Will you please to try some?" While speaking, the voluble host of the Fleur de lis had risen from his seat, laid aside his pipe, and now stood with his hands thrust into his pockets of his blanket coat.

"It is indeed a long time since we have been here, Master François," somewhat sarcastically and drily replied Captain Blessington; "and you have not visited us quite so often latterly yourself, though well aware we were in want of fresh provisions. I give you all due credit, however, for your intention of coming to-day, but you see we have anticipated you. Still this is not the point. Where is the Indian who fired at us just now? and how is it we find you leagued with our enemies?"

"What, sir, is it you say?" asked the Canadian, holding up his hands with feigned astonishment. "Me leaguer myself with de savage. Upon my honour I did not see nobody fire, or I should tell you. I love de English too well to do dem harms."

"Come, come, François, no nonsense. If I cannot

make you confess, there is one not far from me who will. You know Colonel de Haldimar too well to imagine he will be trifled with in this manner: if he detects you in a falsehood, he will certainly cause you to be hanged up at the first tree. Take my advice, therefore, and say where you have secreted this Indian; and recollect, if we fall into an ambuscade, your life will be forfeited at the first shot we hear fired."

At this moment the governor, followed by his adjutant, came rapidly up to the spot. Captain Blessington communicated the ill success of his queries, when the former cast on the terrified Canadian one of those severe and searching looks which he so well knew how to assume.

"Where is the rascal who fired at us, sirrah? tell me instantly, or you have not five minutes to live."

The heart of mine host of the Fleur de lis quailed within him at this formidable threat; and the usually ruddy hue of his countenance had now given place to an ashy paleness. Still as he had positively denied all knowledge of the matter on which he was questioned, he appeared to feel his safety lay in adhering to his original statement. Again, therefore, he assured the governor, on his honour (laying his hand upon his heart as he spoke), that what he had already stated was the fact.

"Your honour—you pitiful trading scoundrel!—how dare you talk to me of your honour? Come, sir, confess at once where you have secreted this fellow, or prepare to die."

"If I may be so bold, your honour," said one of Captain Blessington's men, "the Frenchman lies. When the Indian fired among us, this fellow was peeping under his shoulder and watching us also. If I had not seen him too often at the fort to be mistaken in his person, I should have known him, at all events, by his blanket coat and red handkerchief."

This blunt statement of the soldier, confirmed as it was the instant afterwards by one of his comrades, was damning proof against the Canadian, even if the fact of the rifle being discharged from the front of the hut had not already satisfied all parties of the falsehood of his assertion.

"Come forward, a couple of files, and seize this villain," resumed the governor with his wonted sternness of manner. "Mr. Lawson, see if his hut does not afford a rope strong enough to hang the traitor from one of his own apple trees."

Both parties proceeded at the same moment to execute the two distinct orders of their chief. The Canadian was now firmly secured in the grasp of the two men who had given evidence against him, when, seeing all the horror of the dreadful fate that awaited him, he confessed the individual who had fired had been sitting with him the instant previously, but that he knew no more of him than of any other savage occasionally calling at the Fleur de lis. He added, that on discharging the rifle he had bounded across the palings of the orchard, and fled in the direction of the forest. He denied all knowledge or belief of an enemy waiting in ambush; stating, moreover, even the individual in question had not been aware of the sortie of the detachment until apprised of their near approach by the heavy sound of the gun carriages.

"Here are undeniable proofs of the man's villany, sir," said the adjutant, returning from the hut and exhibiting objects of new and fearful interest to the governor. "This hat and rope I found secreted in one of the bedrooms of the auberge. The first is evidently Donellan's; and from the hook attached to the latter, I apprehend it to be the same stated to have been used by Captain de Haldimar in crossing the ditch."

The governor took the hat and rope from the hands of his subordinate, examined them attentively, and after a few moments of deep musing, during which his countenance underwent several rapid though scarcely perceptible changes, turned suddenly and eagerly to the soldier who had first convicted the Canadian in his falsehood, and demanded if he had seen enough of the man who had fired to be able to give even a general description of his person.

"Why yes, your honour, I think I can; for the fellow stood long enough after firing his piece, for a painter to have taken him off from head to foot. He was a taller and larger man by far than our biggest grenadier, and that is poor Harry Donellan, as your honour knows. But as for his dress, though I could see it all, I scarcely can tell how to describe it. All I know is, he was covered with smoked deer skin, in some such fashion as the great chief Pontosee only, instead of having his head bare and shaved, he wore a strange outlandish sort of a hat, covered over with wild birds' feathers in front."

"Enough," interrupted the governor, motioning the man to silence; then, in an under tone to himself,—*"By heaven, the very same!"* A shade of disappointment, and suppressed alarm, passed rapidly across his brow; it was but momentary. "Captain Blessington," he ordered quickly and impatiently, "search the hut and grounds for this lurking Indian, who is, no doubt, secreted in the neighbourhood. Quick, quick, sir; there is no time to be lost!" Then in an intimidating tone to the Canadian, who had already dropped on his knees, supplicating mercy, and vociferating his innocence in the same breath,—*"So, you infernal scoundrel, this is the manner in which you have repaid our confidence. Where is my son, sir? Or have you already murdered him, as you did his servant? Tell me, you villain, what have you to say to these proofs of your treachery? But stay, I shall take another and fitter opportunity to question you. Mr. Lawson, secure this traitor properly, and let him be conveyed to the centre of the detachment."*

The mandate was promptly obeyed; and in despite of his own unceasing prayers and protestations of innocence, and the tears and entreaties of his dark-eyed daughter Babette, who had thrown herself on her knees at his side, the stout arms of mine host of the Fleur de lis were soon firmly secured behind his back with the strong rope that had been found under such suspicious circumstances in his possession. Before he was marched off, however, two of the men who had been sent in pursuit, returned from the orchard, stating that further search was now fruitless. They had penetrated through a small thicket at the extremity of the grounds, and had distinctly seen a man answering the description given by their comrades, in full flight towards the forest skirting the heights in front.

The governor was evidently far from being satisfied with the result of a search too late instituted to leave even a prospect of success. "Where are the Indians principally encamped, sirrah?" he sternly demanded of his captive; "answer me truly, or I will carry off this wench as well, and if a single hair of a man of mine be even singed by a shot from a skulking enemy, you may expect to see her bayoneted before your eyes."

"Ah, my God! Monsieur le Gouverneur," exclaimed the afflicted aubergiste, "as I am an honest man, I shall tell de truth, but spare my child. They are all in de forest, and half a mile from de little river dat runs between dis and de Pork Island."

"Hog Island, I suppose you mean."

"Yes sir, de Hog Island is de one I means."

"Conduct him to the centre, and let him be confronted with the prisoner," directed the governor, addressing his adjutant; "Captain Blessington, your men may resume their stations in the ranks." The order was obeyed; and notwithstanding the tears and supplications of the now highly excited Babette, who flung herself upon his neck, and was only removed by force, the terrified Canadian was borne off from his premises by the troops.

CHAPTER X.

While this scene was enacting in front of the Fleur de lis, one of a far more touching and painful nature was passing in the very heart of the detachment itself. At the moment when the halt was ordered by Captain Blessington, a rumour ran through the ranks that they had reached the spot destined for the execution of their ill-fated comrade. Those only in the immediate front were aware of the true cause; but although the report of the rifle had been distinctly heard by all, it had been attributed by those in the rear to the accidental discharge of one of their own muskets. A low murmur, expressive of the opinion generally entertained, passed gradually from rear to front, until it at length reached the ears of the delicate drummer boy who marched behind the coffin. His face was still buried in the collar of his coat; and what was left uncovered of his features by the cap, was in some degree hidden by the forward drooping of his head upon his chest. Hitherto he had moved almost mechanically along, tottering and embarrassing himself at every step under the cumbersome drum that was suspended from a belt round his neck over the left thigh; but now there was a certain indescribable drawing up of the frame, and tension of the whole person, denoting a concentration of all the moral and physical energies,—a sudden working up, as it were, of the intellectual and corporal being to some determined and momentous purpose.

At the first halt of the detachment, the weary supporters of the coffin had deposited their rude and scumby burden upon the earth, preparatory to its being resumed by those appointed to relieve them. The dull sound emitted by the hollow fabric, as it touched the ground, caught the ear of him for whom it was destined, and he

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turned to gaze upon the sad and lonely tenant so shortly to become his final resting place. There was an air of calm composure and dignified sorrow upon his brow, that infused respect into the hearts of all who beheld him; and even the men selected to do the duty of executioners sought to evade his glance, as his steady eye wandered from right to left of the fatal rank. His attention, however, was principally directed towards the coffin, which lay before him; on this he gazed fixedly for upwards of a minute. He then turned his eyes in the direction of the fort, shuddered, heaved a profound sigh, and looking up to heaven, with the apparent fervour that became his situation, seemed to pray for a moment or two inwardly and devoutly. The thick and almost suffocating breathing of one immediately beyond the coffin, was now distinctly heard by him. Halloway started from his attitude of devotion, gazed earnestly on the form whence it proceeded, and then wildly extending his arms, suffered a smile of satisfaction to illumine his pale features. All eyes were now turned upon the drummer boy, who, evidently labouring under convulsive excitement of feeling, suddenly dashed his cap and instrument to the earth, and flew as fast as his tottering and uncertain steps would admit across the coffin, and into the arms extended to receive him.

"My Ellen! oh, my own devoted, but too unhappy Ellen!" passionately exclaimed the soldier, as he clasped the slight and agitated form of his disguised wife in his throbbing heart. "This, this, indeed, is joy even in death. I thought I could have died more happily without you, but nature tugs powerfully at my heart; and to see you once more, to feel you once more *here*," (and he pressed her wildly to his chest,) "is indeed a bliss that robs my approaching fate of half its terror."

"Oh Reginald! my dearly beloved Reginald! my murdered husband!" shrieked the unhappy woman; "your Ellen will not survive you. Her heart is already broken, though she cannot weep; but the same grave shall contain us both. Reginald, do you believe me? I swear it, the same grave shall contain us both."

Exhausted with the fatigue and excitement she had undergone, the faithful and affectionate creature now lay, without sense or motion, in the arms of her wretched husband. Halloway bore her, unopposed, a pace or two in advance, and deposited her unconscious form on the fatal coffin.

No language of ours can render justice to the trying character of the scene. All who witnessed it were painfully affected, and over the bronzed cheek of many a veteran, caused a tear, and like that of Sterne's weeping angel, might have blotted out a catalogue of sins. Although each was prepared to expect a reprimand from the governor, for suffering the prisoner to quit his station in the ranks, humanity and nature pleaded too powerfully in his behalf, and neither officer or man attempted to interfere, unless with a view to render assistance. Captain Erskine, in particular, was deeply pained, and would have given any thing to recall the harsh language he had used towards the supposed idle and inattentive drummer boy. Taking from a pocket in his uniform a small flask of brandy, which he had provided against casualties, the compassionate officer slightly raised the head of the pale and unconscious woman with one hand, while with the other he introduced a few drops between her parted lips. Halloway knelt at the opposite side of the coffin; one hand searching, but in vain, the suspended pulse of his inanimate wife; the other, unbuttoning the breast of the drum-boy's jacket, which, with every other part of the equipment, she wore beneath the loose great coat so effectually accomplishing her disguise.

Such was the position of the chief actors in this truly distressing drama, at the moment when Colonel de Haldimar came up with his new prisoner, to mark what effect would be produced on Halloway by his unexpected appearance. His own surprise and disappointment may be easily conceived, when, in the form of the recumbent being who seemed to engross universal attention, he recognised, by the fair and streaming hair, and half exposed bosom, the unfortunate being whom, only two hours previously, he had spurned from his feet in the costume of her own sex, and reduced, by the violence of her grief, to almost infantine debility. Question succeeded question to those around, but without eliciting any clue to the means by which this mysterious disguise had been

effected. No one had been aware, until the truth was so singularly and suddenly revealed, the supposed drummer was any other than one of the lads attached to the grenadiers; and as for the other facts, they spoke too plainly to the comprehension of the governor to need explanation. Once more, however, the detachment was called to order. Halloway struck his hand violently upon his brow, kissed the wan lips of his still unconscious wife, breathing as he did so, a half murmured hope she might indeed be the corpse she appeared. He then raised himself from the earth with a light and elastic yet firm movement, and resumed the place he had previously occupied, where, to his surprise, he beheld a second victim bound, and, apparently, devoted to the same death. When the eyes of the two unhappy men met, the governor closely watched the expression of the countenance of each; but although the Canadian started on beholding the soldier, it might be merely because he saw the latter arrayed in the garb of death, and followed by the most unequivocal demonstrations of a doom to which he himself was, in all probability, devoted. As for Halloway, his look betrayed neither consciousness nor recognition; and though too proud to express complaint or to give vent to the feelings of his heart, his whole soul appeared to be absorbed in the unhappy partner of his luckless destiny. Presently he saw her borne, and in the same state of insensibility, in the arms of Captain Erskine and Lieutenant Leslie, towards the hut of his fellow prisoner, and he heard the former officer enjoin the weeping girl, Babbette, to whose charge they delivered her over, to pay every attention to her situation might require. The detachment then proceeded.

The narrow but deep and rapid river alluded to by the Canadian, as running midway between the town and Hog Island, derived its source far within the forest, and formed the bed of one of those wild, dark, and thickly wooded ravines so common in America. As it neared the Detroit, however, the abruptness of its banks was so considerably lessened, as to render the approach to it on the town side over an almost imperceptible slope. Within a few yards of its mouth, as we have already observed, a wide but strong wooden bridge, over which lay the high road, had been constructed by the French; and from the centre of this, all the circuit of intermediate clearing, even to the very skirts of the forest, was distinctly commanded by the naked eye. To the right, on approaching it from the town, lay the adjacent shores of Canada, washed by the broad waters of the Detroit, on which it was thrown into strong relief, and which, at the distance of about a mile in front, was seen to diverge into two distinct channels, pursuing each a separate course, until they again met at the western extremity of Hog Island. On the left, and in the front, rose a succession of slightly undulating hills, which, at a distance of little more than half a mile, terminated in an elevation considerably above the immediate level of the Detroit side of the ravine. That, again, was crowned with thick and overhanging forest, taking its circular sweep around the fort. The intermediate ground was studded over with rude stumps of trees, and bore, in various directions, distinct proofs of the spoliation wrought among the infant possessions of the murdered English settlers. The view to the rear was less open; the town being partially hidden by the fruit-laden orchards that lined the intervening high road, and hung principally on its left. This was not the case with the fort. Between these orchards and the distant forest lay a line of open country, fully commanded by its cannon, even to the ravine we have described, and in a sweep that embraced every thing from the bridge itself to the forest, in which all traces of its source was lost.

When the detachment had arrived within twenty yards of the bridge, they were made to file off to the left, until the last gun had come up. They were then fronted; the rear section of Captain Erskine's company resting on the road, and the left flank, covered by the two first guns pointed obliquely, both in front and rear, to guard against surprise, in the event of any of the Indians stealing round to the cover of the orchards. The route by which they had approached this spot was upwards of two miles in extent; but, as they now filed off into the open ground, the leading sections observed, in a direct line over the cleared country, and at the distance of little more than three quarters of a mile, the dark ramparts of the fortress that contained their comrades, and could even distinguish

the uniforms of the officers and men drawn up in line along the works, where they were evidently assembled to witness the execution of the sentence on Halloway.

Such a sight as that of the English so far from their fort, was not likely to escape the notice of the Indians. Their encampment, as the Canadian had truly stated, lay within the forest, and beyond the elevated ground already alluded to; and to have crossed the ravine, or ventured out of reach of the cannon of the fort, would have been to have sealed the destruction of the detachment. But the officer to whom their security was entrusted, although he had his own particular views for venturing thus far, knew also at what point to stop; and such was the confidence of his men in his skill and prudence, they would have fearlessly followed wherever he might have chosen to lead. Still, even amid all the solemnity of preparation attendant on the duty they were out to perform, there was a natural and secret apprehensiveness about each, that caused him to cast his eyes frequently and fixedly on that part of the forest which was known to afford cover to their merciless foes. At times they fancied they beheld the dark and flitting forms of men gliding from tree to tree along the skirt of the wood; but when they gazed again, nothing of the kind was to be seen, and the illusion was at once ascribed to the heavy state of the atmosphere, and the action of their own precautionary instincts.

Meanwhile the solemn tragedy of death was preparing in mournful silence. On the centre of the bridge, and visible to those even within the fort, was placed the coffin of Halloway, and at twelve paces in front were drawn up the six rank and file on whom had devolved, by lot, the cruel duty of the day. With calm and fearless eye the prisoner surveyed the preparations for his approaching end; and whatever might be the inward workings of his mind, there was not among the assembled soldiery one individual whose countenance betrayed so little of sorrow and emotion as his own. With a firm step, when summoned, he moved towards the fatal coffin, dashing his cap to the earth as he advanced, and baring his chest with the characteristic contempt of death of the soldier. When he had reached the centre of the bridge, he turned facing his comrades, and knelt upon the coffin. Captain Erskine, who, permitted by the governor, had followed him with a sad heart and heavy step, now drew a prayer-book from his pocket, and read from it in a low voice. He then closed the volume, listened to something the prisoner earnestly communicated to him, received a small packet which he drew from the bosom of his shirt, shook him long and cordially by the hand, and then hastily resumed his post at the head of the detachment.

The principal inhabitants of the village, led by curiosity, had followed at a distance to witness the execution of the condemned soldier; and above the heads of the line, and crowning the slope, were collected groups of both sexes and of all ages, that gave a still more imposing character to the scene. Every eye was now turned upon the firing party, who only awaited the signal to execute their melancholy office, when suddenly, in the direction of the forest, and upon the extreme height, there burst the tremendous and deafening yells of more than a thousand savages. For an instant Halloway was forgotten in the instinctive sense of individual danger, and all gazed eagerly to ascertain the movements of their enemy. Presently a man, naked to the waist, his body and face besmeared with streaks of black and red paint, and his whole attitude expressing despair and horror, was seen flying down the height with a rapidity proportioned to the extreme peril in which he stood. At about fifty paces in his rear followed a dozen bounding, screaming Indians, armed with uplifted tomahawks, whose exultation in pursuit lent them a speed that even surpassed the efforts of flight itself. It was evident the object of the pursued was to reach the detachment, that of the pursuers to prevent him. The struggle was maintained for a few moments with equality, but in the end the latter were triumphant, and at each step the distance that separated them became less. At the first alarm, the detachment, with the exception of the firing party, who still occupied their ground, had been thrown into square, and, with a gun planted in each angle, awaited the attack momentarily expected. But although the heights were now alive with the dusky forms of naked warriors, who, from the skirt of the forest, watched the exertions of their fellows,

the pursuit of the wretched fugitive was confined to these alone. Foremost of the latter, and distinguished by his violent exertions and fiendish cries, was the tall and wildly attired warrior of the *Flour de lis*. At every bound he gained upon his victim. Already were they descending the nearest of the undulating hills, and both now became conspicuous objects to all around; but principally the pursuer, whose gigantic frame and extraordinary speed riveted every eye, even while the interest of all was excited for the wretched fugitive alone.

At that moment Halloway, who had been gazing on the scene with an astonishment little inferior to that of his comrades, sprang suddenly to his feet upon the coffin, and waving his hand in the direction of the pursuing enemy, shouted aloud in a voice of mingled joy and triumph,—

"Ha! Almighty God, I thank thee! Here, here comes one who alone has the power to snatch me from my impending doom."

"By Heaven, the traitor confesses, and presumes to triumph in his guilt," exclaimed the voice of one, who, while closely attending to every movement of the Indians, was also vigilantly watching the effect likely to be produced on the prisoner by this unexpected interruption.

"Corporal, do your duty."

"Stay, stay—one moment stay!" implored Halloway with uplifted hands.

"Do your duty, sir," fiercely repeated the governor.

"Oh stop—for God's sake, stop! Another moment and he will be here, and I—"

He said no more—a dozen bullets penetrated his body—one passed directly through his heart. He leaped several feet in the air, and then fell heavily, a lifeless bleeding corpse, across the coffin.

Meanwhile the pursuit of the fugitive was continued, but by the warrior of the *Flour de lis* alone. Aware of their inefficiency to keep pace with this singular being, his companions had relinquished the chase, and now stood resting on the brow of the hill where the wretched Halloway had first recognised his supposed deliverer, watching eagerly, though within musket shot of the detachment, the result of a race on which so much apparently depended. Neither party, however, attempted to interfere with the other, for all eyes were now turned on the flying man and his pursuer with an interest that denoted the extraordinary efforts of the one to evade and the other to attain the accomplishment of his object. The immediate course taken was in a direct line for the ravine, which it evidently was the object of the fugitive to clear at its nearest point. Already had he approached within a few paces of its brink; and every eye was fastened on the point where it was expected the doubtful leap would be taken, when suddenly, as if despairing to accomplish it at a bound, he turned to the left, and winding along his bank, renewed his efforts in the direction of the bridge. This movement occasioned a change in the position of the parties, which was favourable to the pursued. Hitherto they had been so immediately on a line with each other, it was impossible for the detachment to bring a musket to bear upon the warrior, without endangering him whose life they were anxious to preserve. For a moment or two his body was fairly exposed, and a dozen muskets were discharged at intervals from the square, but all without success. Recovering his lost ground, he soon brought the pursued again in a line between himself and the detachment, edging rapidly nearer to him as he advanced, and uttering terrific yells, that were echoed back from his companions on the brow of the hill. It was evident, however, his object was the recapture, not the destruction, of the flying man, for more than once did he brandish his menacing tomahawk in rapid sweeps around his head, as if preparing to dart it, and as often did he check the movement. The scene at each succeeding moment became more critical and intensely interesting. The strength of the pursued was now nearly exhausted, while that of his formidable enemy seemed to suffer no diminution. Leap after leap he took with fearful superiority, sideling as he advanced. Already had he closed upon his victim, while with a springing effort a large and bony hand was extended to secure his shoulder in his grasp. The effort was fatal to him; for in reaching too far he lost his balance, and fell heavily upon the sword. A shout of exultation burst from the English troops, and numerous voices now encouraged the pursued to renew his exertions. The advice was not lost; and although only a few seconds had elapsed between the fall and recovery of his pursuer, the wretched fugitive had already greatly increased the distance that separated them. A cry of savage rage and disappointment burst from the lips of the gigantic warrior; and concentrating all his remaining strength and

speed into one final effort, he bounded and leapt like a deer of the forest whence he came. The opportunity for recapture, however, had been lost in his fall, for already the pursued was within a few feet of the high road, and on the point of turning the extremity of the bridge. One only resource was now left: the warrior suddenly checked himself in his course, and remained stationary; then raising and dropping his glittering weapon several times in a balancing position, he waited until the pursued had gained the highest point of the open bridge. At that moment the glittering steel, aimed with singular accuracy and precision, ran whistling through the air, and with such velocity of movement as to be almost invisible to the eyes of those who attempted to follow it in its threatening course. All expected to see it enter into the brain against which it had been directed; but the fugitive had marked the movement in time to save himself by stooping low to the earth, while the weapon, passing over him, entered with a deadly and crasling sound into the brain of the wretched corpse. This danger passed, he sprang once more to his feet, nor paused again in his flight until, faint and exhausted, he sank without motion under the very bayonets of the firing party.

A new direction was now given to the interest of the assembled and distinct crowds that had witnessed these startling incidents. Scarcely had the wretched man gained the protection of the soldiery, when a shriek divided the air, so wild, so piercing, and so unearthly, that even the warrior of the *Flour de lis* seemed to lose sight of his victim, in the harrowing interest produced by that dreadful scream. All turned their eyes for a moment in the quarter where it proceeded; when presently, from behind the groups of Canadians crowning the slope, was seen flying, with the rapidity of thought, one who resembled rather a spectre than a being of earth—it was the wife of Halloway. Her long fair hair was wild and streaming—her feet, and legs, and arms were naked—and one solitary and scanty garment displayed rather than concealed the symmetry of her delicate person. She flew to the fatal bridge, threw herself on the body of her bleeding husband, and imprinting her warm kisses on his bloody lips, for a moment or two presented the image of one whose reason has fled for ever. Suddenly she started from the earth; her face, her hands, and her garment so saturated with the blood of her husband, that a feeling of horror crept throughout the veins of all who beheld her. She stood upon the coffin, and across the corpse—raised her eyes and hands imploringly to Heaven—and then, in accents wilder even than her words, uttered an imprecation that sounded like the prophetic warning of some unholy spirit.

"Inhuman murderer!" she exclaimed, in tones that almost paralysed the ears on which it fell. "If there be a God of justice and of truth, he will avenge this devilish deed. Yes, Colonel de Haldimar, a prophetic voice whispers to my soul, that even as I have seen perish before my eyes all I loved on earth, without mercy and without hope, so even shall you witness the destruction of your accursed race. Here—here—here," and she pointed downwards, with singular energy of action, to the corpse of her husband, "here shall their blood flow till every vestige of his own is washed away, and oh, if there be spared one branch of thy detested family, may it be only that they may be reserved for some death too horrible to be conceived!"

Overcome by the frantic energy with which she had uttered these appalling words, she sank backwards, and fell, uttering another shriek into the arms of the warrior of the *Flour de lis*, who bore off his prize in triumph, and fled, with nearly the same expedition he had previously manifested, in the direction of the forest, before any one could recover sufficiently from the effect of the scene to think even of interfering.

CHAPTER XI.

It was on the evening of that day, so fertile in melancholy incident, to which the previous pages have been devoted, that the drawbridge of Detroit was, for the third time since the investment of the garrison, lowered; not, as previously, with a disregard of the intimation that might be given to those without by the sullen and echoing rattle of its ponderous chains, but with a caution attesting how much secrecy of purpose was sought to be preserved. There was, however, no array of armed men within the walls, that denoted an expedition of a hostile character. Overcome with the harassing duties of the day, the chief portion of the troops had retired to rest, and a few groups of the guard alone were to be seen walking up and down in front of their post, apparently with a view to check the influence of midnight drowsiness, but, in

reality, to witness the result of certain preparations going on by torchlight in the centre of the barrack square.

In the midst of an anxious group of officers, comprising nearly all of that rank within the fort, stood two individuals, attired in a costume having nothing in common with the gay and martial habiliments of the former. They were tall, handsome young men, whose native elegance of carriage was but imperfectly hidden under an equipment evidently adopted for, and otherwise fully answering, the purpose of disguise. A blue cotton shell jacket, closely fitting to the person, trowsers of the same material, a pair of strong deer-skin moccasins, and a coloured handkerchief tied loosely round the collar of a checked shirt, the whole surmounted by a rough blanket coat, formed the principal portion of their garb. Each, moreover, wore a false queue of about nine inches in length, the effect of which was completely to change the character of the countenance, and lend to the features a Canadian-like expression. A red worsted cap, resembling a *bonnet de nuit*, was thrown carelessly over the side of the head, which could, at any moment, when deeper disguise should be deemed necessary, command the additional protection of the rude hood that fell back upon the shoulders from the collar of the coat to which it was attached. Into a broad belt, that encircled the jacket of each, were thrust a brace of pistols and a strong dagger; the whole so disposed, however, as to be invisible when the outer garment was closed; this, again, was confined by a rude sash of worsted of different colours, not unlike, in texture and quality, what is worn by our sergeants at the present day. They were otherwise armed, however, and in a less secret manner. Across the right shoulder of each was thrown a belt of worsted also, to which were attached a rude powder horn and shot pouch, with a few straggling bullets, placed there as if rather by accident than design. Each held carelessly in his left hand, and with its butt resting on the earth, a long gun; completing an appearance, the attainment of which had, in all probability, been sedulously sought,—that of a Canadian duck-hunter.

A metamorphosis so ludicrously operated in the usually elegant costume of two young English officers,—for such they were,—might have been expected to afford scope to the pleasantry of their companions, and to call forth those sallies which the intimacy of friendship and the freemasonry of the profession would have fully justified. But the events that had occurred in such rapid succession, since the preceding midnight, were still painfully impressed on the recollection of all, and some there were who looked as if they never would smile again; neither laugh nor jeer, therefore, escaped the lips of one of the surrounding group. Every countenance wore a cast of thought,—a character of abstraction, ill suited to the indulgence of levity; and the little conversation that passed between them was in a low and serious tone. It was evident some powerful and absorbing dread existed in the mind of each, inducing him rather to indulge in communion with his own thoughts and impressions, than to communicate them to others. Even the governor himself had, for a moment, put off his usual distance, to assume an air of unfeigned concern, and it might be dejection, contrasting strongly with his habitual haughtiness. Hitherto he had been walking to and fro, a little apart from the group, and with a hurriedness and indecision of movement that betrayed to all the extreme agitation of his mind. For once, however, he appeared to be, if not insensible to observation, indifferent to whatever comments might be formed or expressed by those who witnessed his emotion. He was at length interrupted by the adjutant, who communicated something in a low voice.

"Let him be brought up, Mr. Lawson," was the reply. Then advancing into the heart of the group, and addressing the two adventurers, he enquired, in a tone that startled from its singular mildness, "if they were provided with every thing they required."

An affirmative reply was given, when the governor, taking the taller of the young men aside, conversed with him earnestly, and in a tone of affection strangely blended with despondency. The interview, however, was short, for Mr. Lawson now made his appearance, conducting an individual who has already been introduced to our readers. It was the Canadian of the *Flour de lis*. The adjutant placed a small wooden crucifix in the hands of the governor.

"François," said the latter, impressively, "you know the terms on which I have consented to spare your life. Swear, then, by this cross; that you will be faithful to your trust; that neither treachery nor evasion shall be

practised; and that you will, to the utmost of your power, aid in conveying these gentlemen to their destination. Kneel and swear it."

"I do swear it!" fervently repeated the aubergiste, kneeling and imprinting his lips with becoming reverence on the symbol of martyrdom. "I swear to do as I shall engage, and may de bon Dieu have mercy to my soul as I shall fulfil my oath."

"Amen," pronounced the governor, "and may Heaven deal by you even as you deal by us. Bear in mind, moreover, that as your treachery will be punished, so also shall your fidelity be rewarded. But the night wears apace, and ye have much to do." Then turning to the young officers who were to be his companions,—"God bless you both; may your enterprise be successful! I fear," offering his hand to the younger, "I have spoken harshly to you, but at a moment like the present you will no longer cherish a recollection of the unpleasant past."

The only answer was a cordial return of his own pressure. The Canadian in his turn now announced the necessity for instant departure, when the young men, following his example, throw their long guns carelessly over the left shoulder. Low, rapid, and fervent adieus were uttered on both sides; and although the hands of the separating parties met; only in a short and hurried grasp, there was an expression in the touch of each that spoke to their several hearts long after the separation had actually taken place.

"Stay one moment!" exclaimed a voice, as the little party now moved towards the gate-way; "ye are both gallantly enough provided without, but have forgotten there is something quite as necessary to sustain the inward man. Duck shooting, you know, is wet work. The last lips that were moistened from this," he proceeded, as the younger of the disguised men threw the strap of the proffered canteen over his shoulder, "were those of poor Ellen Holloway."

The mention of that name, so heedlessly pronounced by the brave but inconsiderate Erskine, produced a startling effect on the taller of the departing officers. He struck his brow violently with his hand, uttered a faint groan, and bending his head upon his chest, stood in an attitude expressive of the deep suffering of his mind. The governor, too, appeared agitated; and sounds like those of suppressed sobs came from one who lingered at the side of him who had accepted the offer of the canteen. The remainder of the officers preserved a deep and mournful silence.

"It is times that we should start," again observed the Canadian, "or we shall be taken by de daylight before we can clear de river."

This intimation once more aroused the slumbering energies of the taller officer. Again he drew up his commanding figure, extended his hand to the governor in silence, and turning abruptly round, hastened to follow close in the footsteps of his conductor.

"You will not forget all I have said to you," whispered the voice of one who had reserved his parting for the last, and who now held the hand of the younger adventurer closely clasped in his own. "Think, oh, think how much depends on the event of your dangerous enterprise."

"When you behold me again," was the reply, "it will be with smiles on my lip and gladness in my heart; for if we fail, there is that within me, which whispers I shall never see you more. But keep up your spirits and hope for the best. We embark under cheerless auspices, it is true; but let us trust to Providence for success in so good a cause,—God bless you!"

In the next minute he had joined his companions; who, with light and noiseless tread, were already pursuing their way along the military road that led to the eastern extremity of the town. Soon afterwards, the heavy chains of the drawbridge were heard grating on the ear, in despite of the evident caution used in restoring it to its wonted position, and all again was still.

It had at first been suggested their course should be held in an angular direction across the cleared country alluded to in our last chapter, in order to avoid all chance of recognition in the town; but as this might have led them into more dangerous contact with some of the outlying parties of Indians, who were known to prow around the fort at night, this plan had been abandoned for the more circuitous and safe passage by the village. Through this our little party now pursued their way, and without encountering ought to impede their progress. The simple mannered inhabitants had long since retired to rest, and neither light nor sound denoted the existence of man or beast within its pre-

dicts. At length they reached that part of the road which turned off abruptly in the direction of the Fleur de lis. The road but threw its dark shadows across their path, but all was still and deathlike as in the village they had just quitted. Presently, however, as they drew nearer, they beheld, reflected from one of the upper windows, a faint light that fell upon the ground immediately in front of the auberge; and, at intervals, the figure of a human being approaching and receding from it as if in the act of pacing the apartment.

An instinctive feeling of danger rose at the same moment to the hearts of the young officers; and each, obeying the same impulse, unfastened one of the large horn buttons of his blanket coat, and thrust his right hand into the opening.

"François, recollect your oath," hastily aspirated the elder as he grasped the hand of their conductor rather in supplication than in threat; "if there be ought to harm us here, your own life will most assuredly pay the forfeit of your faith."

"It is nothing but a woman's," calmly returned the Canadian; "it is my Babette who is sorry at my loss. But I shall come and tell you directly."

He then stole gently round the corner of the hut, leaving his anxious companions in the rear of the little building, and completely veiled in the obscurity produced by the mingling shadows of the hut itself, and a few tall pear trees that overhung the paling of the orchard at some yards from the spot on which they stood. They waited some minutes to hear the result of the Canadian's admittance into his dwelling; but although each with suppressed breathing sought to catch those sounds of welcome with which a daughter might be supposed to greet a parent so unexpectedly restored, they listened in vain. At length, however, while the ears of both were on the rack to drink in the tocs of a human voice, a faint scream floated on the hushed air, and all again was still.

"Good!" whispered the elder of the officers; "that scream is sweeter to my ear than the softest accents of woman's love. It is evident the ordinary tones of speech cannot find their way to us here from the front of the hut. The faintness of yon cry, which was unquestionably that of a female, is a convincing proof of it."

"Hush!" urged his companion, in the same almost inaudible whisper, "what sound was that?"

Both again listened attentively, when the noise was repeated. It came from the orchard, and resembled the sound produced by the faint crash of rotten sticks and leaves under the cautious but unavoidably rending tread of a human foot. At intervals it ceased, as if the person treading, alarmed at his own noise, was apprehensive of betraying his approach; and then recommenced, only to be checked in the same manner. Finally it ceased altogether. For upwards of five minutes the young men continued to listen for a renewal of the sound, but nothing was now audible, save the short and fitful gusts of a rising wind among the trees of the orchard.

"It must have been some wild animal in search of its prey," again whispered the younger officer; "had it been a man, we should have heard him leap the paling before this."

"By Heaven, we are betrayed,—here he is," quickly rejoined the other, in the same low tone. "Keep close to the hut, and stand behind me. If my dagger fall, you must try your own. But fire not, on your life, unless there be more than two, for the report of a pistol will be the destruction of ourselves and all that are dear to us." Each with uplifted arm now stood ready to strike, even while his heart throbbed with a sense of danger, that had far more than the mere dread of personal suffering or death to stimulate to exertion in self-defence. Footsteps were now distinctly heard stealing round that part of the hut which bordered on the road; and the young men turned from the orchard, to which their attention had previously been directed, towards the new quarter whence they were intruded upon.

It was fortunate this mode of approach had been selected. That part of the hut which rested on the road was so exposed as to throw the outline of objects into strong relief, whereas in the direction of the thickly wooded orchard all was impenetrable gloom. Had the intruder stolen unannounced upon the alarmed but determined officers by the latter route, the dagger of the first would in all probability have been plunged to its hilt in his bosom. As it was, each had sufficient presence of mind to distinguish, as it now doubled the corner of the hut, and reposed upon the road, the stout square-set figure of the Canadian. The daggers were instantly restored to their sheaths, and each, for the

first time since the departure of their companion, respired freely. "It is quite well," whispered the latter as he approached. "It was my poor Babette, who thought I was gone to be killed. She screamed so loud, as if she had seen my ghost. But we must wait a few minutes in de house, and you shall see how glad my girl is to see me once again."

"Why this delay, François? why not start directly?" urged the taller officer; "we shall never clear the river in time; and if the dawn catches us in the waters of the Detroit we are lost for ever."

"But you see I am not quite prepared yet," was the answer. "I have many things to get ready for de canoe, which I have not use for a long time. But you shall not wait ten minute, if you do not like. Dere is a good fire, and Babette shall give you some ting to eat while I get it all ready."

The young men hesitated. The delay of the Canadian, who had so repeatedly urged the necessity for expedition while in the fort, had, to say the least of it, an appearance of incongruity. Still it was evident, if disposed to harm them he had full opportunity to do so without much risk of effectual opposition from themselves. Under all circumstances, therefore, it was advisable rather to appear to confide implicitly in his truth, than by manifesting suspicion, to pique his self-love, and neutralise whatever favourable intentions he might cherish in their behalf. In this mode of conduct they were confirmed, by a recollection of the sacredness attached by the religion of their conductor to the oath, so solemnly pledged on the symbol of the cross, and by a conviction of the danger of observation to which they stood exposed, if, as they had apprehended, it was actually a human footstep they had heard in the orchard. This last recollection suggested a remark.

"We heard a strange sound within the orchard, while waiting here for your return," said the taller officer; "it was like the footstep of a man treading cautiously over rotten leaves and branches. How do you account for it?"

"Oh, it was my pigs," replied the Canadian, without manifesting the slightest uneasiness at the information. "They run about in de orchard for de apples what blows down wid de wind."

"It could not be a pig we heard," pursued his questioner; "but another thing, François, before we consent to enter the hut,—how will you account to your daughter for our presence? and what suspicion may she not form, at seeing two armed strangers in company with you at this unreasonable hour?"

"I have told her," replied the Canadian, "dat I have bring two friends, who go wid me in de canoe to shoot de ducks for two tree days. You know, sir, I go always in de fall to kill de ducks wid my friends, and she will not tink it strange."

"You have managed well, my brave fellow; and now we follow you in confidence. But in the name of Heaven, use all possible despatch, and if money will lend a spur to your actions, you shall have plenty of it when our enterprise has been accomplished."

Their adventurers followed their conductor in the track by which, he had so recently rejoined them. As they turned the corner of the hut, the younger, who brought up the rear, fancied he again heard a sound in the direction of the orchard, resembling that of one lightly leaping to the ground. A gust of wind, however, passing rapidly at the moment through the dense foliage, led him to believe it might have been produced by the sudden fall of one of the heavy fruits it had detached in its course. Unwilling to excite new and unnecessary suspicion in his companion, he confined the circumstance to his own breast, and followed into the hut.

After ascending a flight of about a dozen rude steps, they found themselves in a small room, furnished with no other ceiling than the sloping roof itself, and lighted by an unwieldy iron lamp, placed on a heavy oak table, near the only window with which the apartment was provided. This latter had suffered much from the influence of time and tempest; and owing to the difficulty of procuring glass in so remote a region, had been patched with slips of paper in various parts. The two corner and lower panes of the bottom sash were out altogether, and pine shingles, such as are used even at the present day for covering the roofs of dwelling houses, had been fitted into the squares, excluding air and light at the same time. The centre pane of this tier was, however, clear and free from flaw of every description. Opposite to the window blazed a cheerful wood fire, recently supplied with fuel; and at one of the inner corners of the room was placed a low uncurtained bed, that exhibited marks of having been lain in since it was last made. On a chair at its

side were heaped a few dark-looking garments, the precise nature of which were not distinguishable at a cursory and distant glance.

Such were the more remarkable features of the apartment into which our adventurers were now ushered. Both looked cautiously around on entering, as if expecting to find it tenanted by spirits as daring as their own; but, with the exception of the daughter of their conductor, whose moist black eyes expressed, as much by tears as by smiles, the joy she felt at this unexpected return of her parent, no living object met their enquiring glance. The Canadian placed a couple of rush-bottomed chairs near the fire, invited his companions to seat themselves until he had completed his preparation for departure, and then, desiring Babette to hasten supper for the young hunters, quitted the room and descended the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

The position of the young men was one of embarrassment; for while the daughter, who was busied in executing the command of her father, remained in the room, it was impossible they could converse together without betraying the secret of their country, and, as a result of this, the falsehood of the character under which they appeared. Long residence in the country had, it is true, rendered the patois of that class of people whom they personated familiar to one, but the other spoke only the pure and native language of which it was a corruption. It might have occurred to them at a cooler moment, and under less critical circumstances, that, even if their disguise had been penetrated, it was unlikely a female, manifesting so much lively affection for her parent, would have done ought to injure those with whom he had evidently connected himself. But the importance attached to their entire security from danger left them but little room for reflections of a calming character, while a doubt of that security remained.

One singularity struck them both. They had expected the young woman, urged by a natural curiosity, would have commenced a conversation, even if they did not; and he who spoke the patois was prepared to sustain it as well as his anxious and overcharged spirit would enable him; and as he was aware the morning had furnished sufficient incident of fearful interest, he had naturally looked for a verbal re-enactment of the harrowing and dreadful scene. To their surprise, however, they both remarked that, far from evincing a desire to enter into conversation, the young woman scarcely ever looked at them, but lingered constantly near the table, and facing the window. Still, to avoid an appearance of singularity on their own parts, as far as possible, the elder of the officers motioned to his companion, who, following his example, took a small pipe and some tobacco from a compartment in his shot pouch, and commenced puffing the wreathing smoke from his lips,—an occupation, more than any other, seeming to justify his silence.

The elder officer sat with his back to the window, and immediately in front of the fire; his companion, at a corner of the rude hearth, and in such a manner that, without turning his head, he could command every part of the room at a glance. In the corner facing him stood the bed already described. A faint ray of fire-light fell on some minute object glittering in the chair, the contents of which were heaped up in disorder. Urged by that wayward curiosity, which is sometimes excited, even under circumstances of the greatest danger and otherwise absorbing interest, the young man kicked the lickery log that lay nearest to it with his moss-stained foot, and produced a bright crackling flame, the reflection of which was thrown brightly upon the object of his gaze: it was a large metal button, on which the number of his regiment was distinctly visible. Unable to check his desire to know further, he left his seat, to examine the contents of the chair. As he moved across the room, he fancied he heard a light sound from without; his companion, also, seemed to manifest a similar impression by an almost imperceptible start; but the noise was so momentary, and so fanciful, neither felt it worth his while to pause upon the circumstance. The young officer now raised the garments from the chair: they consisted of a small grey great-coat, and trousers, a waistcoat of coarse white cloth, a pair of worsted stockings, and the half-boots of a boy; the whole forming the drum-boy's equipment worn by the wretched wife of Holloway when borne senseless into the hut on that fatal morning. Hastily quitting a dress that called up so many dreadful recollections, and turning to his companion with a look that denoted apprehension, lest he too should have beheld these melancholy remembrances of the harrowing scene, the young officer hastened to resume his seat. In the

act of so doing, his eye fell upon the window, at which the female still lingered. Had a blast from Heaven struck his sight, the terror of his soul could not have been greater. He felt his cheek to pale, and his hair to bristle beneath his cap, while the checked blood crept slowly and coldly, as if its very function had been paralysed; still he had presence of mind sufficient not to flatter in his step, or to betray, by any extraordinary movement, that his eye had rested on any thing hateful to behold.

His companion had emptied his first pipe, and was in the act of refilling it, when he resumed his seat. He was evidently impatient at the delay of the Canadian, and already were his lips ready to give utterance to his disappointment, when he felt his foot significantly pressed by that of his friend. An instinctive sense of something fearful that was to ensue, but still demanding caution on his part, prevented him from turning hastily round to know the cause. Satisfied, however, there was danger, though not of an instantaneous character, he put his pipe gently by, and stealing his hand under his coat, again grasped the hilt of his dagger. At length he slowly and partially turned his head, while his eyes enquiringly demanded of his friend the cause of this alarm. Partly to aid in concealing his increasing paleness, and partly with a view to render it a medium for the conveyance of subdued sound, the hand of the latter was raised to his face in such a manner that the motion of his lips could not be distinguished from behind.

"We are betrayed," he scarcely breathed. "If you can command yourself, turn and look at the window; but for God's sake arm yourself with resolution, or look not at all: first draw the hood over your head, and without any appearance of design. Our only chance of safety lies in this,—that the Canadian may still be true, and that our disguise may not be penetrated."

In despite of his native courage,—and this had often been put to honourable proof,—he, thus mysteriously addressed, felt his heart to throb violently. There was something so appalling in the countenance of his friend,—something so alarming in the very caution he had recommended,—that a vague dread of the horrible reality rushed at once to his mind, and for a moment his own cheek became ashy pale, and his breathing painfully oppressed. It was the natural weakness of the physical man, over which the moral faculties, had, for an instant, lost their directing power. Speedily recovering himself, the young man prepared to counteract the alarming object which had already so greatly intimidated his friend. Carefully drawing the blanket hood over his head, he rose from his seat, and, with the energetic movement of one who has formed some desperate determination, turned his back to the fire-place, and threw his eyes rapidly and eagerly upon the window. They fell only on the rude patchwork of which it was principally composed. The female had quitted the room.

"You must have deceived," he whispered, keeping his eye still bent upon the window, and with so imperceptible a movement of the lips that sound alone could have betrayed he was speaking,—"I see nothing to justify your alarm. Look again."

The younger officer once more directed his glance towards the window, and with a shuddering of the whole person, as he recollected what had met his eye when he last looked upon it. "It is no longer there, indeed," he returned in the same scarcely audible tone. "Yet I could not be mistaken; it was between those two corner squares of wood in the lower sash."

"Perhaps it was merely a reflection produced by the lamp on the centre pane," rejoined his friend, still keeping his eye riveted on the suspicious point. "Impossible! but I will examine the window from the spot on which I stood when I first beheld it."

Again he quitted his seat, and carelessly crossed the room. As he returned he threw his glance upon the pane, when, to his infinite horror and surprise, the same frightful vision presented itself.

"God of heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, and unable longer to check the chill of his feelings,—"what means this?—Is my brain turned? and am I the sport of my own delusive fancy?—Do you not see it now?"

No answer was returned. His friend stood mute and motionless, with his left hand grasping his gun, and his right thrust into the waist of his coat. His eye grew upon the window, and his chest heaved, and his cheek paled and flushed alternately with the subdued emotion of his heart. A human face was placed close to the unblemished glass, and every feature was distinctly revealed by the lamp that still lay upon the table. The glaring eye was fixed on the taller of the officers; but though the expression was unfathomably guileful, there was nothing that denoted any thing like a recognition of the party.

The brightness of the wood fire had so far subsided as to throw the interior of the room into partial obscurity, and under the disguise of his hood it was impossible for one without to distinguish the features of the taller officer. The younger, who was scarcely an object of attention, passed comparatively unnoticed.

Fatigued and dimmed with the long and eager tension of its nerves, the eye of the latter now began to fail him. For a moment he closed it; and when again it fell upon the window; it encountered nothing but the clear and glittering pane. For upwards of a minute he and his friend still continued to rivet their gaze, but the face was no longer visible.

Why is it that what is called the "human face divine," is sometimes gifted with a power to paralyse, that the most loathsome reptile in the creation cannot attain? Had a congor of the American forest, roaring for prey, appeared at that window, ready to burst the fragile barrier, and fasten its talons in their hearts, its presence would not have struck such sickness to the soul of our adventurers as did that human face. It is, that man, naturally fierce and inexorable, is alone the enemy of his own species. The solution of this problem—this glorious paradox in nature, we leave to profounder philosophers to resolve. Sufficient for us be it to know, and to deplore that it is so.

Footsteps were now heard upon the stairs; and the officers, aroused to a full sense of their danger, hastily and silently prepared themselves for the encounter. "Drop a bullet into your gun," whispered the elder, setting the example himself. "We may be obliged to have recourse to it at last. Yet make no show of hostility unless circumstances satisfy us we are betrayed; then, indeed, all that remains for us will be to sell our lives as dearly as we can. Hie! he is here."

The door opened! and at the entrance, which was already filled up in the imaginations of the young men with a terrible and alarming figure, appeared one whose return had been anxiously and long desired. It was a relief, indeed, to their gallant but excited hearts to behold another than the form they had expected; and although, for the moment, they knew not whether the Canadian came in hostility or in friendship, each quitted the attitude of caution into which he had thrown himself, and met him midway in his passage through the room. There was nothing in the expression of his naturally open and good-humoured countenance to denote he was at all aware of the causes for alarm that had operated so powerfully on themselves. He announced with a frank look and unfaltering voice every thing was in readiness for their departure.

The officers hesitated; and the taller fixed his eyes upon those of mine host, as if his gaze would have penetrated to the innermost recesses of his heart. Could this be a refinement of his treachery? and was he really ignorant of the existence of the danger which threatened them? Was it not more probable his object was to disarm their fears, that they might be given unprepared and, therefore, unresisting victims to the ferocity of their enemies? Aware as he was, that they were both well provided with arms, and fully determined to use them with effect, might not his aim be to decoy them to destruction without, lest the blood spilt under his roof, in the desperation of their defence, should heifer attest against him, and expose him to the punishment he would so richly merit? Distracted by these doubts, the young men scarcely knew what to think or how to act; and anxious as they had previously been to quit the hut, they now considered the moment of their doing so would be that of their destruction. The importance of the enterprise on which they were embarked was such as to sink all personal considerations. If they had had felt the influence of intimidation on their spirits, it arose less from any apprehension of consequences to themselves, than from the recollection of the deeper interests involved in their perfect security from discovery.

"François," feelingly urged the taller officer, again adverting to his vow, "you recollect the oath you solemnly pledged upon the cross of your Saviour. Tell me, then, as you hope for mercy, have you taken that oath only that you might the more securely betray us to our enemies? What connection have you with them at this moment? and who is he who stood looking through that window not ten minutes since?"

"As I shall hope for mercy in my God," exclaimed the Canadian with unfeigned astonishment, "I have not seen nobody. But what for do you think so? It is not just. I have given my oath to serve you, and I shall do it."

There was candour both in the tone and countenance

of the man as he uttered these words, half in reproach, half in justification; and the officers no longer doubted.

"You must forgive our suspicions at a moment like the present," soothingly observed the younger; "yet, François, your daughter saw and exchanged signals with the person we mean. She left the room soon after he made his appearance. What has become of her?"

The Canadian gave a sudden start, looked hastily round, and seemed to perceive for the first time the girl was absent. He then put a finger to his lip to enjoin silence, advanced to the table, and extinguished the light. Desiring his companions, in a low whisper, to tread cautiously and follow, he now led the way with almost noiseless steps to the entrance of the hut. At the threshold of the door were placed a large well-filled sack, a light mast and sail, and half a dozen paddles. The latter hurried him divided between the officers, on whose shoulders he carefully balanced them. The sack he threw across his own; and, without expressing even a regret that an opportunity of bidding adieu to his child was denied him, hastily skirted the paling of the orchard until, at the further extremity, he had gained the high road. The heavens were obscured by passing clouds driven rapidly by the wind, during the short pauses of which our adventurers anxiously and frequently turned to listen if they were pursued. Save the rustling of the trees that lined the road, and the slight dashing of the waters on the beach, however, no sound was distinguishable. At length they gained the point whence they were to start. It was the fatal bridge, the events connected with which were yet so painfully fresh in their recollection.

"Stop one minute here," whispered the Canadian, throwing his sack upon the sand near the mouth of the lesser river; "my canoe is chained about twenty yards up de bridge. I shall come to you directly." Then cautioning the officers to keep themselves concealed under the bridge, he moved hastily under the arch, and disappeared in the dark shadow which it threw across the rivulet.

The extremities of the bridge rested on the banks of the little river in such a manner as to leave a narrow passage along the sands immediately under the declivity of the arch. In accordance with the caution of their conductor, the officers had placed themselves under it; and with their backs slightly bent forward to meet the curvature of the bridge, so that no ray of light could pass between their bodies and the fabric itself, now awaited the arrival of the vessel on which their only hope depended. We shall not attempt to describe their feelings on finding themselves, at that lone hour of the night, immediately under a spot rendered fearfully memorable by the tragic occurrences of the morning. The terrible pursuit of the fugitive, the execution of the soldier, the curse and prophecy of his maniac wife, and, above all, the forcible abduction and threatened espousal of that unhappy woman by the formidable being who seemed to have identified himself with the evils with which they stood menaced—all rushed with rapid tracery on the mind, and excited the imagination, until each, filled with a sentiment not unlied to superstitious awe, flared to whisper forth his thoughts, lest in so doing he should invoke the presence of those who had principally figured in the harrowing and revolting scene.

"Did you not hear a noise?" at length whispered the elder, as he leaned himself forward, and bent his head to the sand, to catch more distinctly a repetition of the sound.

"I did; there again! It is upon the bridge, and not unlike the step of one endeavouring to tread lightly. It may be some wild beast, however."

"We must not be taken by surprise," returned his companion. "If it be a man, the wary tread indicates consciousness of our presence. If an animal, there can be no harm in setting our fears at rest." Cautiously stealing from his lurking-place, the young officer emerged into the open sands, and in a few measured noiseless strides gained the extremity of the bridge. The dark shadow of something upon its centre caught his eye, and a low sound like that of a dog lapping met his ear. While his gaze yet lingered on the shapeless object, endeavouring to give it a character, the clouds which had so long obscured it passed momentarily from before the moon, and disclosed the appalling truth. It was a wolf-dog lapping up from the earth, in which they were encrusted, the blood and brains of the unfortunate Frank Hallway.

Sick and faint at the disgusting sight, the young man rested his elbow on the railing that passed along the edge of the bridge, and, leaning his head on his hand for a moment, forgot the risk of exposure he incurred, in the intenseness of the sorrow that assailed his soul. His heart and imagination were already far from the spot on which he stood, when he felt an iron hand upon his

shoulder. He turned, shuddering with an instinctive knowledge of his yet unseen visitant, and beheld standing over him the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the savage, in a low triumphant tone, "the place of our meeting is well timed, though somewhat singular, it must be confessed. Nay," he fiercely added, grasping as in a vice the arm that was already lifted to strike him, "force me not to annihilate you on the spot. Ha! hear you the cry of my wolf-dog?" as that animal now set up a low but fearful howl; "it is for your blood he asks, but your hour is not yet come."

"No, by heaven, it is not!" exclaimed a voice; a rapid and rushing sweep was heard through the air for an instant, and then a report like a stunning blow. The warrior released his grasp—placed his hand upon his tomahawk, but without strength to remove it from his belt tottered a pace or two backwards—and then fell, uttering a cry of mingled pain and disappointment, at his length upon the earth. "Quick, quick to our cover!" exclaimed the young officer, as a loud shout was now heard from the forest in reply to the yell of the fallen warrior. "If François come not, we are lost: the howl of that wolf-dog alone will betray us, even if his master should be beyond all chance of recovery."

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," was the reply; "there is little glory in destroying a helpless enemy, but the necessity is urgent, and we must leave nothing to chance." As he spoke, he knelt upon the huge form of the senseless warrior, whose scalping knife he drew from its sheath, and striking a firm and steady blow, quitted not the weapon until he felt his hand reposing on the chest of his enemy. The howl of the wolf-dog, whose eyes glared like two burning coals through the surrounding gloom, was now exchanged to a fierce and snappish bark. He made a leap at the officer while in the act of rising from the body; but his fangs fastened only in the chest of the shaggy coat, which he wrung with the strength and fury characteristic of his peculiar species. This new and ferocious attack was fraught with danger little inferior to that which they had just escaped, and required the utmost promptitude of action. The young man seized the brute behind the neck in a firm and vigorous grasp, while he stooped upon the motionless form over which this novel struggle was maintained, and succeeded in making himself once more master of the scalping knife. Half choked by the hand that unflinchingly grappled with him, the savage animal quitted his hold and struggled violently to free himself. This was the critical moment. The officer drew the heavy sharp blade, from the handle to the point, across the throat of the infuriated beast, with a force that divided the principal artery. He made a desperate leap upwards, spouting his blood over his destroyer, and then fell gasping across the body of his master. A low growl, intermingled with faint attempts to bark, which the rapidly ebbing life rendered more and more indistinct, succeeded; and at length nothing but a gurgling sound was distinguishable.

Meanwhile the anxious and harassed officers had regained their place of concealment under the bridge, where they listened with suppressed breathing for the slightest sound to indicate the approach of the canoe. At intervals they fancied they could hear a noise resembling the rippling of water against the prow of a light vessel, but the swelling cries of a band of Indians, booming at every instant more distinct, were too unceasingly kept up to admit of their judging with accuracy.

They now began to give themselves up for lost, and many and bitter were the curses they inwardly bestowed on the Canadian, when the outline of a human form was seen advancing along the sands, and a dark object upon the water. It was their conductor, dragging the canoe along, with all the strength and activity of which he was capable.

What the devil have you been about all this time, François?" exclaimed the taller officer, as he bounded to meet him. "Quick, quick, or we shall be too late. Hear you not the blood-hounds on their scent?" Then seizing the chain in his hand, with a powerful effort he sent the canoe flying through the arch to the very entrance of the river. The burdens that had been deposited on the sands were hastily flung in, the officers stepping lightly after. The Canadian took the helm, directing the frail vessel almost noiselessly through the water, and with such velocity, that when the cry of the disappointed savages was heard resounding from the bridge, it had already gained the centre of the Detroit.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two days had succeeded the departure of the officers from the fort, but unproductive of any event or import-

ance. About daybreak, however, on the morning of the third, the harassed garrison were once more summoned to arms, by an alarm from the sentinels planted in rear of the works; a body of Indians they had traced and lost at intervals, as they wound along the skirt of the forest, in their progress from their encampment, were at length developing themselves in force near the bomb-proof. With a readiness which long experience and watchfulness had rendered in some degree habitual to them, the troops flew to their respective posts; while a few of the senior officers, among whom was the governor, hastened to the ramparts to reconnoitre the strength and purpose of their enemies. It was evident the views of these latter were not immediately hostile; for neither were they in their war paint, nor were their arms of a description to carry intimidation to a disciplined and fortified soldiery. Bows, arrows, tomahawks, war clubs, spears, and scalping knives, constituted their warlike equipments, but neither rifle nor fire-arms of any kind were discernible. Several of their leaders, distinguishable by a certain haughty carriage and commanding gesticulation, were collected within the elevated bomb-proof, apparently holding a short but important conference apart from their people, most of whom stood or lay in picturesque attitudes around the ruin. These also had a directing spirit. A tall and noble looking warrior, wearing a deer skin hunting frock closely girded around his loins, appeared to command the deference of his colleagues, claiming profound attention when he spoke himself, and manifesting his assent or dissent to the apparently expressed opinions of the lesser chiefs merely by a slight movement of the head.

"There he is indeed!" exclaimed Captain Erskine, speaking as one who communes with his own thoughts, while he kept his telescope levelled on the form of the last warrior: "looking just as noble as when, three years ago, he opposed himself to the progress of the first English detachment that had ever penetrated to this part of the world. What a pity such a fine fellow should be so desperate and determined an enemy!"

"True: you were with Major Rogers on that expedition," observed the governor, "I have often heard him speak of it. You had many difficulties to contend against, if I recollect." "We had indeed, sir," returned the frank-hearted Erskine, dropping the glass from his eye. "So many, in fact, that more than once, in the course of our progress through the wilderness, did I wish myself at head-quarters with my company. Never shall I forget the proud and determined expression of Pontec's countenance, when he told Rogers, in his figurative language, 'he stood in the path in which he travelled.'"

"Thank heaven, he at least stands not in the path in which *others* travel," musingly rejoined the governor. "But what sudden movement is that within the ruin?"

"The Indians are preparing to show a white flag," shouted an artillery man from his station in one of the embrasures below.

The governor and his officers received this intelligence without surprise: the former took the glass from Captain Erskine, and coolly raised it to his eye. The consultation had ceased; and the several chiefs, with the exception of their leader and two others, were now seen quitting the bomb-proof to join their respective tribes. One of those who remained, sprang upon an elevated fragment of the ruin, and uttered a prolonged cry, the purport of which,—and it was fully understood from its peculiar nature,—was to claim attention from the fort. He then received from the hands of the other chief a long spear, to the end of which was attached a piece of white linen. This he waved several times above his head; then stuck the barb of the spear firmly into the projecting fragment. Quitting his elevated station, he next stood at the side of the Ottawa chief, who had already assumed the air and attitude of one waiting to observe in what manner his signal would be received.

"A flag of truce in all its bearings, by Jupiter!" remarked Captain Erskine. "Pontec seems to have acquired a few lessons since we first met."

"This is evidently the suggestion of some European," observed Major Blackwater; "for how should he understand any thing of the nature of a white flag? Some of these vile spies have put him up to this."

"True enough, Blackwater; and they appear to have found an intelligent pupil," observed Captain Wentworth. "I was curious to know how he would make the attempt to approach us; but certainly never one dream of his having recourse to so civilised a method. Their plot works well, no doubt; still we have the counter-plot to oppose to it."

"We must kill them with their own weapons," remarked the governor, "even if it be only with a view to

gain time. Wentworth, desire one of your bombardiers to hoist the large French flag on the staff." The order was promptly obeyed. The Indians made a simultaneous movement expressive of their satisfaction; and in the course of a minute, the tall warrior, accompanied by nearly a dozen inferior chiefs, was seen slowly advancing across the common, towards the group of officers.

"What generous confidence the fellow has for an Indian!" observed Captain Erskine, who could not dissimble his admiration of the warrior. "He steps as firmly and as proudly within reach of our muskets, as if he was leading in the war-dance."

"How strange," mused Captain Blessington, "that one who meditates so deep a treachery, should have no apprehension of it in others!"

"It is a compliment to the honour of our flag," observed the governor, "which it must be our interest to encourage. If, as you say, Erskine, the man is really endowed with generosity, the result of this affair will assuredly call it forth."

"If it prove otherwise, sir," was the reply, "we must only attribute his perseverance to the influence which that terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis is said to exercise over his better feelings. By the by, I see nothing of him among this flag of truce party. It could scarcely be called a violation of faith to cut off such a rascally renegade. Were he of the number of those advancing, and Valletot's rifle within my reach, I know not what use I might not be tempted to make of the last."

Poor Erskine was singularly infelicitous in touching, and ever unconsciously, on a subject sure to give pain to more than one of his brother officers. A cloud passed over the brow of the governor, but it was one that originated more in sorrow than in anger. Neither had he time to linger on the painful recollections hastily and confusedly called up by the allusion made to this formidable and mysterious being, for the attention of all was now absorbed by the approaching Indians. With a bold and confiding carriage the fierce Pontec moved at the head of his little party, nor hesitated one moment in his course, until he got near the brink of the ditch, and stood face to face with the governor, at a distance that gave both parties not only the facility of tracing the expression of each other's features, but of conversing without effort. There he made a sudden stand, and thrusting his spear into the earth, assumed an attitude as devoid of apprehension as if he had been in the heart of his own encampment.

"My father has understood my sign," said the haughty chief. "The warriors of a dozen tribes are far behind the path the Ottawa has just travelled; but when the red skin comes unarmed, the hand of the Saganaw is tied behind his back."

"The strong hold of the Saganaw is his safeguard," replied the governor, adopting the language of the Indian. "When the enemies of his great father come in strength, he knows how to disperse them; but when a warrior throws himself unarmed into his power, he respects his confidence, and his arms hang rusting at his side."

"The talk of my father is big," replied the warrior, with a scornful expression that seemed to doubt the fact of so much indifference as to himself; but when it is a great chief who directs the nations, and that chief his sworn enemy, the temptation to the Saganaw may be strong."

"The Saganaw is without fear," emphatically rejoined the governor; "he is strong in his own honour; and he would rather die under the tomahawk of the red skin, than procure a peace by an act of treachery."

The Indian paused; cold, calm looks of intelligence passed between him and his followers, and a few indistinct and guttural sentences were exchanged among themselves.

"But our father asks not why our mocassins have brushed the dew from off the common," resumed the chief; "and yet it is long since the Saganaw and the red skin have spoken to each other, except through the war whoop. My father must wonder to see the great chief of the Ottawas without the hatchet in his hand."

"The hatchet often wounds those who use it unskillfully," calmly returned the governor. "The Saganaw is not blind. The Ottawas and the other tribes find the war paint heavy on their skins. They see that my young men are not to be conquered, and they have sent the great head of all the nations to see for peace."

In spite of the habitual reserve and self-possession of his race, the haughty warrior could not repress a movement of impatience at the bold and taunting language of his enemy, and for a moment there was a fire in his eye that told how willingly he would have washed away the

insult in his blood. The same low guttural exclamations that had previously escaped their lips, marked the sense entertained of the remark by his companions.

"My father is right," pursued the chief, resuming his self-commend; "the Ottawas, and the other tribes, ask for peace, but not because they are afraid of war. When they strike the hatchet into the war post, they leave it there until their enemies ask them to take it out."

"Why come they now, then, to ask for peace?" was the cool demand. The warrior hesitated, evidently at a loss to give a reply that could reconcile the palpable contradiction of his words. "The rich furs of our forests have become many," he at length observed, "since we first took up the hatchet against the Saganaw; and every bullet we keep for our enemies is a loss to our trade. We once exchanged furs with the children of our father of the pale flag. They gave us, in return, guns, blankets, powder, ball, and all that the red man requires in the hunting season. These are all expended; and my young men would deal with the Saganaw as they did with the French."

"Good; the red skins would make peace; and although the arm of the Saganaw is strong, he will not turn a deaf ear to their desire."

"All the strong holds of the Saganaw, except two, have fallen before the great chief of the Ottawas!" proudly returned the Indian, with a look of mingled scorn and defiance. "They, too, thought themselves beyond the reach of our tomahawks; but they were deceived. In less than a single moon nine of them have fallen, and the tents of my young warriors are darkened with their scalps; but this is past. If the red skin asks for peace, it is because he is tired of seeing the blood of the Saganaw on his tomahawk. Does my father hear?"

"We will listen to the great chief of the Ottawas, and hear what he has to say," returned the governor, who, as well as the officers at his side, could with difficulty conceal their disgust and sorrow at the dreadful intelligence thus imparted of the fates of their companions. "But peace," he pursued with dignity, "can only be made in the council room, and under the sacred pledge of the calumet. The great chief has a wampum belt on his shoulder, and a calumet in his hand. His aged warriors, too, are at his side. What says the Ottawa? Will he enter? If so, the gate of the Saganaw shall be open to him." The warrior started; and for a moment the confidence that had hitherto distinguished him seemed to give place to an apprehension of meditated treachery. He, however, speedily recovered himself, and observed emphatically, "It is the great head of all the nations whom my father invites to the council seat. Were he to remain in the hands of the Saganaw, his young men would lose their strength. They would bury the hatchet for ever in despair, and hide their faces in the laps of their women."

"Does the Ottawa chief see the pale flag on the strong hold of his enemies. While that continues to fly, he is safe as if he were under the cover of his own wigwam. If the Saganaw could use guile like the fox," (and this was said with marked emphasis,) "what should prevent him from cutting off the Ottawas and his chiefs, even where they now stand?" A half smile of derision passed over the dark cheek of the Indian. "If the arm of an Ottawa is strong," he said, "his foot is not less swift. The short guns of the chiefs of the Saganaw" (pointing to the pistols of the officers) "could not reach us; and before the voice of our father could be raised, or his eye turned, to call his warriors to his side, the Ottawa would be already far on his way to the forest."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall judge better of the Saganaw," returned the governor. "He shall see that his young men are ever watchful at their posts—Up, men, and show yourselves." A second or two sufficed to bring the whole of Captain Erskine's company, who had been lying flat on their faces, to their feet on the rampart. The Indians were evidently taken by surprise, though they evinced no fear. The low and guttural "ugh!" was the only expression they gave to their astonishment, not unmingled with admiration.

But, although the chiefs preserved their presence of mind, the sudden appearance of the soldiers had excited alarm among their warriors, who, grouped in and around the bomb-proof, were watching every movement of the conferring parties, with an interest proportioned to the risk they conceived their head men had incurred in venturing under the very walls of their enemies. Fierce yells were uttered; and more than a hundred dusky warriors, brandishing their tomahawks in air, leaped along the skirt of the common, evidently only awaiting the signal of their great chief, to advance and cover his retreat. At the command of the governor, however, the men had

again suddenly disappeared from the surface of the rampart; so that when the Indians finally perceived their leader stood unharmed and unmolested, on the spot he had previously occupied, the excitement died away, and they once more assumed their attitude of profound attention.

"What thinks the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor;—"did he imagine that the young white men lie sleeping like beavers in their dams, when the hunter sets his traps to catch them?—did he imagine that they foresee not the designs of their enemies? and that they are not always on the watch to prevent them?"

"My father is a great warrior," returned the Indian; "and if his arm is full of strength, his head is full of wisdom. The chiefs will no longer hesitate—they will enter the strong hold of the Saganaw, and sit with him in the council." He next addressed a few words, and in a language not understood by those upon the walls, to one of the younger of the Indians. The latter acknowledged his sense and approbation of what was said to him by an assent and expressive "ugh!" which came from his chest without any apparent emotion of the lips, much in the manner of a modern ventriloquist. He then basted, with rapid and lengthened boundings, across the common towards his band. After the lapse of a minute or two from reaching them, another simultaneous cry arose, differing in expression from any that had hitherto been heard. It was one denoting submission to the will, and compliance with some conveyed desire, of their superior.

"Is the gate of the Saganaw open?" asked the latter, as soon as his ear had been greeted with the cry he have just heard.

"The Ottawas and the other great chiefs are ready—their hearts are bold, and they throw themselves into the hands of the Saganaw without fear."

"The Ottawa chief knows the path," drily rejoined the governor: "when he comes in peace, it is ever open to him; but when his young men press it with the tomahawk in their hands, the big thunder is roused to anger, and they are scattered away like the leaves of the forest in the storm. Even now," he pursued, as the little band of Indians moved slowly round the walls, "the gate of the Saganaw opens for the Ottawa and the other chiefs."

"Let the most vigilant caution be used every where along the works, but especially in the rear," continued the governor, addressing Captain Blessington, on whom the duty of the day had devolved. "We are safe, while their chiefs are with us; but still it will be necessary to watch the forest closely. We cannot be too much on our guard. The men had better remain concealed, every twentieth file only standing up to form a look-out chain. If any movement of a suspicious nature be observed, let it be communicated by the discharge of a single musket, that the drawbridge may be raised on the instant." With the delivery of these brief instructions he quitted the rampart with the majority of his officers. Meanwhile, hasty preparations had been made in the mess-room to receive the chiefs. The tables had been removed, and a number of clean rush mats, manufactured after the Indian manner, into various figures and devices, spread carefully upon the floor. At the further end from the entrance was placed a small table and chair, covered with scarlet cloth. This was considerably elevated above the surface of the floor, and intended for the governor. On either side of the room near these, were ranged a number of chairs for the accommodation of the inferior officers.

Major Blackwater received the chiefs at the gate. With a firm, proud step, rendered more confident by his very unwillingness to betray any thing like fear, the tall, and as Captain Erskine had justly designated him, the noble-looking Pontec trod the yielding planks that might in the next moment cut him off from his people for ever. The other chiefs, following the example of their leader, evinced the same easy fearlessness of demeanour, nor glanced once behind them to see if there was any thing to justify the apprehension of hidden danger.

The Ottawa was evidently mortified at not being received by the governor in person. "My father is not here!" he said fiercely to the major—"how is this? The Ottawa and the other chiefs are kings of all their tribes. The head of one great people should be received only by the head of another great people!"

"Our father sits in the council-hall," returned the major. "He has taken his seat that he may receive the warriors with becoming honour. But I am the second chief, and our father has sent me to receive them." To the proud spirit of the Indian this explanation scarcely sufficed. For a moment he seemed to struggle, as if en-

devouring to stifle his keen sense of an affront put upon him. At length he nodded his head haughtily and condescendingly, in token of assent; and gathering up his noble form, and swelling out his chest, as if with a view to strike terror as well as admiration into the hearts of those by whom he expected to be surrounded, stalked majestically forward at the head of his confederates.

An indifferent observer, or one ignorant of these people, would have been at fault; but those who understood the workings of an Indian's spirit could not have been deceived by the tranquil exterior of these men. The rapid, keen, and lively glance—the suppressed sneer of exultation—the half start of surprise—the low, guttural, and almost inaudible “ugh!”—all these indicated the eagerness with which, at one sly but compendious view, they embraced the whole interior of a fort which it was of such vital importance to their future interests they should become possessed of, yet which they had so long and so unsuccessfully attempted to subdue. As they advanced into the square, they looked around, expecting to behold the full array of their enemies; but, to their astonishment, not a soldier was to be seen. A few women and children only, in whom curiosity had overcome a natural loathing and repugnance to the savages, were peeping from the windows of the block-houses. Even at a moment like the present, the fierce instinct of these latter was not to be controlled. One of the children, terrified at the wild appearance of the warriors, screamed violently, and clung to the bosom of its mother for protection. Fired at the sound, a young chief raised his hand to his lips, and was about to peal forth his terrible war whoop in the very centre of the fort, when the eye of the Ottawa suddenly arrested him.

CHAPTER XIV.

There were few forms of courtesy observed by the warriors towards the English officers on entering the council room. Pontec, who had collected all his native haughtiness into one proud expression of look and figure, strode in without taking the slightest notice even of the governor. The other chiefs imitated his example, and all took their seats upon the matting in the order prescribed by their rank among the tribes, and their experience in council. The Ottawa chief sat at the near extremity of the room, and immediately facing the governor. A profound silence was observed for some minutes after the Indians had seated themselves, during which they proceeded to fill their pipes. The handle of that of the Ottawa chief was decorated with numerous feathers fantastically disposed.

“This is well,” at length observed the governor. “It is long since the great chiefs of the nations have smoked the sweet grass in the council hall of the Saganaw. What have they to say, that their young men may have peace to hunt the beaver, and to leave the print of their mocassins in the country of the buffalo?—What says the Ottawa chief?”

“The Ottawa chief is a great warrior,” returned the other, haughtily; and again repudiating, in the indomitableness of his pride, the very views that a more artful policy had first led him to avow. “He has already said that, within a single moon, nine of the strong holds of the Saganaw have fallen into his hands, and that the scalps of the white men fill the tents of his warriors. If the red skins wish for peace, it is because they are sick with spilling the blood of their enemies. Does my father hear?”

“The Ottawa has been cunning, like the fox,” calmly returned the governor. “He went with deceit upon his lips, and said to the great chiefs of the strong holds of the Saganaw,—‘You have no more forts upon the lakes; they have all fallen before the red skins: they gave themselves into our hands; and we spared their lives, and sent them down to the great towns near the salt lake.’ But this was false: the chiefs of the Saganaw believing what was said to them, gave up their strong holds; but their lives were not spared, and the grass of the Canadas is yet moist with their blood. Does the Ottawa hear?”

Amazement and stupefaction sat for a moment on the features of the Indians. The fact was as had been stated; and yet, so completely had the several forts been cut off from all communication, it was deemed almost impossible one could have received tidings of the fate of the other, unless conveyed through the Indians themselves.

“The spies of the Saganaw have been very quick to escape the vigilance of the red skins,” at length replied the Ottawa; “yet they have returned with a lie upon their lips. I swear by the Great Spirit, that nie of the

strong holds of the Saganaw have been destroyed. How could the Ottawa go with deceit upon his lips, when his words were truth?”

“When the red skins said so to the warriors of the last forts they took, they said true; but when they went to the first, and said that all the rest had fallen, they used deceit. A great nation should overcome their enemies like warriors, and not seek to beguile them with their tongues under the edge of the scalping knife!”

“Why did the Saganaw come into the country of the red skins?” haughtily demanded the chief. “Why did they take our hunting grounds from us? Why have they strong places encircling the country of the Indians, like a belt of wampum round the waist of a warrior?”

“This is not true,” rejoined the governor. “It was not the Saganaw, but the warriors of the pale flag, who first came and took away the hunting grounds, and built the strong places. The great father of the Saganaw had beaten the great father of the pale flag quite out of the Canadas, and he sent his young men to take their place and to make peace with the red skins, and to trade with them, and to call them brothers.”

“The Saganaw was false,” retorted the Indian.—“When a chief of the Saganaw came for the first time with his warriors into the country of the Ottawas, the chief of the Ottawas stood in his path, and asked him why, and from whom, he came? That chief was a bold warrior, and his heart was open, and the Ottawa liked him; and when he said he came to be friendly with the red skins, the Ottawa believed him, and he shook him by the hand, and said to his young men, ‘Touch not the life of a Saganaw; for their chief is the friend of the Ottawa chief, and his young men shall be the friends of the red warriors.’ Look,” he proceeded, marking his sense of the discovery by another of those exclamatory “ahs!” so expressive of surprise in an Indian, “at the right hand of my father I see a chief,” pointing to Captain Erskine, “who came with those of the Saganaw who first entered the country of the Detroit:—ask that chief if what the Ottawa says is not true. When the Saganaw said he came only to remove the warriors of the pale flag, that he might be friendly and trade with the red skins, the Ottawa received the belt of wampum he offered, and smoked the pipe of peace with him, and he made his men bring bags of parched corn to his warriors who wanted food, and he sent to all the nations on the lakes, and said to them, ‘The Saganaw must pass unhurt to the strong hold on the Detroit.’ But for the Ottawa, not a Saganaw would have escaped; for the nations were thirsting for their blood, and the knives of the warriors were eager to open their scalps. Ask the chief who sits at the right hand of my father, he again energetically repeated, “if what the Ottawa says is not true.”

“What the Ottawa says is true,” rejoined the governor: “for the chief who sits on my right hand has often said that, but for the Ottawa, the small number of the warriors of the Saganaw must have been cut off; and his heart is big with kindness to the Ottawa for what he did. But if the great chief meant to be friendly, why did he declare war after smoking the pipe of peace with the Saganaw? Why did he destroy the wigwams of the settlers, and carry off the scalps even of their weak women and children? All this has the Ottawa done; and yet he says that he wished to be friendly with my young men. But the Saganaw is not a fool. He knows the Ottawa chief had no will of his own. On the right hand of the Ottawa sits the great chief of the Delawares, and on his left the great chief of the Shawanees. They have long been the sworn enemies of the Saganaw; and they came from the rivers that run near the salt lake to stir up the red skins of the Detroit to war. They whispered wicked words in the ear of the Ottawa chief, and he determined to take up the bloody hatchet. This is a shame to a great warrior. The Ottawa was a king over all the tribes in the country of the fresh lakes, and yet he weakly took council like a woman from another.”

“My father lies!” fiercely retorted the warrior, half springing to his feet, and involuntarily putting his hand upon his tomahawk. “If the settlers of the Saganaw have fallen, you resumed in a calmer tone, while he again sank upon his mat, “it is because they did not keep their faith with the red skins. When they came weak, and were not yet secure in their strong holds, their tongues were smooth and full of soft words; but when they became strong under the protection of their thunder, they no longer treated the red skins as their friends, and they laughed at them for letting them come into their country. “But,” he pursued, elevating his voice, “the Ottawa is a great chief, and he will be respected.” Then adverting in bitterness to the influence supposed to be exercised over him—“What my father has

said is false. The Shawanees and the Delawares are great nations; but the Ottawas are greater than any, and their chiefs are full of wisdom. The Shawanees and the Delawares had no talk with the Ottawa chief to make him do what his own wisdom did not tell him.”

“Then, if the talk came not from the Shawanees and the Delawares, it came from the spies of the warriors of the pale flag. The great father of the French was angry with the great father of the Saganaw, because he conquered his warriors in many battles; and he sent wicked men to whisper lies of the Saganaw into the ears of the red skins, and to make them take up the hatchet against them. There is a tall spy at this moment in the camp of the red skins,” he pursued with earnestness, and yet pining as he spoke. “It is said he is the bosom friend of the great chief of the Ottawas. But I will not believe it. The head of a great nation would not be the friend of a spy—of one who is baser than a dog. His people would despise him; and they would say, ‘Our chief is not fit to sit in council, or to make war; for he is led by the word of a pale face who is without honor!’”

The swarthy cheek of the Indian reddened, and his eye kindled into fire. “There is no spy, but a great warrior in the camp of the Ottawas,” he fiercely replied. “Though he came from the country that lies beyond the salt lake, he is now a chief of the red skins, and his arm is mighty, and his heart is big. Would my father know why he has become a chief of the Ottawas?” he pursued with scornful exultation. “When the strong holds of the Saganaw fell, the tomahawk of the ‘white warrior’ drank more blood than that of a red skin, and his tent is hung round with poles bending under the weight of the scalps he has taken. When the great chief of the Ottawas dies, the pale face will lead his warriors, and take the first seat in the council. The Ottawa chief is his friend.”

“If the pale face be the friend of the Ottawa,” pursued the governor, in the hope of obtaining some particular intelligence in regard to this terrible and mysterious being, “why is he not here to sit in council with the chiefs? Perhaps,” he proceeded tauntingly, as he fancied he perceived a disinclination on the part of the Indian to account for the absence of the warrior, “the pale face is not worthy to take his place among the head men of the council. His arm may be strong like that of a warrior, but his head may be weak like that of a woman; or, perhaps, he is ashamed to show himself before the pale faces, who have turned him out of their tribe.”

“My father lies!” again unceremoniously retorted the warrior. “If the friend of the Ottawa is not here, it is because his voice cannot speak. Does my father recollect the bridge on which he killed his young warrior? Does he recollect the terrible chase of the pale face by the friend of the Ottawa? Ugh!” he continued, as his attention was now diverted to another object of interest, “that pale face was swifter than any runner among the red skins, and for his fleetness he deserved to live to be a great hunter in the Canadas; but fear broke his heart—fear of the friend of the Ottawa chief. The red skins saw him fall at the feet of the Saganaw without life, and they saw the young warriors bear him off in their arms. Is not the Ottawa right?” The Indian paused, threw his eye rapidly along the room, and then, fixing it on the governor, seemed to wait with deep but suppressed interest for his reply.

“Peace to the bones of a brave warrior!” seriously and evasively returned the governor: “the pale face is no longer in the land of the Canadas, and the young warriors of the Saganaw are sorry for his loss; but what would the Ottawa say of the bridge? and what has the pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa, to do with it?”

A gleam of satisfaction pervaded the countenance of the Indian, as he eagerly bent his ear to receive the assurance that the fugitive was no more; but when allusion was again made to the strange warrior, his brow became overcast, and he replied with mingled haughtiness and anger, “Does my father ask? He has dogs of spies among the settlers of the pale flag, but the tomahawk of the red skins will find them out, and they shall perish even as the Saganaw themselves. Two nights ago, when the warriors of the Ottawas were returning from their scout upon the common, they heard the voice of Onondato, the great wolf-dog of the friend of the Ottawa chief. The voice came from the bridge where the Saganaw killed his young warrior, and it called upon the red skins for assistance. My young men gave their war cry, and ran like wild deer to destroy the enemies of their chief; but when they came the spies had fled, and the voice of Onondato was low and weak as that of a new fawn; and when the war-

riors came to the other end of the bridge, they found the pale chief lying across the road and covered over with blood. They thought he was dead, and their cry was terrible; for the pale warrior is a great chief, and the Saganees love him; but when they looked again, they saw that the blood was the blood of Ononadota, whose throat the spies of the Saganaw had cut, that he might not hunt them and give them to the tomahawk of the red skins."

Frequent glances, expressive of their deep interest in the announcement of this intelligence, passed between the governor and his officers. It was clear the party who had encountered the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis were not spies (for none were employed by the garrison), but their adventurous companions who had so recently quitted them. This was put beyond all doubt by the night, the hour, and the not less important fact of the locality; for it was from the bridge described by the Indian, near which the Canadian had stated his canoe to be chained, they were to embark on their perilous and uncertain enterprise. The question of their own escape from danger in this unlooked for collision with so powerful and ferocious an enemy, and of the fidelity of the Canadian, still remained involved in doubt, which it might be imprudent, if not dangerous, to seek to have resolved by any direct remark on the subject to the keen and observant warrior. The governor removed this difficulty by artfully observing,—"The great chief of the Ottawas has said they were the spies of the Saganaw who killed the pale warrior. His young men has found them, then; or how could he know they were spies?"

"Is there a warrior among the Saganaw who dares to show himself in the path of the red skins, unless he comes in strength and surrounded by his thunder?" was the sneering demand. "But my father is wrong if he supposes the friend of the Ottawa is killed. No," he pursued fiercely, "the dogs of spies could not kill him; they were afraid to face so terrible a warrior. They came behind him in the dark, and they struck him on the head like cowards and foxes as they were. The warrior of the pale face, and the friend of the Ottawa chief, is sick, but not dead. He lies without motion in his tent, and his voice cannot speak to his friend to tell him who were his enemies, that he may bring their scalps to hang up within his wigwam. But the great chief will soon be well, and his arm will be stronger than ever to spill the blood of the Saganaw as he has done before."

"The talk of the Ottawa chief is strange," returned the governor, emphatically and with dignity. "He says he comes to smoke the pipe of peace with the Saganaw, and yet he talks of spilling their blood as if it was water from the lake. What does the Ottawa mean?" "Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, in his surprise. "My father is right, but the Ottawa and the Saganaw have not yet smoked together. When they have, the hatchet will be buried for ever. Until then, they are still enemies."

During this long and important colloquy of the leading parties, the strictest silence had been preserved by the remainder of the council. The inferior chiefs had continued deliberately puffing the smoke from their curled lips, as they sat cross-legged on their mats, and nodding their heads at intervals in confirmation of the occasional appeal made by the spokesman of the Ottawa, and uttering their guttural "Ugh!" whenever any observation of the parant parties touched their feelings, or called forth their surprise. The officers had been no less silent and attentive listeners, to a conversation on the issue of which hung so many dear and paramount interests. A pause in the conference gave them an opportunity of commenting in a low tone on the communication made, in the strong excitement of his pride, by the Ottawa chief, in regard to the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis; who, it was evident, swayed the councils of the Indians, and consequently exercised an influence over the ultimate destinies of the English, which it was impossible to contemplate without alarm. It was evident to all, from whatsoever cause it might arise, this man cherished a rancour towards certain individuals in the fort, inducing an anxiety in its reduction scarcely equalled by that entertained on the part of the Indians themselves. Beyond this, however, all was mystery and doubt; nor had any clue been given to enable them to arrive even at a well founded apprehension of the motives which had given birth to the vindictive-ness of purpose, so universally ascribed to him even by the savages themselves.

The chiefs also availed themselves of this pause in the conversation of the principals, to sustain a low and animated discussion. Those of the Shawnee and Delaware nations were especially earnest; and, as they spoke

across the Ottawas, betrayed, by their vehemence of gesture, the action of some strong feeling upon their minds, the precise nature of which could not be ascertained from their speech at the opposite extremity of the room. The Ottawa did not deign to join in their conversation, but sat smoking his pipe in all the calm and forbidding dignity of a proud Indian warrior conscious of his own importance.

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas, then, seek for peace in his heart at length?" resumed the governor; "or is he come to the strong hold of Detroit, as he went to the other strong holds, with deceit on his lips?" The Indian slowly removed the pipe from his mouth, fixed his keen eye searchingly on that of the questioner for nearly a minute, and then briefly and haughtily said, "The Ottawa chief has spoken."

"And do the great chiefs of the Shawnees, and the great chiefs of the Delawares, and the great chiefs of the other nations, ask for peace also?" demanded the governor. "If so, let them speak for themselves, and for their warriors."

We will not trespass on the reader by a transcript of the declarations of the inferior chiefs. Each in his turn avowed motives similar to those of the Ottawa for wishing the hatchet might be buried for ever, and that their young men should mingle once more in confidence, not only with the English troops, but with the settlers, who would again be brought into the country at the cessation of hostilities. When each had spoken, the Ottawa passed the pipe of ceremony, with which he was provided, to the governor. The latter put it to his lips, and commenced smoking. The Indians keenly, and half furtively, watched the act, and looks of deep intelligence, that escaped not the notice of the equally anxious and observant officers, passed among them.

"The pipe of the great chief of the Ottawas smokes well," calmly remarked the governor; "but the Ottawa chief, in his hurry to come and ask for peace, has made a mistake. The pipe and all its ornaments are red like blood: it is the pipe of war, and not the pipe of peace. The great chief of the Ottawas will be angry with himself; he has entered the strong hold of the Saganaw, and sat in the council, without doing any good for his young men. The Ottawa must come again."

A deep but subdued expression of disappointment passed over the features of the chiefs. They watched the countenances of the officers, to see whether the substitution of one pipe for the other had been attributed, in their estimation, to accident or design. There was nothing, however, to indicate the slightest doubt of their sincerity.

"My father is right," replied the Indian, with an appearance of embarrassment, which, whether natural or feigned, had nothing suspicious in it. "The great chief of the Ottawas has been foolish, like an old woman. The young chiefs of his tribe will laugh at him for this. But the Ottawa chief will come again, and the other chiefs with him, for, as my father sees, they all wish for peace; and that my father may know all the nations wish for peace, as well as their head men, the warriors of the Ottawa, and of the Shawnee, and of the Delaware, shall play at ball upon the common, to amuse his young men, while the chiefs sit in council with the chiefs of the Saganaw. The red skins shall come naked, and without their rites and their tomahawks; and even the squaws of the warriors shall come upon the common, to show the Saganaw they may be without fear. Does my father hear?"

"The Ottawa chief says well," returned the governor; "but will the pale friend of the Ottawa, come also to take his seat in the council hall? The great chief has said the pale warrior has become the second chief among the Ottawas; and that when he is dead, the pale warrior will lead the Ottawas, and take the first seat in the council. He, too, should smoke the pipe of peace with the Saganaw, that they may know he is no longer their enemy."

The Indian hesitated, uttering merely his quick ejaculatory "Ugh!" in expression of his surprise at so unexpected a requisition. "The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa, is very sick," he at length said; "but if the Great Spirit should give him back his voice before the chiefs come again to the council, the pale face will come too. If my father does not see him then, he will know the friend of the Ottawa chief is very sick."

The governor deemed it prudent not to press the question too closely, lest in so doing he should excite suspicion, and defeat his own object. "When will the Ottawa and the other chiefs come again?" he asked; "and when will their warriors play at ball upon the common, that the Saganaw may see them and be amused?" "When

the sun has travelled so many times," replied Pontec, holding up three fingers of his left hand. "Then will the Ottawa and the other chiefs bring their young warriors and their women."

"It is too soon," was the reply; "the Saganaw must have time to collect their presents, that they may give them to the young warriors who are swiftest in the race, and the most active at the ball. The great chief of the Ottawas, too, must let the settlers of the pale flag, who are the friends of the red skins, bring in food for the Saganaw, that a great feast may be given to the chiefs, and to the warriors, and that the Saganaw may make peace with the Ottawas and the other nations as becomes a great people. In twice so many days," holding up three of his fingers in imitation of the Indian, "the Saganaw will be ready to receive the chiefs in council, that they may smoke the pipe of peace, and bury the hatchet for ever. What says the great chief of the Ottawas?"

"It is good," was the reply of the Indian, his eye lighting up with deep and exulting expression. "The settlers of the pale flag shall bring food to the Saganaw. The Ottawa chief will send them, and he will desire his young men not to prevent them. In so many days, then," indicating with his fingers, "the great chiefs will sit again in council with the Saganaw, and the Ottawa chief will not be a fool to bring the pipe he does not want."

With this assurance the conference terminated. Pontec raised his tall frame from the mat on which he had been squatted, nodded condescendingly to the governor, and strode haughtily into the square or area of the fort. The other chiefs followed his example; and to Major Blackwater was again assigned the duty of accompanying them without the works. The glance of the savages, and that of Pontec in particular, was less wary than at their entrance. Each seemed to embrace every object on which the eye could rest, as if to fix its position indelibly in his memory. The young chief, who had been so suddenly and opportunely checked while in the very act of peeling forth his terrible war whoop, again looked up at the windows of the block-house, in quest of those whom his savage instinct had already devoted in intention to his tomahawk, but they were no longer there. Such was the silence that reigned every where, the fact appeared to be tenanted only by the few men of the guard, who lingered near their stations, attentively watching the Indians, as they passed towards the gate. A very few minutes sufficed to bring the latter once more in the midst of their warriors, whom, for a few moments, they harangued earnestly, when the whole body again moved off in the direction of their encampment.

CHAPTER V.

The week that intervened between the visit of the chiefs and the day appointed for their second meeting in council, was passed by the garrison in perfect freedom from alarm, although, as usual, in diligent watchfulness and preparations for casualties. In conformity with his promise, the Indian had despatched many of the Canadian settlers, with such provisions as the country then afforded, to the governor, and these, happy to obtain the gold of the troops in return for what they could conveniently spare, were not slow in availing themselves of the permission. Prices, bear's meat, venison, and Indian corn, composed the substance of these supplies, which were in sufficient abundance to produce a six weeks' increase in the stock of the garrison. Hitherto they had been subsisting, in a great degree, upon salt provisions; the food furtively supplied by the Canadians being necessarily, from their dread of detection, on so limited a scale, that a very small portion of the troops had been enabled to profit by it. This, therefore, was an important and unexpected benefit, derived from the filling in of the garrison with the professed views of the savages; and one which, perhaps, few officers would, like Colonel de Hal-dimar, have possessed the forethought to have secured. But although it served to relieve the animal wants of the man, there was little to remove his moral inquietude. Discouraged by the sanguinary character of the warfare in which they seemed doomed to be forever engaged, and harassed by constant watchings,—seldom taking off their clothes for weeks together,—the men had gradually been losing their energy of spirit, in the contemplation of the almost irredeemable evils by which they were beset; and looked forward with sad and disheartening conviction to a fate, that all things tended to prove to them was unavoidable, however the period of its consummation might be protracted. Among the officers, this dejection, although proceeding from a different cause, was no less

prevalent; and notwithstanding they sought to disguise it before their men, when left to themselves, they gave unlimited rein to a despondency hourly acquiring strength, as the day fixed on for the second council with the Indians drew near.

At length came that terrible and eventful day, and, as if in mockery of those who saw beauty in its golden beams, arrayed in all the gorgeous softness of its autumnal glory. Sad and heavy were the hearts of many within that far distant and isolated fort, as they rose, at the first glimmering of light above the horizon, to prepare for the several duties assigned them. All felt the influence of a feeling that laid prostrate the moral energies even of the boldest; but there was one young officer in particular, who exhibited a dejection, degenerating almost into stupor; and more than once, when he received an order from his superior, hesitated as one who either heard not, or, in attempting to perform it, mistook the purport of his instructions, and executed some entirely different duty. The countenance of this officer, whose attenuated person otherwise bore traces of languor and debility, but too plainly marked the abstractedness and terror of his mind, while the set stiff features and contracted muscles of the face contributed to give an expression of misery, that one who knew him not might have interpreted unfavourably. Several times, during the inspection of his company at the early parade, he was seen to raise his head, and throw forward his ear, as if expecting to catch the echo of some horrible and appalling cry, until the men themselves remarked, and commented, by interchange of looks, on the singular conduct of their officer, whose thoughts had evidently no connection with the duty he was performing, or the spot on which he stood.

When this customary inspection had been accomplished,—how imperfectly, has been seen,—and the men dismissed from their ranks, the same young officer was observed, by one who followed his every movement with interest, to ascend that part of the rampart which commanded an unbroken view of the country westward, from the point where the encampment of the Indians was supposed to lie, down to the bridge on which the terrible tragedy of Halloway's death had been so recently enacted. Unconscious of the presence of two sentinels, who moved to and fro near their respective posts, on either side of him, the young officer folded his arms, and gazed in that direction for some minutes, with his whole soul riveted on the scene. Then, as if overcome by recollections called up by that on which he gazed, he covered his eyes hurriedly with his hands, and, betrayed by the convulsed movement of his slender form, he was weeping bitterly. This paroxysm past, he uncovered his face, sank with one knee upon the ground, and, upraising his clasped hands, as if in appeal to his God, seemed to pray deeply and fervently. In this attitude he continued for some moments, when he became sensible of the approach of an intruder. He raised himself from his knee, turned, and beheld one whose countenance was stamped with a dejection scarcely inferior to his own. It was Captain Blessington.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the latter hurriedly, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the emaciated De Haldimar, "consider you are not alone. For God's sake, check this weakness! There are men observing you on every side, and your strange manner has already been the subject of remark in the company."

"When the heart is sick, like mine," replied the youth, in a tone of fearful despondency, "it is alike reckless of forms, and careless of appearances. I trust, however," and here spoke the soldier, "there are few within this fort who will believe me less courageous, because I have been seen to bend my knee in supplication to my God. I did not think that *you*, Blessington, would have been the first to condemn the act."

"I condemn it, Charles! you mistake me, indeed you do," feelingly returned his captain, secretly pained at the mild reproach contained in the concluding sentence; "but there are two things to be considered. In the first instance, the men, who are yet in ignorance of the great evils with which we are threatened, may mistake the cause of your agitation; you were in tears just now, Charles, and the sentinels must have remarked it as well as myself. I would not have them to believe that one of their officers was affected by the anticipation of coming disaster, in a way their own hearts are incapable of estimating. You understand me, Charles? I would not have them too much discouraged by an example that may become infectious."

"I do understand you, Blessington," and a forced and sickly smile played for a moment over the wan yet

handsome features of the young officer; "you would not have me appear a weeping coward in their eyes."

"Nay, dear Charles, I did not say it!"

"But you meant it, Blessington; yet, think not,"—and he warmly pressed the hand of his captain,—"think not, I repeat, I take your hint in any other than the friendly light in which it was intended. That I have been no coward, however, I hope I have given proof more than once before the men, most of whom have known me from my very cradle; yet, whatever they may think, is to me, at this moment, a matter of utter indifference. Blessington," and again the tears rolled from his fixed eyes over his cheek, while he pointed with his finger to the western horizon, "I have neither thought nor feeling for myself; my whole heart lies buried there. Oh, God of Heaven!" he pursued, after a pause, and again raising his eyes in supplication, "avert the dreadful destiny that awaits my beloved sister."

"Charles, Charles, if only for that sister's sake, then, calm an agitation which, if thus indulged in, will assuredly destroy you. All will yet be well. The delay obtained by your father has been sufficient for the purpose proposed. Let us hope for the best: if we are deceived in our expectation, it will then be time enough to indulge in a grief, which could scarcely be exceeded, were the fearful misgivings of your mind to be realised before your eyes."

"Blessington," returned the young officer,—and his features exhibited the liveliest image of despair,—"all hope has long since been extinct within my breast. See you yon theatre of death?" he mournfully pursued, pointing to the fatal bridge, "he was thrown into full relief against the placid bosom of the Detroit: 'recollect you the scene that was acted on it? As for me, it is ever present to my mind,—it haunts me in my thoughts by day, and in my dreams by night. I shall never forget it while memory is left to curse me with the power of retrospection. On the very spot on which I now stand was I borne in a chair, to witness the dreadful punishment; you see the stone at my feet, I marked it by that. I saw you conduct Halloway to the centre of the bridge; I beheld him kneel to receive his death; I saw, too, the terrible race for life, that interrupted the proceedings; I marked the sudden up-spring of Halloway to his feet upon the coffin, and the exulting waving of his hand, as he seemed to recognise the rivals for mastery in that race. Then was heard the fatal volley, and I saw the death-struggle of him who had saved my brother's life. I could have died, too, at that moment; and would to Providence I had! but it was otherwise decreed. My aching interest was, for a moment, diverted by the fearful chase now renewed upon the height; and, in communion with those around me, I watched the efforts of the pursuer and the pursued with painful earnestness and doubt as to the final result. Ah, Blessington, why was not this all? The terrible shriek, uttered at the moment when the fugitive fell, apparently dead, at the feet of the firing party, reached us even here. I felt as if my heart must have burst, for I knew it to be the shriek of poor Ellen Halloway,—the suffering wife,—the broken-hearted woman who had so recently in all the wild abandonment of her grief, wetted my pillow, and even my cheek, with her burning tears, while supplicating an intercession with my father for mercy, which I knew it would be utterly fruitless to promise. The discovery of her exchange of clothes with one of the drum boys of the grenadiers was made soon after you left the fort. I saw her leap upon the coffin, and, standing over the body of her unhappy husband, raise her hands to heaven in adoration, and my heart died within me. I recollected the words she had spoken on a previous occasion, during the first examination of Halloway, and I felt it to be the prophetic denunciation, then threatened, that she was now uttering on all the race of De Haldimar. I saw no more, Blessington. Sick, dizzy, and with every faculty of my mind annihilated, I turned away from the horrid scene, and was again borne to my room."

Captain Blessington was deeply affected; for there was a solemnity in the voice of the young officer that carried conviction to the heart.

The attention of both was diverted by the report of a musket from the rear of the fort. Presently afterwards, the word was passed along the chain of sentinels upon the ramparts, that the Indians were issuing in force from the forest upon the common near the bomb-proof. Then was heard, as the sentinel at the gate delivered the password, the heavy roll of the drum summoning to arms.

"Ha! here already!" said Captain Blessington, as, glancing towards the forest, he beheld the skirt of the wood now alive with dusky human forms: "Pontac's visit is earlier than we had been taught to expect; but

we are as well prepared to receive him now, as later; and, in fact, the sooner the interview is terminated, the sooner we shall know what we have to depend upon. Come, Charles, we must join the company, and let me entreat you to evince less despondency before the men. It is hard, I know, to sustain an artificial character under such disheartening circumstances; still, for example's sake, it must be done."

"What I can I will do, Blessington," rejoined the youth, as they both moved from the ramparts; "but the task is, in truth, one to which I find myself wholly unequal. How do I know that, even at this moment, my defenceless, terrified, and innocent sister may not be invoking the name and arm of her brother to save her from destruction?"

"Trust in Providence, Charles. Even although our worst apprehensions be realised, as I fervently trust they will not, your sister may be spared. The Canadian could not have been unfaithful, or we should have learnt something of his treachery from the Indians. Another week will confirm us in the truth or fallacy of our impressions. Until then, let us arm our hearts with hope. Trust me, we shall yet see the laughing eyes of Clara fill with tears of affection, as I recount to her all her too sensitive and too desponding brother has suffered for her sake."

De Haldimar made no reply. He deeply felt the kind intention of his captain, but was far from cherishing the hope that had been recommended. He sighed heavily, pressed the arm, on which he leaned, in gratitude for the motive, and moved silently with his friend to join their company below the rampart.

CHAPTER XVI.

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind; if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares, and the Shawanees; each race being distinctly recognisable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualised, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the leggings before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deerskin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket, that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid any thing like encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved, and flattened at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurdle; which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed, shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust, and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the younger warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping; while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the moccasins, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broad-cloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose

from deference to those to whom they were slaves, as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to recline themselves upon the sward in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves in force upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their meditated sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their side-arms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontec, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sward sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and the Shawanees, and on the other the more numerous nation of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball-players.

In his circuit round the walls, Pontec was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed, when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate, by Major Blackwater; and as, with firm but elastic tread, they moved across the square, each threw his fierce eyes rapidly and anxiously around, and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested on the former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen; and when they cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the block-houses, they were found to be tenanted as the area through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Pontec, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled, and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for a moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontec sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce, and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick-sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition

terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of one of the officers, had been removed; and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change, that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, not more than one half of the officers who had been present at the first conference being now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The council-room of my father, is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Sagawah has promised the red skins a feast," returned the governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like the blood of a pale face," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last, he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Sagawah has a big heart to make presents to the red skins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assenting "ugh's," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come; or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend the pale face is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontec had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their leveled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without, was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the

scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away every thing that should come before them.

The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magic as was the change, thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already, in imagination, secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless burdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontec had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These, now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual recession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavours to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected struggle was maintained. At his approach, the

hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.*

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which, he who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely lay between the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk.

To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his foot, all the ferocious joy of his soul was peeled forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council room. What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some assailable point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there are ten men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages,—"here I stand singly, and defy your whole garrison!"

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the order of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the governor, in a loud deep voice:—"keep the barricades fast, and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless, unless friends and foes (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stepped lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza, that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died: as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life, at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge!"

At the hasty command of the governor, a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his enemies. A slight movement in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge, was now describable: it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal rapidly winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute, the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band;

and then, uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile, Pontac and the other chiefs of the council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh!" that burst from the lips of all, on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, had been succeeded, the instant afterwards, by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collected enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the emphatic pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa; and that, when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of the forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor, calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right, when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and with a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces, and long before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian; "my father is a great chief, and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble, like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the strong hold of the Detroit must have fallen, and the red skins would have danced their war dance round the scalps of his young men, even in the council room where they came to talk of peace."

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas see the big thunder of the Saganaw?" pursued the governor: "if not, let him open his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than the lightning would the pale faces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa, even where they now stand: in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger upon the red skins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the governor with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawas came last to the council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head; but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the red skins, and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take counsel only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace; the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled: low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and, then pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtfully,—

"It was the pale face, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know us better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes council from his own heart, and not from the lips of a cowardly dog of a pale face, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep interjectional "ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; "but the pale face is a great warrior, and the Ottawa chief is his friend. 'The Ottawa will go.'"

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen, yet assenting grunt, from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recessed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the governor, which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended to the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made that the Indians were emerging once more into the heart of the forest, the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.*

CHAPTER XVII.

While the reader is left to pause over the rapid succession of incidents resulting from the mysterious entrance of the warrior of the Fleur de Lis into the English fort, he it our task to explain the circumstances connected with the singular disappearance of Captain de Haldimar, and the melancholy murder of his unfortunate servant.

It will be recollected that the ill-fated Halloway, in the course of his defence before the court martial, distinctly stated the voice of the individual who had approached his post, calling on the name of Captain de Haldimar, on the night of the alarm, to have been that of a female, and that the language in which they subsequently conversed was that of the Ottawa Indians. This was strictly the fact; and the only error into which the unfortunate soldier had fallen, had reference merely to the character and motives of the party. He had naturally imagined, as he had stated, it was some young female of the village, whom attachment for his officer had drawn to the desperate determination of seeking an interview; nor was this impression at all weakened by the subsequent discourse of the parties in the Indian tongue, with which it was well known, most of the Canadians, both male and female, were more or less conversant. The subject of that short, low, and hurried conference was, indeed, one that well warranted the singular intrusion; and, in the declaration of Halloway, we have already seen the impotence and anxiety attached by the young officer to the communication. Without waiting to repeat the motives assigned for his departure, and the prayers and expostulations to which he had recourse to overcome the determination and sense of duty of the unfortunate sentinel, let us pass at once to the moment when, after having cleared the ditch, conjointly with his faithful follower, in the manner already shown, Captain de Haldimar first stood side by side with his midnight visitant.

The night, it has elsewhere been observed, was clear and starry, so that objects upon the common, such as the rude stump that here and there raised its dark low head above the surface, might be dimly seen in the distance. To obviate the danger of discovery by the sentinels, appeared to be the first study of the female; for, when Captain de Haldimar, followed by his servant, had reached the spot on which she stood, she put the forefinger of one hand to her lips, and with the other pointed to his booted foot. A corresponding signal showed that the lightness of the material offered little risk of betrayal. Donellan, however, was made to doff his heavy ammu-

* The occurrences related in this chapter, and the awful details which follow relative to the destruction of Fort Michillimackinac, are historically correct. For a very interesting account of this eventful period of our history, see "Travels in the interior parts of North America, for more than 4,000 miles, in the years 1766, &c., by Jonathan Carver." But for a more interesting book, see "Travels and Adventures in Canada, and the Indian territory, between the years 1760 and 1776. By Alexander Henry, Esq." Number 4081, octavo, in the Philadelphia Library. For a condensed and satisfactory account, see also 2d vol. of "Thacher's Indian Biography," recently published in New York, and to be had in every book store; in it will be found a life of Pontac, or Pontiac, as it is sometimes spelled.—Ed.

tion shoes; and, with this precaution, they all stole hastily along, under the shadows of the projecting ramparts, until they had gained the extreme rear. Here the female suddenly raised her tall figure from the stooping position in which she, as well as her companions, had performed the dangerous circuit; and, placing her finger once more significantly on her lips, led in the direction of the bomb-proof, unperceived by the sentinels, most of whom, it is probable, had, up to the moment of the alarm subsequently given, been too much overcome by previous watching and excitement to have kept the most vigilant look out.

Arrived at the skirt of the forest, the little party drew up within the shadow of the ruin, and a short and earnest dialogue ensued, in Indian, between the female and the officer. This was succeeded by a command from the latter to his servant, who, after a momentary but respectful expostulation, which, however, was utterly lost on him to whom it was addressed, proceeded to divest himself of his humble apparel, assuming in exchange the more elegant uniform of his superior. Donellan, who was also of the grenadiers, was remarkable for the resemblance he bore, in figure, to Captain de Haldimar; wanting, it is true, the grace and freedom of movement of the latter, but still presenting an outline which, in an attitude of profound repose, might, as it subsequently did, have set even those who were most intimate with the officer at fault.

"This is well," observed the female, as the young man proceeded to indue himself in the grey coat of his servant, having previously drawn the glazed hat close over his waving and redundant hair; "if the Saganaw is ready, Oucanasta will go."

"Sure, and your honour does not mane to lave me behind!" exclaimed the anxious soldier, as his captain now recommended him to stand closely concealed near the ruin until his return. "Who knows what ambuscade the she-devil may lade your honour into; and thin who will you have to bring you out of it?"

"No, Donellan, it must not be: I first intended it, as you may perceive by my bringing you out; but the expedition on which I am going is of the utmost importance to us all, and too much precaution cannot be taken. I fear no ambuscade, for I can depend on the fidelity of my guide; but the presence of a third person would only embarrass, without assisting me in the least. You must remain behind; the woman insists upon it, and there is no more to be said."

"To ould Nick with the ugly winch, for her pains!" half-muttered the disappointed soldier to himself. "I wish it may be as your honour says; but my mind misgives me sadly that evil will come of this. Has your honour secured the pistols?"

"They are here," returned his captain, placing a hand on either chest. "And now, Donellan, mark me: I know nothing that can detain me longer than an hour; at least the woman assures me, and I believe her, that I may be back then; but it is well to guard against accidents. You must continue here for the hour, and for the hour only. If I come not then, return to the fort without delay, for the rope must be removed, and the gate secured, before Holloway is relieved. The keys you will find in the pocket of my uniform: when you have done with them, let them be hung up in their proper place in the guard-room. My father must not know either that Holloway suffered me to pass the gate, or that you accompanied me."

"Lord love us! your honour talks as if you niver would return, giving such a heap of orders!" exclaimed the startled man; "but if I go back alone, as I trust in heaven I shall not, how am I to account for being dressed in your honour's regimentals?"

"I tell you, Donellan," impatiently returned the officer, "that I shall be back; but I only wish to guard against accidents. The instant you get into the fort, you will take off my clothes and resume your own. Who the devil is to see you in the uniform, unless it be Holloway?"

"If the Saganaw would not see the earth red with the blood of his race, he will go," interrupted the female. "Oucanasta can feel the breath of the morning fresh upon her cheek, and the council of the chiefs must be begun."

"The Saganaw is ready, and Oucanasta shall lead the way," hastily returned the officer. "One word more, Donellan," and he pressed the hand of his domestic kindly; "should I not return, you must, without committing Holloway or yourself, cause my father to be apprised that the Indians meditate a deep and treacherous plan to get possession of the fort. What

that plan is, I know not yet myself, neither does this woman know; but she says that I shall hear it discussed unseen, even in the heart of their own encampment. All you have to do is to acquaint my father with the existence of danger. And now be cautious: above all things, keep close under the shadow of the bomb-proof; for there are scouts constantly prowling about the common, and the glittering of the uniform in the starlight may betray you."

"But why may I not follow your honour?" again urged the faithful soldier; "and where is the use of my remaining here to count the stars, and hear the 'alls well' from the fort, when I could be so much better employed in guarding your honour from harm? What sort of protection can that Indian woman afford, who is of the race of our bitterest enemies, them cursed Ottawas, and your honour venturing, too, like a spy into the very heart of the blood-hounds? Ah, Captain de Haldimar, for the love of God, do not trust yourself alone with her, or I am sure I shall never see your honour again!"

The last words (unhappily too prophetic) fell only on the ear of him who uttered them. The female and the officer had already disappeared round an abrupt angle of the bomb-proof; and the soldier, as directed by his master, now drew up his tall figure against the ruin, where he continued for a period immovable, as if he had been planted there in his ordinary character of sentinel, listening, until they eventually died away in distance, to the receding footsteps of his master; and then ruminating on the several apprehensions that crowded on his mind, in regard to the probable issue of his adventurous project.

Meanwhile, Captain de Haldimar and his guide trod the mazes of the forest, with an expedition that proved the latter to be well acquainted with its bearings. On quitting the bomb-proof, she had struck into a narrow winding path, less seen than felt in the deep gloom pervading the wood, and with light steps bounded over obstacles that lay strewn in their course, emitting scarcely more sound than would have been produced by the slinky crawl of its native rattlesnake. Not so, however, with the less experienced tread of her companion. Wanting the pliancy of movement given to it by the light moccasins, the booted foot of the young officer, despite of all his precaution, fell heavily to the ground, producing such a rustling among the dried leaves, that, had an Indian ear been lurking any where around, his approach must inevitably have been betrayed. More than once, too, neglecting to follow the injunction of his companion, who moved in a stooping posture, with her head bent over her chest, his hat was caught in the closely matted branches, and fell sullenly and heavily to the earth, evidently much to the discomfiture of his guide.

At length they stood on the verge of a dark and precipitous ravine, the abrupt sides of which were studded with underwood, so completely interwoven that all passage appeared impracticable. What, however, seemed an insurmountable obstacle, proved, in reality, an inestimable advantage; for it was by clinging to this, in imitation of the example set him by his companion, the young officer was prevented from rolling into an abyss, the depth of which was lost in the profound obscurity that pervaded the scene. Through the bed of this dark dell rolled a narrow stream, so imperceptible to the eye in the "living darkness," and so noiseless in its course, that it was not until warned by his companion he stood on the very brink of it, Captain de Haldimar was made sensible of its existence. Both cleared it at a single bound, in which the activity of the female was not the least conspicuous, and, clambering up the opposite steep, secured their footing, by the aid of the same underwood that had assisted them in their descent.

On gaining the other summit, which was not done without detaching several loose stones from their sandy bed, they again fell into the path, which had been lost sight of in traversing the ravine. They had proceeded along this about half a mile, when the female suddenly stopped, and pointing to a dim and lurid atmosphere that now began to show itself between the thin foliage, whispered that in the opening beyond stood the encampment of the Indians. She then seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, that lay at the side of the almost invisible path they had hitherto pursued, and motioning to her companion to unbolt himself, proceeded to mullae the fastenings of her moccasins.

"The foot of the Saganaw must fall like the night dew on the prairie," she observed; "the car of the red skin is quicker than the lightning, and he will know that a pale face is near, if he hear but his tread upon a blade of grass."

The young officer had, at the first suggestion of his

guide, divested himself of his boots, prepared to perform the remainder of the journey merely in his stockings, but his companion now threw herself on her knees before him, and, without further ceremony, proceeded to draw over his foot one of the moccasins she had just relinquished.

"The feet of the Saganaw are soft as those of a young child," she remarked, in a voice of commiseration; "but the moccasins of Oucanasta shall protect them from the thorns of the forest."

This was too un-European,—too much reversing the established order of things, to be borne patiently. As if he had felt the dignity of his manhood offended by the proposal, the officer drew his foot hastily back, declaring, as he sprang from the log, he did not care for the thorns, and could not think of depriving a female, who must be much more sensible of pain than himself.

Oucanasta, however, was not to be outdone in politeness. She calmly reseated herself on the log, drew her right foot over her left knee, caught one of the hands of her companion, and placing it upon the naked sole, desired him to feel how imperious to attack of every description was that indurated portion of the lower limb.

This practical argument was not without its weight, and had more effect in deciding the officer than a volume of remonstrance. When Captain de Haldimar had passed his unwilling hand over the foot of Oucanasta, which, whatever her face might have been, was certainly any thing but delicate, and encountered numerous ragged excrescences and raspy callosities that set all symmetry at defiance, a wonderful revolution came over his feelings; and secretly determining the moccasins would be equally well placed on his own feet, he no longer offered any opposition.

This important point arranged, the officer once more followed his guide in silence. Gradually the forest, as they advanced, became lighter with the lurid atmosphere before alluded to; and at length, through the trees, could be indistinctly seen the Indian fires from which it proceeded. The young man was now desired by his conductress to use the utmost circumspection in making the circuit of the wood, in order to gain a position immediately opposite to the point where the path they had hitherto pursued terminated in the opening. This, indeed, was the most dangerous and critical part of the undertaking. A false step, or the crackling of a decayed branch beneath the foot, would have been sufficient to betray proximity, in which case his doom was sealed.

Fortunate did he now deem himself in having yielded to the counsel of his guide. Had he retained his unbending boot, it must have crushed whatever it pressed; whereas, the pliant moccasin, yielding to the obstacles it encountered, enabled him to pass noiselessly over them. Still, while exempt from danger on this score, another, scarcely less perplexing, became at every instant more obvious; for, as they drew nearer to the point which the female sought to gain, the dim light of the half-shimmering fires fell so immediately upon their path, that had a single human eye been turned in that direction, their discovery was inevitable. It was with a beating heart, to which more personal fear, however, was a stranger, that Captain de Haldimar performed this concluding stage of his adventurous course; but, at a moment when he considered detection unavoidable, and was arming himself with resolution to meet the event, the female suddenly halted, placing, in the act, the trunk of an enormous beech between her companion and the dusky forms within, whose very breathing could be heard by the anxious officer. Without uttering a word, she took his hand, and drawing him gently forward, disappeared altogether from his view. The young man followed, and in the next moment found himself in the bowless body of the tree itself; into which, on the side of the encampment, both light and sound were admitted by a small aperture formed by the natural decay of the wood.

The Indian pressed her lips to the ear of her companion, and rather breathed than said,—"The Saganaw will see and hear every thing from this in safety; and what he hears let him treasure in his heart. Oucanasta must go. When the council is over she will return, and lead him back to his warriors."

With this brief intimation she departed, and so noiselessly, that the young officer was not aware of her absence until some minutes of silence had satisfied him she must be gone. His first care then was to survive, through the aperture that lay in a level with his eye, the character of the scene before him. The small plain, in which lay the encampment of the Indians, was a sort of oasis of the forest, girt round with a rude belt of underwood, and somewhat elevated, so as to present the appearance of a mound, constructed on the first principles of art. This was thickly,

although irregularly studded with tents, some of which were formed of large coarse mats thrown over poles disposed in a conical shape, while others were more rudely composed of the leafy branches of the forest.

Within these, groups of human forms lay wrapped in their blankets, stretched at their lazy length. Others, with their feet placed close to the dying embers of their fires, diverged like so many radii from their centre, and lay motionless in sleep, as if life and consciousness were wholly extinct. Here and there was to be seen a solitary warrior securing, with admirable neatness, and with delicate ligatures formed of the sinew of the deer, the guiding feather, or fashioning the bony barb of his long arrow; while others, with the same warlike spirit in view, employed themselves in cutting and greasing small patches of smoked deerskin, which were to secure and give a more certain direction to the murderous bullet. Among the warriors were interspersed many women, some of whom might be seen supporting in their laps the heavy beads of their unconscious helmpates, while they occupied themselves, by the firelight, in parting the long black matted hair, and maintaining a destructive warfare against the pigmy inhabitants of that dark region. These signs of life and activity in the body of the camp generally were, however, but few and occasional; but, at the spot where Captain de Haldimar stood concealed, the scene was different. At a few yards from the tree stood a sort of shed, composed of tall poles placed upright in the earth, and supporting a roof formed simply of rude boughs, the foliage of which had been withered by time. This simple edifice might be about fifty feet in circumference. In the centre blazed a large fire that had been newly fed, and around this were assembled a band of swarthy warriors, some twenty or thirty in number, who, by their proud, calm, and thoughtful bearing, might at once be known to be chiefs.

The faces of most of these were familiar to the young officer, who speedily recognised them for the principals of the various tribes Pontecac had leagued in arms against his enemies. That chief himself, ever remarkable for his haughty eye and commanding gesture, was one of the number of those present; and, a little aloof from his inferiors, sat, with his feet stretched towards the fire, and half reclining on his side in an attitude of indifference; yet with his mind evidently engrossed by deep and absorbing thought. From some observations that distinctly met his ear, Captain de Haldimar gathered, together, after waiting the arrival of an important character, without whose presence the leading chief was unwilling the conference should begin. The period of the officer's concealment had just been long enough to enable him to fix all these particulars in his mind, when suddenly the faint report of a distant rifle was heard echoing throughout the wood. This was instantly succeeded by a second, that sounded more sharply on the ear; and then followed a long and piercing cry that brought every warrior, even of those who slept, quickly to his feet.

An anxious interval of some minutes passed away in the fixed and listening attitudes, which the chiefs especially had assumed, when a noise resembling that of some animal forcing its way rapidly through the rustling branches, was faintly heard in the direction in which the shots had been fired. This gradually increased as it evidently approached the encampment, and then, distinctly, could be heard the light yet unguarded boundings of a human foot. At every moment the rustling of the underwood, rapidly divided by the approaching form, became more audible; and so closely did the intruder press upon the point in which Captain de Haldimar was concealed, that that officer, fancying he had been betrayed, turned hastily round, and, grasping one of the pistols he had secreted in his chest, prepared himself for a last and deadly encounter. An instant or two was sufficient to reassure him. The form glided hastily past, brushing the tree with its garments in its course, and clearing, at a single bound, the belt of underwood that divided the encampment from the tall forest, stood suddenly among the group of anxious and expectant chiefs.

This individual, a man of tall stature, was powerfully made. He wore a jerkin, or hunting-coat of leather; and his arms were, a rifle which had every appearance of having just been discharged, a tomahawk reeking with blood, and a scalping knife, which, in the hurry of some recent service it had been made to perform, had missed its sheath, and was thrust naked into the belt that encircled his loins. His countenance wore an expression of malignant triumph; and as his eye fell on the assembled throng, its self-satisfied and exulting glance seemed to give them to understand he came not without credentials to recommend him to their notice. Captain de

Haldimar was particularly struck by the air of bold daring and almost insolent recklessness pervading every movement of this man: and it was difficult to say whether the haughtiness of bearing peculiar to Pontecac himself, was not exceeded by that of this herculean warrior.

By the body of chiefs his appearance had been greeted with a mere general grunt of approbation; but the countenance of the leader expressed a more personal interest. All seemed to expect he had something of moment to communicate; but as it was not consistent with the dignity of Indian etiquette to enquire, they waited calmly until it should please their new associate to enter on the history of his exploits. In pursuance of an invitation from Pontecac, he now took his seat on the right hand of that chief, and immediately facing the tree, from which Captain de Haldimar, strongly excited both by the reports of the shots that had been fired, and the sight of the bloody tomahawk of the recently arrived Indian, gazed earnestly and anxiously on the swarthy throng.

Glancing once more triumphantly round the circle, who sat smoking their pipes in calm and deliberative silence, the latter now observed the eye of a young chief, who sat opposite to him, intently riveted on his left shoulder. He raised his hand to the part, withdrew it, looked at it, and found it wet with blood. A slight start of surprise betrayed his own unconsciousness of the accident; yet, secretly vexed at the discovery which had been made, and urged probably by one of his wayward fits, he demanded haughtily and insultingly of the young chief, if that was the first time he had ever looked on the blood of a warrior.

"Does my brother feel pain?" was the taunting reply. "If he is come to us with a trophy, it is not without being dearly bought. The Saganaw has spilt his blood."

"The weapons of the Saganaw, like those of the smooth face of the Ottawa, are without sting," angrily retorted the other. "They only prick the skin like a thorn; but when Wacosta drinks the blood of his enemy," and he glanced his eye fiercely at the young man, "it is the blood next his heart."

"My brother has always big words upon his lips," returned the young chief, with a scornful sneer at the implied threat against himself. "But where are his proofs?"

For a moment the eye of the party thus challenged kindled into flame, while his lips were firmly compressed together; and as he half bent himself forward, to scan with greater earnestness the features of his questioner, his right hand sank to his left side, tightly grasping the handle of his scalping-knife. The action was but momentary. Again he drew himself up, puffed the smoke deliberately from his bloody tomahawk, and, thrusting his right hand into his bosom, drew leisurely forth a reeking scalp, which he tossed insolently across the fire into the lap of the young chief. A loud and general "ugh!" testified the approbation of the assembled group, at the unequivocal answer thus given to the demand of the youth. The eye of the huge warrior sparkled with a deep and ferocious exultation.

"What says the smooth face of the Ottawa now?" he demanded, in the same insolent strain. "Does it make his heart sick to look upon the scalp of a great chief?"

The young man quietly turned the horrid trophy over several times in his hand, examining it attentively in every part. Then tossing it back with contemptuous coolness to its owner, he replied,—

"The eyes of my brother are weak with age. He is not cunning, like a red skin. The Ottawa has often seen the Saganaw in their fort, and he knows their chiefs have fine hair like women; but this is like the bristles of the fox. My brother has not slain a great chief, but a common warrior."

A flush of irrepresible and threatening anger passed over the features of the vast savage.

"Is it for a boy," he fiercely asked, "whose eyes know not yet the colour of blood, to judge of the enemies that fall by the tomahawk of Wacosta? but a great warrior never boasts of actions that he does not achieve. It is the son of the great chief of the Saganaw whom he has slain. If the smooth face doubts it, and has courage to venture, even at night, within a hundred yards of the fort, he will see a Saganaw without a scalp; and he will know that Saganaw by his dress—the dress," he pursued, with a low emphatic laugh, "that Oucanasta, the sister of the smooth face, loved so much to look upon."

Quicker than thought was the upspringing of the young Indian to his feet. With a cheek glowing, an eye flashing, and his gleaming tomahawk whirling rapidly round his head, he cleared at a single bound the

fire that separated him from his insulter. The formidable man who had thus wantonly provoked the attack, was equally prompt in meeting it. At the first movement of the youth, he too had leapt to his feet, and brandished the terrible weapon that served in the double capacity of pipe and hatchet. A fierce yell escaped the lips of each, as they thus met in close and hostile collision, and the scene for the moment promised to be one of the most tragic character; but before either could find an assailable point on which to rest his formidable weapon, Pontecac himself had thrown his person between them, and in a voice of thunder commanded the instant abandonment of their purpose. Exasperated even as they now mutually were, the influence of that authority, for which the great chief of the Ottawas was well known, was not without due effect on the combatants. His anger was principally directed against the assailant, on whom the tones of his reproving voice produced a change the intimidation of his powerful opponent could never have effected. The young chief dropped the point of his tomahawk; bowed his head in submission, and then resuming his seat, sat during the remainder of the night with his arms folded, and his head bent in silence over his chest.

"Our brother has done well," said Pontecac, glancing approvingly at him who had exhibited the reeking trophy, and whom he evidently favoured. "He is a great chief, and his words are truth. We heard the report of his rifle, and we also heard the cry that told he had borne away the scalp of an enemy. But we will think of this to-morrow. Let us now commence our talk."

Our readers will readily imagine the feelings of Captain de Haldimar during this short but exciting scene. From the account given by the warrior, there could be no doubt the murdered man was the unhappy Donellan; who, probably, neglecting the caution given him, had exposed himself to the murderous aim of this fierce being, who was apparently a scout sent for the purpose of watching the movements of the garrison. The direction of the firing, the allusion made to the regimentals, nay, the scalp itself, which he knew from the short crop to be that of a soldier, and fancied he recognised from its colour to be that of his servant, formed but too conclusive evidence of the fact; and, bitterly and deeply, as he gazed on this melancholy proof of the man's sacrifice of life to his interest, did he regret that he had made him the companion of his adventure, or that, having done so, he had not either brought him away altogether, or sent him instantly back to the fort. Commiseration for the fate of the unfortunate Donellan naturally induced a spirit of personal hostility towards his destroyer; and it was with feelings strongly excited in favour of him whom he now discovered to be the brother of his guide, that he saw him spring fiercely to the attack of his gigantic opponent. There was an activity about the young chief amply commensurate with the great physical power of his adversary; while the manner in which he wielded his tomahawk, proved him to be any thing but the novice in the use of the formidable weapon the other had represented him. It was with a feeling of disappointment, therefore, which the peculiarity of his own position could not overcome, he saw Pontecac interpose himself between the parties.

Presently, however, a subject of deeper and more absorbing interest than even the fate of his unhappy follower engrossed every faculty of his mind, and riveted both eye and ear in painful tension to the aperture in his hiding-place. The chiefs had resumed their places, and the silence of a few minutes had succeeded to the fierce affray of the warriors, when Pontecac, in a calm and deliberate voice, proceeded to state he had summoned all the heads of the nations together, to hear a plan he had to offer for the reduction of the last remaining forts of their enemies, Michilimackinac and Detroit. He pointed out the tediousness of the warfare in which they were engaged; the desertion of the hunting-grounds by their warriors; and their consequent deficiency in all those articles of European traffic which they were formerly in the habit of receiving in exchange for their furs. He dwelt on the beneficial results that would accrue to them all in the event of the reduction of those two important fortresses; since, in that case, they would be enabled to make such terms with the English as would secure to them considerable advantages; while, instead of being treated with the indignity of a conquered people, they would be enabled to command respect from the imposing attitude this final crowning of their successes would enable them to assume. He stated that the prudence and vigilance of the commanders of these two reduced

fortresses were likely long to baffle, as had hitherto been the case, every open attempt at their capture; and admitted he had little expectation of terrifying them into a surrender by the same artifice that had succeeded with the forts on the Ohio and the lower lakes. The plan, however, which he had to propose, was one he felt assured would be attended with success. He would disclose that plan, and the great chiefs should give it the advantage of their deliberation.

Captain de Haldimar was on the rack. The chief had gradually dropped his voice as he explained his plan, until at length it became so low, that undistinguishable sounds alone reached the ear of the excited officer. For a moment he despaired of making himself fully master of the important secret; but in the course of the deliberation that ensued, the blanks left unsupplied in the discourse of the leader were abundantly filled up. It was what the reader has already seen. The necessities of the Indians were to be urged as a motive for their being tired of hostilities. A peace was to be solicited; a council held; a ball-playing among the warriors proposed, as a mark of their own sincerity and confidence during that council; and when the garrison, lulled into security, should be thrown entirely off their guard, the warriors were to seize their guns and tomahawks, with which (the former cut short, for the better concealment of their purpose) their women would be provided, rush in, under pretext of regaining their lost children, when a universal massacre of men, women, and children was to ensue, until nothing wearing the garb of a Saganaw should be left.

It would be tedious to follow the chief through all the minor ramifications of his subtle plan. Suffice it they were of a nature to throw the most wary off his guard; and so admirably arranged was every part, so certain did it appear their enemies must give into the snare, that the oldest chiefs testified their approbation with a vivacity of manner and expression little wont to characterise the deliberative meetings of these reserved people. But deepest of all was the approval of the tall warrior who had so recently arrived. To him had the discourse of the leader been principally directed, as one whose counsel and experience were especially wanting to confirm him in his purpose. He was the last who spoke; but, when he did, it was with a force—an energy—that must have sunk every objection, even if the plan had not been so perfect and unexceptionable in its concoction as to have precluded a possibility of all negative argument. During the delivery of his animated speech, his swarthy countenance kindled into fierce and rapidly varying expression. A thousand dark and complicated passions evidently struggled at his heart; and as he dwelt leisurely and emphatically on the sacrifice of human life that must inevitably attend the adoption of the proposed measure, his eye grew larger, his chest expanded, nay, his very nostril appeared to dilate with unfathomably gulf-like exultation. Captain de Haldimar thought he had never gazed on any thing, wearing the human shape, half so atrociously savage.

Long before the council was terminated, the inferior warriors, who had been so suddenly aroused from their slumbering attitudes, had again retired to their tents, and stretched their lazy length before the embers of their fires. The weary chiefs now prepared to follow their example. They emptied the ashes from the bowls of their pipe-tomahawks, replaced them carefully at their side, rose, and retired to their respective tents. Pontac and the tall warrior alone remained. For a time they conversed earnestly together. The former listened attentively to some observations made to him by his companion, in the course of which, the words "chief of the Saganaw—fort—spy—enemy," and two or three others equally unconnected, were alone audible to the ear of him who so attentively sought to catch the slightest sound. He then thrust his hand under his hunting-coat, and, as if in confirmation of what he had been stating, exhibited a coil of rope and the glossy boot of an English officer. Pontac uttered one of his sharp ejaculating "ugh!" and then rising quickly from his seat, followed by his companion, soon disappeared in the heart of the encampment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How shall we attempt to paint all that passed through the mind of Captain de Haldimar during this important conference of the fierce chiefs?—where find language to convey the cold and thrilling horror with which he listened to the calm discussion of a plan, the object of which was the massacre, not only of a host of beings endeared to him by long companionship of service, but of those who were wedded to his heart by the dearer ties of affection and

kindred? As Pontac had justly observed, the English garrisons, strong in their own defenses, were little likely to be speedily reduced, while their enemies confined themselves to overt acts of hostility; but, against their insidious professions of amity who could oppose a sufficient caution? His father, the young officer was aware, had all along manifested a spirit of conciliation towards the Indians, which, if followed up by the government generally, must have had the effect of preventing the cruel and sanguinary war that had so recently desolated this remote part of the British possessions. How likely, therefore, was it, having this object always in view, he should give in to the present wily stratagem, where such plausible motives for the abandonment of their hostile purpose were urged by the perfidious chiefs! From the few hasty hints already given him by his guide,—that kind being, who evidently sought to be the saviour of the devoted garrisons,—he had gathered that a deep and artful plan was to be submitted to the chiefs by their leader; but little did he imagine it was of the finished nature it now proved to be. Any other than the present attempt, the vigilance and prudence of his experienced father, he felt, would have rendered abortive; but there was so much speciousness in the pleas that were to be advanced in furtherance of their assumed object, he could not but admit the almost certainty of their influence, even on him.

Sick and discouraged as he was at the horrible perspective thus forced on his mental view, the young officer had not, for some moments, presence of mind to reflect that the danger of the garrison existed only so long as he should be absent from it. At length, however, the cheering recollection came, and with it the mantling rush of blood, to his faint heart. But, short was the consoling hope: again he felt dismay in every fibre of his frame; for he now reflected, that although his opportune discovery of the meditated scheme would save one fort, there was no guardian angel to extend, as in this instance, its protecting influence to the other; and within that other there breathed those who were dearer far to him than his own existence;—beings, whose lives were far more precious to him than any even in the garrison of which he was a member. His sister Clara, whom he loved with a love little inferior to that of his younger brother; and one, even more dearly loved than Clara,—Madeline de Haldimar, his cousin and affianced bride,—were both inmates of Michillimackinac, which was commanded by the father of the latter, a major in the — regiment. With Madeline de Haldimar he had long since exchanged his vows of affection; and their nuptials, which were to have taken place about the period when the present war broke out, had only been suspended because all communication between the two posts had been entirely cut off by the enemy.

Captain de Haldimar had none of the natural weakness and timidity of character which belonged to the gentler and more sensitive Charles. Sanguine and full of enterprise, he seldom met evils half way; but when they did come, he sought to master them by the firmness and collectedness with which he opposed his mind to their infliction. If his heart was now racked with the most acute suffering,—his reason incapacitated from exercising its calm deliberative power, the seeming contradiction arose not from any deficiency in his character, but was attributable wholly to the extraordinary circumstances of the moment.

It was a part of the profound plan of the Ottawa chief, that it should be essayed on the two forts on the same day; and it was a suggestion of the murderer of poor Donellan, that a parley should be obtained, through the medium of a white flag, the nature of which he explained to them, as it was understood among their enemies. If invited to the council, then they were to enter, or not, as circumstances might induce; but, in any case, they were to go unprovided with the pipe of peace, since this could not be smoked without violating every thing held most sacred among themselves. The red, or war pipe, was to be substituted as if by accident; and, for the success of the deception, they were to presume on the ignorance of their enemies. This, however, was not important, since the period of their first parley was to be the moment chosen for the arrangement of a future council, and the proposal of a ball-playing upon the common. Three days were to be named as the interval between the first conference of Pontac with the governor and the definitive council which was to ensue; during which, however, it was so arranged, that, before the lip of a red skin should touch the pipe of peace, the ball-players should rush in and massacre the unprepared soldiery, while the chiefs despatched the officers in council.

It was the proximity of the period allotted for the execution of their cruel scheme that mainly contributed

to the dismay of Captain de Haldimar. The very next day was appointed for carrying into effect the first part of the Indian plan: and how was it possible that a messenger, even admitting he should elude the vigilance of the enemy, could reach the distant post of Michillimackinac within the short period on which hung the destiny of that devoted fortress. In the midst of the confused and distracting images that now crowded on his brain, came at length one thought, redolent with the brightest colourings of hope. On his return to the garrison, the treachery of the Indians being made known, the governor might so far, and with a view of gaining time, give in to the plan of his enemies, as to obtain such delay as would afford the chance of communication between the forts. The attempt, on the part of those who should be selected for this purpose, would, it is true, be a desperate one; still it must be made; and, with such incentives to exertion as he had, how willingly would he propose his own services!

The more he dwelt on this mode of defeating the subtle designs of the enemy, the more practicable did it appear. Of his own safe return to the fort he entertained not a doubt; for he knew and relied on the Indian woman, who was bound to him by a tie of gratitude, which her conduct that night evidently denoted to be superior even to the interests of her race. Moreover, as he had approached the encampment unnoticed while the chiefs were yet awake to every thing around them, how little probability was there of his return being detected while all lay wrapped in the most profound repose. It is true that, for a moment, his confidence deserted him as he recurred to the earnest dialogue of the two Indians, and the sudden display of the rope and boot, the latter of which articles he had at once recognised to be one of those he had so recently worn; but his apprehensions on that score were again speedily set to rest, when he reflected, had any suspicion existed in the minds of these men that an enemy was lurking near them, a general alarm would have been spread, and hundreds of warriors despatched to scour the forest.

The night was now rapidly waning away, and already the cold damp air of an autumnal morning was beginning to make itself felt. More than half an hour had elapsed since the departure of Pontac and his companion, and yet Oucanasta came not. With a sense of the approach of day came new and discouraging thoughts, and, for some minutes, the mind of the young officer became petrified with horror, as he reflected on the bare possibility of his escape being intercepted. The more he lingered on this apprehension, the more bewildered were his ideas; and already in horrible perspective, he beheld the destruction of his nearest and dearest friends, and the host of those who were humbler followers, and partakers in the same destiny. Absolutely terrified with the misgivings of his own heart, he, in the wildness and unconnectedness of his purpose, now resolved to make the attempt to return alone, although he knew not even the situation of the path he had so recently quitted. He had actually moved a pace forward on this desperate enterprise, when he felt a hand touching the extremity of his coat with which he groped to find the entrance to his hiding place. The unexpected collision sent a cold shudder through his frame; and such was the excitement to which he had worked himself up, it was not without difficulty he suppressed an exclamation, that must inevitably have sealed his doom. The soft tone of Oucanasta's voice reassured him.

"The day will soon dawn," she whispered; "the Saganaw must go."

With the return of hope came the sense of all he owed to the devotedness of this kind woman. He grasped the hand that still lingered on his arm, pressed it affectionately in his own, and then placed it in silence on his throbbing heart. The breathing of Oucanasta became deeper, and the young officer fancied he could feel her trembling with agitation. Again, however, and in a tone of more subdued expression, she whispered that he must go.

There was little urging necessary to induce a prompt compliance with the hint. Cautiously emerging from his concealment, Captain de Haldimar now followed close in the rear of his guide, who took the same circuit of the forest to reach the path that led towards the fort. This they speedily gained, and then pursued their course in silence, until they at length arrived at the log where the exchange of mocassins had been made.

"Here the Saganaw may take breath," she observed, as she seated herself on the fallen tree; "the sleep of the red skin is sound, and there is no one upon the path but Oucanasta."

Anxious as he felt to secure his return to the fort, there

was an implied solicitation in the tones of her to whom he owed so much, that prevented Captain de Haldimar from offering an objection, which he feared might be construed into slight.

For a moment or two the Indian remained with her arms folded, and her head bent over her chest; and then, in a low, deep, but tremulous voice, observed,—

"When the Saganaw saved Oucanasta from perishing in the angry waters, there was a girl of the pale faces with him, whose skin was like the snows of the Canadian winter, and whose hair was black like the fur of the squirrel. Oucanasta saw," she pursued, dropping her voice yet lower, "that the Saganaw was loved by the pale girl, and her own heart was very sick, for the Saganaw had saved her life, and she loved him too. But she knew she was very foolish, and that an Indian girl could never be the wife of a handsome chief of the Saganaw; and she prayed to the Great Spirit of the red skins to give her strength to overcome her feelings; but the Great Spirit was angry with her, and would not bear her." She paused a moment, and then abruptly demanded, "Where is that pale girl now?"

Captain de Haldimar had often been rallied, not only by his brother officers, but even by his sister and Madeline de Haldimar herself, on the conquest he had evidently made of the heart of this Indian girl. The event to which he had alluded had taken place several months previous to the breaking out of hostilities. Oucanasta was directing her frail bark, one evening, along the shores of the Detroit, when a gust of wind upset the canoe, and left it still struggling amid the waves. Captain de Haldimar, who happened to be on the bank at the moment with his sister and cousin, was an eye-witness of her danger, and instantly flew down the steep to her assistance. Being an excellent swimmer, he was not long in gaining the spot, where, exhausted with the exertion she had made, and encumbered with her awkward machetto, the poor girl was already on the point of perishing. But for his timely assistance, indeed, she must have sunk to the bottom; and, since that period, the grateful being had been ever marked for the strong but unexpressed attachment she felt for her deliverer. This, however, was the first moment Captain de Haldimar became acquainted with the extent of feelings, the avowal of which not a little startled and surprised, and even annoyed him. The last question, however, suggested a thought that kindled every fibre of his being into expectancy,—Oucanasta might be the saviour of those he loved; and he felt that, if time were not afforded her, she would. He rose from the log, dropped on one knee before the Indian, seized both her hands with eagerness, and then in tones of earnest supplication whispered,—

"Oucanasta is right: the pale girl with the skin like snow, and hair like the fur of the squirrel, is the bride of the Saganaw. Long before he saved the life of Oucanasta, he knew and loved that pale girl. She is dearer to the Saganaw than his own blood; but she is in the fort beyond the great lake, and the tomahawks of the red skins will destroy her; for the warriors of that fort have no one to tell them of their danger. What says the red girl? will she go and save the lives of the sister and the wife of the Saganaw?"

The breathing of the Indian became deeper; and Captain de Haldimar fancied she sighed heavily; as she replied,—

"Oucanasta is but a weak woman, and her feet are not swift like those of a runner among the red skins; but what the Saganaw asks, for his sake she will try. When she has seen him safe to his own fort, she will go and prepare herself for the journey. The pale girl shall lay her head on the bosom of the Saganaw, and Oucanasta will try to rejoice in her happiness."

In the fervour of his gratitude, the young officer caught the drooping form of the generous Indian wildly to his heart; his lips pressed hers, and during the kiss that followed, the heart of the latter bounded and throbbled, as if it would have passed from her own into the bosom of her companion.

Never was a kiss less premeditated, less unchaste. Gratitude, not passion, had called it forth; and had Madeline de Haldimar been near at the moment, the feeling that had impelled the seeming infidelity to herself would have been regarded as an additional claim on her affection. On the whole, however, it was a most unfortunate and ill-timed kiss, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, led to the downfall of the woman. In the vivacity of his embrace, Captain de Haldimar had drawn his guide so far forward upon the log, that she lost her balance, and fell with a heavy and reverberating crash among the leaves and dried sticks that were strewed thickly around.

Scarcely a second elapsed when the forest was alive with human yells, that fell achingly on the ears of both; and bounding warriors were heard on every hand, rapidly dividing the dense underwood they encountered in their pursuit. Quick as thought the Indian had regained her feet. She grasped the hand of her companion; and hurrying, though not without caution, along the path, again stood on the brow of the ravine through which they had previously passed.

"The Saganaw must go alone," she whispered. "The red skins are close upon our trail, but they will find only an Indian woman, when they expect a pale face. Oucanasta will save her friend."

Captain de Haldimar did as he was desired. Clinging to the bushes that lined the face of the precipitous descent, he managed once more to gain the bed of the ravine. For a moment he paused to listen to the sounds of his pursuers, whose footsteps were now audible on the eminence he had just quitted; and then, gathering himself up for the leap that was to enable him to clear the rivulet, he threw himself heavily forward. His feet alighted upon an elevated and yielding substance, that gave way with a crashing sound that echoed far and near throughout the forest, and he felt himself secured as if in a trap. Although despairing of escape, he groped with his hands to discover what it was that thus detained him, and found he had fallen through a bark canoe, the bottom of which had been turned upwards. The heart of the fugitive now sank within him: there could be no doubt that his retreat was intercepted. The canoe had been placed there since he last passed through the ravine; and it was evident, from the close and triumphant yell that followed the rending of the frail bark, such a result had been anticipated.

Stunned as he was by the terrific cries of the savages, and confused as were his ideas, Captain de Haldimar had still presence of mind to perceive the path itself offered him no further security. He therefore quitted it altogether, and struck, in an oblique direction, up the opposite face of the ravine. Scarcely had he gone twenty yards, when he heard the voices of several Indians conversing earnestly near the canoe he had just quitted; and presently afterwards he could distinctly hear them ascending the opposite brow of the ravine by the path he had recently congratulated himself on having abandoned. To advance or to recede was now equally impracticable; for, on every side, he was begirt by enemies, into whose hands a single false step must inevitably betray him. What would he not have given for the presence of Oucanasta, who was so capable of advising him in this difficulty? but, from the moment of his descending into the ravine, he had utterly lost sight of her.

The spot on which he now rested was covered with thick brushwood, closely interwoven at their tops, but affording sufficient space beneath for a temporary close concealment; so that, unless some Indian should touch him with his foot, there was little seeming probability of his being discovered by the eye. Under this crept, and lay, breathless and motionless, with his head raised from the ground, and his ear on the stretch for the slightest noise. For several minutes he remained in this position, vainly seeking to catch the sound of a voice, or the fall of a footstep; but the most deathlike silence had succeeded to the fierce yellings that had so recently rent the forest. At times he fancied he could distinguish faint noises in the direction of the encampment; and so certain was he of this, he at length came to the conclusion that the Indians, either baffled in their search, had relinquished the pursuit, or, having encountered Oucanasta, had been thrown on a different scent. His first intention had been to lie concealed until the following night, when the warriors, no longer on the alert, should leave the path once more open to him; but now that the conviction of their return was strong on his mind, he changed his determination, resolving to make the best of his way to the fort with the aid of the approaching dawn. With this view he partly withdrew his body from beneath its canopy of underwood; but, scarcely had he done so, when a hundred tongues, like the baying of so many blood-hounds, again rent the air with their wild cries, which seemed to rise up from the very bowels of the earth, and close to the appalled ear of the young officer.

Scarcely conscious of what he did, Captain de Haldimar grasped one of his pistols, for he fancied he felt the hot breathing of human life upon his cheek. With a sickly sensation of fear, he turned to satisfy himself whether it was not an illusion of his heated imagination. What, however, was his dismay, when he beheld bending over him a dark and heavy form, the outline of

which alone was distinguishable in the deep gloom in which the ravine remained enveloped! Desperation was in the heart of the excited officer: he cocked his pistol; but scarcely had the sharp ticking sound floated on the air, when he felt a powerful hand upon his chest; and, as with as much facility as if he had been a child, was he raised by that invisible hand to his feet. A dozen warriors now sprang to the assistance of their comrade, when the whole, having disarmed and bound their prisoner, led him back in triumph to their encampment.

CHAPTER XIX.

The fires of the Indians were now nearly extinct; but the faint light of the fast dawning day threw a ghastly, sickly, hue over the countenances of the savages, which rendered them even more terrific in their war paint. The chiefs grouped themselves immediately around their prisoner, while the inferior warriors, forming an outer circle, stood leaning their dark forms upon their rifles, and following, with keen and watchful eye, every movement of their captive. Hitherto the unfortunate officer had been too much engrossed by his despair to pay any immediate attention to the individual who had first discovered and seized him. It was sufficient for him to know all hope of the safety of the garrison had perished with his captivity; and, with that recklessness of life which often springs from the very consciousness of inability to preserve it, he now sullenly awaited the death which he expected at each moment would be inflicted. Suddenly his ear was startled by an interrogatory, in English, from one who stood behind him.

With a movement of surprise, Captain de Haldimar turned to examine his questioner. It was the dark and ferocious warrior who had exhibited the scalp of his ill-fated servant. For a moment the officer fixed his eyes firmly and unshrinkingly on those of the savage, seeking to reconcile the contradiction that existed between his dress and features and the purity of the English he had just spoken. The other saw his drift, and, impatient of the scrutiny, again repeated, as he fiercely pulled the strong leathern thong by which the prisoner now found himself secured to his girdle,—

"Who and what are you?—whence come you?—and for what purpose are you here?" Then, as if struck by some sudden recollection, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of his victim; and, while his eye grew upon his features, he pursued, in a tone of vehemence,—*"Ha! by heaven, I should know that face!—the cursed lines of the blood of De Haldimar are stamped upon that brow! But stay, one proof and I am satisfied."* While he yet spoke he dashed the menial hat of his captive to the earth, put aside his hair, and then, with fiendish exultation, pursued,—*"It is even so. Do you recollect the battle of the plains of Abraham, Captain de Haldimar?—Recollect you the French officer who aimed so desperately at your life, and whose object was defeated by a soldier of your regiment? I am that officer; my victim escaped me then, but not for ever. The hour of vengeance is nearly now arrived, and your capture is the pledge of my success. Mark, how the death-cry of all his hated race will ring in madness on your father's ear!"*

Amazement, stupefaction, and horror, filled the mind of the wretched officer at this extraordinary declaration. He perfectly recollected that the individual who had evinced so much personal hostility on the occasion alluded to, was indeed a man wearing the French uniform, although at the head of a band of savages, and of a stature and strength similar to those of him who now so fiercely avowed himself the bitter and deadly foe of all his race. If this were so, and his tone and language left little room for doubt, the doom of the ill-fated garrison was indeed irrevocably sealed. This mysterious enemy evidently possessed great influence in the councils of the Indians; and while the hot breath of his hatred continued to fan the flame of fierce hostility that had been kindled in the bosom of Pontac, whose particular friend he appeared to be, there would be no end to the atrocities that must follow. Great, however, as was the dismay of Captain de Haldimar, who, exhausted by the adventures of the night, presented a ghastly image of anxiety and fatigue, it was impossible for him to repress the feelings of indignation with which the language of this fierce man had inspired him.

"If you are in reality a French officer," he said, "and not an Englishman, as your accent would denote, the sentiments you have now avowed may well justify the belief, that you have been driven with ignominy from a service which your presence must eternally have disgraced. There is no country in Europe that would willingly claim you for its subject. Nay, even the savage

pace, with whom you are now connected, would, if apprised of your true nature, spurn you as a thing unworthy to herd even with their wolf-dogs."

A fierce sardonic laugh burst from the lips of the warrior, but this was so mingled with rage as to give an almost devilish expression to his features.

"Ignominy—ignominy!" he repeated, while his right hand played convulsively with the handle of his tomahawk; "is it for a De Haldimar to taunt me with ignominy? Fool!" he pursued, after a momentary pause, "you have sealed your doom." Then abruptly quitting the handle of his weapon, he thrust his hand into his bosom, and again drawing forth the reckless scalp of Donnellan, he dashed it furiously in the face of his prisoner. "Not two hours since," he exclaimed, "I cheered myself with the thought that the scalp of a De Haldimar was in my pouch. Now, indeed, do I glory in my mistake. The torture will be a more fitting death for you."

Had an arm not have gone unavenged even there; for such was the desperation of his heart, that he felt he could have hugged the death struggle with his insolent captor, notwithstanding the fearful odds, nor quitted him until one or both should have paid the debt of fierce enmity with life. As it was he could only betray, by his flashing eye, excited look, and the impatient play of his foot upon the ground, the deep indignation that consumed his heart.

The tall savage exulted in the mortification he had awakened, and as his eye glanced insolently from head to foot along his enemy, its expression told how much he laughed at the impotence of his anger. Suddenly, however, a change passed over his features. The moccasins of the officer had evidently attracted his attention, and he now demanded, in a more serious and imperative tone,—

"Ha! what means this disguise? Who is the wretch whom I have slain, mistaking him for a nobler victim; and how comes it that an officer of the English garrison appears here in the garb of a servant? By heaven, it is so! you are come as a spy into the camp of the Indians to steal away the councils of the chiefs. Speak, what have you heard?"

With these questions returned the calm and self-possession of the officer. He at once saw the importance of his answer, on which hung not merely his own last faint chance of safety, but that also of his generous deliverer. Struggling to subdue the disgust which he felt at holding converse with this atrocious monster, he asked in turn,—

"Am I then the only one whom the warriors have overtaken in their pursuit?"

"There was a woman, the sister of that boy," he pointed contemptuously to the young chief who had so recently assailed him, and who now, in common with his followers, stood impatiently listening to a colloquy that was unintelligible to all. "Speak truly, was she not the traitress who conducted you here?"

"Had you found me here," returned the officer, with difficulty repressing his feelings, "there might have been some ground for the assertion; but surely the councils of the chiefs could not be overheard at the distant point at which you discovered me."

"Why then were you there in this disguise?—and who is he," again holding up the bloody scalp, "whom I have despoiled of this?"

"There are few of the Ottawa Indians," returned Captain de Haldimar, "who are ignorant I once saved that young woman's life. Is it then so very extraordinary an attachment should have been the consequence? The man whom you slew was my servant. I had brought him out with me for protection during my interview with the woman, and I exchanged my uniform with him for the same purpose. There is nothing in this, however, to warrant the supposition of my being a spy."

During the delivery of these more than equivocal sentences, which, however, he felt were fully justified by circumstances, the young officer had struggled to appear calm and confident; but, despite of his exertions, his consciousness caused his cheeks to colour, and his eye to twinkle, beneath the searching glance of his ferocious enemy. The latter thrust his hand into his chest, and slowly drew forth the rope he had previously exhibited to Pontac.

"Do you think me a fool, Captain de Haldimar," he observed sneeringly, "that you expect so paltry a tale to be palmed successfully on my understanding? An English officer is not very likely to run the risk of breaking his neck by having recourse to such a means of exit from a besieged garrison, merely to intrigue with an Indian woman, when there are plenty of soldiers' wives

within, and that too at an hour when he knows the scouts of his enemies are prowling in the neighbourhood. Captain de Haldimar," he concluded, slowly and deliberately, "you have lied."

Despite of the last insult, his prisoner remained calm. The very observation that had just been made afforded him a final hope of exculpation, which, if it benefited not himself, might still be of service to the generous Oucanasta.

"Theonus of such language," he observed coolly and with dignity, "falls not on him to whom it is addressed, but on him who utters it. Yet one who professes to have been himself a soldier, must see in this circumstance a proof of my innocence. Had I been sent out as a spy to reconnoitre the movements, and to overhear the councils of our enemies, the gate would have been open for my egress; but that rope is in itself an evidence I must have stolen forth unknown to the garrison."

Whether it was that the warrior had his own particular reasons for attaching truth to this statement, or that he merely pretended to do so, Captain de Haldimar saw with secret satisfaction his last argument was conclusive.

"Well, be it so," retorted the savage, while a ferocious smile passed over his swarthy features; "but, whether you have been here as a spy, or have merely ventured out in prosecution of an intrigue, it matters not. Before the sun has travelled far in the meridian you die; and the tomahawk of your father's deadly foe—of—of Wacosta, as I am called, shall be the first to drink your blood."

The officer made a final effort at mercy. "Who or what you are, or whence your hatred of my family, I know not," he said; "but surely I have never injured you; wherefore, then, this insatiable thirst for my blood? If you are, indeed, a Christian and a soldier, let your heart be touched with humanity, and procure my restoration to my friends. You once attempted my life in honourable combat, why not wait, then, until a fitting opportunity shall give not a bound and defenceless victim to your steel, but one whose resistance may render him a conquest worthy of your arm?"

"What! and be balked of the chance of my just revenge? Hear me, Captain de Haldimar," he pursued, in that low, quick, deep tone that told all the strong excitement of his heart.—"I have, it is true, no particular enmity to yourself; farther than that you are a De Haldimar; but hell does not supply a feeling half so bitter as my enmity to your proud father; and months, years, have I passed in the hope of such an hour as this. For this have I forsworn my race, and become—what you now behold me—a savage both in garb and character. But this matters not," he continued, fiercely and impatiently, "your doom is sealed; and before another sun has risen, your stern father's gaze shall be blasted with the sight of the mangled carcass of his first born. Ha! ha! ha!" he and he laughed low and exultingly, "even now I think I see him withering, if heart so hard can wither, beneath this proof of my undying hate."

"Fiend!—monster!—devil!" exclaimed the excited officer, now losing sight of all considerations of prudence in the deep horror inspired by his captor:—"Kill me—torture me—commit any cruelty on me, if such be your savage will; but outrage not humanity by the fulfilment of your last disgusting threat. Suffer not a father's heart to be agonised—a father's eye to be blasted—with a view of the mangled remains of him to whom he has given life."

Again the savage rudely pulled the thong that bound his prisoner to his girdle, and removing his tomahawk from his belt, and holding its sullied point close under the eye of the former, exclaimed, as he bent eagerly over him,—

"See you this, Captain de Haldimar? At the still hour of midnight, while you had abandoned your guard to revel in the arms of your Indian beauty, I stole into the fort by means of the same rope that you had used in quitting it. Unseen by the sentinels I gained your father's apartment. It was the first time we had met for twenty years, and I do believe that had the very devil presented himself in my place, he would have been received with fewer marks of horror. Oh, how that proud man's eye twinkled beneath this glittering blade! He attempted to call out, but my look paralysed his brow and cheeks. Then it was that my scathed heart once more beat with the intoxication of triumph. Your father was alone and unarmed, and throughout the fort not a sound was to be heard, save the distant tread of the sentinels. I could have laid him dead at my feet at a single blow, and yet have secured my retreat. But no, that was not my object. I came to taunt him with the

promise of my revenge—to tell him the hour of my triumph was approaching fast; and, he!" he concluded, laughing hideously as he passed his large rude hand through the wavy hair of the now uncovered officer, "this is, indeed, a fair and unexpected first earnest of the full redemption of my pledge. No—no!" he continued, as if talking to himself, "he must not die. Fantasia-like, he shall have death ever apparently within his grasp; but, until all his race have perished before his eyes, he shall not attain it."

Hitherto the Indians had preserved an attitude of calm, listening to the interrogatories put to the prisoner with that wonder and curiosity with which a savage people hear a language different from their own; and marking the several emotions that were elicited in the course of the animated colloquy of the pale faces. Gradually, however, they became impatient under its duration; and many of them, in the excitement produced by the fierce manner of him who was called Wacosta, fixed their dark eyes upon the captive, while they grasped the handles of their tomahawks, as if they would have disputed with the former the privilege of dying his weapon first in his blood. When they saw the warrior hold up his menacing blade to the eye of his victim, while he passed his hand through the redundant hair, they at once inferred the sacrifice was about to be completed, and rushing furiously forward, they bounded, and leaped, and yelled, and brandished their own weapons in the most appalling manner.

Already had the unhappy officer given himself up for lost; fifty bright tomahawks were playing about his head at the same instant, and death—that death which is never without terror to the young, however brave they may be in the hour of generous conflict—seemed to have arrived at last. He raised his eyes to heaven, committing his soul to his God in the same silent prayer that he offered up for the preservation of his friends and comrades; and then bending them upon the earth, summoned all his collectedness and courage to sustain him through the trial. At the very moment, however, when he expected to feel the crashing steel within his brain, he felt himself again violently pulled by the thong that secured his hands. In the next instant he was pressed close to the chest of his vast enemy, who, with one arm encircling his prisoner, and the other brandishing his fierce blade in rapid evolutions round his head, kept the yelling band at bay, with the evident unshaken determination to maintain his sole and acknowledged right to the disposal of his captive.

For several moments the event appeared doubtful; but notwithstanding his extreme agility in the use of a weapon, in the management of which he evinced all the dexterity of the most practised native, the odds were fearfully against Wacosta; and while his flashing eye and swelling chest betrayed his purpose rather to perish himself than suffer the infringement of his claim, it was evident that numbers must, in the end, prevail against him. On an appeal to Pontac, however, of which he now suddenly bethought himself, the authority of the latter was successfully exerted, and he was again left in the full and undisturbed possession of his prisoner.

A low and earnest conversation now ensued among the chiefs, in which, as before, Wacosta bore a principal part. When this was terminated, several Indians approached the unhappy officer, and unfasting the thong with which his hands were firmly and even painfully girt, deprived him both of coat, waistcoat and shirt. He was then bound a second time in the same manner, his body besmeared with paint, and his head so disguised as to give him the caricature semblance of an Indian warrior. When these preparations were completed, he was led to the tree in which he had been previously concealed, and there firmly secured. Meanwhile Wacosta, at the head of a numerous band of warriors, had departed once more in the direction of the fort.

With the rising of the sun now vanished all traces of the mist that had fallen since the early hours of morning, leaving the unfortunate officer ample leisure to survey the difficulties of his position. He had fancied, from the course taken by his guide the previous night, that the plain or oasis, as we have elsewhere termed it, lay in the very heart of the forest; but that route now proved to have been circuitous. The tree to which he was bound was one of a slight belt, separating the encampment from the open grounds which extended towards the river, and which was so thin and scattered on that side as to leave the clear silver waters of the Detroit visible at intervals. Oh, what would he not have given, at that cheering sight, to have had his limbs free, and his chance of life staked on the swiftness of his flight! While he had imagined himself begirt by interminable forest, he felt as one whose

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very thought to elude those who were, in some degree, the deities of that wild scene, must be paralysed in its first conception. But here was the vivifying picture of civilised nature. Corn fields, although trodden down and destroyed—dwelling houses, although burnt or dilapidated—told of the existence of those who were of the same race with himself; and notwithstanding these had perished even as he must perish, still there was something in the aspect of the very ruins of their habitations which, contrasted with the solemn gloom of the forest, carried a momentary and indefinable consolation to his spirit. Then there was the ripe and teeming orchard, and the low whitewashed cabin of the Canadian peasant, to whom the offices of charity, and the duties of humanity, were no strangers; and who, although the secret enemies of his country, had no motive for personal hostility towards himself. Then, on the river itself, even at that early hour, was to be seen, fastened to the long stake driven into its bed, or secured by the rude anchor of stone appended to a cable of twisted bark, the light canoe or chimney periqua of the peasant fisherman, who, ever and anon, drew up from its deep bosom whatever tenant of these waters might chance to adfix itself to the traitorous hook. It is true that his view of these objects was only occasional and indistinct; but his intimate acquaintance with the localities beyond brought every thing before Captain de Haldimar's eye; and even while he sighed to think they were for ever cut off from his reach, he already, in idea, followed the course of flight he should pursue were the power but afforded him.

From this train of painful and exciting thought the wretched captive was aroused, by a faint but continued yelling in a distant part of the forest, and in the direction that had been taken by Wacousta and his warriors. Then, after a short interval, came the loud booming of the cannon of the fort, carried on with a spirit and promptitude that told of some pressing and dangerous emergency, and fainter afterwards the sharp shrill reports of the rifles, bearing evidence the savages were already in close collision with the garrison. Various were the conjectures that passed rapidly through the mind of the young officer, during a firing that had called almost every Indian in the encampment away to the scene of action, save the two or three young Ottawas who had been left to guard his own person, and who lay upon the sward near him, with head erect and ear sharply set, listening to the startling sounds of conflict. What the motive of the hurried departure of the Indians was he knew not; but he had conjectured the object of the fierce Wacousta was to possess himself of the uniform in which his wretched servant was clothed, that no mistake might occur in his identity, when its true owner should be exhibited in it, within view of the fort, mangled and disfigured, in the manner that fierce and mysterious man had already threatened. It was exceedingly probable the body of Donnellan had been mistaken for his own, and that in the anxiety of his father to prevent the Indians from carrying it off, the cannon had been directed to open upon them. But if this were the case, how were the reports of the rifles, and the fierce yellings that continued, save at intervals, to ring throughout the forest to be accounted for? The bullets of the Indians evidently could not reach the fort, and they were too wily, and attached too much value to their ammunition, to risk a shot that was not very certain of carrying a wound with it. For a moment the fact itself flashed across his mind, and he attributed the fire of small arms to the attack and defence of a party that had been sent out for the purpose of securing the body, supposed to be his own; yet, if so, again how was he to account for his not hearing the report of a single musket? His ear was too well practised not to know the sharp crack of the rifle from the heavy dull discharge of the musket, and as yet the former only had been distinguishable amid the intervals that ensued between each sullen booming of the cannon. While this impression continued on the mind of the anxious officer, he caught, with the avidity of desperation, at the faint and improbable idea that his companions might be able to penetrate to his place of concealment, and procure his liberation; but when he found the firing, instead of drawing nearer, was confined to the same spot, and even more fiercely kept up by the Indians towards the close, he again gave way to his despair, and resigning himself to his fate, no longer sought comfort in vain speculation as

to its cause. His ear now caught the report of the last shell as it exploded, and then all was still and hushed, as if what he had so recently heard was but a dream.

The first intimation given him of the return of the savages was the death wail, set up by the women within the encampment. Captain de Haldimar turned his eyes, instinct with terror, towards the scene, and beheld the warriors slowly issuing from the opposite side of the forest into the plain, and bearing in silence the dead and stiffened forms of those who had been cut down by the destructive fire from the fort. Their mien was sullen and revengeful, and more than one dark and gleaming eye did he encounter turned upon him, with an expression that seemed to say a separate torture should average the death of each of their fallen comrades.

The early part of the morning wore away in preparation for the interment of the slain. These were placed in rows under the council shed, where they were attended by their female relatives, who composed the features and confined the limbs, while the gloomy warriors dug, within the limit of the encampment, rude graves, of a depth just sufficient to receive the body. When these were completed, the dead were deposited, with the usual superstitious ceremonies of these people, in their several receptacles, after which a mound of earth was thrown up over each, and the whole covered with round logs, so disposed as to form a tomb of semicircular shape: at the head of each grave was finally planted a pole, bearing various devices in paint, intended to illustrate the warlike achievements of the defunct parties.

Captain de Haldimar had followed the course of these proceedings with a beating heart; for too plainly had he read in the dark and threatening manner both of men and women, that the retribution about to be wreaked upon himself would be terrible indeed. Much as he clung to life, and bitterly as he mourned his early cutting off from the affections hitherto identified with his existence, his wretchedness would have been less, had he not been overwhelmed by the conviction that, with him, must perish every chance of the safety of those, the bare recollection of whom made the bitterness of death even more bitter. Harrowing as were these reflections, he felt that immediate destruction, since it could not be avoided, would be rather a blessing than otherwise. But such, evidently, was not the purpose of his relentless enemy. Every species of torment which his cruel invention could supply would, he felt convinced, be exercised upon his frame: and with this impression on his mind, it would have required sterner nerves than his, not to have shrunk from the very anticipation of so dreadful an ordeal.

It was now noon, and yet no visible preparation was making for the consummation of the sacrifice. This, Captain de Haldimar imputed to the absence of the fierce Wacousta, whom he had not seen since the return of the warriors from the skirmish. The momentary disappearance of this extraordinary and ferocious man was, however, fraught with no consolation to his unfortunate prisoner, who felt he was only engaged in taking such measures as would render not only his destruction more certain, but his preliminary sufferings more complicated and protracted. While he was thus indulging in fruitless speculation as to the motive for his absence, he fancied he heard the report of a rifle, succeeded immediately afterwards by the war-whoop, at a considerable distance, and in the direction of the river. In this impression he was confirmed, by the sudden upstarting to their feet of the young Indians to whose custody he had been committed, who now advanced to the outer edge of the belt of forest, with the apparent object of obtaining a more unconfined view of the open ground that lay beyond. The rapid gliding of spectral forms from the interior of the encampment in the same direction, denoted, moreover, that the Indians generally had heard, and were attracted by the same sound.

Presently afterwards, repeated "waungs!" and "Wacousta!—Wacousta!" from those who had reached the extreme skirt of the forest, fell on the dismayed ear of the young officer. It was evident, from the peculiar tones in which these words were pronounced, that they beheld that warrior approaching them with some communication of interest; and, sick at heart, and filled with irrepressible dismay, Captain de Haldimar felt his pulse to throb more violently as each moment brought his enemy nearer to him.

A startling interest was now created among the Indians; for, as the savage warrior neared the forest, his lips pealed forth that peculiar cry which is meant to announce some intelligence of alarm. Scarcely had its echoes died away in the forest, when the whole of the warriors rushed from the encampment towards the clearing. Directed by the sound, Captain de Haldimar bent his eyes upon the thin skirt of wood that lay immediately before him, and at intervals could see the towering form of that vast warrior bounding, with incredible speed, up the sloping ground that led from the town towards the forest. A ravine lay before him but this he cleared, with a prodigious effort, at a single leap; and then, continuing his way up the slope, amid the low guttural exclamations of the warriors at his extraordinary dexterity and strength, finally gained the side of Pontec, then leaning carelessly against a tree at a short distance from the prisoner.

A low and animated conversation now ensued between these two important personages, which at moments assumed the character of violent discussion. From what Captain de Haldimar could collect, the Ottawa chief was severely reproving his friend for the inconsiderate ardour which had led him that morning into collision with those whom it was their object to lull into security by a careful avoidance of hostility, and urging the possibility of their plan being defeated in consequence. He moreover obstinately refused the pressing request of Wacousta, in regard to some present enterprise which the latter had just suggested, the precise nature of which, however, Captain de Haldimar could not learn. Meanwhile, the rapid flitting of numerous forms to and from the encampment, arrayed in all the fierce pomp of savage warfare, while low exclamations of excitement occasionally caught his ear, led the officer to infer, strange and unusual as such an occurrence was, that either the detachment already engaged, or a second, was advancing on their position. Still, this offered little chance of security for himself; for more than once, during his long conference with Pontec, had the fierce Wacousta bent his eye in ferocious triumph on his victim, as if he would have said—"Come what will—whatever be the result—you, at least, shall not escape me." Indeed, so confident did the latter feel that the instant of attack would be the signal of his own death, that after the first momentary and instinctive cheering of his spirit, he rather regretted the circumstance of their approach; or, if he rejoiced at all, it was only because it afforded him the prospect of immediate death, instead of being exposed to all the horror of a lingering and agonising suffering from the torture.

While the chiefs were yet earnestly conversing, the alarm cry, previously uttered by Wacousta, was repeated, although in a low and subdued tone, by several of the Indians who stood on the brow of the eminence. Pontec started suddenly to the same point; but Wacousta continued for a moment or two rooted to the spot on which he stood, with the air of one in doubt as to what course he should pursue. He then abruptly raised his head, fixed his dark and menacing eye on his captive, and was already in the act of approaching him, when the earnest and repeated demands for his presence, by the Ottawa chief, drew him once more to the outskirts of the wood.

Again Captain de Haldimar breathed freely. The presence of that fierce man had been a clog upon the vital functions of his heart; and, to be relieved from it, even at a moment like the present, when far more important interests might be supposed to occupy his mind, was a gratification, of which not even the consciousness of impending death could wholly deprive him. From the continued pressing of the Indians towards one particular point in the clearing, he now conjectured, that, from that point, the advance of the troops was visible. Anxious to obtain even a momentary view of those whom he deemed himself fitted never more to mingle with in this life, he raised himself upon his feet, and stretched his neck and bent his eager glance in the direction by which Wacousta had approached; but, so closely were the dark warriors grouped among the trees, he found it impossible. Once or twice, however, he thought he could distinguish the gleaming of the English bayonets in the bright sunshine, as they seemed to file off in a parallel line with the ravine. Oh, how his generous heart

throbbed at that moment; and how ardently did he wish that he could have stood in the position of the meanest soldier in those gallant ranks! Perhaps his own brave and devoted grenadiers were of the number, burning with enthusiasm to be led against the captors or destroyers of their officer; and this thought added to his wretchedness still more.

While the unfortunate prisoner, thus strongly excited, bent his whole soul on the scene before him, he fancied he heard the approach of a cautious footstep. He turned his head as well as his confined position would admit, and beheld, close behind him, a dark Indian, whose eyes alone were visible above the blanket in which his person was completely enveloped. This right arm was uplifted, and the blade of a scalping knife glittered in his hand. A cold shudder ran through the veins of the young officer, and he closed his eyes, that he might not see the blow which he felt was about to be directed at his heart. The Indian glanced hurriedly yet cautiously around to see if he was observed; and then, with the rapidity of thought, divided, first the things that secured the legs, and then those which confined the arms of the defenceless captive. When Captain de Haldimar, full of astonishment at finding himself once more at liberty, again unloosed his eyes, they fell on the not unhandsome features of the young chief, the brother of Oueanasta.

"The Saganaaw is the prisoner of Wacosta," said the Indian hastily; "and Wacosta is the enemy of the young Ottawa chief. The warriors of the pale faces are there" (and he pointed directly before him). "If the Saganaaw has a bold heart and a swift foot he may save his life;" and, with this intimation, he hurried away in the same cautious manner, and was in the next instant seen making a circuit to arrive at the point at which the principal strength of the Indians was collected.

The position of Captain de Haldimar had now attained its acme of interest; for on his own exertions alone depended every thing that remained to be accomplished. With wonderful presence of mind he surveyed all the difficulties of his course, while he availed himself at the same moment of whatever advantages were within his grasp. On the approach of Wacosta, the young Indians, to whose custody he had been committed, had returned to their post; but no sooner had that warrior, obeying the call of Pontiac, again departed, than they once more flew to the extreme skirt of the forest, after first satisfying themselves the ligatures which confined their prisoner were secure. Either with a view of avoiding unnecessary encumbrance in their course, or through hurry and inadvertence, they had left their blankets near the foot of the tree. The first thought of the officer was to seize one of these; for, in order to gain the point whence his final effort to join the detachment must be made, it was necessary he should pass through the body of scattered Indians who stood immediately in his way; and the disguise of the blanket could alone afford him a reasonable chance of moving unnoticed among them. Secretly congratulating himself on the insulting mockery that had induced his upper form in the disguising war paint of his enemies, he now drew the protecting blanket close up to his eyes; and then, with every nerve braced up, every faculty of mind and body called into action, commenced his dangerous enterprise.

He had not, however, taken more than two or three steps in advance, when, to his great discomfiture and alarm, he beheld the formidable Wacosta approaching from a distance, evidently in search of his prisoner. With the quickness of thought he determined on his course. To appear to avoid him would be to excite the suspicion of the fierce warrior; and, desperate as the alternative was, he resolved to move undeviatingly forward. At each step that drew him nearer to his enemy, the beating of his heart became more violent; and had it not been for the thick coat of paint in which he was invested, the involuntary contraction of the muscles of his face must inevitably have betrayed him. Nay, even as it was, had the keen eye of the warrior fallen on him, such was the agitation of the officer, he felt he must have been discovered. Happily, however, Wacosta, who evidently took him for some inferior warrior hastening to the point where his fellows were already assembled, passed without deigning to look at him, and so close, their forms almost touched. Captain de Haldimar now quickened his pace. It was evident there was no time to be lost; for Wacosta, on finding him gone, would at once give the alarm, when a hundred warriors would be ready on the instant to intercept his flight. Taking the precaution to disguise his walk by turning in his toes after the Indian manner, he reached, with a beating heart, the first of the numerous warriors who were collected within the belt of forest, anxiously watching the movements of

the detachment in the plain below. To his infinite joy he found that each was too much intent on what was passing in the distance, to heed any thing going on near themselves; and when he at length gained the extreme opening, and stood in a line with those who were the farthest advanced, without having excited a single suspicion in his course, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

Still the most difficult part of the enterprise remained to be completed. Hitherto he had moved under the friendly cover of the underwood, the advantage of which had been to conceal that part of his regimental trousers which the blanket left exposed; and if he moved forward into the clearing, the quick glance of an Indian would not be slow in detecting the difference between these and his own ruder leggings. There was no alternative now but to commence his flight from the spot on which he stood; and for this he prepared himself. At one rapid and comprehensive view he embraced the immediate localities before him. On the other side of the ravine he could now distinctly see the English troops, either planning, as he conceived, their own attack, or waiting in the hope of drawing the Indians from their cover. It was evident that to reach them the ravine must be crossed, unless the more circuitous route by the bridge, which was hid from his view by an intervening hillock, should be preferred; but as the former had been cleared by Wacosta in his ascent, and was the nearest point by which the detachment could be approached, to this did he now direct his undivided attention.

While he yet paused with indecision, at one moment fancying the time for starting was not yet arrived, and at the next that he had suffered it to pass away, the powerful and threatening voice of Wacosta was heard proclaiming the escape of his captive. Low but expressive exclamations from the warriors marked their sense of the importance of the intelligence; and many of them hastily dispersed themselves in pursuit. This was the critical moment for action; for, as the anxious officer had rather wished than expected, those Indians who had been immediately in front, and whose proximity he most dreaded, were among the number of those who dashed into the heart of the forest. Captain de Haldimar now stood alone, and full twenty paces in front of the nearest of the savages. For a moment he played with his moss-covered foot, to satisfy himself of the power and flexibility of its muscles, and then committing himself to his God, dashed the blanket suddenly from his shoulders, and, with eye and heart fixed on the distant soldiery, darted down the declivity with a speed of which he had never yet believed himself capable. Scarcely, however, had his fleeing form appeared in the opening, when a tremendous and deafening yell rent the air, and a dozen wild and naked warriors followed instantly in pursuit. Attracted by that yell, the terrible Wacosta, who had been seeking his victim in a different quarter, bounded forward to the front, with an eye flashing fire, and a brow compressed into the fiercest frown; and so supendous were his efforts, so extraordinary was his speed, that had it not been for the young Ottawa chief, who was one of the pursuing party, and who, under the pretence of assisting in the capture of the prisoner, sought every opportunity of throwing himself before, and embarrassing the movements of his enemy, it is highly probable the latter would have succeeded. Despite of these obstacles, however, the fierce Wacosta, who had been the last to follow, soon left the foremost of his companions far behind him; and but for his sudden fall, while in the very act of seizing the arm of his prisoner, his gigantic efforts must have been crowned with the fullest success. But the reader has already seen how miraculously Captain de Haldimar, reduced to the last stage of debility, as much from inaction as from the unnatural efforts of his flight, finally accomplished his return to the detachment.

CHAPTER XX.

At the western extremity of the lake Huron, and almost washed by the waters of that pigmy ocean, stands the fort of Michillimackinac. Constructed on a smaller scale, and garrisoned by a less numerical force, the defences of this post, although less formidable than those of the Detroit, were nearly similar, at the period embraced by our story, both in matter and in manner. Unlike the latter fortress, however, it boasted none of the advantages afforded by nature; neither, indeed, was there a single spot in the immediate vicinity that was not clad in the eternal forest of these regions. It is true, that art and laborious exertion had so far supplied the deficiencies of nature as to isolate the fort, and throw it under the protecting sweep of its cannon; but, while

this afforded security, it failed to produce any thing like a pleasing effect to the eye. The very site on which the fortress now stood had at one period been a portion of the wilderness that every where around was only terminated by the sands on the lake shore; and, although time and the ax of the pioneer had in some degree changed its features, still there was no trace of that blended natural scenery that so pleasingly diversified the vicinity of the sister fort. Here and there, along the imperfect clearing, and amid the dark and thickly studded stumps of the felled trees, which in themselves were sufficient to give the most lugubrious character to the scene, rose the rude log cabin of the settler; but, beyond this, cultivation appeared to have lost her power in proportion with the difficulties she had to encounter. Here, the two Indian villages, L'Arbre Croche and Chabouiga, situated about a mile from the fort, with which they formed nearly an equilateral triangle, were hid from the view of the garrison by the dark dense forest, in the heart of which they were embedded.

Lakeward the view was scarcely less monotonous; but it was not, as in the rear, that monotony which is never occasionally broken in upon by some occurrence of interest. If the eye gazed long and anxiously for the white sail of the well known armed vessel, charged at stated intervals with letters and tidings of those whom time, and distance, and danger, far from estranging, rendered more dear to the memory, and bound more closely to the heart, it was sure of being rewarded at last; and then there was no picture on which it could love to linger so well as that of the silver waves bearing that valued vessel in safety to its wanted anchorage in the offing. Moreover, the light swift bark canoes of the natives often danced joyously on its surface; and while the sight was oftended at the savage, skulking among the trees of the forest, like some dark spirit moving cautiously in its course of secret destruction, and watching the moment when he might pounce unnoticed on his unprepared victim, it followed, with momentary pleasure and excitement, the activity and skill displayed by the harmless paddler, in the swift and meteor-like race that set the troubled surface of the Huron in a sheet of hissing foam. Nor was this all. When the eye turned wood-ward, it fell heavily, and without interest, upon a dim and dusky point, known to enter upon savage scenes and unexplored countries; whereas, whenever it rested upon the lake, it was with an eagerness and energy that embraced the most vivid recollections of the past, and led the imagination buoyantly over every well-remembered scene that had previously been traversed, and which must be traversed again before the land of the European could be pressed once more. The forest, in a word, formed, as it were, the gloomy and impenetrable walls of the prison-house, and the bright lake that lay before it the only portal through which happiness and liberty could be again secured.

The principal entrance into the fort, which presented four equal sides of a square, was from the forest; but, immediately opposite to this, and behind the apartments of the commanding officer, there was another small gate that opened upon the lake shore; but which, since the investment of the place, had been kept bolted and locked, with a precaution befitting the danger to which the garrison was exposed. Still, there were periods, even now, when its sullen noises were to be heard moaning on the midnight breeze; for it served as a medium of communication between the besieged and others who were no less critically circumstanced than themselves.

The very day before the Indians commenced their simultaneous attack on the several posts of the English, the only armed vessel that had been constructed on these upper lakes, serving chiefly as a medium of communication between Detroit and Michillimackinac, had arrived with despatches and letters from the former fort. A well-concerted plan of the savages to seize her in her passage through the narrow waters of the river Sinclair had only been defeated by the vigilance of her commander; but, ever since the breaking out of the war, she had been imprisoned within the limits of the Huron. Laborious indeed was the duty of the devoted crew. Several attempts had been renewed by the Indians to surprise them; but, although their little fleets stole cautiously and noiselessly, at the still hour of midnight, to the spot where, at the last expiring rays of twilight, they had beheld her carelessly anchored, and apparently lulled into security, the subject of their search was never to be met with. No sooner were objects on the shore rendered indistinct to the eye, than the anchor was silently weighed, and, gliding wherever the breeze might choose to carry her, the light bark was made to traverse the lake, with every sail set, until dawn. None, however, were suffered to slum-

er in the presumed security afforded by this judicious light. Every man was at his post; and, while a silence so profound was preserved that the noise of a falling pin might have been heard upon her decks, every thing was in readiness to repel an attack of their enemies, should the vessel, in her course, come accidentally in collision with their pugnacious fleets. When morning broke, and no sign of their treacherous foes was visible, the vessel was again anchored, and the majority of the crew sufficed to cure to their hammocks, while the few whose turn of duty it chanced to be, kept a vigilant look-out, that, on the slightest appearance of alarm, their slumbering comrades might again be aroused to energy and action.

Severe and harassing as had been the duty on board his vessel for many months,—at one moment exposed to the assaults of the savages, at another assailed by the hurricanes that are so prevalent and so dangerous on the American lakes,—the situation of the crew was even less enviable than that of the garrison itself. What chiefly contributed to their disquietude, was the dreadful consciousness that, however their present efforts might secure a temporary safety, the period of their fall was only retroacted. A few months more must bring with them, like the severity of the winter of those climes, and then, locked up in a sea of ice,—exposed to all the rigour of old,—all the miseries of hunger,—what effectual resistance could they oppose to the numerous bands of Indians who, availing themselves of the defenceless position of their enemies, would rush from every quarter to their destruction.

At the outset of these disheartening circumstances the officer had summoned his faithful crew together, and pointing out the danger and uncertainty of their position, stated that two chances of escape still remained to them. The first was by an attempt to accomplish the passage of the river Sinclair during some dark and boisterous night, when the Indians would be least likely to suspect such an intention: it was at this point that the efforts of their enemies were principally to be apprehended; but if, under cover of storm and darkness, they could accomplish this difficult passage, they would easily gain the Detroit, and thence pass into lake Erie, at the further extremity of which they might, favoured by providence, effect a landing, and penetrate to the inhabited parts of the colony of New York. The other alternative was,—and he left it to themselves to determine,—to sink the vessel on the approach of winter, and throw themselves into the fort before them, there to wait and share the destiny of its gallant defenders.

With the generous enthusiasm of their profession, the noble fellows had determined on the latter course. With their officer they fully coincided in opinion, that their ultimate hopes of life depended on the safe passage of the Sinclair; for it was but too obvious, that soon or late, unless some very extraordinary revolution should be effected in the intentions of the Indians, the fortress must be starved into submission. Still, as it was tolerably well supplied with provisions, this gloomy prospect was remote, and they were willing to run all chances with their friends on shore, rather than desert them in their extremity. The determination expressed by them, therefore, was, that when they could no longer keep the lake in safety, they would, if the officer permitted it, scuttle the vessel, and attempt an entrance into the fort, where they would share the fate of the troops, whatever it might chance to be.

No sooner was this resolution made known, than their young commander sought an opportunity of communicating with the garrison. This, however, was no very easy task; for, so closely was the fort hemmed in by the savages, it was impossible to introduce a messenger within its walls; and so sudden had been the cutting off of all communication between the vessel and the shore, that the thought had not even occurred to either commander to establish the most ordinary intelligence by signal. In this dilemma recourse was had to an ingenious expedient. The despatches of the officer were enclosed in one of the long tin tubes in which were generally deposited the maps and charts of the schooner, and to this, after having been carefully soldered, was attached an inch rope of several hundred fathoms in length: the case was then put into one of the ship's guns, so placed as to give it the elevation of a mortar; thus prepared, advantage was taken of a temporary absence of the Indians to bring the vessel within half a mile of the shore, and when the attention of the garrison, naturally attracted by this unusual movement, was sufficiently awakened, that opportunity was chosen for the discharge of the gun; and as, the quantity of powder had been proportionably reduced for the limited range, the tube was soon safely deposited within the rampart. The same means were adopted in

replying to, and one end of the rope remaining attached to the schooner, all that was necessary was to solder up the tube as before, and throw it over the ramparts upon the sands, whence it was immediately pulled over her side by the watchful mariners.

As the despatch conveyed to the garrison, among other subjects of interest, bore the unwelcome intelligence that the supplies of the crew were nearly expended, an arrangement was proposed by which, at stated intervals, a more immediate communication with the former might be effected. Whenever, therefore, the wind permitted, the vessel was kept hovering in sight during the day, beneath the eyes of the savages, and on the approach of evening an unshot gun was discharged, with a view of drawing their attention more immediately to her movements; every sail was then set, and under a cloud of canvass the course of the schooner was directed towards the source of the intelligence, as if an attempt to accomplish that passage was to be made during the night. No sooner, however had the darkness fairly set in, than the vessel was put about, and, beating against the wind, contrived to reach the ofing at a stated hour, when a boat, provided with muffled guns, was sent off to the shore. This ruse had several times deceived the Indians, and it was on these occasions that the small gate to which we have alluded was opened, for the purpose of conveying the necessary supplies.

The buildings of the fort consisted chiefly of block-houses, the internal accommodations of which were fully in keeping with their rude exterior, being but indifferently provided with the most ordinary articles of comfort, and fitted up as the limited resources of that wild and remote district could supply. The best and most agreeably situated of these, if a choice could be made, was that of the commanding officer. This building rose considerably above the others, and overhanging that part of the rampart which skirted the shores of the Huron, commanded a full view of the lake, even to its extremity of frowning and belting forest.

To this block-house there were two staircases; the principal leading to the front entrance from the barrack-square, the other opening in the rear, close under the rampart, and communicating by a few rude steps with the small gate that led upon the sands. In the lower part of this building, appropriated by the commanding officer to that exclusive purpose, the official duties of his situation were usually performed; and on the ground-floor a large room, that extended from front to rear of the block-house on one side of the passage, had formerly been used as a hall of council with the Indian chiefs. The floor above this comprised both his own private apartments and those set apart for the general use of the family; but, above all, and preferable from their cheerful view over the lake, were others, which had been reserved for the exclusive accommodation of Miss de Haldimar. This upper floor consisted of two sleeping apartments, with a sitting-room, the latter extending the whole length of the block-house, and opening immediately upon the lake from the only two windows with which that side of the building was provided. The principal staircase led into one of the bed-rooms, and both of the latter communicated immediately with the sitting-room, which again, in its turn, opened, at the opposite extremity, on the narrow staircase that led to the rear of the block-house.

The furniture of this apartment, which might be taken as a fair sample of the best the country could afford, was wild, yet simple, in the extreme. Next rush mats, of an oblong square, and fantastically put together, so as to exhibit in the weaving of the several coloured reeds both figures that were known to exist in the creation, and those which could have no being save in the imagination of their framers, served as excellent substitutes for carpets, while rush bottomed chairs, the product of Indian ingenuity also, occupied those intervals around the room that were unsupplied by the matting. Upon the walls were hung numerous specimens both of the dress and of the equipments of the savages, and mingled with these were many natural curiosities, the gifts of Indian chiefs to the commandant at various periods before the war.

Nothing could be more unlike the embellishments of a modern European boudoir than those of this apartment, which had, in some degree, been made the sanctum of its present occupants. Here was to be seen the scaly carcass of some huge serpent, extending its now harmless length from the ceiling to the floor—there an alligator, stuffed after the same fashion; and in various directions the skins of the beaver, the marten, the otter, and an infinitude of others of that genus, filled up spaces that were left unsupplied by the more ingenious specimens of Indian art. Head dresses tastefully wrought in the shape of the

crowning bays of the ancients, and composed of the gorgeous feathers of the most splendid of the forest birds—bows and quivers, handsomely and even elegantly ornamented with that most tasteful of Indian decorations, the stained quill of the porcupine; war clubs of massive iron wood, their handles covered with stained horsehair and feathers, curiously mingled together—macheocis, hunting coats, moccasins, and leggings, all worked in porcupine quill, and fancifully arranged,—these, with many others, had been called into requisition to bedeck and relieve the otherwise rude and naked walls of the apartment.

Nor did the walls alone reflect back the picture of savage ingenuity, for on the various tables, the rude polish of which was hid from view by the simple covering of green baize, which moreover constituted the garniture of the windows, were to be seen other products of their art. Here stood upon an elevated stand a model of a bark canoe, filled with its complement of paddlers carved in wood and dressed in full costume; the latter executed with such singular fidelity of feature, that although the speaking figures sprang not from the experienced and classic chisel of the sculptor but from the rude scaling knife of the savage, the very tribe to which they belonged could be discovered at a glance by the European who was conversant with the features of each: then there were handsomely ornamented vessels made of the birch bark, and filled with the delicate sugars which the natives extract from the maple tree in early spring; these of all sizes, even to the most tiny that could well be imagined, were valuable rather as exquisite specimens of the neatness with which those slight vessels could be put together, seen as they were merely with strips of the same bark, than from any intrinsic value they possessed. Covered over with fantastic figures, done either in paint, or in quill work artfully interwoven into the fibres of the bark, they presented, in their smooth and polished surface, strong evidence of the address of the savages in their preparation of this most useful and abundant produce of the country. Interspersed with these, too, were numerous stands filled with stuffed birds, some of which combined in themselves every variety and shade of dazzling plumage; and numerous rude cases contained the rarest specimens of the American butterfly, most of which were of sizes and tints that are no where equalled in Europe. One solitary table alone was appropriated to whatever were a transatlantic character in this wild and museum-like apartment. On this lay a Spanish guitar, a few pieces of old music, a collection of English and French books, a couple of writing desks, and, scattered over the whole, several articles of unfinished needle-work.

Such was the apartment in which Madeline and Clara de Haldimar were met at the moment we have selected for their introduction to our readers. It was the morning of that day on which the second council of the chiefs, the result of which has already been seen, was held at Detroit. The sun had risen bright and gorgeously above the adjacent forest, throwing his golden beams upon the calm glassy waters of the lake; and now, approaching rapidly towards the meridian, gradually diminished the tall bold shadows of the block-houses upon the shore. At the distance of about a mile lay the armed vessel so often alluded to; her light low hull dimly seen in the hazy atmosphere that danced upon the waters, and her attenuated masts and sloping yards, with their slight tracery cordage, recalling rather the complex and delicate ramifications of the spider's web, than the classic yet solid machinery to which the lives of those within had so often been committed in sea and tempest. Upon the strand, and close opposite to the small gate which now stood ajar, lay one of her boats, the crew of which had abandoned her with the exception only of a single individual, apparently her cockswain, who, with the tiller under his arm, lay half extended in the stern sheets, his naked chest exposed, and his tarpaulin hat shielding his eyes from the sun while he indulged in profound repose. These were the only objects that told of human life. Every where beyond the eye rested on the faint outline of forest, that appeared like the softened tracing of a pencil at the distant junction of the waters with the horizon.

The windows that commanded this prospect were now open; and through that which was nearest to the gate, half reclined the elegant, slight form of a female, who, with an open letter in her hand, glanced her eye alternately, and with an expression of joyousness, towards the vessel that lay beyond, and the point in which the source of the Sinclair was known to lie. It was Clara de Haldimar.

Presently the vacant space at the same window was

filled by another form, but of less girlish appearance—one that embraced all the full rich contour of the Medicean Venus, and a lazy languor in its movements that harmonised with the speaking outlines of the form, and without which the beauty of the whole would have been at variance and imperfect. The general expression, moreover, of a contentment which, closely analysed, could not be termed beautiful, marked a mind at once ardent in its conceptions, and steady and resolute in its silent accomplishments of purpose. She was of the middle height.

Such was the person of Madeline de Haldimar; but attractive, or rather winning, as were her womanly attributes, her principal power lay in her voice,—the beauty, nay, the voluptuousness of which nothing could surpass. It was impossible to listen to the slow, full, rich, deep, and melodious tones that fell trembling from her lips upon the ear, and not feel, eye shudder, under all their fascination, on the soul. In such a voice might the Madonna of Raphael have been supposed to offer up her supplications from the gloomy precincts of the cloister. No wonder that Frederick de Haldimar loved her, and loved her with all the intense devotedness of his own glowing heart. His cousin was to him a divinity whom he worshipped in the innermost recesses of his being; and his, in return, was the only car in which the accents of that almost superhuman voice had breathed the thrilling confession of an attachment, which its very tones announced could be deep and imperishable as the soul in which it had taken root. Often in the hours that preceded the period when they were to have been united, heart and mind and thought, in one common destiny, would he start from her side, his brain whirling with very intoxication, and then obeying another wild impulse, rush once more into her embrace; and clasping his beloved Madeline to his heart, entreat her again to pour forth all the melody of that confession in his enraptured ear. Ardent and unaffected as she was generally, and impassioned, the fond and noble girl never hesitated to gratify him whom alone she loved; and deep and fervent was the joy of the soldier, when he found that each passionate entreaty, far from being met with caprice, only drew from the lips of his cousin warmer and more affectionate expressions of her attachment. Such expressions, coming from any woman, must have been rapturous and soothing in the extreme; but, when they flowed from a voice whose very sound was melody, they acted on the heart of Captain de Haldimar with a potency that was as irresistible as the love itself which she inspired.

Such was the position of things just before the commencement of the Indian war. Madeline de Haldimar had been for some time on a visit to Detroit, and her marriage with her cousin was to have taken place within a few days. The unexpected arrival of intelligence from Michilimackinac that her father was dangerously ill, however, retarded the ceremony; and, up to the present period, their intercourse had been completely suspended. If Madeline de Haldimar was capable of strong attachment to her lover, the powerful ties of nature were no less deeply rooted in her heart, and commiseration and anxiety for her father now engrossed every faculty of her mind. She entreated her cousin to defer the solemnisation of their nuptials until her parent should be pronounced out of danger, and, having obtained his consent to the delay, instantly set off for Michilimackinac, accompanied by her cousin Clara, whom she had prevailed on the governor to part with until her own return. Hostilities were commenced very shortly afterwards, and, although Major de Haldimar speedily recovered from his illness, the fair cousins were compelled to share the common imprisonment of the garrison.

When Miss de Haldimar joined her more youthful cousin at the window, through which the latter was gazing thoughtfully on the scene before her, she flung her arm around her waist with the protecting manner of a mother. The mild blue eyes of Clara met those that were fastened in tenderness upon her, and a corresponding movement on her part brought the more manly form of her cousin into close and affectionate contact with her own.

"Oh, Madeline, what a day is this!" she exclaimed; "and how often on my bended knees have I prayed to heaven that it might arrive! Our trials are ended at last, and happiness and joy are once more before us. There is the boat that is to conduct us to the vessel, which, in its turn, is to bear me to the arms of my dear father, and you to those of the lover who adores you. How beautiful does that fabric appear to me now! Never did I feel half the pleasure in surveying it I do at this moment."

"Dear, dear girl!" exclaimed Miss de Haldimar, and

she pressed her closer and in silence to her heart; then, after a slight pause, during which the marbling glow upon her brow told how deeply she desired the reunion alluded to by her cousin—"that, indeed, will be an hour of happiness to us both, Clara; for irrevocably as our affections have been pledged, it would be silly in the extreme to deny that. I long most ardently to be restored to him who is already my husband. But, tell me," she concluded, with an archness of expression that caused the long-lashed eyes of her companion to sink beneath her own, "are you quite sincere in your own case? I know how deeply you love your father and your brothers, but do these alone occupy your attention? Is there not a certain friend of Charles whom you have some little curiosity to see also?"

"How silly, Madeline!" and the cheek of the young girl became suffused with a deeper glow; "you know I have never seen this friend of my brother, how then can I possibly feel more than the most ordinary interest in him? I am disposed to like him, certainly, for the mere reason that Charles does; but this is all."

"Well, Clara, I will not pretend to decide; but certain it is, this is the last letter you received from Charles, and that it contains the strongest recommendations of his friend to your notice. Equally certain is it, that scarcely a day has passed, since we have been shut up here, that you have not perused and re-perused it half a dozen times. Now, as I am confessedly one who should know something of these matters, I must be suffered to pronounce these are strong symptoms, to say the very least. Ah! Clara, that blush declares you guilty. But, who have we here?"

The eyes of the cousins now fell upon the ramparts immediately under the window. Two officers, one apparently on duty for the day, were passing at the moment; and, as they heard their names pronounced, stopped, looked up, and saluted the young ladies with that easy freedom of manner, which, unmingled with either disrespect or effrontery, so usually characterises the address of military men.

"What a contrast, by heaven!" exclaimed he who wore the badge of duty suspended over his chest, throwing himself playfully into a theatrical attitude, expressive at once of admiration and surprise, while his eye glanced intelligently over the fair but dissimilar forms of the cousins. "Venus and Psyche in the land of the Potowatomies, by all that is magnificent! Come, Middleton, quick, out with that eternal pencil of yours, and perform your promise."

"And what may that promise be?" asked Clara, laughingly, and without adverting to the hyperbolic compliment of the dark-eyed officer who had just spoken.

"You shall hear," pursued the lively captain of the guard. "While making the tour of the ramparts just now, to visit my sentries, I saw Middleton leaning most sentimentally against one of the boxes in front, his notebook in one hand and his pencil in the other. Curious to discover the subject of his abstraction, I stole cautiously behind him, and saw that he was sketching the head of a tall and rather handsome squaw, who, in the midst of a hundred others, was standing close to the gateway watching the preparations of the Indian ball players. I at once taxed him with having lost his heart; and rallying him on his bad taste in devoting his pencil to any thing that had a red skin, never combed its hair, and turned its toes in while walking, pronounced his sketch to be an absolute fright. 'Well, you believe what I have to add?' The man absolutely flew into a tremendous passion with me, and swore that she was a Venus, a Juno, a Minerva, a beauty of the first water in short; and finished by promising, that when I could point out any woman who was superior to her in personal attraction, he would on the instant write no less than a dozen consecutive sonnets in her praise. I now call upon him to fulfil his promise, or maintain the superiority of his Indian beauty."

Before the laughing Middleton could find time to reply to the light and unmeaning rattle of his friend, the quick low roll of a drum was heard from the front. The signal was understood by both officers, and they prepared to depart.

"This is the hour appointed for the council," said Captain Baynton, looking at his watch, "and I must be with my guard, to receive the chiefs with becoming honour. How I pity you, Middleton, who will have the infliction of one of their great big talks, as Murphy would call it, dinned into your ear for the next two hours at least! Thank heaven, my tour of duty exempts me from that; and by way of killing an hour, I think I shall go and carry on a flirtation with your Indian Minerva, alias Venus, alias Juno, while you are discussing the

affairs of the nation with closed doors. But hark! there is the assembly drum again. We must be off. Come, Middleton, come. Adieu!" waving his hand to the cousins, "we shall meet at dinner."

"What an incessant talker Baynton is!" observed Miss de Haldimar, as the young men now disappeared round an angle of the rampart; "but he has reminded me of what I had nearly forgotten, and that is to give orders for dinner. My father has invited all the officers to dine with him to day, in commemoration of the peace which is being concluded. It will be the first time we shall have all met together since the commencement of this cruel war, and we must endeavour, Clara, to do honour to the feast."

"I hope," timidly observed her cousin, shuddering as she spoke, "that none of these horrid chiefs will be present, Madeline; for, without any affectation of fear whatever, I feel that I could not so far overcome my disgust as to sit at the same table with them. There was a time, it is true, when I thought nothing of these things; but, since the war, I have witnessed and heard so much of their horrid deeds, that I shall never be able to endure the sight of an Indian face again. Ah!" she concluded, turning her eyes upon the lake, while she clung more closely to the embrace of her companion; "would to heaven Madeline, that we were both at this moment gliding in yonder vessel, and in sight of my father's fort!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The eyes of Miss de Haldimar followed those of her cousin, and rested on the dark hull of the schooner, with which so many recollections of the past and anticipations of the future were associated in their minds. When they had last looked upon it, all appearance of human life had vanished from its decks; but now there was strong evidence of unusual bustle and activity. Numerous persons could be seen moving hastily to and fro, their heads just peering above the bulwarks; and presently they beheld a small boat move from the ship's side, and shoot rapidly ahead, in a direct line with the well-known bearings of the Sinclair's source. While they continued to gaze on this point, following the course of the light vessel, and forming a variety of conjectures as to the cause of a movement, especially remarkable from the circumstance of the commander being at that moment in the fort, whither he had been summoned to attend the council, another and scarcely perceptible object was dimly seen, at the distance of about half a mile in front of the boat. With the aid of a telescope, which had formed one of the principal resources of the cousins during their long imprisonment, Miss de Haldimar now perceived a dark and shapeless mass moving somewhat heavily along the lake, and in a line with the schooner and the boat. This was evidently approaching; for each moment it loomed larger upon the bazy water, increasing in bulk in the same proportion that the departing skiff became less distinct; still, it was impossible to discover, at that distance, in what manner it was propelled. Wind there was none, not as much as would have changed the course of a feather dropping through space, and, except where the dividing oars of the boatmen had agitated the waters, the whole surface of the lake was like a sea of pale and liquid gold.

At length the two dark bodies met, and the men in the boat were seen to lie upon their oars, while one in the stern seemed to be in the act of attaching a rope to the formless matter. For a few moments there was a cessation of all movement; and then again the active and sturdy rowing of the boatmen was renewed, and with an exertion of strength even more vigorous than that they had previously exhibited. Their course was now directed towards the vessel; and, as it gradually neared that fabric, the rope by which the strange looking object was secured, could be distinctly though faintly seen with the telescope. It was impossible to say whether the latter, whatever it might be, was urged by some invisible means, or merely floated in the wake of the boat; for, although the waters through which it passed ran rippling and foaming from their course, this effect might have been produced by the boat which preceded it. As it now approached the vessel, it presented the appearance of a dense wood of evergreens, the overhanging branches of which descended close to the water's edge, and baffled every attempt of the cousins to discover its true character. The boat had now arrived within a hundred yards of the schooner, when a man was seen to rise from its bows, and, putting both his hands to his mouth, after the manner of sailors in hallooing, to continue in that position for some moments, apparently conversing with those who were grouped along the nearest gangway. Then were observed rapid move-

ments on the decks; and men were seen hastening aloft, and standing upon the foremast yards. This, however, had offered no interruption to the exertions of the boatmen, who still kept plying with a vigour that set even the sail-less vessel in motion, as the foaming water, hrown from their bending oar-blades, dashed angrily against her prow. Soon afterwards both the boat and her prize disappeared on the opposite side of the schooner, which, now lying with her broadside immediately on a line with the shore, completely hid them from the further view of the cousins.

"Look!—Look!" said Clara, clinging sensitively and with alarm to the almost maternal bosom against which he reposed, while she pointed with her finger to another dark mass that was moving through the lake in a circular sweep from the point of wood terminating the clearing on the right of the fort.

Miss de Haldimar threw the glass on the object to which her attention was now directed. It was evidently some furred animal, and presented all the appearance of a large water-rat or a beaver, the latter of which it was pronounced to be as a nearer approach rendered its shape more distinct. Ever and anon, too, it disappeared altogether under the water; and when it again came in sight, it was always several yards nearer. Its course, at first circuitous, at length took a direct line with the stern of the boat, where the sailor who was in charge still lay extended at his drowsy length, his tarpaulin hat shading his eyes, and his arms folded over his moored and leaning chest, while he continued to sleep as profoundly as if he had been comfortably berthed in his hammock in the middle of the Atlantic.

"What a large bold animal it is," remarked Clara, in the tone of one who wishes to be confirmed in an impression but indifferently entertained. "See how close it approaches the boat! Had that lazy sailor but his wits about him, he might easily knock it on the head with his oar. It is—it is a beaver, Madeline; I can distinguish its head even with the naked eye."

"Heaven grant it may be a beaver," answered Miss de Haldimar, in a voice so deep and full of meaning, that it made her cousin startle and turn paler even than before. "Nay, Clara, dearest, command yourself, nor give way to what may, after all, prove a groundless cause of alarm. Yet, I know not how it is, my heart misgives me sadly; or I like not the motions of this animal, which are strangely and unusually bold. But this is not all: a beaver or a rat might ruffle the mere surface of the water, yet this leaves behind it a deep and gurgling furrow, as if the element had been ploughed to its very bottom. Observe how the lake is agitated and discoloured wherever it has passed. Moreover, I dislike this sudden rustle on board the schooner, knowing, as I do, there is not an officer present to order the movements now visibly going forward. The men are evidently getting up the anchor; and see how her sails are loosened, apparently courting the breeze, as if she would fly to avoid some threatened danger. Would to heaven this council scene were over; for I do, as much as yourself, dearest Clara, distrust these cruel Indians!"

A significant gesture from her trembling cousin again drew her attention from the vessel to the boat. The animal, which now exhibited the delicate and glossy fur of the beaver, had gained the stern, and remained stationary within a foot of her quarter. Presently the sailor made a sluggish movement, turning himself heavily on his side, and with his face towards his curious and daring visitor. In the act the tarpaulin hat had fallen from his eyes, but still he awoke not. Scarcely had he settled himself in his new position, when, to the infinite horror of the excited cousins, a naked human hand was raised from beneath the surface of the lake, and placed upon the gunwale of the boat. Then rose slowly, and still covered with its ingenious disguise, first the neck, then the shoulders, and finally the form, even to the midwaist, of a dark and swarthy Indian, who, stooping low and cautiously over the sailor, now reposed the band that had quitted the gunwale upon his form, while the other was thrust searchingly into the belt encircling his waist.

Miss de Haldimar would have called out, to apprise the unhappy man of his danger; but her voice refused its office, and her cousin was even less capable of exertion than herself. The deep throbbings of their hearts were now audible to each; for the dreadful interest they took in the scene, had excited their feelings to the most intense stretch of agony. At the very moment, however, when, with almost suspended animation, they expected to see the knife of the savage driven into the chest of the sleeping and unsuspecting sailor, the latter suddenly started up, and, instinct with the full sense of the danger by which he was menaced, in less time than we take to

describe it, seized the tiller of his rudder, the only available instrument within his reach, and directing a powerful blow at the head of his amphibious enemy, hid him, without apparent life or motion, across the boat.

"Almighty God! what can this mean?" exclaimed Miss de Haldimar, as soon as she could recover her presence of mind. "There is some fearful treachery in agitation; and a cloud now hangs over all, that will soon burst with irresistible fury on our devoted heads. Clara, my love," and she conducted the almost fainting girl to a seat, "wait here until I return. The moment is critical, and my father must be apprised of what we have seen. Unless the gates of the fort be instantly closed, we are lost."

"Oh, Madeline, leave me not alone," uttered the sinking Clara. "We will go together. Perhaps I may be of service to you below."

"The thought is good; but have you strength and courage to face the dark chiefs in the council-room. If so, hasten there, and put my father on his guard, while I fly across the parade, and warn Captain Baynton of the danger."

With these words she drew the arm of her agitated cousin within her own, and, rapidly traversing the apartment, gained the bed-room which opened close upon the head of the principal staircase. Already were they descending the first steps, when a loud cry, that sent a thrill of terror through their blood, was heard from within the fort. For a moment Miss de Haldimar continued irresolute; and leaning against the rude balustrade of the passage, passed her hand rapidly across her brow, as if to collect her scattered energies. The necessity for prompt and immediate action was, however, evident; and she alone was capable of exertion. Speechless with alarm, and trembling in every joint, the unhappy Clara had now lost all command of her limbs; and, clinging close to the side of her cousin, by her wild looks alone betrayed consciousness had not wholly deserted her. The energy of despair lent more than woman's strength to Miss de Haldimar. She caught the fainting girl in her arms, retraced her way to the chamber, and depositing her burden on the bed, emphatically enjoined her on no account to move until her return. She then quitted the room, and rapidly descended the staircase.

For some moments all was still and hushed as the wakeless air; and then again a loud chorus of shouts was heard from the ramparts of the fort. The choked breathing of the young girl became more free, and the blood rushed once more from her oppressed heart to the extremities. Never did tones of the human voice fall more gratefully on the ear of mariner east on some desert island, than did those on that of the lightly excited Clara. It was the loud laugh of the soldiery, who, collected along the line of rampart in front, were watching the progress of the ball-players. Cheered by the welcome sounds, she raised herself from the bed to satisfy her eye her car had not deceived her. The windows of both bed-chambers looked immediately on the barrack square, and commanded a full view of the principal entrance. From that at which she now stood, the revived but still anxious girl could distinctly see all that was passing in front. The ramparts were covered with soldiers, who, armed merely with their bayonets, stood grouped in careless attitudes—some with their wives leaning on their arms—others with their children upraised, that they might the better observe the enlivening sports without—some lay idly with their legs overhanging the works—others, assuming pugilistic attitudes, dealt their harmless blows at each other,—and all were blended together, men, women, and children, with that heedlessness of thought that told how little of distrust existed within their breasts. The soldiers of the guard, too, exhibited the same air of calm and unsuspecting confidence; some walking to and fro within the square, while the greater portion either mixed with their comrades above, or, with arms folded, legs carelessly crossed, and pipe in mouth, lazed lazily against the gate, and gazed beyond the lowered drawbridge on the Indian games.

A mountain weight seemed to have been removed from the breast of Clara at this sight, as she now dropped upon her knees before the window, and raised her hands in pious acknowledgment to heaven.

"Almighty God, I thank thee," she fervently exclaimed, her eye once more lighting up, and her cheek half suffused with blushes at her late vague and idle fears; while she embraced, at a single glance, the whole of the glad, dening and inspiring scene.

While her soul was yet returned whither her words had gone before, her ears were again assailed by sounds that curdled her blood, and made her spring to her feet, as if stricken by a bullet through the heart, or powerfully

touched by some electric fluid. It was the well-known and devilish war-cry of the savages, starting the very air through which it passed, and falling like a deadly blight upon the spirit. With a mechanical and desperate effort at courage, the unhappy girl turned her eyes below, and there met images of death in their most appalling shapes. Hurry and confusion and despair were every where visible; for a band of Indians were already in the fort, and these, fast succeeded by others, rushed like a torrent into the square, and commenced their dreadful work of butchery. Many of the terrified soldiers, without thinking of drawing their bayonets, flew down the ramparts in order to gain their respective block-houses for their muskets; but these every where met death from the crashing tomahawks, short rifle, or gleaming knife—others who had presence of mind sufficient to avail themselves of their only weapons of defence, rushed down in the fury of desperation on the yelling fiends, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and for some minutes an obstinate contest was maintained; but the vast superiority of the Indian numbers triumphed; and although the men fought with all the fierceness of despair, forcing their way to the block-houses, their mangled corpses strewed the area in every direction. Neither was the horrid butchery confined to these. Women clinging to their husbands for protection, and in the recklessness of their despair, impeding the efforts of the latter in their self-defence—children screaming in terror, or supplicating mercy on their benighted knees—infants clasped to their parents' breasts—all alike sunk under the unmitigated steel of the blood-thirsty savages. At the guard-house the principal stand had been made; for at the first rush into the fort, the men on duty had gained their station, and, having made fast the barricades, opened their fire upon the enemy. Mixed party-miscs as they were with the Indians, many of the English were shot by their own comrades, who, in the confusion of the moment, were incapable of taking a cool and discriminating aim. These, however, were finally overcome. A band of desperate Indians rushed upon the main door, and with repeated blows from their tomahawks and massive war-clubs, succeeded in demolishing it, while others diverted the fire of those within. The door once forced, the struggle was soon over. Every man of the guard perished, and their scalps and disfigured forms were thrown out to swell the number of those that already deluged the square with their blood.*

Even amid all the horrors of this terrific scene, the agonised Clara preserved her consciousness. The very imminence of the danger endued her with strength to embrace it under all its most disheartening aspects; and she, whose mind had been wrought up to the highest pitch of powerful excitement by the mere preliminary threatnings, was comparatively collected under the catastrophe itself. Death, certain death, to all, she saw was inevitable; and while her preception at once embraced the futility of all attempts at escape from the general doom, she snatched from despair the power to follow its gloomy details without being annihilated under their weight.

The confusion of the garrison had now reached its acme of horror. The shrieks of women and the shrill cries of children, as they severally and fruitlessly fled from the death certain to overtake them in the end,—the cursings of the soldiers, the yellings of the Indians, the reports of rifles, and the crashings of tomahawks—these, with the stamping of human feet in the death struggle maintained in the council-room below between the chiefs and the officers, and which shook the block-house to its very foundation, all mixed up in terrible chorus together, might have called up to no inapt image of hell to the bewildered and confounding brain. And yet the sun shone in yellow lustre, and all nature smiled, and wore an air of calm, as if the accursed deed had had the sanction of heaven, and the spirits of light loved to look upon this frightful atrocities then in perpetration.

In the first distraction of her spirit, Clara had utterly lost all recollection of her cousin; but now that she had, with unnatural desperation, brought her mind to bear upon the fiercest points of the grim reality, she turned her eye every where amid the scene of death in search of the form of her beloved Madeline, whom she did not remember to have seen cross the parade in pursuance of the purpose she had named. While she yet gazed fearfully from the window, loud bursts of mingled anguish and rage, that were almost drowned in the fiercer yell with which they were blended, ascended from the ground

* See Thacher's Indian Biography, and the other works already referred to. The above is historically true, and scarcely exaggerated.—Ed.

floor of the block-house. These had hitherto been suppressed, as if the desperate attack of the chiefs on the officers had been made with closed doors. Now, however, there was an evident outburst of all parties into the passage; and there the struggle appeared to be desperately and fearfully maintained. In the midst of that chaotic scene, the loud and piercing shriek of the savages. There was an instant of pause, and then the crashing of a skull was heard, and the confusion was greater than before; shrieks, and groans, and curses, and supplications rent the air.

The first single shriek came from Madchine de Haldimair, and vibrated through every chord of the heart on which it sank. Scarcely conscious of what she did, Clara, quitting the window, once more gained the top of the staircase, and at the extremity of her voice called on the name of her cousin in the most piteous accents. She was answered by a loud shout from the yelling band; and presently bounding feet and screaming voices were heard ascending the stairs. The terrified girl fancied at the moment she heard a door open on the floor immediately below her, and some one dart suddenly upon the flight communicating with the spot on which she stood. Without waiting to satisfy herself, she rushed with all the mechanical instinct of self-preservation back into her own apartment. As she passed the bed room window, she glanced once more hastily into the area below, and there beheld a sight that, filling her soul with despair, paralysed all further exertion. A tall savage was bearing off the apparently lifeless form of her cousin through the combatants in the square, her white dress stained all over with blood, and her beautiful hair loosened and trailing on the ground. She followed with her burning eyes until they passed the drawbridge, and finally disappeared behind the intervening rampart, and then bowing her head between her hands, and sinking upon her knees, she reposed her forehead against the sill of the window, and awaited unshrinkingly, yet in a state of inconceivable agony, the consummation of her own unhappy destiny.

The sounds of ascending feet were now heard in the passage without; and presently, while the clangour of a thousand demons seemed to ring throughout the upper part of the building, a man rushed furiously into the room. The blood of the young girl curdled in her veins. She mechanically grasped the ledge of the window on which her aching head still reposed, and with her eyes firmly closed, to shut out from view the fiend whose sight she dreaded, even more than the death which threatened her, quickly awaited the blow that was to terminate at once her misery and her life. Scarcely, however, had the feet of the intruder pressed the sanctuaries of her bedchamber, when the heavy door, strongly studded with nails, was pushed rapidly to, and bolt and lock were heard sliding into their several sockets. Before Clara could raise her head to discover the cause of this movement, she felt herself firmly secured in the grasp of an encircling arm, and borne hastily through the room. An instinctive sense of something worse even than death now flashed across the mind of the unhappy girl; and while she feared to unclose her eyes, she struggled violently to disengage herself.

"Clara! dear Miss de Haldimair, do you not know me?" exclaimed her supporter, while placing her for a moment on a seat, he proceeded to secure the fastenings of the second door, that led from the bedchamber into the larger apartment.

Re-assured by the tones of a voice which, even in that dreadful moment of trial and destruction, were familiar to her ear, the trembling girl opened her eyes wildly upon her protector. A slight scream of terror marked her painful sense of the recognition. It was Captain Baynton whom she beheld: but how unlike the officer who a few minutes before had been conversing with her from the ramparts. His fine hair, matted with blood, now hung loosely and disfiguringly over his eyes, and his pallid face and brow were covered with gore spots, the evident splatterings from the wounds of others; while a stream that issued from one side of his head attested he himself had not escaped unhurt in the cruel melee. A skirt and a lapel had been torn from his uniform, which, together with other portions of his dress, were now stained in various parts by the blood continually flowing from his wound.

"Oh, Captain Baynton," murmured the fainting girl, her whole soul sinking within her, as she gazed shudderingly on his person, "is there no hope for us? must we die?"

"No, by heaven, not while I have strength to save you," returned the officer, with energy. "If the savages have not penetrated to the rear, we may yet escape. I

saw the postern open just now, on my passage round the rampart, and the boat of the schooner upon the strand. If!" he exclaimed, as he flew to the window, and cast his eye rapidly below, "we are lost! The gate is still clear, and not an Indian to be seen; but the coward sailor is pulling for his life towards the vessel. But hold! another boat is now quitting the ship's side. See, how manfully they give themselves to the oars: in a few minutes they will be here. Come, Clara, let us fly!" and again he caught her in his arms, and bore her across the room. "Hark, hear you not the exulting yellings of the monsters? They are forcing the outer door: mark how they redouble their efforts to break it open! That passed, but one more barrier remains between us and inevitable and instant death."

"And my cousin, my uncle!" shrieked the unhappy girl, as the officer now bore her rapidly down the back staircase.

"Oh, ask me not!" exclaimed Baynton: "were I to linger again on all I have witnessed, I should go mad. All, all have perished! but, hark!"

A tremendous yell now bursting from the passage, announced at once the triumph of the savages in having effected an entrance into the bed-room, and their disappointment at finding their pursuit balked by a second door. Presently afterwards their heavy weapons were to be heard thundering at this new obstacle, in the most furious manner. This gave new stimulus to the exertions of the generous officer. Each winding of the staircase was familiar to him, and he now descended it with a rapidity which, considering the burden that reposed against his chest, could only have been inspired by his despair. The flight terminated at a door that led directly upon the rampart, without communicating with any of the passages of the building; and in this consisted the principal facility of escape: for, in order to reach them, the savages must either make the circuit of the block-house, or overtake them in the course they were now following. In this trying emergency, the presence of mind of the young officer, wounded and bleeding as he was, did not desert him. On quitting the larger apartment above, he had secured the outside fastenings of a small door at the top of the stairs, and having now gained the bottom, he took a similar precaution. All that remained was to unclose the bolts of the ponderous door that opened upon their final chance of escape: this was speedily done, but here the feelings of the officer were put to a severe test. A rude partition divided him from the fatal council-room; and while he undid the fastenings, the faint and dying groans of his butchered brother officers rang in his ears, even at the moment that he felt his feet dabbled in the blood that oozed through the imperfectly closed planks of which the partition was composed. As for Clara, she was insensible to all that was passing. From the moment of the Indian yell, announcing their entry into the bed-room, she had fainted.

The huge door came now creaking back upon its hinges, when the sounds of the yet unfinished conflict in front, which had hitherto been deadened in their descent through the remote staircase, rang once more fiercely and startlingly upon the ear. A single glance satisfied Captain Baynton the moment for exertion was come, and that the way to the lake shore, which, by some strange oversight, both the Indians and the men had overlooked, was perfectly clear. He clasped his unconscious burden closer to his chest, and then, setting his life upon the cast, hastened down the few steps that led to the rampart, and dashed rapidly through the postern; in the next minute he stood on the uttermost verge of the sands, unharmed and unfollowed. He cast his eyes anxiously along the surface of the lake; but such was the excitement and confusion of his mind, produced by the horrid recollection of the past scene, it was not until he had been abruptly hailed from it, he could see a boat, at the distance of about two hundred yards, the crew of which were lying on their oars. It was the long-boat of the schooner, which, prevented from a nearer approach by a sand bar that ran along the lake to a considerable extent, had taken her station there to receive the fugitives. Two tall young men in the dress, yet having little the mien, of common sailors, were standing up in her stern; and one of these, with evident anxiety in his manner, called on Baynton by name to make the best of his way to the boat. At that moment a loud and frantic yell came from the block-house the latter had just quitted. In the wild impulse of his excited feelings, he answered with a cheer of defiance, as he turned to discover the precise point whence it proceeded. The windows of the apartment so recently occupied by the unhappy cousins, were darkened with savage forms, who now

pealed forth their mingled fury and disappointment in the most terrific manner.

"Fly, fly, Baynton, or you are lost!" exclaimed the same voice from the boat; "the devils are levelling from the windows."

While he yet spoke, several shots came whizzing along the waters, and a spent ball even struck the now rapidly fleeing officer in the back; but the distance was too great for serious injury. The guns of the savages had been cut so short for their desperate enterprise, that they carried little further than a horse pistol.

Again, in the desperation of his feelings, and heedless of the danger he was drawing on himself and charge, the officer turned fiercely round and shouted, at his utmost lungs, a peal of triumph in the ears of his enemies. Scarcely, however, had the sounds escaped his lips when two hideously painted Indians sprang through the postern, and, silent as the spectres they resembled, rushed down the sands, and thence into the lake. Loud shouts from the windows above were again pealed forth, and from the conservation visible on the features of those within the boat, the nearly exhausted Baynton learnt all the risk he incurred. Summoning all his strength, he now made the most desperate efforts to reach his friends. The lake was little more than knee deep from the shore to the bar, but, encumbered as he was, the difficulty opposed to his movements was immeasurably against him, and yet he seemed generously resolved rather to perish than relinquish his charge. Already were his pursuers, now closely followed by a numerous band within twenty yards of him, when the two young men came armed with a cutlass and pistol, sprang from the boat upon the sand bar: as the Indians came on they fired liberally at them, but both missed their aim. Encouraged by this failure, the fearless devils dashed eagerly on, brandishing their gleaming tomahawks, but uttering not a sound. Already was the unfortunate Baynton within a few feet of the bar, when he felt that the savages were immediately upon him.

"Take, take, for God's sake, take her!" he cried, as with a desperate effort he threw the light form of the still unconscious girl into the arms of one of the young men. "My strength is quite exhausted, and I can do no more."

For the first time a yell burst from the lips of the pursuing savages, as they saw him, to whom the guardian ship of the wrecked Clara was now confided, suddenly spring from the sand bar into the lake, and in a few rapid strokes gain the side of the boat. Leaving the hapless Baynton to be disposed of by his companion, the foremost darted upon the bank, burning with disappointment, and resolved to immoderate another victim. For a moment he balanced his tomahawk, and then with the rapidity of thought, darted it at the covered head of the youth who still lingered on the bar. A well-timed movement of the latter averted the blow, and the whizzing steel passed harmlessly on. A guttural "ugh!" marked the disappointment of the Indian, now reduced to his scalping-knife; but before he could determine whether to advance or to retreat, his opponent had darted upon him and with a single blow from his cutlass, cleft his skull nearly asunder. The next instantaneous purpose of the victor was to advance to the rescue of the exhausted Baynton; but, when he turned to look for him, he saw the mangled form of what had once been that gallant and handsome officer floating, without life or motion, on the blood-stained surface of the Huron, while his fiendish murderer, calmly awaiting the approach of his companions, held up the reeking scalp, in triumph, to the view of the still yelling groups within the block-house.

"Noble, generous, self-devoted fellow!" exclaimed the youth, as he fixed his burning tearless eye for a moment on the unfortunate victim; "even you, then, are not spared to tell the horrid story of this butchery; yet is the fate of the fallen far, far more enviable than that of those who have survived this day." He then committed his enthrall to his sheath; and, leaping into the deep water that lay beyond the bar, was, in a few seconds, once more in the stern of the boat.

Meanwhile, the numerous band, who followed their two first fierce comrades into the lake, bounded rapidly forward; and, so active were their movements, that, at almost the same moment when the second of the youths had gained his temporary place of refuge, they stood yelling and screaming on the sand bar he had just quitted. Two or three, plunged unhesitatingly into the opposite depths of the lake; and the foremost of these was the destroyer of the ill-fated Baynton. With his bloody scalping-knife closely clutched between his teeth, and his tomahawk in his right hand, this fierce warrior buffeted

the waves lustily with one arm, and, noiselessly as in the early part of his pursuit, urged his way towards the boat. In the stern of this a few planks from the schooner had been firmly lashed, to serve as a shield against the weapons of the savages, and was so arranged as to conceal all within while retiring from the shore. A small aperture had, however, been bored for the purpose of observing the movements of the enemy without risk. Through this an eye was now directed, while only the blades of the oars were to be seen projecting from the boat's sides as they reposed in their rowlocks. Encouraged by the seeming apathy and intractness of the crew, the swimming savages paused not to consider of consequences, but continued their daring course as if they had apprehended neither risk nor resistance. Presently a desperate splash was heard near the stern of the boat, and the sinuous form of the first savage was raised above the gunwale, his grim face looking devilish in its smeared war-paint, and his fierce eyes gleaming and rolling like fire-balls in their sockets. Scarcely was he seen, however, when he had again disappeared. A blow from the cutlass that had destroyed his companion descended like lightning on his naked and hairless head; and, in the agony of death, he might be seen grinding his teeth against the knife which the instinctive ferocity of his nature forbade his relinquishing. A yell of fury burst from the savages on the bar, and presently a shower of bullets ran whistling through the air. Several were heard striking the rude rampart in the stern; but, although the boat was scarcely out of pistol-shot, the thickness of the wood prevented injury to those within. Another fierce yell followed this volley; and then nearly a score of warriors, giving their guns in charge to their companions, plunged furiously into the water; and, with an air of the most infuriated determination, leaped rather than swam along its surface.

"Now, then, my lads, give way," said he at the look-out; "there are more than a dozen of the devils in full cry; and our only chance is in flight! Ha! another here!" as, turning to issue these directions, he chanced to see the dark land of a savage at that moment grasping the gunwale of the boat, as if with a view to retard her movements until the arrival of his companions.

A heavy blow from his cutlass accompanied these words. The fingers, divided at their very roots, rolled to the bottom of the boat, and the carcass of the savage dropped, with a yell of anguish, far in the rear. The heavy oar-blades of the scummen now made play, dashing the lake away in sheets of foam; and, in less than five minutes, the heads of the swimming savages were seen mingling like so many rats upon the water, as they returned once more in disappointment from their fruitless pursuit.

CHAPTER XXII.

The sun had gone down, as he had risen, in all the gloriousness of his autumnal splendor, and twilight was now fast descending on the waters of the Huron. A slight breeze was just beginning to make itself felt from the land, the gradual rising of which was hailed by many an anxious heart, as the schooner, which had been making vain attempts to quit her anchorage during the day, now urged her light bows through the slightly curling element. A death-like silence, interrupted only by the low gruff voice of a veteran seaman, as he issued, in technical language, the necessary orders for the management of the vessel, prevailed every where along her decks. The dress and general appearance of this individual announced him for a petty officer of the royal service; and it was evident, from the tone of authority with which he spoke, he was now in the enjoyment of a temporary command. The crew, consisting of about thirty souls, and chiefly veterans of the same class, were assembled along the gangways, each man wearing a brace of pistols in the belt, which, moreover, secured a naked cutlass around his loins; and these now lingered near the several guns that were thrown out from their gloomy looking ports, as if ready for some active service. But, although the arming of these men indicated hostile preparation, there was none of that buoyancy of movement and animation of feature to be observed, which so usually characterises the indomitable daring of the British sailor. Some stood leaning their heads pensively on their hands against the rigging and bannocks that were stowed away along the bulwarks, after the fashion of war ships in boarding; others, with arms tightly folded across their chests, gazed earnestly and dispassionately on the burning fort in the distance, amid the rolling volumes of smoke and flame from which, ever and anon, arose the fiendish yell of those who, having already sucked, were now re-

ducing it to ashes. Nor was this the only object of their attention. On the sand bank alluded to in our last chapter were to be dimly seen through the growing dusk, the dark outlines of many of the savages, who, frantic with rage at their inability to devote them to the same doom, were still unwilling to quit a spot which approached them nearest to the last surviving objects of their enmity. Around this point were collected numerous canoes, filled also with warriors; and, at the moment when the vessel, obeying the impulse given by her flowing sails, glided from her anchorage, these followed, scudding in her wake, and made a show of attacking her in the stern. The sudden yawing of the schooner, however, in bringing her tier of bristling ports into view, had checked the ardour of the pursuing fleet; and the discharge of a single gun, destroying in its course three of their canoes, and carrying death among those who directed them, had driven them back, in the greatest hurry and confusion, to their yelling and disappointed comrades.

The after-deck of the schooner presented a different, though not less sombre and discouraging scene. On a pile of mattresses lay the light and almost inanimate form of Clara de Haldimar; her fair and redundant hair over-shadowing her pallid brow and cheek, and the dress she had worn at the moment of her escape from the fort still spotted with the blood of her generous but unfortunate preserver. Close at her side, with her hands clasped in his, while he watched the expression of deep suffering reflected from each set feature, and yet with the air of one pre-occupied with some other subject of painful interest, sat, on an empty shot-box, the young man in sailor's attire, whose cutlass had performed the double service of destroying his own immediate opponent, and avenging the death of the devoted Baynton. At the head of the rude couch, and leaning against a portion of the schooner's stern-work, stood his companion, who from delicacy appeared to have turned away his eyes from the group below, merely to cast them vacantly on the dark waters through which the vessel was now beginning to urge her course.

Such was the immediate position of this little party, when the gun fired at the Indians was heard booming heavily along the lake. The loud report, in exciting new sources of alarm, seemed to have dissipated the spell that had hitherto chained the energies and perception of the still weak, but now highly excited girl.

"Oh, Captain Baynton, where are we?" she exclaimed, starting up suddenly in terror, and throwing her arms around him who sat at her side, as if she would have clung to him for protection. "Is the horrid massacre not finished yet? Where is Madeline? where is my cousin? Oh, I cannot leave the fort without her."

"Ha! where indeed is she?" exclaimed the youth, as he clasped his trembling and scarcely conscious burden to his chest, "Almighty God, where is she?" Then, after a short pause, and in a voice of tender but exquisite anguish, "Clara, my beloved sister, do you not know me? It is not Baynton but your brother, who now clasps you to his breaking heart."

A deluge of tears was the only answer of the wretched girl. They were the first she had shed,—the first marks of consciousness she had exhibited. Hitherto her heart had been oppressed; every fibre of her brain racked almost to bursting, and filled only with ghastly flitting visions of the dreadful horrors she had seen perpetrated, she had continued, since the moment of her fainting in the block-house, as one bereft of all memory of the past, or apprehension of the present. But now, the full outpouring of her grief relieved her overcharged brain and heart, even while the confused images floating before her recollection acquired a more tangible and painful character. She raised herself a moment from the chest on which her burning head reposed, looked steadfastly in the face that hung anxiously over her own, and saw in deed that it was her brother. She tried to speak, but she could not utter a word, for the memory of all that had occurred that fatal morning rushed with mountain weight upon her fainting spirit, and again she wept, and more bitterly than before.

The young man pressed her in silence to his chest; nor was it until she had given full vent to her grief, that he ventured to address her on the subject of his own immediate sorrows. At length, when she appeared somewhat calmer, he observed, in a voice broken by emotion,—

"Clara, dearest, what account have you to give me of Madeline? Has she shared the fate of all? or have you reason to suppose her life has been spared?"

Another burst of tears succeeded to these questions, for coupled with the name of her cousin arose all the horrid associations connected with her loss. As soon, however,

as she could compose herself, she briefly stated all she had witnessed of the affair, from the moment when the boat of the schooner was seen to meet the strange looking object on the water, to that when she had beheld her ill-fated cousin borne away apparently lifeless in the arms of the tall Indian by whom she had been captured.

During this recital, the heart of Captain de Haldimar,—for it was he,—beat audibly against the check that still reposed on his breast; but when his sister had, in a faint voice, closed her melancholy narrative with the manner of her cousin's disappearance, he gave a sudden start, uttering at the same time an exclamation of joy.

"Thank God, she still lives!" he cried, pressing his sister once more in fondness to his heart; and then turning to his companion, who, although seemingly abstracted, had been a silent and attentive witness of the scene,—"By heaven! Valtort, there is yet a hope. She it was indeed whom we saw borne out of the fort, and subsequently induced to walk by the cruel Indian who had charge of her."

"Valtort, Valtort," murmured Clara unconsciously, her sick heart throbbing with she knew not what. "How is this, Frederick?—Where, then, is Captain Baynton? and how came you here?"

"Alas! Clara, poor Baynton is no more. Even at the moment when he confided the unconscious burden, preserved at the peril of his own life, to the arms of Sir Everard here, he fell beneath the tomahawk of a pursuing savage. Poor, noble, generous Baynton," he continued, mournfully, "to him, indeed, Clara, are you indebted for your life; yet was it purchased at the price of his own."

Again the pained and affectionate girl wept bitterly, and her brother proceeded to—

"The strange object you saw on the lake, my love, was nothing more than a canoe disguised with leafy boughs, in which Sir Everard Valtort and myself, under the guidance of old François of the Fleur de lis, whom you must recollect, have made the dangerous passage of the Sinclair in the garb of duck hunters,—which latter we had only discarded on reaching the schooner, in order to assume another we conceived better suited to our purpose. Alas!" and he struck his hand violently against his brow, "had we made directly for the shore without touching the vessel at all, there might have been time to save those we came to apprise of their danger. Do you not think there was, Valtort?"

"Most assuredly not," returned his companion, anxious to remove the impression of self-blame that existed in the mind of Captain de Haldimar. "From the moment of our reaching the schooner, which lay immediately in our route, to that when the shout was raised by the savages as they rushed into the fort, there was scarcely an interval of three minutes; and it would have required a longer period to have enabled us even to gain the shore."

"Thank, thank you for that!" exclaimed the officer, drawing himself up with the air of one who breathes more freely. "I would not, for the wealth and honours of the united world, that such a cause for self-reproach should linger on my mind. By heaven! it would break my heart to think we had been in time to save them, and yet had lost the opportunity through even one moment of neglect." Then turning once more to his sister,—"Now, Clara, that I see you in safety, I have another sacred duty to perform. I must leave you, but not alone."

"What mean you, Frederick?" exclaimed his agitated sister, clinging more closely to his embrace. "Scarcely have we met, and you talk of leaving me. Oh, whither would you go?"

"Surely, my love, and he spoke half reproachfully, although with tenderness of recent, "my meaning must be obvious. But what do I say? You know it not. Madeline still lives. We saw her, as we pulled towards the shore, led across the clearing in the direction of Chabongay. Hear me, then: the canoe in which we came is still towing from the vessel's stern, and in this do I mean to embark, without further loss of time, in search of her who is dearer to me than existence. I know," he pursued with emotion, "I have but little hope of rescuing, even if I do succeed in finding her: but at least I shall not have to suffer under the self-reproach of having neglected the only chance that now lies within my reach. If she be doomed to die, I shall then have nothing left to live for—except you, Clara," he concluded, after a pause, pressing the weeping girl to his heart, as he remarked how much she seemed pained by the declaration.

Having placed his sister once more on the couch, and covered her with a cloak that had been brought from the cabin of the unfortunate commander, Captain de Haldi-

mar now rose from his humble seat, and grasping the hand of his friend,—

"Vallcourt," he said, "I commit this dear girl to your keeping. Hitherto we have been equal sharers in an enterprise having for its object the preservation of our mutual companions and friends. At present, interests of a more personal nature occupy my attention; and to these must I devote myself alone. I trust you will reach Detroit in safety; and when you have delivered my unfortunate sister into the arms of her father, you will say to him from me, I could not survive the loss of that being to whom I had sworn eternal fidelity and affection. Francis must be my only companion on this occasion. Nay," he continued, pointing to his sister, in answer to the rising remonstrance of the baronet, "will you desert the precious charge I have confided to your keeping? Recollect, Vallcourt, in a more subdued tone, "that besides yourself, there will be none near her but rude and uneducated sailors—honest men enough in their way, it is true; but not the sort of people to whom I should like to confide my poor sister."

The warm and silent pressure by Sir Everard of his hand announced his participation in the sentiment; and Captain de Haldimar now hastened forward to apprise the Canadian of his purpose. He found mine host of the *Fleur de lis* seated in the fore-cabin of the schooner; and with an air of the most perfect unconcern discussing a substantial meal, consisting of dried uncooked venison, raw onions, and Indian corn bread, the contents of a large bag or wallet that lay at his feet. No sooner, however, had the impatient officer communicated his design, asking at the same time if he might expect his assistance in the enterprise, than the unfinished meal of the Canadian was discontinued, the wallet refilled, and the large greasy clasp-knife with which the portions had been separated, closed and thrust into a pocket of his blanket coat!

"I shall go to de devils for you, captain, if we must," he said, as he raised his portly form, not without effort, from the deck, slapping the shoulder of the officer at the same time somewhat rudely with his hand. There was nothing, however, offensively familiar in this action. It expressed merely the devotedness of heart with which the man lent himself to the service to which he had pledged himself, and was rather complimentary than otherwise to him to whom it was directed. Captain de Haldimar took it in the light in which we have just shown it, and he grasped and shook the rough hand of the Canadian with an earnestness highly gratifying to the latter.

Every thing was now in readiness for their departure. The canoe, still covered with its streaming boughs, was drawn close up to the gangway, and a few hasty necessities thrown in. While this was passing, the officer had again assumed his disguise of a duck-hunter; and he now appeared in the blanket costume in which we introduced Sir Everard and himself in the eleventh chapter.

"If I may be so bold as to put in my oar, your honour," said the veteran boatswain, on whom the command of the schooner had fallen, as he now advanced, rolling his quid in his mouth, and dropping his hat on his shoulder, while the fingers of the hand which clutched it were busily occupied in scratching his bald head,—“if I may be so bold, there is another chap here as might better serve your honour's purpose than that 'ere fat Canadian, who seems to think only of stuffing while his betters are fasting.”

"And who is he, my good Mullins?" asked Captain de Haldimar.

"Why, that 'ere Ingian, your honour, as began the butchery in the fort, yonder, by trying to kill Jack Fuller while he laid asleep this morning, waiting for the captain in the jolly boat. Jack never seed him comin', until he felt his black hands upon his throat, and then he ups with the tiller at his noddle, and sends him floundering across the boat's thwart like a flat-fish. I thought, your honour, seeing as how I have got the command of the schooner, of tying him up to the main-mast, and giving him two or three round dozen or so, and then sending him to swim among the mascalunnies with a twenty-four pound shot in his neckcloth; but, seeing as how your honour is going among them savages agin, I tho't—tho't as how some good might be done with him, if your honour could contrive to keep him in tow, and close under your lee quarter, to prevent his escape."

"At all events," returned the officer, after a pause of some moments, during which he appeared to be deliberating on his course of action, "it may be dangerous to keep him in the vessel; and yet, if we take him ashore,

he may be the means of our more immediate destruction; unless, indeed, as you observe, he can be so secured as to prevent the possibility of escape; but that I very much doubt indeed. Where is he, Mullins? I should like to see and question him."

"He shall be up, your honour, in no time," replied the sailor, once more resuming his hat, and moving a pace or two forward. Then addressing two or three men in the starboard gangway in the authoritative tone of command:—"Bear a hand there, my meo, and cast off the lashings of that black Ingian, and send him aft, here, to the officer."

The order was speedily executed. In a few minutes the Indian stood on the quarter-deck, his hands firmly secured behind, and his head sunk upon his chest in sullen despondency. In the increasing gloom in which objects were now gradually becoming more and more indistinct, it was impossible for Captain de Haldimar to distinguish his features; but there was something in the outline of the Indian's form that impressed him with the conviction he had seen it before. Advancing a pace or two forward, he pronounced, in an emphatic and audible whisper, the name of "Oucanasta!"

The Indian gave an involuntary start,—uttered a deep interjectional "Ugh!"—and, raising his head from his chest, fixed his eyes heavily on the officer.

"Hooknaster!—Hooknaster!" growled Jack Fuller, who had followed to hear the examination of his immediate captive: "why, your honour, that jaw-breaking name reminds me as how the chap had a bit of a paper when I chucked him into the jolly boat, stuck in his girdle. It was covered over with pencil-marks, as writing like; but all was rubbed out agin, except some such sort of a name as that."

"Where is it?—what have you done with it?" hastily asked Captain de Haldimar.

"Here, in my backy-box, your honour. I kept it safe, thinking as how it might sarve to let us know all about it afterwards."

The sailor now drew from the receptacle just named a dirty piece of folded paper, deeply impregnated with the perfume of stale and oil reeked quids of coarse tobacco; and then, with the air of one conscious of having "rendered the state some service," hitched up his trowsers with one hand, while with the other he extended the important document.

To glance his eye hurriedly over the paper by the light of a dark lantern that had meanwhile been brought upon deck, unclasp his hunting-knife, and divide the ligatures of the captive, and then warmly press his liberated hands within his own, were, with Captain de Haldimar, but the work of a minute.

"Lillo! which the devil way does the wind blow now?" muttered Fuller, the leer of self-satisfaction that had hitherto played in his eye rapidly giving place to an air of seriousness and surprise; an expression that was not at all diminished by an observation from his new commander.

"I tell you what it is, Jack," said the latter, impressively: "I don't pretend to have more gumption (qu. discernment?) than my messmates; but I can see through a millstone as clear as any man as ever heaved a lead in these here lakes; and may I never pipe boatswain's whistle again, if you ar'n't, some how or other, in the wrong box. That 'ere Ingian is one of us!"

The feelings of Captain de Haldimar may easily be comprehended by our readers, when, on glancing at the paper, he found himself confirmed in the impression previously made on him by the outline of the captive's form. The writing, nearly obliterated by damp, had been rudely traced by his own pencil, on a leaf torn from his pocket-book on the night of his visit to the Indian encampment, and at the moment when, seated on the fatal log, Oucanasta had generously promised her assistance in at last rescuing his betrothed bride. They were addressed to Major de Haldimar, and briefly stated that a treacherous plan was in contemplation by the enemy to surprise the fort, which the bearer, Oucanasta (the latter word strongly marked), would fully explain, if she could possibly obtain access within. From the narrative entered into by Clara, who had particularly dwelt on the emotions of fear that had sprung up in her own and cousin's heart by the sudden transformation of a supposed harmless beaver into a fierce and threatening savage, he had no difficulty in solving the enigma.

The Indian, in whom he had recognised the young chief who had saved him from the fury of Wacosta, had evidently been won upon by his sister to perform a service which offered so much less difficulty to a war-

rior than to a woman; and it was clear, that, finding all other means of communication with the fort, unadvised by his own people, impracticable, he had availed himself of the opportunity, when he saw the boat waiting on the strand, to assume a disguise so well adapted to insure success. It was no remarkable thing to see both the beaver and the otter moving on the calm surface of the waters in the vicinity of the forts, even at mid-day; and, occupied as the Indians were, to a man, at that moment with their cruel projects, it was by no means likely that their attention should have been called off from these to so apparently unimportant a circumstance. The act that had principally alarmed the cousins, and terminated, as we have seen, in the sudden attack of the sailor, had evidently been misconceived. The hand supposed to be feeling for the heart of the sloggedard, had, in all probability, been placed on his chest with a view to arouse him from his slumber; while that which was believed to have been dropped to the handle of his knife, was, in reality, merely seeking the paper that contained the announcement, which, if then delivered, might have saved the garrison.

Such was the train of conjecture that now passed through the mind of the officer; but, although he thus placed the conduct of the Indian in the most favourable light, his impression received no confirmation from the lips of the latter. Sullen and doggedly, notwithstanding the release from his bonds, the Ottawa hung his head upon his chest, with his eyes riveted on the deck, and obstinately refused to answer every question put to him by his deliverer. This, however, did not the less tend to confirm Captain de Haldimar in his belief. He knew enough of the Indian character, to understand the indignant, and even revengeful spirit likely to be aroused by the treatment the savage had met with in return for his intended services. He was aware that, without pausing to reflect on the fact, that the sailor, ignorant of his actual purpose, could merely have seen in him an enemy in the act of attempting his life, the chief would only consider and inflame himself over the recollection of the blow inflicted; and that, with the true obstinacy of his race, he would rather suffer captivity or death itself, than humble the haughty pride of his nature, by condescending to an explanation with those by whom he felt himself so deeply injured. Still, even amid all his own personal griefs,—griefs that rendered the boon in some degree at present valueless,—Captain de Haldimar could not forget that the youth, no matter by what motive induced, had rescued him from a dreadful death on a previous occasion. With the generous warmth, therefore, of a grateful mind, he now sought to impress on the Indian the deep sense of obligation under which he laboured; explaining at the same time the very natural error into which the sailor had fallen, and concluding with a declaration that he was free to quit the vessel in the canoe in which he himself was about to take his departure for the shore, in search of her whom his sister had pledged herself, at all hazards, to save.

The address of the officer, touching and impressive as language ever is that comes from the heart, was not altogether without effect on the Indian. Several times he interrupted him with a short, quick, approving "Ugh!" and when he at length received the assurance that he was no longer a prisoner, he raised his eyes rapidly, although without moving his head, to the countenance of his deliverer. Already were his lips opening to speak for the first time, when the attention of the group around him was arrested by his giving a sudden start of surprise. At the same moment he raised his head, stretched his neck, threw forward his right ear, and, uttering a loud and emphatic "Waugh!" pointed with his finger over the bows of the vessel.

All listened for upwards of a minute in mute suspense; and then a faint and scarcely distinguishable sound was heard in the direction in which he pointed. Scarcely had it floated on the air, when a shrill, loud, and prolonged cry, of peculiar tendency, burst hurriedly and eagerly from the lips of the captive; and, spreading over the broad expanse of water, seemed to be re-echoed back from every point of the surrounding shore.

Great was the confusion that followed this startling yell on the decks of the schooner. "Out the hell-frend down!"—"Chuck him overboard!"—"We are betrayed!"—"Every man to his gun!"—"Put the craft about!" were among the numerous exclamations that now rose simultaneously from at least twenty lips, and almost drowned the loud shriek that burst again from the wretched Clara de Haldimar.

"Stop, Mullins!—Stop, men!" shouted Captain de

Haldimar, firmly, as the excited boatswain, with two or three of his companions, now advanced with the intention of laying violent hands on the Indian. "I will answer for his fidelity with my life. If he be false, it will be time enough to punish him afterwards; but let us calmly await the issue like men. Hear me," he proceeded, as he remarked their incredulous, uncertain, and still threatening air;—"this Indian saved me from the tomahawks of his tribe not a week ago; and, even now, he has become our captive in the act of taking a note from me to the garri-on, to warn them of their danger. But for that slumbering fool," he added, bitterly, pointing to Fuller, who slept when he should have watched, "you fort would not now have been what it is,—a mass of smoking ruins. He has an ocean of blood upon his soul, that all the waters of the Huron can never wash out!"

Struck by the vehement manner of the officer, and the disclosure he had just made, the sailors sunk once more into inaction and silence. The boatswain alone spoke.

"I thought, your honour, as how Jack Fuller, who so certainly is a better hand at a snooze than a watch, had got into a bit of a mess; but, shiver my psalm, if I think it's quite fair to blame him, neither, for clapping a stopper on the Indian's cable, seeing as how he was expecting a shot between wind and water. Still, as the chap turns out to be an honest chap, and has saved your honour's life above all, I don't much care if I give him a grip. Here, old fellow, tip us your fist!"

Without seeming to understand that his cry had been productive of general and intense alarm throughout the vessel, the Indian had viewed the sudden rushing of the crew towards him as an act of gratuitous hostility; and, without shrinking from the attack, had once more resumed his original air of dogged sullenness. It was evident to him, from the discussion going on, that some violence, about to be offered to his person, had only been prevented by the interference of the officer. With the natural haughtiness of his savage nature, he therefore rejected the overtures of the sailor, whose hand he had observed among the first that were raised against him.

While the angry boatswain was yet rolling his quid within his capacious jaws, racking his brain for the strongest language wherein to give vent to his indignation, his ears were suddenly saluted by a low but clear "Hilloa" from the bows of the schooner.

"Ay, ay!" was the brief response. "There's" something approaching us ahead, on the weather fore quarter," continued the same voice, which was that of the man on the look-out.

The most profound silence now pervaded the deck. Every individual, including Captain de Haldimar and the boatswain, had flown to the gangway of the quarter indicated, which was on the side occupied by the couch of the unfortunate Clara. Presently a noise like that produced by a single paddle rapidly dividing the water, was heard by every anxious ear. Night had long since thrown her mantle over the surrounding waste; and all that was to be seen reflected from the bosom of the gradually darkening river, scarcely ruffled by the yet incipient breeze, were a few straggling stars, that here and there appeared, like the distant eye of heaven. Hitherto no object could be discovered by those who strained their eyes eagerly and painfully through the gloom, although the sounds became, at each moment, more distinct. It was evident the party, guided by the noise of the rippling waves that fell from the bows of the schooner, was enabled to follow up a course, the direct clue to which had been indicated by the cry of the captive. Every man stood near his gun on the starboard battery, and the burning matches hanging over their respective buckets ready to be seized at a moment's notice. Still, but little room for apprehension existed; for the practised ear of the mariners could easily tell that a solitary bark alone approached; and of one, or even ten, they entertained no fear. Suddenly, as the course of the vessel was now changed a point to windward,—a movement that brought her bows more off the adjacent shore,—the sound, in which all were more or less interested, was heard not more than twenty yards off, and in a line with the gangway at which the principal of the crew were assembled. In the next minute the low hull of a canoe came in sight, and then a tall and solitary human figure was seen in the stern, bending alternately to the right and to the left, as the paddle was rapidly and successively changed from side to side.

Another deep and exulting "Ugh!" was now heaved from the chest of the Indian, who stood calmly on the

spot on which he had first rested, while Fuller prepared a coil of rope to throw to the active steersman.

"Avas there, Jack?" growled the boatswain, addressing the sailor;—"how can the stranger keep the bow of his craft on, and grapple at the same time? Just pass one end of the coil round your waist, and swing yourself gently into her."

The head of the canoe was now near enough for the purpose. The sailor did as he was desired, having previously divested himself of his shoes, and leaping forward, alighted on what appeared to be a bundle of blankets stowed away in her bows. No sooner, however, had he secured his footing, when with another desperate leap, and greatly to the astonishment of all around, he bounded once more to the deck of the schooner, his countenance exhibiting every mark of superstitious alarm. In the act of quitting the canoe he had spurned her violently several feet from the vessel, which the silent steersman was again making every effort to reach.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with you now?" exclaimed the rough boatswain, who, as well as Captain de Haldimar and the rest of the crew, had quitted the gangway to learn the cause of this extraordinary conduct. "Damn my eyes, if you ar'n't worse scared than when the Indian stood over you in the jolly boat!"

"Scared, ay, to be sure I am; and so would you be scared too, if you'd a sec'd what I did. May I never touch the point at Portsmouth, if I a'n't seen her ghost!"

"Where?—whose ghost?—what ghost?—what do you mean, Jack?" exclaimed several of the startled men in the same breath, while the superstitious dread so common to mariners drew them still closer in the group that encircled their companion.

"Well, then, as I am a miserable sinner," returned the man, impressively, and in a low tone, "I see'd in the bows of the canoe,—and the hand that steer'd it was not made of flesh and blood like ours,—what do you think?—the ghost of—"

Captain de Haldimar heard no more. At a single bound he had gained the ship's side. He strained his eyes anxiously over the gangway in search of the canoe, but it was gone. A death-like silence throughout the deck followed the communication of the sailor, and in that pause the sound of the receding boat could be heard, not urged, as it had approached, by one paddle, but by two. The heart of the officer throbbed almost to suffocation; and his firmness, hitherto supported by the manly energies of his nature, now failed him quite. Heedless of appearances, regardless of being overlooked, he tottered like a drunken man for support against the mainmast. For a moment or two he leant his head upon his hand, with the air of one immersed in the most profound abstraction; while the crew, at once alarmed and touched by the deep distress into which this mysterious circumstance had plunged him, stood silently and respectfully watching his emotion. Suddenly he started from his attitude of painful repose, like one awakening from a dream, and demanded what had become of the Indian.

Every one looked around, but the captive was no where to be seen. Search was made below, both in the cabin and in the fore decks, and men were sent up aloft to see if he had secreted himself in the rigging; but all returned, stating he was no where to be found. He had disappeared from the vessel altogether, yet no one knew how; for he had not been observed to stir from the spot on which he had first planted himself. It was plain, however, he had joined the mysterious party in the canoe, from the fact of the second paddle having been detected; and all attempts at pursuit, without endangering the vessel on the shallows, whither the course of the fugitives was now directed, was declared by the boatswain utterly impracticable.

The announcement of the Indian's disappearance seemed to put the climax to the despair of the unfortunate officer. "Then is our every hope lost!" he groaned aloud, as, quitting the centre of the vessel, he slowly traversed the deck, and once more stood at the side of his no less unhappy and excited sister. For a moment or two he remained with his arms folded across his chest, gazing on the dark outline of her form; and then, in a wild paroxysm of silent, tearless grief, threw himself suddenly on the edge of the couch, and clasping her in a long close embrace to his audibly beating heart, lay like one bereft of all sense and consciousness of surrounding objects.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The night passed away without further event on board the schooner, yet in all the anxiety that might be supposed incident to men so perilously situated. Habits of

long since acquired superstition, too powerful to be easily shaken off, moreover, contributed to the dejection of the mariners, among whom there were not wanting those who believed the silent steersman was in reality what their comrade had represented,—an immaterial being, sent from the world of spirits to warn them of some impending evil. What principally gave weight to this impression were the repeated asseverations of Fuller, during the sleepless night passed by all on deck, that what he had seen was no other, could be no other, than a ghost! exhibiting in its hideous, fleshless cheek, the well known lineaments of one who was supposed to be no more; and, if the story of their comrade had needed confirmation among men in whom faith in, rather than love for, the marvellous was a constitutional ingredient, the terrible effect that seemed to have been produced on Captain de Haldimar by the same mysterious visitation would have been more than conclusive.

The very appearance of the night, too, favoured the delusion. The heavens, comparatively clear at the moment when the canoe approached the vessel, became suddenly enveloped in the deepest gloom at its departure, as if to enshroud the course of those who, having so mysteriously approached, had also so unaccountably disappeared. Nor had this threatening state of the atmosphere the counterbalancing advantage of storm and tempest to drive them onward through the narrow waters of the Sinclair, and enable them, by anticipating the pursuit of their enemies, to shun the Scylla and Charybdis that awaited their more leisure advance. The wind increased not; and the disappointed seamen remarked, with dismay, that their craft scarcely made more progress than at the moment when she first quitted her anchorage.

It was now near the first hours of day; and although, perhaps, none slept, there were few who were not apparently at rest, and plunged in the most painful reflections. Still occupying her humble couch, and shielded from the night air merely by the cloak that covered her own blood-stained garments, lay the unhappy Clara, her deep groans and stifled sobs bursting occasionally from her pent-up heart, and filling on the ears of the mariners like sounds of fearful import, produced by the mysterious agency that already bore such undivided power over their thoughts. On the bare deck, at her side, lay her brother, his face turned upon the planks, as if to shut out all objects from eyes he had not the power to close; and, with one arm supporting his heavy brow, while the other, east around the restless form of his beloved sister, seemed to offer protection and to impart confidence, even while his lips denied the accents of consolation. Seated on an empty hen-coop at their head, was Sir Everard Vallerot, his back reposing against the bulwarks of the vessel, his arms folded across his chest, and his eyes bent mechanically on the man at the helm, who stood within a few paces of him,—an attitude of absorption, which, he, ever and anon, changed to one of anxious and enquiring interest, whenever the agitation of Clara was manifested in the manner already shown.

The main deck and fore-castle of the vessel presented a similar picture of mingled quietness and repose. Many of the seamen might be seen seated on the gun-carriages, with their cheeks pressing the rude metal that served them for a pillow. Others lay along the decks, with their heads resting on the elevated hatches; while not a few, squatted on their haunches with their knees doubled up to their very chins, supported in that position the aching head that rested between their rough and horny palms. A first glance might have induced the belief that all were buried in the most profound slumber; but the quick jerking of a limb,—the fitful, sudden shifting of a position,—the utter absence of that deep breathing which indicates the unconsciousness of repose, only required to be noticed, to prove the living silence that reigned throughout was not born either of apathy or sleep.

At the gangway at which the canoe had approached now stood the individual already introduced to our readers as Jack Fuller. The same superstitious terror that caused his flight had once more attracted him to the spot where the subject of his alarm first appeared to him; and, without seeming to reflect that the vessel, in her slow but certain progress, had left all vestige of the mysterious visitant behind, he continued gazing over the bulwarks on the dark waters, as if he expected at each moment to find his sight stricken by the same appalling vision. It was at the moment when he had worked up his naturally dull imagination to its highest perception of the supernatural, that he was joined by the ragged boatswain, who had passed the greater part of the night

in pacing up and down the decks, watching the aspect of the heavens, and occasionally tauting a rope or squaring a light yard, unassisted, as the fluttering of the canvass in the wind rendered the alteration necessary.

"Well, Jack!" bluntly observed the latter in a gruff whisper that resembled the suppressed growling of a mastiff, "what are ye thinking of now?—Not got over your flunkeyfication yet, that ye stand here, looking as sanctified as an old parson?"

"I'll tell ye what it is, Mr. Mullins," returned the sailor, in the same key; "ye may make as much game on me as ye like; but these here strange sort of doings are somehow quizzical; and, though I hears nothing in the shape of flesh and blood, still, when it comes to having to do with those as is gone to Davy Jones' locker like, it gives a fellow an all overishness as isn't quite the thing. You understand me?"

"Hang me if I do!" was the brief rejoinder.

"Well, then," continued Fuller, "if I must out with it, I must. I think that 'ere Ingian must have been the devil, or how could he come so sudden and unbeknownst upon me, with the head of a 'possum; and then agin, how could he get away from the craft without our seeing him? and how came the ghost on board of the canoe?"

"Avast there, old fellow; ye means not the head of a 'possum, but a beaver; but that 'ere's all nat'l enough, and easily 'counted for; but ye hav'n't told us whose ghost it was, after all."

"No; the captain made such a spring to the gunwale, as frightened it all out of my head; but come closer, Mr. Mullins, and I'll whisper it in your ear.—Hark! what was that?"

"I hears nothing," said the boatswain, after a pause.

"It's very odd," continued Fuller; "but I thought as how I heard it several times afore ye came."

"There's something wrong, I take it, in your upper story, Jack Fuller," coolly observed his companion; "that 'ere ghost has quite capized you."

"Hark, again!" repeated the sailor. "Did'nt ye hear it then? A sort of a groan, like."

"Where, in what part?" calmly demanded the boatswain, though in the same suppressed tone in which the dialogue had been carried on.

"Why, from the canoe that lies alongside there. I heard it several times afore."

"Well, if ye arn't turned a real coward at last," politely remarked Mr. Mullins. "Can't the poor fat devil of a Canadian snooze a bit in his hammock, without putting ye so completely out of your reckoning?"

"The Canadian—the Canadian?" hurriedly returned Fuller: "why, don't ye see him there, leaning with his back to the mainmast, and as fast asleep as if the devil himself couldn't wake him?"

"Then it was the devil, ye heard, if ye like," quaintly retorted Mullins: "but bear a hand and tell us all about this here ghost."

"Hark, again! what was that?" once more enquired the excited sailor.

"Only a gust of wind passing through the dried boughs of the canoe," said the boatswain; "but since we can get nothing out of that crazed noodle of yours, so if ye can't do something with your hands. That 'ere canoe running alongside, takes half a koot off the ship's way. Bear a hand then, and cast off the painter, and let her drop astern, that she may follow in our wake. Illio! what's the matter with the man now?"

And well might he ask. With his eye-balls staring, his teeth chattering, his body half bent, and his arms thrown forward, yet pendent as if suddenly arrested in that position while in the act of reaching the rope, the terrified sailor stood gazing on the stern of the canoe; in which, by the faint light of the dawning day, was to be seen an object well calculated to fill the least superstitious heart with terror and dismay. Through an opening in the foliage peered the pale and spectral face of a human being, with its dull eyes bent fixedly and mechanically upon the vessel. In the centre of the wan forehead was a dark incrustation as of blood, covering the supercilies of a newly closed wound. The pallid mouth was partially unclosed, so as to display a row of white and apparently floss teeth; and the features were otherwise set and drawn, as those of one who is no longer of earth. Around the head was bound a covering so close, as to conceal every part save the face; and once or twice a hand was slowly raised, and pressed upon the blood spot that dimmed the passing fairness of the brow. Every other portion of the form was invisible.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the boatswain, in a voice that, now elevated to more than its natural tone, sounded startlingly on the stillness of the scene; "sure enough it is, indeed, a ghost!"

"Ha! do you believe me now?" returned Fuller, gaining confidence from the admission of his companion, and in the same elevated key. "It is, as I hope to be saved, the ghost I see'd afore."

The commotion on deck was now every where universal. The sailors started to their feet, and with horror and alarm visibly imprinted on their countenances, rushed tumultuously towards the dreaded gangway.

"Make way—room, fellows!" exclaimed a hurried voice; and presently Captain de Haldimar, who had bounded like lightning from the deck, appeared with eager eye and excited cheek among them. To leap into the bows of the canoe, and disappear under the foliage, was the work of a single instant. All listened breathlessly for the slightest sound; and then every heart throbbed with the most undefinable emotions, as his lips were heard giving utterance to the deep emotion of his own spirit,—

"Madeline, oh, my own lost Madeline!" he exclaimed with almost frantic energy of passion: "do I then press you once more to my dotting heart? Speak, speak to me—for God's sake speak, or I shall go mad! Air, air—she wants air only—she cannot be dead."

These last words were succeeded by the furious ranting and raving of the fastenings that secured the boughs, and presently the whole went overboard, leaving revealed the tall and picturesque figure of the officer; whose left arm encircled while it supported the reclining and powerless form of one who well resembled, indeed, the spectre for which she had been mistaken, while his right hand was busied in detaching the string that secured a portion of the covering round her throat. At length it fell from her shoulders; and the well known form of Madeline de Haldimar, clad even in the vestments in which they had been wont to see her, met the astonished gaze of the excited seamen. Still there were some who doubted it was the corporeal woman whom they beheld; and several of the crew who were catholics even made the sign of the cross as the supposed spirit was now borne up the gangway in the arms of the pained yet gratified de Haldimar; nor was it until her ket were seen finally resting on the deck, that Jack Fuller could persuade himself it was indeed Miss de Haldimar, and not her ghost, that lay clasped to the heart of the officer.

With the keen rush of the morning air upon her brow returned the suspended consciousness of the bewildered Madeline. The blood came slowly and imperceptibly to her cheek; and her eyes, hitherto glazed, fixed, and inexpressive, looked enquiringly, yet with stupid wonderment, around. She started from the embrace of her lover, gazed alternately at his disguise, at himself, and at Clara; and then passing her hand several times rapidly across her brow, uttered an hysterical scream, and threw herself impetuously forward on the bosom of the sobbing girl; who, with extended arms, parted lips, and heaving bosom, sat breathlessly awaiting the first dawn of the returning reason of her more than sister.

We should vainly attempt to paint all the heart-rending misery of the scene exhibited in the gradual restoration of Miss de Haldimar to her senses. From a state of torpor, produced by the freezing of every faculty into almost idiocy, she was suddenly awakened to all the terrors of the past; and the deep intonations of her rich voice were heard only in expressions of agony, that entered into the most iron-hearted of the assembled seamen; while they drew from the bosom of her gentle and sympathising cousin fresh bursts of desolating grief. Imagination itself would find difficulty in supplying the harrowing effect upon all, when, with upraised hands, and on her bended knees, her large eyes turned wildly up to heaven, she invoked in deep and startling accents the terrible retribution of a just God on the inhuman murderers of her father, with whose life-blood her garments were profusely saturated; and then, with hysterical laughter, demanded why she alone had been singled out to survive the bloody tragedy. Love and affection, hitherto the first principles of her existence, then found no entrance into her mind. Stricken, broken-hearted, stultified to all feeling save that of her immediate wretchedness, she thought only of the horrible scenes through which she had passed; and even he, whom at another moment she could have clasped in an agony of fond tenderness to her beating bosom,—he to whom she had pledged her virgin faith, and was bound by the dearest of human ties,—he whom she had so often

longed to behold once more, and had thought of, the preceding day, with all the tenderness of her impassioned and devoted soul,—even he did not, in the first hours of her terrible consciousness, so much as command a single passing regard. All the affections were for a period blighted in her bosom. She seemed as one devoted, without the power of resistance, to a grief which calmed and preyed upon all other feelings of the mind. One stunning and annihilating reflection seemed to engross every principle of her being; nor was it for hours after she had been restored to life and recollection that a deluge of burning tears, giving relief to her heart and a new direction to her feelings, enabled her at length to separate the past from, and in some degree devote herself to, the present. Then, indeed, for the first time did she perceive and take pleasure in the presence of her lover; and clasping her beloved and weeping Clara to her heart, thank her God, in all the fervour of true piety, that she at least had been spared to sield a ray of comfort on her distracted spirit. But we will not pain the reader by dwelling on a scene that drew tears even from the rugged and flint-nerved boatswain himself; for, although we should linger on it with minute anatomical detail, no powers of language we possess could convey the transcript as it should be. Pass we on, therefore, to the more immediate incidents of our narrative.

The day now rapidly developing, full opportunity was afforded the mariners to survey the strict nature of their position. To all appearance they were yet in the middle of the lake, for around them lay the belting sweep of forest that bounded the perspective of the equidistant circle, of which their bark was the focus or immediate centre. The wind was dying gradually away, and when at length the sun rose, in all his splendour, there was scarce air enough in the heavens to keep the sails from flapping against the masts, or to enable the vessel to obey her helm. In vain was the low and peculiar whistle of the sea-men heard, ever and anon, in invocation of the departing breeze. Another day, calm and breathless as the preceding, had been chartered from the work of the light; and their hearts failed them, as they foresaw the difficulty of their position, and the almost certainty of their retreat being cut off. It was while labouring under the disheartening consciousness of danger, peculiar to all, that the anxious boatswain summoned Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard Vallerot, by a significant heek of the finger, to the side of the deck opposite to that on which still lay the suffering and nearly broken-hearted girls.

"Well, Mullins, what now?" enquired the former, as he narrowly scanned the expression of the old man's features: "that clouded brow of yours, I fear me, bodes no agreeable information."

"Why, your honour, I scarcely knows what to say about it; but seeing as I'm the only officer in the ship, now our poor captain is killed, God bless him! I thought I might take the liberty to consult with your honours as to the best way of getting out of the jaws of them sharks of Ingians; and two heads, as the saying is, is always better than one."

"And now you have the advantage of three," observed the officer, with a sickly smile; "but I fear, Mullins, that if your own be not sufficient for the purpose, ours will be of little service. You must take counsel from your own experience and knowledge of nautical matters."

"Why, to be sure, your honour," and the sailor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, "I think I may say as how I'll venture to steer the craft with any man on the Canada lakes, and bring her safe into port too; but seeing as how I'm only a petty officer, and not yet recommended by his worship the governor for the full command, I thought it but right to consult with my superiors, not as to the management of the craft, but the best as is to be done. What does your honour think of making for the high land over the larboard bow yonder, and waiting for the chance of the night breeze to take us through the Sinclair?"

"Do whatever you think best," returned the officer. "For my part, I scarcely can give an opinion. Yet how are we to get there? There does not appear to be a breath of wind."

"Oh, that's easily managed; we have only to trail and furl up a little, to hide our cloth from the Ingians, and then send the boats a-head to tow the craft, while some of us land a hand at her own sweeps. We shall get close under the lee of the land afore night, and then we must pull up agin along shore, until we get within a mile or so of the head of the river."

"But shall we not be seen by our enemies?" asked

Sir Everard; "and will they not be on the watch for our movements, and intercept our retreat?"

"Now that's just the thing, your honour, as they're not likely to do, if so be as we bears away for your headland. I knows every nook and sounding round the lake; and odd enough if I didn't, seeing as how the craft circumnavigated it, at least, a dozen times since we have been cooped up here. Poor Captain Danvers! (may the devil take his murderers, I say, though it does make a commander of me for once) he used always to make for that 'ore point, whenever he wished to lie quiet; for never once did we see so much as a single Indian on the headland. No, your honour, they keeps all at 'other side of the lake, seeing as how that is the main road from Mackinac to Detroit."

"Then, by all means, do so," eagerly returned Captain de Haldimar. "Oh, Mullins! take us but safely through, and if the interest of my father can procure you a king's commission, you shall not want it, believe me."

"And if half my fortune can give additional stimulus to exertion, it shall be shared, with pleasure, between yourself and crew," observed Sir Everard.

"Thank your honours,—thank your honours," said the boatswain, somewhat electrified by these brilliant offers. "The lads may take the money, if they like; all I cares about is the king's commission. Give me but a swab on my shoulder, and the money will come fast enough of itself. But still, shiver my tospails, if I want any bribery to make me do my duty; besides, if 'twas only for them poor girls alone, I would go through fire and water to save them. I'm not very chicken-hearted in my old age, your honours, but I don't recollect the time when I blubbered so much as I did when Miss Madeline come aboard. But I can't bear to think of it; and now let us see and get all ready for towing."

Every thing now became bustle and activity on board the schooner. The matches, no longer required for the moment, were extinguished, and the heavy cutlasses and pistols unbuckled from the loins of the men, and deposited near their respective guns. Light forms flew aloft, and, standing out upon the yards, loosely furled the sails that had previously been hauled and clewed up; but, as this was an operation requiring little time in so small a vessel, those who were engaged in it speedily glided to the deck again, ready for a more arduous service. The boats had, meanwhile, been got forward, and into these the sailors sprang, with an alacrity that could scarcely have been expected from men who had passed not only the preceding night, but many before it, in utter sleeplessness and despair. But the imminence of the danger, and the evident necessity existing for exertion, aroused them to new energy; and the hitherto motionless vessel was now made to obey the impulse given by the tow ropes of the boats, in a manner that proved their crews to have entered on their toil with the determination of men, resolved to devote themselves in earnest to their task. Nor was the spirit of action confined to these. The long sweeps of the schooner had been shipped, and such of the crew as remained on board laboured effectually at them,—a service, in which they were essentially aided, not only by nine host of the *Fleur de lis*, but by the young officers themselves.

At mid-day the headlands were seen looming largely in the distance, while the immediate shores of the ill-fated fortress were momentarily, and in the same proportion, disappearing under the dim line of horizon in the rear. More than half their course, from the spot whence they commenced towing, had been completed, when the harassed men were made to quit their oars, in order to partake of the scanty fare of the vessel, consisting chiefly of dried bear's meat and venison. Spirit of any description they had none; but, unlike their brethren of the Atlantic, when driven to extremities in food, they knew not what it was to poison the nutritious properties of the latter by sipping the putrid dregs of the water-cask, in quantities scarce sufficient to quench the fire of their parched palates. Unshaken thirst was a misery unknown to the mariners of these lakes; it was but to east their buckets deep into the tempting element, and water, pure, sweet, and grateful as any that ever bubbled from the moss-clad fountain of sylvan deity, came cool and refreshing to their lips, neutralising, in a measure, the crudities of the coarsest food. It was to this inestimable advantage the crew of the schooner had been principally indebted for their health, during the long series of privation, as far as related to fresh provisions and rest, to which they had been subjected. All appeared as vigorous in frame, and robust in health, as at the moment when they had last quitted the waters of the Detroit; and but for the inward-sinking of the spirit, reflected in many a bronzed and furrowed brow, there

was little to show they had been exposed to any very extraordinary trials.

Their meal having been hastily despatched, and sweetened by a draught from the depths of the Huron, the seamen once more sprang into their boats, and devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the completion of their task, pulling with a vigour that operated on each and all with a tendency to encouragement and hope. At length the vessel, still impelled by her own sweeps, gradually approached the land; and at rather more than an hour before sunset was so near that the moment was deemed arrived when, without danger of being perceived, she might be run up along the shore to the point alluded to by the boatswain. Little more than another hour was occupied in bringing her to her station; and the red tents of departing day were still visible in the direction of the ill-fated fortress of Michilimackinac, when the sudden rumbling of the cable, following the heavy splash of the anchor, announced the place of momentary concealment had been gained.

The anchorage lay between two projecting headlands; to the outermost extremities of which were to be seen, overhanging the lake, the stately birch and pine, connected at their base by an impenetrable brushwood, extending to the very shore, and affording the amplest concealment, except from the lake side and the banks under which the schooner was moored. From the first quarter, however, little danger was incurred, as any canoes the savages might send in discovery of their course, must unavoidably be seen the moment they appeared over the line of the horizon, while, on the contrary, their own vessel, although much larger, resting on and identified with the land, must be invisible, except on a very near approach. In the opposite direction they were equally safe; for, as Mullins had truly remarked, none, save a few wandering hunters, whom chance occasionally led to the spot, were to be met with in a part of the country that lay so completely out of the track of communication between the fortresses. It was, however, but to double the second headland in their front, and they came within view of the Sinclair, the head of which was situated little more than a league beyond the spot where they now lay. Thus secure for the present, and waiting only for the rising of the breeze, of which the setting sun had given promise, the sailors once more snatched their hasty refreshment, while two of their number were sent aloft to keep a vigilant look-out along the circuit embraced by the enshrouding headlands.

During the whole of the day the cousins had continued on deck clasped in each other's arms, and shedding tears of bitterness, and heaving the most heart-rending sobs at intervals, yet but rarely conversing. The feelings of both were too much oppressed to admit of the utterance of their grief. The vampire of despair had banqueted on their hearts. Often had Sir Everard and De Haldimar paused momentarily from the labour of their oars, to cast an eye of anxious solicitude on the scarcely conscious girls, wishing, rather than expecting, to find the violence of their desolation abated, and that, in the full expansion of unreserved communication, they were relieving their sick hearts from the terrible weight of woe that bore them down. Captain de Haldimar had even once or twice essayed to introduce the subject himself, in the hope that some fresh paroxysm, following their disclosures, would remove the horrible stupefaction of their senses; but the wild look and excited manner of Madeline, whenever he touched on the chord of her affliction, had as often caused him to desist.

Towards the evening, however, her natural strength of character came in aid of his quiescent efforts to soothe her; and she appeared not only more composed, but more sensible of the impression produced by surrounding objects. As the last rays of the sun were tinging the horizon, she drew up her form in a sitting position against the bulwarks, and, raising her clasped hands to heaven, while her eyes were bent long and fixedly on the distant west, appeared for some minutes wholly lost in that attitude of absorption. Then she closed her eyes; and through the swollen lids came coursing, one by one, over her quivering cheek, large tears, that seemed to seald a furrow where they passed. After this she became more calm—her respiration more free; and she even consented to taste the humble meal which the young man now offered for the third time. Neither Clara nor herself had eaten food since the preceding morning; and the weakness of their frames contributed not a little to the increasing despondency of their spirits; but, notwithstanding several attempts previously made, they had rejected what was offered them, with insupportable loathing. When they had now swallowed a few morsels of the sliced venison ham, prepared with all the delicacy

the nearly exhausted resources of the vessel could supply, accompanied by a small portion of the corn-bread of the Canadian, Captain de Haldimar prevailed on them to swallow a few drops of the spirit that still remained in the canteen given them by Erskine on their departure from Detroit. The genial liquid sent a kindling glow to their chilled hearts, and for a moment deadened the pungency of their anguish; and then it was that Miss de Haldimar entered briefly on the horrors she had witnessed, while Clara, with her arm encircling her waist, fixed her dim and swollen eyes, from which a tear ever and anon rolled heavily to her lap, on those of her beloved cousin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Without borrowing the affecting language of the unhappy girl—a language rendered even more touching by the peculiar pathos of her tones, and the searching agony of spirit that burst at intervals through her narrative—we will merely present to our readers with a brief summary of what was gleaned from her melancholy disclosure. On hearing her cousin to the bedroom, after the terrifying yell first heard from without the fort, she had flown down the front stairs of the block-house, in the hope of reaching the guard-room in time to acquaint Captain Baynton with what she and Clara had witnessed from their window. Scarcely, however, had she gained the exterior of the building, when she saw that officer descending from a point of the rampart immediately on her left, and almost in a line with the block-house. He was running to overtake and return the ball of the Indian players, which had, at that moment, fallen into the centre of the fort, and was now rolling rapidly away from the spot on which Miss de Haldimar stood. The course of the ball led the pursuing officer out of the reach of her voice; and it was not until he had overtaken and thrown it again over the rampart, she could succeed in claiming his attention. No sooner, however, had he heard her hurried statement, than, without waiting to take the orders of his commanding officer, he prepared to join his guard, and gave directions for the immediate closing of the gates. But the opportunity was now lost. The delay occasioned by the chase and recovery of the ball had given the Indians time to approach the gates in a body, while the unsuspecting soldiery looked on without so much as dreaming to prevent them; and Captain Baynton had scarcely moved forward in execution of his purpose, when the yelling fiends were seen already possessing themselves of the drawbridge, and exhibiting every appearance of fierce hostility. Wild, maddened at the sight, the almost frantic Madeline, alive only to her father's danger, rushed back towards the council room, whence the startling yell from without had already been echoed, and where the tramp of feet, and the clashing of weapons, were distinguishable.

Cut off from his guard, by the rapid inundation of warriors, Captain Baynton had at once seen the futility of all attempts to join the men, and his first impression evidently had been to devote himself to the preservation of the cousins. With this view he turned hastily to Miss de Haldimar, and hurriedly naming the back staircase of the block-house, urged her to direct her flight to that quarter. But the excited girl had neither consideration nor fear for herself; she thought only of her father; and, even while the fierceness of contest was as its height within, she suddenly burst into the council room. The confusion and horror of the scene that met her eyes no language can render: blood was flowing in every direction, and dying and dead officers, already stripped of their scalps, were lying strewn about the room. Still the survivors fought with all the obstinacy of despair, and many of the Indians had shared the fate of their victims. Miss de Haldimar attempted to reach her father, then vigorously combating with one of the most desperate of the chiefs; but, before she could dart through the interfering crowd, a savage seized her by the hair, and brandishing a tomahawk rapidly over her neck. At that moment Captain Baynton sent his glittering blade deep into the heart of the Indian, who, relinquishing his grasp, fell dead at the foot of his intended victim. The devoted officer then threw his left arm round her waist, and parrying with his sword-arm the blows of those who sought to intercept his flight, dragged his reluctant burden towards the door. Hotly pressed by the remaining officers, nearly equal in number, the Indians were now compelled to turn and defend themselves in front, when Captain Baynton took that opportunity of getting once more into the corridor, not, however, without having received a severe wound immediately behind the right ear, and leaving a skirt and

lappel of his uniform in the hands of two savages who had successively essayed to detain him. At that moment the band without had succeeded in forcing open the door of the guard room; and the officer saw, at a glance, there was little time left for decision. In hurried and imploring accents he besought Miss de Haldimar to forget everything but her own danger, and to summon resolution to tear herself from the scene: but prayer and entreaty, and even force, were alike employed in vain. Clinging firmly to the rude balustrades, she refused to be led up the staircase, and wildly resisting all his efforts to detach her hands, declared she would again return to the scene of death, in which her beloved parent was so conspicuous an actor. While he was yet engaged in this fruitless attempt to force her from the spot, the door of the council-room was suddenly burst open, and a group of bleeding officers, among whom was Major de Haldimar, followed by their yelling enemies, rushed wildly into the passage, and, at the very foot of the stairs where they yet stood, the combat was renewed. From that moment Miss de Haldimar lost sight of her generous protector. Meanwhile the tumult of execrations, and groans, and yells, was at its height; and one by one she saw the unhappy officers sink beneath weapons yet reeking with the blood of their comrades, until not more than three or four, including her father and the commander of the schooner, were left. At length Major de Haldimar, overcome by exertion, and faint from wounds, while his wild eye darted despairingly on his daughter, had his sword-arm desperately wounded, when the blade dropped to the earth, and a dozen weapons glittered above his head. The wild shriek that had startled Clara then burst from the agonised heart of her maddened cousin, and she darted forward to cover her father's head with her arms. But her senses failed her in the attempt; and the last thing she recollected was falling over the weltering form of Middleton, who pressed her, as she lay there, in the convulsive energy of death, to his almost pulseless heart.

A vague consciousness of being raised from the earth, borne rapidly through the air, came over her even in the midst of her insensibility, but without any definite perception of the present, or recollection of the past, until she suddenly, when about midway between the fort and the point of wood that led to Chabouga, opened her eyes, and found herself in the firm grasp of an Indian, whose features, even in the hasty and fearful glance she cast at the countenance, she fancied were not unfamiliar to her. Not another human being was to be seen in the clearing at that moment; for all the savages, including even the women assembled outside, were now within the fort assisting in the complex horrors of murder, fire, and spoliation. In the wild energy of returning reason and despair, the wretched girl struggled violently to free herself; and so far with success, that the Indian, whose strength was evidently fast failing him, was compelled to quit his hold, and suffer her to walk. No sooner did Miss de Haldimar feel her feet touching the ground, when she again renewed her exertions to free herself, and return to the fort; but the Indian held her firmly secured by a leathern thong he now attached to her waist, and every attempt proved abortive. He was evidently much disconcerted at her resistance; and more than once she expected, and almost hoped, the tomahawk at his side would be made to revenge him for the task to which his patience was subjected: but Miss de Haldimar looked in vain for the expression of ferocity and impatience that might have been expected from him at such a moment. There was an air of mournfulness, and even kindness, mingled with severity, on his smooth brow that harmonised ill with the horrible atrocities in which he had, to all appearance, covered as he was with blood, been so recent and prominent an actor. The Indian remarked her surprise; and then looking hurriedly, but keenly, around, and finding no living being near them, suddenly tore the shirt from his chest, and emphatically pronouncing the names "Oucanasta," "De Haldimar," disclosed to the still struggling captive the bosom of a woman. After which, pointing in the direction of the wood, and finally towards Detroit, she gave Miss de Haldimar to understand that was the course intended to be pursued.

In a moment the resistance of the latter ceased. She at once recognised the young Indian woman whom her cousin had rescued from death: and aware, as she was, of the strong attachment that had subsequently bound her to her preserver, she was at no loss to understand how she might have been led to devote herself to the rescue of one whom, it was probable, she knew to be his affianced wife. Once, indeed, a suspicion of a different nature crossed her mind; for the thought occurred to her

she had only been saved from the general doom to be made the victim of private revenge—that it was only to glut the jealous vengeance of the woman at a more deliberative hour, she had been made a temporary captive. The apprehension, however, was no sooner formed than extinguished. Bitterly, deeply as she had reason to abhor the treachery and cunning of the dark race to which her captor belonged, there was an expression of openness and sincerity, and even imploringness, in the countenance of Oucanasta, which, added to her former knowledge of the woman, at once set this fear at rest, inducing her to look upon her rather in the character of a disinterested saviour, than in that of a cruel and vindictive enemy, goaded on to the indulgence of malignant hate by a spirit of rivalry and revenge. Besides, even were her cruellest fears to be realised, what could await her worse than the past? If she could even succeed in getting away, it would only be to return upon certain death; and death only could await her, however refined the tortures accompanying its infliction, in the event of her quietly following and yielding herself up to the guidance of one who offered this slight consolation, at least, that she was of her own sex. But Miss de Haldimar was willing to attribute more generous motives to the Indian; and fortified in her first impression, she signified by signs, that seemed to be perfectly intelligible to her companion, she appreciated her friendly intentions, and confided wholly in her.

No longer checked in her efforts, Oucanasta now directed her course towards the wood, still holding the thong that remained attached to Miss de Haldimar's waist, probably with a view to deceive any individuals from the villages on whom they might chance to fall, into the belief that the English girl was in reality her prisoner. No sooner, however, had they entered the depths of the forest, when, instead of following the path that led to Chabouga, Oucanasta took a direction to the left, and then moving nearly on a parallel line with the course of the lake, continued her flight as rapidly as the rude nature of the underwood, and the unpractised feet of her companion, would permit. They had travelled in this manner for upwards of four hours, without meeting a breathing thing, or even so much as exchanging a sound between themselves, when, at length, the Indian stopped at the edge of a deep cavern-like excavation in the earth, produced by the tearing up, by the wild tempest, of an enormous pine. Into this she descended, and presently re-appeared with several blankets, and two light painted paddles. Then unloosing the thong from the waist of the exhausted girl, she proceeded to disguise her in one of the blankets in the manner already shown, securing it over the head, throat, and shoulders with the badge of captivity, now no longer necessary for her purpose. She then struck off at right angles from the course they had previously pursued; and in less than twenty minutes both stood on the lake shore, apparently at a great distance from the point whence they had originally set out. The Indian gazed for a moment anxiously before her; and then, with an exclamation, evidently meant to convey a sense of pleasure and satisfaction, pointed forward upon the lake. Miss de Haldimar followed, with eager and aching eyes, the direction of her finger, and beheld the well known schooner evidently urging her flight towards the entrance of the Sinclair. Oh, how her sick heart seemed ready to burst at that moment! From the vessel she turned her eyes away upon the distant shore, which it was fast quitting, and beheld a column of mingled flame and smoke towering far above the horizon, and attesting the universal wreck of what had so long been endeared to her as her home. And she had witnessed all this, and yet had strength to survive it!

The courage of the unhappy girl had hitherto been sustained by no effort of volition of her own. From the moment when, discovering a friend in Oucanasta, she had yielded herself unresistingly to the guidance of that generous creature, her feelings had been characterised by an obtuseness strongly in contrast with the high excitement that had distinguished her previous manner. A dreamy recollection of some past horror, it is true, pursued her during her rapid and speechless flight; but any analysis of the causes conducing to that horror, her subjugated faculties were unable to enter upon. She had followed her conductor almost without consciousness, and with such deep absorption of spirit, that she neither once conjectured whether they were going, nor what was to be the final issue of their flight. But now, when she stood on the lake shore, suddenly awakened, as if by some startling spell, to every harrowing recollection, and with her attention assailed by objects long endeared, and rendered familiar to her gaze—when she beheld the ves-

sel that had last borne her across the still bosom of the Huron, fleeing for ever from the fortress where her arrival had been so joyously hailed—when she saw that fortress itself presenting the hideous spectacle of a blackened mass of ruins fast crumbling into nothingness, a faintness, as of death, came over her, and she sank without life on the beach. Of what passed afterwards, she had no recollection. She neither knew how she had got into the canoe, nor what means the Indian had taken to secure her approach to the schooner. She had no consciousness of having been removed to the bark of the Canadian, nor did she even remember having risen and gazed through the foliage on the vessel at her side; but she presumed, the chill air of morning having partially restored pulsation, she had moved instinctively from her countenance position to the spot in which her spectre-like recounenance had been perceived by Fuller. The first moment of her returning reason was that when, standing on the deck of the schooner, she found herself so unexpectedly clasped to the heart of her lover.

Twilight had entirely passed away when Miss de Haldimar completed her sad narrative; and already the crew, roused to exertion by the swelling breeze, were once more engaged in weighing the anchor, and settling and trimming the sails of the schooner, which latter soon began to shoot round the concealing headland into the opening of the Sinclair. A deathlike silence prevailed throughout the decks of the little bark, as her bows, dividing the waters of the basin that formed its source, gradually immersed into the current of that deep but narrow river; so narrow, indeed, that from its centre the least active of the mariners might have leaped without difficulty to either shore. This was the most critical part of the dangerous navigation. With a wide seaboard, and full command of their helm, they had nothing to fear; but so limited was the passage of this river, it was with difficulty the yards and masts of the schooner could be kept disengaged from the projecting boughs of the dense forest that lined the adjacent shores to their very junction with the water. The darkness of the night, moreover, while it promised to shield them from the observation of the savages, contributed greatly to perplex their movements; for such was the abruptness with which the river wound itself round in various directions, that it required a man constantly on the alert at the bows to apprise the helmsman of the course he should steer, to avoid collision with the shores. Canopies of weaving branches met in various directions far above their heads, and through these the schooner glided with a silence that might have called up the idea of a Stygian freight. Meanwhile, the men stood to their guns, concealing the matches in their water-buckets as before; and, while they strained both ear and eye through the surrounding gloom to discover the slightest evidence of danger, grasped the handles of their cutlasses with a firm hand, ready to unsheathe them at the first intimation of alarm.

At the suggestion of the boatswain, who hinted at the necessity of having cleared decks, Captain de Haldimar had prevailed on his unfortunate relatives to retire to the small cabin arranged for their reception; and here they were attended by an aged female, who had long followed the fortunes of the crew, and acted in the twofold character of laundress and sempstress. He himself, with Sir Everard, continued on deck watching the progress of the vessel with an anxiety that became more intense at each succeeding hour. Hitherto their course had been unimpeded, save by the obstacles already enumerated; and they had now, at about an hour before dawn, gained a point that promised a speedy termination to their dangers and perplexities. Before them lay a reach in the river, enveloped in more than ordinary gloom, produced by the continuous weaving of the tops of the overhanging trees; and in the perspective, a gleam of relieving light, denoting the near vicinity of the lake that lay at the opposite extremity of the Sinclair, whose name it also bore. This was the narrowest part of the river; and so approximate were its shores, that the vessel in her course could not fail to come in contact both with the obtruding foliage of the forest and the dense bulrushes skirting the edge of either bank.

"If we get safe through this here place," said the boatswain, in a rough whisper to his anxious and attentive auditors, "I think as how I'll venture to answer for the craft. I can see daylight dancing upon the lake already. Ten minutes more and she will be there." Then turning to the man at the helm,—"Keep her in the centre of the stream, Jim. Don't you see you're hugging the weather shore?"

"It would take the devil himself to tell which is the centre," growled the sailor, in the same suppressed tone.

"One might steer with one's eyes shut in such a queer place as this, and never be no worse off than with them open."

"Steady her helm, steady," rejoined Mullins, "it's as dark as pitch, to be sure, but the passage is straight as an arrow, and with a steady helm you can't miss it. Make for the light ahead."

"Aft! there!" hurriedly and loudly shouted the man on the look-out at the bows, "there's a tree lying across the river, and we're just upon it."

While he yet spoke, and before the boatswain could give such instructions as the emergency required, the vessel suddenly struck against the obstacle in question; but the concussion was not of the violent nature that might have been anticipated. The course of the schooner, at no one period particularly rapid, had been considerably checked since her entrance into the gloomy arch, in the centre of which her present accident had occurred; so that it was without immediate injury to her hull and spars she had been thus suddenly brought to. But this was not the most alarming part of the affair. Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard both recollected, that, in making the same passage, not forty-eight hours previously, they had encountered no obstacle of the kind, and a misgiving of danger rose simultaneously to the hearts of each. It was, however, a thing of too common occurrence, where storm and tempest were so prevalent and partial, to create more than a mere temporary alarm; for it was quite as probable the barrier had been interposed by some fitful outburst of nature, as that it arose from design on the part of their enemies; and when the vessel had continued stationary for some minutes, without the prepared and expectant crew discovering the slightest indication of attack, the former impression was preserved by the officers—at least avowedly to those around.

"Bear a hand, my lads, and cut away," at length ordered the boatswain, in a low but clear tone; "half a dozen at each end of the stick, and we shall soon clear a passage for the craft."

A dozen sailors grasped their axes, and hastened forward to execute the command. They sprang lightly from the entangled bows of the schooner, and diverging in equal numbers moved to either extremity of the fallen tree.

"This is sailing through the heart of the American forest with a vengeance," muttered Mullins, whose annoyance at their detention was strongly manifested as he paced up and down the deck. "Shiver my topmasts, if it isn't bad enough to clear the Sinclair at any time, much more so when one's running for one's life, and not a whisper's length from one's enemies. Do you know, Captain," abruptly checking his movement, and familiarly placing his hand on the shoulder of De Haldimar, "the last time we sailed through this very reach I couldn't help telling poor Captain Danvers, God rest his soul, what a nice spot it was for an Indian ambuscade, if they had only gumption enough to think of it."

"Hark!" said the officer, whose heart, eye, and ear were painfully on the alert, "what rustling is that we hear overhead?"

"It's Jack Fuller, no doubt, your honour; I sent him up to clear away the branches from the main topmast rigging." Then raising his head, and elevating his voice, "Hillo! aloft there!"

The only answer was a groan, followed by a deeper commotion among the rustling foliage.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with you now, Jack?" pursued the boatswain, in a voice of angry vehemence. "Are ye scared at another ghost, that ye keep groaning there after that fashion?"

At that moment a heavy dull mass was heard tumbling through the upper rigging of the schooner towards the deck, and presently a human form fell at the very feet of the small group, composed of the two officers and the individual who had last spoken.

"A light, a light!" shouted the boatswain; "the foolish chap has lost his hold through fear, and ten to one if he hasn't cracked his skull-piece for his pains. Quick there with a light, and let's see what we can do for him."

The attention of all had been arrested by the sound of the falling weight, and as one of the sailors now advanced, bearing a dark lantern from below, the whole of the crew, with the exception of those employed on the fallen tree, gathered themselves in a knot round the motionless form of the prostrate man. But no sooner had their eyes encountered the object of their interest, when each individual started suddenly and involuntarily back, baring his cutlass, and drawing forth his pistol, the whole presenting a group of countenances strongly marked by various shades of consternation and alarm, even while their attitudes were those of men prepared for some fierce and

desperate danger. It was indeed Fuller whom they had beheld, but not labouring, as the boatswain had imagined, under the mere influence of superstitious fear. He was dead, and the blood flowing from a deep wound, inflicted by a sharp instrument in his chest, and the scalped head, too plainly told the manner of his death, and the danger that awaited them all.

A pause ensued, but it was short. Before any one could find words to remark on the horrible circumstance, the appalling war-cry of the savages burst loudly from every quarter upon the ears of the devoted crew. In the desperation of the moment, several of the men clutched their cutlasses between their teeth, and seizing the concealed matches, rushed to their respective stations at the guns. It was in vain the boatswain called out to them, in a voice of stern authority, to desist, intimating that their only protection lay in the reservation of the fire of their batteries. Goaded and excited, beyond the power of resistance to an impulse that set all subordination at defiance, they applied the matches, and almost at the same instant the terrific discharge of both broadsides took place, rocking the vessel to the water's edge, and reverberating, throughout the confined space in which she lay, like the deadly explosion of some deeply excavated mine.

Scarcely had the guns been fired, when the seamen became sensible of their imprudence. The echoes were yet struggling to force a passage through the dense forest, when a second yell of the Indians announced the fiercest yell and triumph, unminged by disaster, at the result; and then the quick leaping of many forms could be heard, as they divided the crashing underwood, and rushed forward to close with their prey. It was evident, from the difference of sound, their first cry had been pealed forth while lying prostrate on the ground, and secure from the bullets, whose harmless discharge that cry was intended to provoke; for now the voices seemed to rise progressively from the earth, until they reached the level of each individual height, and were already almost hotly breathing in the ears of those they were destined to fill with illimitable dismay.

"Shiver my topmasts, but this comes of disobeying orders," roared the boatswain, in a voice of mingled anger and vexation. "The Indians are quite as cunning as ourselves, and ain't to be frightened that way. Quick, every cutlass and pistol to his gangway, and let's do our best. Pass the word forward for the axemen to return to quarters."

Recovered from their first paroxysm of alarm, the men at length became sensible of the presence of a directing power, which, humble as it was, their long habits of discipline had taught them to respect, and, headed on the one side by Captain de Haldimar, and on the other by Sir Everard Valletort, neither of whom, however, entertained the most remote chance of success, flew, as commanded, to their respective gangways. The yell of the Indians had again ceased, and all was hushed into stillness; but as the anxious and quicksighted officers gazed over the bulwarks, they fancied they could perceive, even through the deep gloom that every where prevailed, the forms of men, resting in cautious and eager attitudes, on the very verge of the banks, and at a distance of little more than half pistol shot. Every heart beat with expectancy, every eye was riveted intently in front, to watch and meet the first movements of their foes, but not a sound of approach was audible to the equally attentive ear. In this state of aching suspense they might have continued about five minutes, when suddenly their hearts were made to quail by a third cry, that came, not as previously, from the banks of the river, but from the very centre of their own decks, and from the topmast and rigging of the schooner. So sudden and unexpected too was this fresh danger, that before the two parties had time to turn, and assume a new posture of defence, several of them had already fallen under the butchering blades of their enemies. Then commenced a desperate but short conflict, mingled with yellings, that again were answered from every point; and rapidly gliding down the pendant ropes, were to be seen the active and dusky forms of men, swelling the number of the assailants, who had gained the deck in the same noiseless manner, until resistance became almost hopeless.

"Ha! I hear the footsteps of our lads at last," exclaimed Mullins exultingly to his comrades, as he finished despatching a third savage with his sturdy weapon. "Quick, men, quick, up with hatchet and cutlass, and take them in the rear. If we are to die, let's die —" game, he would perhaps have added, but death arrested the word upon his lips; and his corpse rolled along the deck, until its further progress was stopped by the stiffened body of the unhappy Fuller.

Notwithstanding the fall of their brave leader, and the whoopings of their enemies, the flagging spirits of the men were for a moment excited by the announcement of the return even of the small force of the axemen, and they defended themselves with a courage and determination worthy of a better result; but when, by the lurid light of the torches, now lying burning about the decks, they turned and beheld not their companions, but a fresh band of Indians, at whose pouch-belts dangled the reeking scalps of their murdered friends, they at once relinquished the combat as hopeless, and gave themselves unresistingly up to be bound by their captors.

Meanwhile the cousins experienced a renewal of all those horrors from which their distracted minds had been temporarily relieved; and, petrified with alarm, as they lay in the solitary berth that contained them both, endured sufferings infinitely more terrible than death itself. The early part of the tumult they had noticed almost without comprehending its cause, and but for the terrific cry of the Indians that had preceded them, would have mistaken the deafening broadsides for the blowing up of the vessel, so tremendous and violent had been the concussion. Nay, there was a moment when Miss de Haldimar felt a pang of deep disappointment and regret at the misconception; for, with the fearful recollection of past events, so strongly impressed on her bleeding heart, she could not but acknowledge, that to be engulfed in one general and disastrous explosion, was mercy compared with the alternative of falling into the hands of those to whom her loathing spirit had been too fatally taught to deny even the commonest attributes of humanity. As for Clara, she had not the power to think, or to form a conjecture on the subject — she was merely sensible of a recollection of the horrible scenes from which she had so recently been snatched, and with a pale cheek, a fixed eye, and an almost pulseless heart, lay without motion in the inner side of the berth. The pitious spectacle of her cousin's alarm lent a forced activity to the despair of Miss de Haldimar, in whom apprehension produced that strong energy of excitement that sometimes gives to helplessness the character of true courage. With the increasing clamour of appalling conflict on deck, this excitement grew at every moment stronger, until it finally became irrepressible, so that at length, when through the cabin windows there suddenly streamed a flood of yellow light, extinguishing that of the lamp that threw its flickering beams around the cabin, she flung herself impetuously from the berth, and, despite of the aged and trembling female who attempted to detain her, burst open the narrow entrance to the cabin, and rushed up the steps communicating with the deck.

The picture that here met her eyes was at once graphic and fearful in the extreme. On either side of the river, lines of streaming torches were waved by dusky warriors high above their heads, reflecting the grim countenances, not only of those who bore them, but of dense groups in their rear, whose numbers were alone concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. From the branches that wove themselves across the centre of the river, and the topmast and rigging of the vessel, the same strong yellow light, produced by the bark of the birch tree steeped in gum, streamed down upon the decks below, rendering each line and block of the schooner as distinctly visible as if it had been noon on the sunniest of those far distant lakes. The deck itself was covered with the bodies of slain men — sailors and savages mixed together; and amid these were to be seen fierce warriors, reclining triumphantly and indolently on their rifles, while others were occupied in scouring the arms of their captives with leathern thongs behind their backs. The silence that now prevailed was strongly in contrast with, and even more fearful than, the horrid shouts by which it had been preceded; and, but for the ghastly countenances of the captives, and the quick rolling eyes of the savages, Miss de Haldimar might have imagined herself the sport of some extraordinary and exciting illusion. Her glance over these prominent features in the tragedy had been cursory, yet accurate. It now rested on one that had more immediate and terrifying interest for herself. At a few paces in front of the companion ladder, and with their backs turned towards her, stood two individuals, whose attitudes denoted the passage of men resolved to sell with their lives alone a purpose to a tall fierce-looking savage, whose countenance betrayed every mark of triumphant and deadly passion, while he apparently hesitated whether his uplifted arm should stay the weapon it wielded. These individuals were Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard Valletort; and to the former of these the attention of the savage was more immediately and exultingly directed; so much so, indeed, that Miss de Haldimar thought she could read

in the ferocious expression of his features the death-warrant of her cousin. In the wild terror of the moment she gave a piercing scream that was answered by a hundred yelling voices, and rushing between her lover and his enemy threw herself wildly and supplicatingly at the feet of the latter. Uttering a savage laugh, the monster spurned her from him with his foot, when, quick as thought, a pistol was discharged within a few inches of his face; but with a rapidity equal to that of his assailant, he bent aside his head, and the ball passed harmlessly on. The yell that followed was terrific; and while it was yet swelling into fulness, Captain de Haldimar felt an iron hand furiously grasping his throat, and, ere the grasp was relinquished, he again stood the bound and passive victim of the warrior of the *Flour de lis*.

CHAPTER XXV.

The interval that succeeded to the last council scene of the Indians was passed by the officers of Detroit in a state of inexpressible anxiety and doubt. The fears entertained for the fate of their companions, who had set out on the perilous and almost forlorn hope of reaching Michilimackinac, in time to prevent the consummation of the threatened treachery, had, in some degree, if not wholly, been allayed by the story narrated by the Ottawa chief. It was evident, from his statement, the party had again met, and been engaged in fearful struggle with the gigantic warrior they had all so much reason to recollect; and it was equally apparent, that in that struggle they had been successful. But still, so many obstacles were likely to be opposed to their navigation of the several lakes and rivers over which lay their course, it was almost feared, even if they eventually escaped unharmed themselves, they could not possibly reach the fort in time to communicate the danger that awaited their friends. It is true, the time gained by Governor de Haldimar on the first occasion had afforded a considerable interval, of which advantage might be taken; but it was also, on the other hand, uncertain whether Pontac had commanded the same delay in the council of the chiefs investing Michilimackinac, to which he had himself assented. Three days were sufficient to enable an Indian warrior to perform the journey by land; and it was chiefly on this vague and uncertain ground they based whatever little of hope was entertained on the subject.

It had been settled at the departure of the adventurers, that the instant they effected a communication with the schooner on Lake Huron, François should be immediately sent back, with instructions so to contrive the period of his return, that his canoe should make its appearance soon after daybreak at the nearest extremity of Hog Island, the position of which has been described in our introductory chapter. From this point a certain signal, that could be easily distinguished with the aid of a telescope, was to be made from the canoe, which, without being of a nature to attract the attention of the savages, was yet to be such as almost not well be mistaken by the garrison. This was a precaution adopted, not only with the view of giving the earliest intimation of the result of the enterprise, but lest the Canadian should be prevented, by any closer investment on the part of the Indians, from communicating personally with the fort in the way he had been accustomed.

It will easily be comprehended therefore, that as the period approached when they might reasonably look for the return of François, if he should return at all, the nervous anxiety of the officers became more and more developed. Upwards of a week had elapsed since the departure of their friends; and already, for the last day or two, their impatience had led them, at early dawn, and with beating hearts, to that quarter of the rampart which overlooked the eastern extremity of Hog Island. Hitherto, however, their eager watching had been in vain. As far as our recollection of the Canadian tradition of this story serves us, it must have been on the fourth night after the final discomfiture of the plans of Pontac, and the tenth from the departure of the adventurers, that the officers were assembled in the mess-room, partaking of the scanty and frugal supper to which their long confinement had reduced them. The subject of their conversation, as it was ever of their thoughts, was the probable fate of their companions; and many and various, although all equally melancholy, were the conjectures offered as to the result. There was on the countenance of each, that deep and fixed expression of gloom, which, if it did not indicate any unmanliness of despair, told at least that hope was nearly extinct: but more especially was this remarkable in the young but sadly altered Charles de Haldimar, who, with a vacant eye and a pre-

occupied manner, seemed wholly abstracted from the scene before him.

All was silence in the body of the fort. The men off duty had long since retired to rest in their clothes, and only the "All's well!" of the sentinels was heard at intervals of a quarter of an hour, as the cry echoed from mouth to mouth in the line of circuit. Suddenly, however, between two of those intervals, and during a pause in the languid conversation of the officers, the sharp challenge of a sentinel was heard, and then quick steps on the rampart, as of men hastening to the point whence the challenge had been given. The officers, whom this new excitement seemed to arouse into fresh activity, hurriedly quitted the room; and, with as little noise as possible, gained the spot where the voice had been heard. Several men were bending eagerly over the rampart, and, with their muskets at the recover, riveting their gaze on a dark and motionless object that lay on the verge of the ditch immediately beneath them.

"What have you here, Mitchell?" asked Captain Blessington, who was in command of the guard, and who had recognised the gruff voice of the veteran in the challenge just given.

"An American burnt log, your honour," muttered the soldier, "if one was to judge from its stillness; but if it is, it must have rolled there within the last minute; for I'll take my affidavit it wasn't here when I passed last in my boat."

"An American burnt log, indeed! it's some rascal of a spy, rather," remarked Captain Erskine. Who knows but it may be our big friend, come to pay us a visit again? And yet he is not half long enough for him, either. Can't you try and tickle him with the bayonet, any of you fellows, and see whether he is made of flesh and blood?"

Although this observation was made almost without object, it being totally impossible for any musket, even with the addition of its bayonet, to reach more than half way across the ditch, the several sentinels threw themselves on their chests, and, stretching over the rampart as far as possible, made the attempt to reach the suspicious looking object that lay beyond. No sooner, however, had their arms been extended in such a manner as to be utterly powerless, when the dark mass was seen to roll away in an opposite direction, and with such rapidity that, before the men could regain their feet and level their muskets, it had entirely disappeared from their view.

"Cleverly managed, to give the red skin his due," half laughingly observed Captain Erskine, while his brother officers continued to fix their eyes in astonishment on the spot so recently occupied by the strange object; "but what the devil could be his motive for lying there so long? Not playing the caves-dropper, surely; and yet, if he meant to have picked off a sentinel, what was to have prevented him from doing it sooner?"

"He had evidently no arms," said Ensign Delme.

"No, nor legs either, it would appear," resumed the literal Erskine. "Curse me if I ever saw any thing in the shape of a human form bundled together in that manner."

"I mean he had no fire-arms—no rifle," pursued Delme.

"And if he had, he certainly would have rifled one of us of a life," continued the captain, laughing at his own conceit. "But come, the bird is down, and we have only to thank ourselves for having been so egregiously duped. Had Valktorst been here, he would have given a different account of him."

"Hut! listen!" exclaimed Lieutenant Johnstone, calling the attention of the party to a peculiar and low sound in the direction in which the supposed Indian had departed.

It was repeated, and in a plaintive tone, indicating a desire to propitiate. Soon afterwards a human form was seen advancing slowly, but without show either of concealment or hostility in its movements. It finally remained stationary on the spot where the dark and shapeless mass had been first perceived.

"Another Ocanasta for De Haldimar, no doubt," observed Captain Erskine, after a moment's pause. "These grenadiers carry every thing before them as well in love as in war." The error of the good-natured officer was, however, obvious to all but himself. The figure, which was now distinctly traced in outline for that of a warrior, stood boldly and fearlessly on the brink of the ditch, holding up its left arm, in the hand of which dangled something that was visible in the starlight, and pointing energetically to this pendant object with the other. A voice from one of the party now addressed the Indian in two several dialects, but without eliciting a re-

ply. "He either understood not, or would not answer the question proposed, but continued pointing significantly to the indistinct object which he still held in an elevated position.

"The governor must be apprised of this," observed Captain Blessington to De Haldimar, who was his subaltern of the guard. "Hasten, Charles, to acquaint your father, and receive his orders."

The young officer willingly obeyed the injunction of his superior. A secret and indefinable hope rushed through his mind, that as the Indian came not in hostility, he might be the bearer of some communication from their friends; and he moved rapidly towards that part of the building occupied by his father.

The light of a lamp suspended over the piazza leading to the governor's rooms reflecting strongly on his regimentals, he passed unchallenged by the sentinels posted there, and uninterruptedly gained a door that opened on the sitting-room usually occupied by his parent. This again was entered from the same passage by a second door, the upper part of which was of common glass, enabling any one on the outside to trace with facility every object within when the place was lighted up.

A glance was sufficient to satisfy the youth his father was not in the room; although there was strong evidence he had not retired for the night. In the middle of the floor stood an oaken table, and on this lay an open writing desk, with a candle on each side, the wicks of which had burnt so long as to throw a partial gloom over the surrounding wainscoting. Scattered about the table and desk were a number of letters that had apparently been just looked at or read; and in the midst of these an open case of red morocco, containing a miniature. The appearance of these letters, thus left scattered about by one who was scrupulously exact in the arrangement of his papers, added to the circumstance of the neglected and burning candles, confirmed the young officer in an impression that his father, overcome by fatigue, had retired into his bed-room, and fallen unconsciously asleep. Imagining, therefore, he could not, without difficulty, succeed in making himself heard, and deeming the urgency of the case required it, he determined to wave the usual ceremony of knocking, and penetrate to his father's bed-room unannounced. The glass door being without fastening within, easily yielded to his pressure of the latch; but as he passed by the table, a strong and natural feeling of curiosity induced him to cast his eye upon the miniature. To his infinite surprise, nay, almost terror, he discovered it was that of his mother—the identical portrait which his sister Clara had worn in her bosom from infancy, and which he had seen clasped round her neck on the very deck of the schooner in which she sailed for Michilimackinac. He felt there could be no mistake, for only one miniature of the sort had ever been in possession of the family, and that the one just accounted for. Almost stupefied at what he saw, and scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, the young officer glanced his eye hurriedly along one of the open letters that lay around. It was in the well remembered hand-writing of his mother, and commenced, "Dear, dearest Reginald." After this followed expressions of endearment no woman might address except to an affianced lover, or the husband of her choice; and his heart sickened while he read. Scarcely, however, had he scanned half a dozen lines, when it occurred to him he was violating some secret of his parents; and, discontinuing the perusal with an effort, he prepared to acquit himself of his mission.

On raising his eyes from the paper he was startled by the appearance of his father, who, with a stern brow and a quivering lip, stood a few paces from the table, apparently too much overcome by his indignation to be able to utter a sentence. Charles de Haldimar felt all the awkwardness of his position. Some explanation of his conduct, however, was necessary; and he stammered forth the fact of the portrait having riveted his attention, from its striking resemblance to that in his sister's possession.

"And to what do these letters bear resemblance?" demanded the governor, in a voice that trembled in its attempt to be calm, while he fixed his penetrating eye on that of his son. "They, it appears, were equally objects of attraction with you."

"The letters were in the hand-writing of my mother; and I was irresistibly led to glance at one of them," replied the youth, with the humility of conscious wrong. "The action was involuntary, and no sooner committed than repented of. I am here, my father, on a mission of importance, which must account for my presence."

"A mission of importance!" repeated the governor,

with more of sorrow than of anger in the tone in which he now spoke. "On what mission are you here, if it be not to intrude unwarrantably on a parent's privacy?"

The young officer's cheek flushed high, as he proudly answered:—"I was sent by Captain Blessington, sir, to take your orders in regard to an Indian who is now without the fort under somewhat extraordinary circumstances, yet evidently without intention of hostility. It is supposed he bears some message from my brother."

The tone of candour and offended pride in which this formal announcement of duty was made seemed to banish all suspicion from the mind of the governor; and he remarked, in a voice that had more of the kindness than had latterly distinguished his address to his son, "Was this, then, Charles, the *only* motive for your abrupt intrusion at this hour? Are you sure no inducement of private curiosity was mixed up with the discharge of your duty, that you entered this unannounced? You must admit, at least, I found you employed in a manner different from what the urgency of your mission would seem to justify."

There was lurking irony in this speech; yet the softened accents of his father, in some measure, disarmed the youth of the bitterness he would have done into his observation,—"That no man on earth, his parent excepted, should have dared to insinuate such a doubt with impunity."

For a moment Colonel de Haldimar seemed to regard his son with a surprised but satisfied air, as if he had not expected the manifestation of so much spirit, in one whom he had been accustomed greatly to undervalue.

"I believe you, Charles," he at length observed, "forgive the justifiable doubt, and think no more of the subject. Yet, one word," as the youth was preparing to depart; "if you have read that letter" (and he pointed to that which had principally arrested the attention of the officer); what impression has it given you of your mother? Answer me sincerely. *My name*, and his faint smile wore something of the character of triumph, "is not *Reginald*, you know?"

The pallid cheek of the young man flushed at this question. His own undisguised impression was, that his mother had cherished a guilty love for another than her husband. He felt the almost impious of such a belief, but he could not resist the conviction that forced itself on his mind; the letter in her handwriting spoke for itself; and though the idea was full of wretchedness, he was unable to conquer it. Whatever his own inference might be, however, he could not endure the thought of imparting it to his father: he therefore answered evasively.

"Doubtless my mother had some dear relative of the name, and to him was this letter addressed; perhaps a brother, or an uncle. But I never knew," he pursued, with a look of appeal to his father, "that a second portrait of my mother existed. This is the very counterpart of Clara's."

"It may be the same," remarked the governor, but in a tone of indecision, that denied his faith in what he uttered.

"Impossible, my father. I accompanied Clara, if you recollect, as far as Lake Sinclair; and when I quitted the deck of the schooner to return, I particularly remarked my sister wore her mother's portrait, as usual, round her neck."

"Well, no matter about the portrait," hurriedly rejoined the governor; "yet, whatever your impression, Charles," and he spoke with a warmth that was far from habitual to him, "dare not to sully the memory of your mother by a doubt of her purity. An accident has given this letter to your inspection, but breathe not its contents to a human creature; above all, respect the being who gave you birth. Go, tell Captain Blessington to detain the Indian; I will join you immediately."

Strongly, yet confusedly, impressed with the singularity of the scene altogether, and more particularly with his father's strange admonition, the young officer quitted the room, and hastened to rejoin his companions. On reaching the rampart he found that the Indian, during his long absence, had departed; yet not without depositing, on the outer edge of the ditch, the substance to which he had previously directed their attention. At the moment of De Haldimar's approach, the officers were bending over the rampart, and, with straining eyes, endeavouring to make out what it was, but in vain; something was just perceptible in the withered turf, but

what that something was no one could succeed in discovering.

"Whatever this be, we must possess ourselves of it," said Captain Blessington; "it is evident, from the energetic manner of him who left it, it is of importance. I think I know who is the best swimmer and climber of our party."

Several voices unanimously pronounced the name of "Johnstone."

"Any thing for a dash of enterprise," said that officer, whose slight wound had been perfectly healed. "But what do you propose that the swimmer and climber should do, Blessington?"

"Secure your parcel, without lowering the draw-bridge."

"What! and be scalped in the act! Who knows it is not a trick after all, and that the rascal who placed it there is not lying within a few feet, ready to pounce upon me the instant I reach the bank."

"Never mind," said Erskine, laughingly, "we will revenge your death, my boy."

"Beside, consider the *nunquam* *non paratus*, Johnstone," slyly remarked Lieutenant Leslie.

"What, again, Leslie?" energetically responded the young Scotsman. "Yet think not I hesitate, for I did but jest: make fast a rope round my loins, and I think I will answer for the result."

Colonel de Haldimar now made his appearance. Having heard a brief statement of the facts, and approving of the suggestion of Captain Blessington, a rope was procured, and made fast under the shoulders of the young officer, who had previously stripped himself of his uniform and shoes. He then suffered himself to drop gently over the edge of the rampart, his companions gradually lowering the rope, until a deep and gasping aspiration, such as is usually wrung from one coming suddenly in contact with cold water, announced he had gained the surface of the ditch. The rope was then slackened, to give him the unrestrained command of his limbs; and in the next instant he was seen clambering up the opposite elevation.

Although the officers, indulging in a forced levity, in a great degree meant to encourage their companion, had treated his enterprise with indifference, they were far from being without serious anxiety for the result. They had laughed at the idea, suggested by him, of being scalped; whereas, in truth, they entertained the apprehension far more powerfully than he did himself. The artifices resorted to by the savages, to secure an isolated victim, were so many and so various, that suspicion could not but attach to the mysterious occurrence they had just witnessed. Willing even as they were to believe their present visitor, whoever he was, came not in a spirit of enmity, they could not altogether divest themselves of a fear that it was only a subtle artifice to decoy one of them within the reach of their traitorous weapons. They, therefore, watched the movements of their companion with quickening pulses; and it was with a lively satisfaction they saw him, at length, after a momentary search, descend once more into the ditch, and, with a single powerful impulsion of his limbs, urge himself back to the foot of the rampart. Neither factor hands were of much service, in enabling him to scale the smooth and slanting logs that composed the exterior surface of the works; but a slight jerk of the well secured rope, serving as a signal to his friends, he was soon dragged once more to the summit of the rampart, without other injury than a couple of slight bruises.

"Well, what success?" eagerly asked Leslie and Captain Erskine, in the same breath, as the dripping Johnstone buried himself in the folds of a capacious cloak procured during his absence.

"You shall hear," was the reply; "but first, gentlemen, allow me, if you please, to enjoy, with yourselves, the luxury of dry clothes. I have no particular ambition to contract an American ague fit just now; yet, unless you take pity on me, and reserve any examination for a future moment, there is every probability I shall not have a tooth left by to-morrow morning."

No one could deny the justice of the remark, for the teeth of the young man were chattering as he spoke. It was not, therefore, until after he had changed his dress, and swallowed a couple of glasses of Captain Erskine's never failing spirit, that they all repaired once more to the mess-room, when Johnstone anticipated all questions, by the production of the mysterious packet.

After removing several wrappers of bark, each of which was secured by a thong of deer-skin, Colonel de Haldimar, to whom the successful officer had handed his prize, at length came to a small oval case of red morocco, precisely similar, in size and form, to that which had so

lately attracted the notice of his son. For a moment he hesitated, and his cheek was observed to turn pale, and his hand to tremble; but quickly subduing his indecision, he hurriedly unlocked the clasp, and disclosed to the astonished view of the officers the portrait of a young and lovely woman, habited in the Highland garb.

Exclamations of various kinds burst from the lips of the group of officers. Several knew it to be the portrait of Mrs. de Haldimar; others recognised it from the striking likeness it bore to Clara and to Charles; all knew it had never been absent from the possession of the former since her mother's death; and feeling satisfied as they did that its extraordinary appearance among them, at the present moment, was an announcement of some dreadful disaster, their countenances wore an impress of dismay little inferior to that of the wretched Charles, who, agonised beyond all attempt at description, had thrown himself into a seat in the rear of the group, and sat like one bewildered, with his head buried in his hands.

"Gentlemen," at length observed Colonel de Haldimar, in a voice that proved how vainly his natural emotion was sought to be subdued by his pride, "this, I fear me, is an unwelcome token. It comes to announce to a father the murder of his child; to us all, the destruction of our last remaining friends and comrades."

"God forbid!" solemnly aspirated Captain Blessington. After a pause of a moment or two he pursued: "I know not why, sir; but my impression is, the appearance of this portrait, which we all recognise for that worn by Miss de Haldimar, bears another interpretation."

Colonel de Haldimar shook his head. "I have but too much reason to believe," he observed, smiling in mournful bitterness, "it has been conveyed to us not in mercy but in revenge."

No one ventured to question why; for notwithstanding all were aware that, in the mysterious ravisher of the wife of Halloway, Colonel de Haldimar had a fierce and inexorable private enemy, no allusion had ever been made by that officer himself to the subject.

"Will you permit me to examine the portrait and envelopes, colonel?" resumed Captain Blessington: "I feel almost confident, although I confess I have no other motive for it than what springs from a recollection of the manner of the Indian, that the result will bear me out in my belief the bearer came not in hostility but in friendship."

"By my faith, I quite agree with Blessington," said Captain Erskine; "for, in addition to the manner of the Indian, there is another evidence in favour of his position. Was it merely intended in the light in which you consider it, colonel, the case or the miniature itself might have been returned, but certainly not the metal in which it is set. The savages are fully aware of the value of gold, and would not so easily let it slip through their fingers."

Meanwhile, Captain Blessington had turned and examined the miniature in fifty different ways, but without succeeding in discovering any thing that could confirm him in his original impression. Vexed and disappointed, he at length flung it from him on the table, and sinking into a seat at the side of the unfortunate Charles, pressed the hand of the youth in significant silence.

Finding his worst fears now confirmed, Colonel de Haldimar, for the first time, cast a glance towards his son, whose drooping head, and sorrowing attitude, spoke volumes to his heart. For a moment his own cheek blanched, and his eye was seen to glisten with the first tear ever witnessed there by those around him. Subduing his emotion, however, he drew up his person to its lordly height, as if that act reminded him the commander was not to be lost in the father, and quitting the room with a heavy brow and step, recommended to his officers the repose of which they appeared to stand so much in need. But not one was there who felt inclined to court the solitude of his pillow. No sooner were the footsteps of the governor heard dying away in the distance, when fresh lights were ordered, and several logs of wood heaped on the slackening fire. Around this the officers now grouped, and throwing themselves back in their chairs, assumed the attitudes of men seeking to indulge rather in private reflection than in personal converse.

The grief of the wretched Charles de Haldimar, hitherto restrained by the presence of his father, and encouraged by the touching evidences of interest afforded him by the ever considerate Blessington, now burst forth audibly. No attempt was made by the latter officer to check the emotion of his young friend. Knowing his passionate fondness for his sister, he was not without fear that the sudden shock produced by the appearance of her miniature might destroy his reason, even if it affected not his

life; and as the moment was now come when tears might be shed without exciting invidious remark in the only individual who was likely to make it, he sought to promote them as much as possible. Too much occupied in their own mournful reflections to bestow more than a passing notice on the weakness of their friend, the group round the fire-place scarcely seemed to have regarded his emotion.

This violent paroxysm past, De Haldimar breathed more freely; and, after listening to several earnest observations of Captain Blessington, who still held out the possibility of something favourable turning up, on a re-examination of the portrait by daylight, he was so far composed as to be able to attend to the summons of the sergeant of the guard, who came to say the relief were ready, and waiting to be inspected before they were finally marched off. Claspings the extended hand of his captain between his own, with a pressure indicative of his deep gratitude, De Haldimar now proceeded to the discharge of his duty, and having caught up the portrait, which still lay on the table, and thrust it into the breast of his uniform, he repaired hurriedly to rejoin his guard, from which circumstances alone had induced his unusually long absence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The remainder of that night was passed by the unhappy De Haldimar in a state of indescribable wretchedness. After inspecting the relief, he had thrown himself on his rude guard-bed; and, drawing his cloak over his eyes, given full rein to the wanderings of his excited imagination.

Miserable as he felt his position to be, it was not without satisfaction he again heard the voice of his sergeant summoning him to the inspection of another relief. This duty performed, and anxious to avoid the paining presence of his servant, he determined, instead of returning to his guard-room, to consume the hour that remained before day in pacing the ramparts. Leaving word with his subordinate, that, in the event of his being required, he might be found without difficulty, he ascended to that quarter of the works where the Indian had been first seen who had so mysteriously conveyed the sad token he still retained in his breast. It was on the same side with that particular point whence we have already stated a full view of the bridge with its surrounding scenery, together with the waters of the Detroit, where they were intersected by Hog Island, were distinctly commanded. At either of those points was stationed a sentinel, whose duty it was to extend his beat between the boxes used now rather as lines of demarcation than as places of temporary shelter, until each gained that of his next comrade, when they again returned to their own, crossing each other about half way: a system of precaution pursued by the whole of the sentinels in the circuit of the rampart.

The ostensible motive of the officer in ascending the works, was to visit his several posts; but no sooner had he found himself between the points alluded to, which happened to be the first in his course, than he seemed to be riveted there by a species of fascination.

Reminded, for the first time, as he was pursuing his measured but aimless walk, by the fatal portrait which he more than once pressed with feverish energy to his lips, of the singular discovery he had made that night in the apartments of his father, he was naturally led, by a chain of consecutive thought, into a review of the whole of the extraordinary scene. The fact of the existence of a second likeness of his mother was one that did not now fail to re-awaken all the unqualified surprise he had experienced at the first discovery. So far from having ever heard his father make the slightest allusion to this memorial of his departed mother, he perfectly recollected his repeatedly recommending to Clara the safe custody of a treasure, which, if lost, could never be replaced. What could be the motive for this mystery?—and why had he sought to impress him with the belief it was the identical portrait worn by his sister which had so unintentionally been exposed to his view? Why, too, had he evinced so much anxiety to remove from his mind all unfavourable impressions in regard to his mother? Why have been so energetic in his caution not to suffer a taint of impurity to attach to her memory? Why should he have supposed the possibility of such impression, unless there had been sufficient cause for it? In what, moreover, originated his triumphant expression of feature, when, on that occasion, he reminded him that his name was not Reginald? Who, then, was this Reginald? Then came the recollection of what had been repeated to him of the parting scene between Halloway

and his wife. In addressing her ill-fated husband, she had named him Reginald. Could it be possible this was the same being alluded to by his father? But no; his youth forbade the supposition, being but two years older than his brother Frederick; yet might he not, in some way or other, be connected with the Reginald of the letter? Why, too, had his father shown such unrelenting severity in the case of this unfortunate victim?—a severity which had induced more than one remark from his officers, that it looked as if he entertained some personal feeling of enmity towards a man who had done so much for his family, and stood so high in the esteem of all who knew him.

Then came another thought. At the moment of his execution, Halloway had deposited a packet in the hands of Captain Blessington;—could these letters—could that portrait be the same? Certain it was, by whatever means obtained, his father could not have had them long in his possession; for it was improbable letters of so old a date should have occupied his attention *now*, when many years had rolled over the memory of his mother. And then, again, what was the meaning of the language used by the implacable enemy of his father, that uncouth and ferocious warrior of the Fleur de lis, not only on the occasion of the execution of Halloway, but afterwards to his brother, during his short captivity; and subsequently, when, disguised as a black, he penetrated, with the band of Pontiac, into the fort, and aimed his murderous weapon at his father's head. What had made him the enemy of his family? and where and how had originated his father's connection with so extraordinary and so savage a being? Could he, in any way, be implicated with his mother? But no; there was something revolting, monstrous, in the thought: besides, had not his father stood forward the champion of her innocence?—had he not declared, with an energy carrying conviction with every word, that she was untainted by guilt? And would he have done this, had he had reason to believe in the existence of a criminal love for him who evidently was his mortal foe? Impossible.

Such were the questions and solutions that crowded on and distracted the mind of the unhappy De Haldimar, who, after all, could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. It was evident there was a secret,—yet, whatever its nature, it was one likely to go down with his father to the grave; for, however humiliating the reflection to a haughty parent, compelled to vindicate the honour of a mother to her son, and in direct opposition to evidence that scarcely bore a shadow of misinterpretation, it was clear he had motives for consigning the circumstance to oblivion, which far outweighed any necessity he felt of adducing other proofs of her innocence than those which rested on his own simple yet impressive assertion.

In the midst of these bewildering doubts, De Haldimar heard some one approaching in his rear, whose footsteps he distinguished from the heavy pace of the sentinels. He turned, stopped, and was presently joined by Captain Blessington.

"Why, dearest Charles," almost querulously asked the kind officer, as he passed his arm through that of his subaltern,—“why will you persist in feeding this love of solitude? What possible result can it produce, but an utter prostration of every moral and physical energy? Come, come, summon a little fortitude; all may not yet be so hopeless as you apprehend. For my own part, I feel convinced the day will dawn upon some satisfactory solution of the mystery of that packet.”

"Blessington, my dear Blessington!"—and De Haldimar spoke with mournful energy,—“you have known me from my boyhood, and, I believe, have ever loved me; seek not, therefore, to draw me from the present temper of my mind; deprive me not of an indulgence which, melancholy as it is, now constitutes the sole satisfaction I take in existence.”

"By heaven! Charles, I will not listen to such language. You absolutely put my patience to the rack.”

"Nay, then, I will urge no more," pursued the young officer. "To revert, therefore, to a different subject. Answer me one question with sincerity. What were the contents of the packet you received from poor Halloway previous to his execution? and in whose possession are they now?"

Pleased to find the attention of his young friend diverted for the moment from his sister, Captain Blessington quickly rejoined, he believed the packet contained letters which Halloway had stated to him were of a nature to throw some light on his family connections. He had, however, transferred it, with the seal unbroken, as desired by the unhappy man, to Colonel de Haldimar.

An exclamation of surprise burst involuntarily from

the lips of the youth. "Has my father ever made any allusion to that packet since?" he asked?

"Never," returned Captain Blessington; "and, I confess, his failing to do so has often excited my astonishment. But why do you ask?"

De Haldimar energetically pressed the arm of his captain, while a heavy sigh burst from his oppressed heart. "This very night, Blessington, on entering my father's apartment to apprise him of what was going on here, I saw,—I can scarcely tell you what, but certainly enough to convince me, from what you have now stated, Halloway was, in some degree or other, connected with our family. Tell me," he anxiously pursued, "was there a portrait enclosed with the letters?"

"I cannot state with confidence, Charles," replied his friend; "but if I might judge from the peculiar form and weight of the packet, I should be inclined to say not."

"Have you seen the letters, then?"

"I have seen certain letters which, I have reason to believe, are the same," returned De Haldimar. "They were addressed to 'Reginald,' and Halloway, I think you have told me, was so called by his unhappy wife."

"There can be little doubt they are the same," said Captain Blessington; "but what were their contents, and by whom written, that you deem they prove a connection between the unhappy soldier and your family?"

De Haldimar felt the blood rise into his cheek, at the natural but unexpected demand. "I am sure, Blessington," he replied, after a pause, "you will not think me capable of unworthy mystery towards yourself; but the contents of these letters are sacred, inasmuch as they relate only to circumstances connected with my father's family."

They soon both prepared to quit the rampart. As they passed the sentinel stationed at that point where the Indian had been first seen, their attention was directed by him to a fire that now suddenly rose, apparently at a great distance, and rapidly increased in volume. The singularity of this occurrence riveted the officers for a moment in silent observation; until Captain Blessington at length ventured a remark, that, judging from the direction, and the deceptive nature of the element at night, he should incline to think it was the hut of the Canadian burning.

"Which is another additional proof, were any such wanting, that every thing is lost," mournfully urged the ever apprehensive De Haldimar. "François has been detected in rendering aid to our friends; and the Indians, in all probability, after having immolated their victim, are sacrificing his property to their rage."

During this exchange of opinions, the officers had again moved to the opposite point of the limited walk of the younger. Scarcely had they reached it, and before Captain Blessington could find time to reply to the fears of his friend, when a loud and distant booming like that of a cannon was heard in the direction of the fire. The alarm was given hastily by the sentinels, and sounds of preparation and arming were audible in the course of a minute or two every where throughout the fort. Startled by the report, which they had half inclined to imagine produced by the discharge of one of their own guns, the half-slumbering officers had quitted the chairs in which they had passed the night in the mess-room, and were soon at the side of their more watchful companions, then anxiously listening for a repetition of the sound.

The day was just beginning to dawn, and as the atmosphere cleared gradually away, it was perceived the fire rose not from the hut of the Canadian, but at a point considerably beyond it. Unusual as it was to see a large fire of this description, its appearance became an object of minor consideration, since it might be attributed to some caprice or desire on the part of the Indians to excite apprehension in their enemies. But how was the report which had reached their ears to be accounted for? It evidently could only have been produced by the discharge of a cannon; and if so, where could the Indians have procured it? No such arm had recently been in their possession; and if it were, they were totally unacquainted with the manner of serving it.

As the day became more developed, the mystery was resolved. Every telescope in the fort had been called into requisition; and as they were now levelled in the direction of the fire, sweeping the line of horizon around, exclamations of surprise escaped the lips of several.

"It is an unusual hour for the Indians' war dance," observed Captain Blessington. "My experience furnishes me with no one instance in which it has not been danced previous to their retiring to rest."

"Unless," said Lieutenant Boyce, "they should have been thus engaged all night; in which case the singularity may be explained."

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"Look, look," eagerly remarked Lieutenant Johnstone—"see how they are flying to their canoes, bounding and leaping like so many devils broke loose from their chains. The fire is nearly despatched already."

"The schooner—the schooner!" shouted Captain Erskine. "By heaven, our own gallant schooner! see how beautifully she drives past the island. It was her gun we heard, intended as a signal to prepare us for her appearance."

A thrill of wild and indescribable emotion passed through every heart. Every eye was turned upon the point to which attention was now directed. The graceful vessel, with every stitch of canvass set, was shooting rapidly past the low bushes skirting the sands that still concealed her hull; and in a moment or two she loomed argely and proudly on the bosom of the Detroit, the surface of which was slightly curled with a northwestern breeze.

"Safe, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the delighted Erskine, dropping the glass upon the rampart, and rubbing his hands together with every manifestation of joy.

"The Indians are in chase," said Lieutenant Boyce; "upwards of fifty canoes are following in the schooner's wake. But Danvers will soon give us an account of their 'Lilliputian fleet.'"

"Let the troops be held in readiness for a sortie, Mr. Lawson," said the governor, who had joined his officers ast as the schooner cleared the island; "we must cover her landing, or, with this host of savages in pursuit, they will never effect it alive."

During the whole of this brief but exciting scene, the heart of Charles de Haldimar beat audibly. A thousand hopes and fears rushed confusedly on his mind, and he was as one bewildered by, and scarcely crediting, what he saw. "Could Clara,—could his cousin,—could his brother,—could his friend be on board? He scarcely dared to ask himself these questions; still it was with a fluttering heart, in which hope, however, predominated, that he listened to execute an order of his captain, that bore immediate reference to his duty as subaltern of the guard.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Meanwhile the schooner dashed rapidly along, her hull occasionally hid from the view of those assembled on the ramparts by some intervening orchard or cluster of houses, but her tall spars glittering in their cover of white canvass, and marking the direction of her course. At length she came to a point in the river that offered no other interruption to the eye than what arose from the presence of almost all the inhabitants of the village, who, urged by curiosity and surprise, were to be seen crowding the intervening bank. Here the schooner was suddenly put about, and the English colours, hitherto concealed by the folds of the canvass, were at length discovered proudly floating in the breeze.

Immediately over the gateway of the fort there was an elevated platform, approached by the rampart of which it formed a part, by some half dozen rude steps on either side; and on this platform was placed a long eighteen pounder, that commanded the whole extent of road leading from the drawbridge to the river. Hither the officers had all repaired, while the schooner was in the act of passing the town; and now that, suddenly brought up in the wind's eye, she rode leisurely in the offing, every movement on her decks was plainly discernible with the telescope.

"Where can Danvers have hid all his crew?" first spoke Captain Erskine; "I count but half a dozen hands altogether on deck, and these are barely sufficient to work her."

"Lying concealed, and ready, no doubt, to give the canoes a warm reception," observed Lieutenant Johnstone; "but where can our friends be? Surely, if there, they would show themselves to us."

There was truth in this remark; and each felt discouraged and disappointed that they did not appear.

"There come the whooping hell fiends," said Major Blackwater. "By heaven! the very water is darkened with the shadows of their canoes."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the vessel was suddenly surrounded by a multitude of savages, whose fierce shouts rent the air, while their dripping paddles, gleaming like silver in the rays of the rising sun, were alternately

waved aloft in triumph, and then plunged into the troubled element, which they spurned in fury from their blades.

"What can Danvers be about? Why does he not either open his fire, or crowd sail and away from them?" exclaimed several voices.

"The detachment is in readiness, sir," said Mr. Lawson, ascending the platform, and addressing Major Blackwater.

"The deck, the deck!" shouted Erskine.

Already the eyes of several were bent in the direction alluded to by the last speaker, while those whose attention had been diverted by the approaching canoes glanced rapidly to the same point. To the surprise and consternation of all, the tall and well-remembered form of the warrior of the Fleur de lis was seen towering far above the bulwarks of the schooner; and with an expression in the attitude he had assumed, which no one could mistake for other than that of triumphant defiance. Presently he drew from the bosom of his hunting coat a dark parcel, and springing into the rigging of the mainmast, ascended with incredible activity to the point where the English ensign was faintly floating in the breeze. This he tore furiously away, and rending it into many pieces, cast the fragments into the silver element beneath him, on whose bosom they were seen to float among the canoes of the savages, many of whom possessed themselves, with eagerness, of the gaudy coloured trophies. The dark parcel was now unfolded by the active warrior, who, after having waved it several times round his head, commenced attaching it to the lines whence the English ensign had so recently been torn. It was a large black flag, the purport of which was too readily comprehended by the excited officers.

"Hang the ruffian! can we not mango to make that flag serve as his own winding sheet?" exclaimed Captain Erskine. "Come, Wentworth, give us a second edition of the sortie firing; I know no man who understands pointing a gun better than yourself, and this eighteen pounder might do some mischief."

The idea was instantly caught at by the officer of artillery, who read his consent in the eye of Colonel de Haldimar. His companions made way on either side; and several gunners, who were already at their stations, having advanced to work the piece at the command of their captain, it was speedily brought to bear upon the schooner.

"This will do, I think," said Wentworth, as, glancing his experienced eye carefully along the gun, he found it pointed immediately on the gigantic frame of the warrior. "If this chain-shot miss him, it will be through no fault of mine."

Every eye was now riveted on the main mast of the schooner, where the warrior was still engaged in attaching the portentous flag. The gunner, who held the match, obeyed the silent signal of his captain; and the massive iron was heard rushing past the officers, bound on its murderous mission. A moment or two of intense anxiety elapsed; and when at length the rolling volumes of smoke gradually floated away, to the dismay and disappointment of all, the fierce warrior was seen standing apparently unharmed on the same spot in the rigging. The shot had, however, been well aimed, for a large rent in the outstretched canvass, close at his side, and about mid-height of his person, marked the direction it had taken. Again he tore away, and triumphantly waved the black flag around his head, while from his capacious lungs there burst yells of defiance and scorn, that could be distinguished for his own even at that distance. This done, he again secured the death symbol to its place; and gliding to the deck by a single rope, appeared to give orders to the few men of the crew who were to be seen; for every stitch of canvass was again made to fill, and the vessel, bounding forward before the breeze then blowing upon her quarter, shot rapidly behind the town, and was finally seen to cast anchor in the navigable channel that divides Hog Island from the shores of Canada.

At the discharge of the eighteen pounder, the river had been suddenly cleared, as if by magic, of every canoe; while, warned by the same danger, the groups of inhabitants, assembled on the bank, had rushed for shelter to their respective homes; so that, when the schooner disappeared, not a vestige of human life was to be seen

along that vista so recently peopled with human forms. An order from Colonel de Haldimar to the adjutant, countermanding the sortie, was the first interruption to the silence that had continued to pervade the little band of officers; and two or three of these having hastened to the western front of the rampart, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the movements of the schooner, their example was speedily followed by the remainder, all of whom now quitted the platform, and repaired to the same point.

Here, with the aid of their telescopes, they again distinctly commanded a view of the vessel, which lay motionless close under the sandy beach of the island, and exhibiting all the technicalities of skill in the disposition of sails and yards peculiar to the profession. In vain, however, was every eye strained to discover, among the multitudes of savages that kept momentarily leaping to her deck, the forms of those in whom they were most interested. A group of some half dozen men, apparently common sailors, and those, in all probability, whose services had been compelled in the working of the vessel, were the only evidences that civilised man formed a portion of that grotesque assemblage. These, with their arms evidently bound behind their backs, and placed on one of the gangways, were only visible at intervals, as the hand of savages that surrounded them, brendishing their tomahawks around their heads, occasionally left an opening in their circle. The formidable warrior of the Fleur de lis was no longer to be seen, although the flag which he had hoisted still fluttered in the breeze.

"All is lost, then," ejaculated the governor, with a mournfulness of voice and manner that caused many of his officers to turn and regard him with surprise. "That black flag announces the triumph of my foe in the too certain destruction of my children. Now, indeed," he concluded in a lower tone, "for the first time, does the curse of Ellen Halloway sit heavily upon my soul."

A deep sigh burst from one immediately behind him. The governor turned suddenly round, and beheld his son. "Never did human countenance wear a character of more poignant misery than that of the unhappy Charles at the moment. Attracted by the report of the cannon, he had flown to the rampart to ascertain the cause, and had reached his companions only to learn the strong hope so recently kindled in his breast was fed for ever. His cheek, over which hung his neglected hair, was now pale as marble, and his lips bloodless and parted; yet, notwithstanding this intensity of personal sorrow, a tear had started to his eye, apparently wrung from him by this unusual expression of dismay in his father.

"Charles—my son—my only now remaining child," murmured the governor, with emotion, as he remarked, and started at the death-like image of the youth; "look not thus, or you will utterly unman me."

A sudden and involuntary impulse caused him to extend his arms. The young officer sprang forward into the proffered embrace, and sank his head upon the cheek of his father. It was the first time he had enjoyed that privilege since his childhood; and even overwhelmed as he was by his affliction, he felt it deeply.

This short but touching scene was witnessed by their companions, without levity in any, and with emotion by several. None felt more gratified at this demonstration of parental affection for the sensitive boy, than Blessington and Erskine.

"I cannot yet persuade myself," observed the former officer, as the colonel again assumed that dignity of demeanour which had been momentarily lost sight of in the ebullition of his feelings,—"*I cannot yet persuade myself things are altogether so bad as they appear. It is true the schooner is in the possession of the enemy, but there is nothing to prove our friends are on board.*"

"If you had reason to prove our friends are on board," said Blessington, "returned the governor. "That mysterious being," he pursued, after a short pause, "would never have made this parade of his conquest, had it related merely to a few lives, which to him are of utter insignificance. The very substitution of yon black flag, in his insolent triumph, was the pledge of redemption of a threat breathed in my ear within this very fort: on what occasion I need not state, since the events connected with that unhappy night are still fresh in the recollections of us all. That he is my personal enemy, gentle-

men, it would be in vain to disguise from you; although who he is, or of what nature his enmity, it imports not now to enter upon. Suffice it, I have little doubt my children are in his power; but whether the black flag indicates they are no more, or that the tragedy is only in preparation, I confess I am at a loss to understand."

Deeply affected by the evident despondency that had dictated these unusual admissions on the part of their chief, the officers were forward to combat the inferences he had drawn: several coinciding in the opinion now expressed by Captain Wentworth, that the fact of the schooner having fallen into the hands of the savages by no means implied the capture of the fort whence she came; since it was not at all unlikely she had been chased during a storm by the numerous canoes into the Sinclair, where, owing to the extreme narrowness of the river, she had fallen an easy prey.

"Moreover," observed Captain Blessington, "it is highly improbable the ferocious warrior could have succeeded in capturing any others than the unfortunate crew of the schooner; for had this been the case, he would not have lost the opportunity of crowning his triumph by exhibiting his victims to our view in some conspicuous part of the vessel."

"This, I grant you," rejoined the governor "to be one solitary circumstance in our favour; but may it not, after all, merely prove that our worst apprehensions are already realised?"

"He is not one, methinks, since vengeance seems his aim, to exercise it in so summary, and therefore merciful, a manner. Depend upon it, colonel, had any one of those in whom we are more immediately interested, fallen into his hands, he would not have failed to insult and agonise us by an exhibition of his prisoners."

"You are right, Blessington," exclaimed Charles de Haldimar, in a voice that his choking feelings rendered almost sepulchral; "he is not one to exercise his vengeance in a summary and merciful manner. The deed is yet unaccomplished, for even now the curse of Ellen Halloway rings again in my ear, and tells me the stoning blood must be spilt on the grave of her husband."

The peculiar tone in which these words were uttered, caused every one present to turn and regard the speaker, for they recalled the prophetic language of the unhappy woman. There was now a wildness of expression in his handsome features, marking the mind utterly dead to hope, yet struggling to work itself up to passive endurance of the worst. Colonel de Haldimar sighed painfully, as he bent his eye half reproachfully on the dull and attenuated features of his son; and although he spoke not, his look betrayed the anguish that allusion had called up to his heart.

"Ha! what new movement is that on the part of the savages?" exclaimed Captain Erskine, who had kept his glass to his eye mechanically, and chiefly with a view of hiding the emotion produced in him by the almost infantine despair of the younger de Haldimar: "surely it is—yet, no, it cannot be—yes, see how they are dragging several prisoners from the wood to the beach. I can distinctly see a man in a blanket coat, and two others considerably taller, and apparently sailors. But look, behind them are two females in European dress. Almighty heaven! there can be no doubt!"

A painful pause ensued. Every other glass and eye was levelled in the same direction; and, even as Erskine had described it, a party of Indians were seen, by those who had the telescopes, conducting five prisoners towards a canoe that lay in the channel communicating from the island with the main land on the Detroit shore. Into the bottom of these they were presently huddled, so that only their heads and shoulders were visible above the gunwale of the frail bark. Presently a tall warrior was seen bounding from the wood towards the beach. The crowd of gesticulating Indians made way, and the warrior was seen to stoop and apply his shoulder to the canoe, one half of which was high and dry upon the sands. The heavily laden vessel obeyed the impetus with a rapidity that proved the muscular power of him who gave it. Like some wild animal, instinct with life, it lashed the foaming waters from its bows, and left a deep and gurgling furrow where it passed. As it quitted the shore the warrior sprang lightly in, taking his station at the stern; and while his tall and remarkable figure bent nimbly to the movement, he dashed his pad le from right to left alternately in the stream, with a quickness that rendered it almost invisible to the eye. Presently the canoe disappeared round an intervening headland, and the officers lost sight of it altogether.

"The portrait, Charles; what have you done with the portrait?" exclaimed Captain Blessington, actuated by a sudden recollection, and with a trepidation in his

voice and manner that spoke volumes of despair to the younger de Haldimar. "This is our only hope of solving the mystery. Quick, give me the portrait, if you have it."

The young officer hurriedly tore the miniature from the breast of his uniform, and pitched it through the interval that separated him from his captain, who stood a few feet off; but with so uncertain and trembling an aim, it missed the hand extended to secure it, and fell upon the very stone the youth had formerly pointed out to Blessington, as marking the particular spot on which he stood during the execution of Halloway. The violence of the fall separated the back of the frame from the picture itself, when suddenly a piece of white and crumpled paper, apparently part of the back of a letter, yet cut to the size and shape of the miniature, was exhibited to the view of all.

"Ha!" resumed the gratified Blessington, who he stooped to possess himself of the prize; "I knew the miniature would be found to contain some intelligence from our friends. It is only this moment it occurred to me to take it to pieces, but accident has anticipated my purpose. May the omen prove a good one! But what have we here?"

With some difficulty, the anxious officer now succeeded in making out the characters, which, in default of pen or pencil, had been formed by the pricking of a fine pin on the paper. The broken sentences, on which the whole of the group now hung with greedy ear, ran nearly as follows:—"All is lost. Michillimackinac is taken. We are prisoners, and doomed to die within eight and forty hours. Alas! Clara and Madeline are of our number. Still there is a hope, if my father deem it prudent to incur the risk. A surprise, well managed, may do much; but it must be to-morrow night; forty-eight hours more, and it will be of no avail. He who will deliver this is our friend, and the enemy of my father's enemy. He will be in the spot at the same hour to-morrow night, and will conduct the detachment to wherever we may chance to be. If you fail in your enterprise, receive our last prayers for a less disastrous fate. God bless you all!"

The blood ran coldly through every vein during the perusal of these important sentences, but not one word of comment was offered by an individual of the group. No explanation was necessary. The captives in the canoe, the tall warrior in its stern, all sufficiently betrayed the horrible truth. Colonel de Haldimar at length turned an enquiring look at his two captains, and then addressing the adjutant, asked—"What companies are off duty to-day, Mr. Lawson?"

"Mine," said Blessington, with an energy that denoted how deeply rejoiced he felt at the fact, without giving the adjutant time to reply.

"And mine," impetuously added Captain Erskine; "and (with an oath) I will answer for them; they never embarked on a duty of the sort with greater zeal than they will on this occasion."

"Gentlemen, I thank you," said Colonel de Haldimar, with deep emotion, as he stepped forward and grasped in turn the hands of the generous hearted officers. "To heaven, and to your exertions, do I commit my children."

"Any artillery, colonel?" enquired the officer of that corps.

"No, Wentworth, no artillery. Whatever remains to be done, must be achieved by the bayonet alone, and under favour of the darkness. Gentlemen, again I thank you for this generous interest in my children—this forwardness in an enterprise on which depend the lives of so many dear friends. I am not one given to express warm emotion, but I do, indeed, appreciate this conduct deeply." He then moved away, desiring Mr. Lawson, as he quitted the rampart, to cause the men for this service to be got in instant readiness.

Following the example of their colonel, Captain Blessington and Erskine quitted the rampart also, hastening to satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the efficiency in all respects of their several companies; and in a few minutes, the only individual to be seen in that quarter of the works was the sentinel, who had been a silent and pained witness of all that had passed among his officers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sufficient has been shown, from the conversations among his officers, elsewhere transcribed, to account for the governor's conduct in the case of Halloway. That the recommending of his son, Captain de Haldimar, had not been attended to, arose not from any particular ill-

will towards the unhappy man, but simply because he had always been in the habit of making his own selections from the ranks, and that the present recommendation had been warmly urged by one who he fancied pre- tended to a discrimination superior to his own, in pointing out merits that had escaped his observation. It might be, too, that there was a latent pride about the manner of Halloway that displeased and dissatisfied one who looked upon his subordinates as things that were amenable to the haughtiness of his glance,—not enough of deference in his demeanour, or of supplicating obsequiousness in his speech, to entitle him to the promotion prayed for. Whatever the motive, there was no thing of personality to influence him in the rejection of the appeal made in favour of one who had never injured him; but who, on the contrary, as the whole of the regiment could attest, had saved the life of his son.

Rigid disciplinarian as he was, and holding himself responsible for the safety of the garrison, it was but natural, when the discovery had been made of the unaccountable unfastening of the gate of the fort, suspicion of no ordinary kind should attach to the sentinel posted there; and that he should steadily refuse all credence to a story wearing so much appearance of improbability. Proud, and inflexible, and bigoted to first impressions, his mind was closed against those palliating circumstances, which, adduced by Halloway in his defence, had so mainly contributed to stamp the conviction of his moral innocence on the minds of his judges and the attentive auditory; and could he even have conquered his pride so far as to have admitted the belief of that innocence, still the military crime of which he had been guilty, in infringing a positive order of the garrison, was in itself sufficient to call forth all the unrelenting severity of his nature. Through the whole of the proceedings subsequently instituted, he had acted and spoken from a perfect conviction of the treason of the unfortunate soldier, and with the fullest impression of the falsehood of all that had been offered in his defence. The considerations that influenced the minds of his officers, found no entrance into his proud breast, which was closed against every thing but his own dignified sense of superior judgment. Could he, like them, have given credence to the tale of Halloway, or really have believed that Captain de Haldimar, educated under his own military eye, could have been so wanting in subordination, as not merely to have infringed a positive order of the garrison, but to have made a private soldier of that garrison accessory to his delinquency, it is more than probable his stern habits of military discipline would have caused him to overlook the offence of the soldier, in deeper indignation at the conduct of the infinitely more culpable officer; but not one word did he credit of a statement, which he assumed to have been got up by the prisoner with the mere view of shielding himself from punishment: and when to these suspicions of his fidelity was attached the fact of the introduction of his alarming visitor, it must be confessed his motives for indulging in this belief were not without foundation.

The impatience manifested during the trial of Halloway was not a result of any desire of systematic persecution, but of a sense of wounded dignity. It was a thing unheard of, and unpardonable in his eyes, for a private soldier to assert, in his presence, his honour and his respectability in extenuation, even while admitting the justice of a specific charge; and when he remarked the court listening with that profound attention, which the peculiar history of the prisoner had excited, he could not repress the manifestation of his anger. In justice to him, however, it must be acknowledged that, in causing the charge, to which the unfortunate man pleaded guilty, to be framed, he had only acted from the conviction that, on the two first, there was not sufficient evidence to condemn one whose crime was as clearly established, to his judgment, as if he had been an eye-witness of the treason. It is true, he availed himself of Halloway's voluntary confession, to effect his condemnation; but estimating him as a traitor, he felt little delicacy was necessary to be observed on that score.

Much of the despotic military character of Colonel de Haldimar had been communicated to his private life; so much, indeed, that his sons,—both of whom, it has been seen, were of natures that belied their origin from so stern a stock,—were kept at nearly as great a distance from him as any other subordinates of his regiment. But although he seldom indulged in manifestations of parental regard towards those whom he looked upon rather as inferiors in military rank, than as beings connected with him by the ties of blood, Colonel de Haldimar was not without that instinctive love for his children, which every animal, in the creation feels for its offspring. He, also, valued

and took a pride in, because they reflected a certain degree of lustre upon himself, the talents and accomplishments of his eldest son, who, moreover, was a brave, enterprising officer, and, only wanted, in his father's estimation, that severity of carriage and hauteur of deportment, befitting his son, to render him perfect. As for Charles,—the gentle, bland, winning, universally conciliating Charles,—he looked upon him as a mere weak boy, who could never hope to arrive at any post of distinction, if only by reason of the extreme delicacy of his physical organisation; and to have shown any thing like respect for his character, or indulged in any expression of tenderness for one so far below his estimate of what a soldier, a child of his, ought to be, would have been a concession of which his proud nature was incapable. In his daughter Clara, however, the gentleness of sex claimed that warmer affection which was denied to him who resembled her in almost every attribute of mind and person. Colonel de Haldimar doated on his daughter with a tenderness, for which few, who were familiar with his harsh and unbending nature, ever gave him credit. She was the image of one on whom all of love that he had ever known had been centered; and he had continued in Clara an affection, that seemed in itself to form a portion, distinct and apart, of his existence.

We have already seen, as stated by Charles de Haldimar to the unfortunate wife of Holloway, with what little success he had pleaded in the interview he had requested of his father, for the preserver of his gallant brother's life; and we have also seen how equally inefficient was the lowly and supplicating anguish of that wretched being, when, on quitting the apartment of his son, Colonel de Haldimar had unexpectedly found himself clasped in her despairing embrace. There was little to be expected from an intercession on the part of one claiming so little ascendancy over his father's heart, as the universally esteemed young officer; still less from one who, in her shriek of agony, had exposed the haughty chief to the observation both of men and officers, and under circumstances that caused his position to border on the ludicrous. But however these considerations might have failed in effect, there was another which, as a soldier, he could not wholly overlook. Although he had offered no comment on the extraordinary recommendation to mercy annexed to the sentence of the prisoner, it had a certain weight with him; and he felt, all absolute even as he was, he could not, without exciting strong dissatisfaction among his troops, refuse attention to a document so powerfully worded, and bearing the signature and approval of so old and valued an officer as Captain Blessington. His determination, therefore, had been formed, even before his visit to his son, to act as circumstances might require; and, in the meanwhile, he commanded every preparation for the execution to be made.

In causing a strong detachment to be marched to the conspicuous point chosen for his purpose, he had acted from a conviction of the necessity of showing the enemy the treason of the soldier had been detected; reserving to himself the determination of carrying the sentence into full effect, or pardoning the condemned, as the event might warrant. Not one moment, meanwhile, did he doubt the guilt of Holloway, whose description of the person of his enemy was, in itself, to him, confirmatory evidence of his treason. It is doubtful whether he would, in any way, have been influenced by the recommendation of the court, had the first charges been substantiated; but as there was nothing but conjecture to bear out these, and as the prisoner had been convicted only on the ground of suffering Captain de Haldimar to quit the fort contrary to orders, he felt he might possibly go too far in carrying the capital punishment into effect, in decided opposition to the general feeling of the garrison,—both of officers and men.

When the shot was subsequently fired from the hut of the Canadian, and the daring rifleman recognised as the same fearful individual who had gained access to his apartment the preceding night, conviction of the guilt of Holloway came even deeper home to the mind of the governor. It was through François alone that a communication was kept up secretly between the garrison and several of the Canadians without the fort; and the very fact of the mysterious warrior having been there so recently after his daring enterprise, bore evidence that whatever treason was in operation, had been carried on through the instrumentality of mine host of the Fleur de lis. In proof, moreover, there was the hat of Donnellan, and the very rope Holloway had stated to be that by which the unfortunate officer had effected his exit. Colonel de Haldimar was not one given to indulge in the mysterious or to believe in the romantic. Every thing was plain matter of fact, as it now appeared before him;

and he thought it evident, as though it had been written in words of fire, that if his son and his unfortunate servant had quitted the fort in the manner represented, it was no less certain they had been forced off by a party, at the head of whom was his vindictive enemy, and with the connivance of Holloway. We have seen, that after the discovery of the sex of the supposed drummer-boy when the prisoners were confronted together, Colonel de Haldimar had closely watched the expression of their countenances, but failed in discovering any thing that could be traced into evidence of a guilty recognition. Still he conceived his original impression to have been too forcibly borne out, even by the events of the last half hour, to allow this to have much weight with him; and his determination to carry the thing through all its fearful preliminary stages became more and more confirmed.

In adopting this resolution in the first instance, he was not without a hope that Holloway, standing, as he must feel himself to be, on the verge of the grave, might be induced to make confession of his guilt, and communicate whatever particulars might prove essential not only to the safety of the garrison generally, but to himself individually, as far as his personal enemy was concerned. With this view, he had charged Captain Blessington, in the course of their march from the hut to the fatal bridge, to promise a full pardon, provided he should make such confession of his crime as would lead to a just appreciation of the evils likely to result from the treason that had in part been accomplished. Even in making this provision, however, which was met by the prisoner with solemn yet dignified reiteration of his innocence, Colonel de Haldimar had not made the refusal of pardon altogether conclusive in his own mind; still, in adopting this plan, there was a chance of obtaining a confession; and not until there was no longer a prospect of the unhappy man being led into that confession, did he feel it imperative on him to stay the progress of the tragedy.

What the result would have been, had not Holloway, in the strong excitement of his feelings, sprung to his feet upon the coffin, uttering the exclamation of triumph, is scarcely doubtful. However much the governor might have contemned and slighted a credulity in which he in no way participated himself, he had too much discrimination not to perceive, that to have persevered in the capital punishment would have been to have rendered himself personally obnoxious to the comrades of the condemned, whose dispirited air and sullen mien, he clearly saw, denounced the punishment as one of unnecessary rigour. The haughty commander was not a man to be intimidated by manifestations of discontent; neither was he one to brook a spirit of insubordination, however forcibly supported; but he had too much experience and military judgment, not to determine that this was not a moment, by foregoing an act of compulsory clemency, to instil divisions in the garrison, when the safety of all so much depended on the cheerfulness and unanimity with which they lent themselves to the arduous duties of defence.

However originating in policy, the lenity he might have been induced to have shown, all idea of the kind was chased from his mind by the unfortunate action of the prisoner. At the moment when the distant heights resounded with the fierce yells of the savages, and leaping forms came bounding down the slope, the remarkable warrior of the Fleur de lis—the fearful enemy who had whispered the most demoniac vengeance in his ears the preceding night,—was the only one that met and riveted the gaze of the governor. He paused not to observe or to think, who the flying man could be of whom the mysterious warrior was in pursuit,—neither did it, indeed, occur to him that it was a pursuit at all. But one idea suggested itself to his mind, and that was an attempt at rescue of the condemned on the part of his accomplice; and when at length Holloway, who had at once, as if by instinct, recognised his captain in the fugitive, shouted forth his gratitude to heaven that "he at length approached who alone had the power to save him," every shadow of mercy was banished from the mind of the governor, who, labouring under a natural misconception of the causes of his exulting shout, felt that justice imperatively demanded her victim, and no longer hesitated in awarding the doom that became the supposed traitor. It was under this impression that he sternly gave and repeated the fatal order to fire; and by this misjudged and severe, although not absolutely cruel act, not only destroyed one of the noblest beings that ever wore a soldier's uniform, but entailed upon himself and family that terrific curse of his maniac wife, which rang like a prophetic warning in the ears of all, and was often heard in the fitful startings of his own ever-after troubled slumbers.

What his feelings were, when subsequently he discovered, in the wretched fugitive, the son whom he already believed to have been numbered with the dead, and heard from his lips a confirmation of all that had been advanced by the unhappy Holloway, we shall leave it to our readers to imagine. Still, even amid his first regret, the rigid disciplinarian was strong within him; and no sooner had the detachment regained the fort, after performing the last offices of interment over their ill-fated comrade, than Captain de Haldimar received an intimation, through the adjutant, to consider himself under close arrest for disobedience of orders. Finally, however, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his father; in the course of which, disclosing the plot of the Indians, and the short period allotted for its being carried into execution, he painted in the most gloomy colours the alarming dangers which threatened them all, and finished by urgently imploring his father to suffer him to make the attempt to reach their unsuspecting friends at Michilimackinac. Fully impressed with the difficulties attendant on a scheme that offered so few feasible chances of success, Colonel de Haldimar for a period denied his concurrence; but when at length the excited young man dwelt on the horrors that would inevitably await his sister and betrothed cousin, were they to fall into the hands of the savages, these considerations were found to be effective. An after-arrangement included Sir Everard Vallerot, who had expressed a strong desire to share his danger in the enterprise; and the services of the Canadian, who had been brought back a prisoner to the fort, and on whom promises and threats were bestowed in an equally lavish manner, were rendered available. In fact, without the assistance of François, there was little chance of their effecting in safety the navigation of the waters through which they were to pass to arrive at the fort. He it was, who, when summoned to attend a conference among the officers, bearing on the means to be adopted, suggested the propriety of their disguising themselves as Canadian duck hunters; in which character they might expect to pass unmolested, even if encountered by any outlying parties of the savages. With the doubts that had previously been entertained of the fidelity of François, there was an air of forlorn hope given to the enterprise; still, as the man expressed sincere earnestness of desire to repay the clemency accorded him, by a faithful exercise of his services, and as the object sought was one that justified the risk, there was, notwithstanding, a latent hope cherished by all parties, that the event would prove successful. We have already seen to what extent their anticipations were realised.

Whether it was that he secretly acknowledged the too excessive sternness of his justice in regard to Holloway (who still, in the true acceptance of facts, had been guilty of a crime that entailed the penalty he had paid), or that the apprehension that arose to his heart in regard to her on whom he yearned with all a father's fondness governed his conduct, certain it is, that, from the hour of the disclosure made by his son, Colonel de Haldimar became an altered man. Without losing any thing of that dignity of manner, which had hitherto been confounded with the most repellent haughtiness of bearing, his demeanour towards his officers became more courteous; and although, as heretofore, he kept himself entirely aloof, except when occasions of duty brought them together, still, when they did meet, there was more of conciliation in his manner, and less of austerity in his speech. There was, moreover, a dejection in his eye, strongly in contrast with his former imperious glance; and more than one officer remarked, that, if his days were devoted to the customary practical arrangements for defence, his pallid countenance betokened that his nights were nights rather of vigil than repose.

However natural and deep the alarm entertained for the fate of the sister fort, there could be no apprehension on the mind of Colonel de Haldimar in regard to his own; since, furnished with the means of fending his enemies with their own weapons of cunning and deceit, a few extraordinary precautions alone were necessary to secure all immunity from danger. Whatever might be the stern peculiarities of his character,—and these had originated chiefly in an education purely military,—Colonel de Haldimar was an officer well calculated to the important trust reposed in him; for, combining experience with judgment in all matters relating to the diplomacy of war, and being fully conversant with the character and habits of the enemy opposed to him, he possessed singular aptitude to seize whatever advantages might present themselves.

The prudence and caution of his policy have already been made manifest in the two several council scenes with the chiefs recorded in our previous pages. It may

appear singular, that, with the opportunity thus afforded him of retaining the formidable Pontec, — the strength and sinew of that long protracted and ferocious war, — in his power, he should have waived his advantage; but here Colonel de Haldimar gave evidence of the tact which so eminently distinguished his public conduct throughout. He well knew the noble, fearless character of the chief; and felt, if any hold was to be secured over him, it was by grappling with his generosity, and not by the exercise of intimidation. Even admitting that Pontec continued his prisoner, and that the troops, pouring their destructive fire upon the mass of enemies so suddenly arrested on the drawbridge, had swept away the whole, still they were but as a mite among the numerous nations that were leagued against the English; and to these nations, it was evident, they must, sooner or later, succumb.

Colonel de Haldimar knew enough of the proud but generous nature of the Ottawa, to deem that the policy he proposed to pursue in the last council scene would not prove altogether without effect on that warrior. It was well known to him, that much pains had been taken to instill into the minds of the Indians the belief that the English were resolved on their final extermination; and as certain slights, offered to them at various periods, had given a colouring of truth to this assertion, the formidable league which had already accomplished the downfall of so many of the forts had been the consequence of these artful representations. Although well aware that the French had numerous emissaries distributed among the fierce tribes, it was not until after the disclosure made by the haughty Pontec, at the close of the first council scene, that he became apprised of the alarming influence exercised over the mind of that warrior himself by his own terrible and vindictive enemy. The necessity of counteracting that influence was obvious; and he felt that this was only to be done (if at all) by some marked and extraordinary evidence of the peaceful disposition of the English. Hence his determination to suffer the faithless chiefs and their followers to depart unharmed from the fort, even at the moment when the attitude assumed by the prepared garrison fully proved to the assailants their designs had been penetrated and their schemes rendered abortive.

CHAPTER XXIX.

With the general position of the encampment of the investing Indians, the reader has been made acquainted through the narrative of Captain de Haldimar. It was, as has been shown, situate in a sort of oasis close within the verge of the forest, and (girt by an intervening underwood which nature, in her caprice, had fashioned after the manner of a defensive barrier) embraced a space sufficient to contain the tents of the fighting men, together with their women and children. This, however, included only the warriors and inferior chiefs. The tents of the leaders were without the belt of underwood, and principally distributed at long intervals on that side of the forest which skirted the open country towards the river; forming, as it were, a chain of external defences, and sweeping in a semicircular direction round the more dense encampment of their followers. At its highest elevation the forest shot out suddenly into a point, naturally enough rendered an object of attraction from whatever part it was commanded.

Darkness was already beginning to spread her mantle over the intervening space, and the night fires of the Indians were kindling into brightness, glimmering occasionally through the wood with that pale and lambent light peculiar to the fire-fly, of which they offered a not inapt representation, when suddenly a lofty tent, the brilliant whiteness of which was thrown into strong relief by the dark field on which it reposed, was seen to rise at a few paces from the abrupt point in the forest just described, and on the extreme summit of a ridge, beyond which lay only the western horizon in golden perspective.

The opening of this tent looked eastward and towards the fort; and on its extreme summit floated a dark flag, which at intervals spread itself before the slight evening breeze, but oftener hung drooping and heavily over the glittering canvass. One solitary pine, whose trunk exceeded not the ordinary thickness of a man's waist, and standing out as a landmark on the ridge, rose at the distance of a few feet from the spot on which the tent had been erected; and to this was bound the tall and elegant figure of one dressed in the coarse garb of a sailor. The arms and legs of this individual were perfectly free; but a strong rope, rendered doubly secure after the manner of what is termed "whipping" among scamen, after having been tightly drawn several times around his waist,

and then firmly knotted behind, was again passed round the tree, to which the back of the prisoner was closely lashed; thus enabling, or rather compelling, him to be a spectator of every object within the tent.

Lays of the bear, over which were spread the dressed skins of the bear and the buffalo, formed the floor and carpet of the latter; and on these, in various parts, and in characteristic attitudes, reposed the forms of three human beings; one, the formidable warrior of the Fleur de lis. Attired in the garb in which we first introduced him to our readers, and with the same weapons reposing at his side, the haughty savage lay at his lazy length; his feet reaching beyond the opening of the tent, and his head reposing on a rude pillow formed of a closely compressed pack of skins of wild animals, over which was spread a sort of mantle or blanket. One hand was introduced between the pillow and his head, the other grasped the pipe tomahawk he was smoking; and while the mechanical play of his right foot indicated pre-occupation of thought, his quick and meaning eye glanced frequently and alternately upon the furthest of his companions, the prisoner without, and the distant fort.

Within a few feet of the warrior lay, extended on a buffalo skin, the delicate figure of a female, whose hair, complexion, and hands, denoted her European extraction. Her dress was entirely Indian, however; consisting of a macechote with leggings, moccasins, and skirt of printed cotton studded with silver brooches, — all of which were of a quality and texture to mark the wearer as the wife of a chief; and her fair hair, done up in a club behind, reposed on a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her eyes were large, blue, but wild and unmeaning; her countenance vacant; and her movements altogether mechanical. A wooden bowl filled with hominy, — a preparation of Indian corn, — was at her side; and from this she was now in the act of feeding herself with a spoon of the same material, but with a negligence and slovenliness that betrayed her almost utter unconsciousness of the action.

At the further side of the tent there was another woman, even more delicate in appearance than the one last mentioned. She too, was blue eyed, and, of surpassing fairness of skin. Her attitude denoted a mind too powerfully absorbed in grief to be heedful of appearances; for she sat with her knees drawn up to her chin, and rocking her body to and fro with an undulating motion that seemed to have its origin in no effort of volition of her own. Her long fair hair hung negligently over her shoulders; and a blanket drawn over the top of her head like a veil, and extending partly over the person, disclosed here and there portions of an apparel which was strictly European, although rent, and exhibiting in various places stains of blood. A bowl similar to that of her companion, and filled with the same food, was at her side; but this was unattended.

"Why does the girl refuse to eat?" asked the warrior of her next him, as he fiercely rolled a volume of smoke from his lips. "Make her eat, for I would speak to her afterwards."

"Why does the girl refuse to eat?" responded the woman in the same tone, dropping her spoon as she spoke, and turning to the object of remark with a vacant look. "It is good," she pursued, as she rudely shook the arm of the heedless sufferer. "Come, girl, eat."

A shriek burst from the lips of the unhappy girl, as, apparently roused from her abstraction, she suffered the blanket to fall from her head, and staring wildly at her questioner, faintly demanded, — "Who, in the name of mercy, are you, who address me in this horrid place in my own tongue? Speak; who are you? Surely I should know that voice for that of Ellen, the wife of Frank Holloway!"

A maniac laugh was uttered by the wretched woman. This continued offensively for a moment; and she observed, in an infuriated tone and with a searching eye, — "No, I am not the wife of Holloway. It is false. I am the wife of Wacosta. This is my husband!" and as she spoke she sprang nimbly to her feet, and was in the next instant lying prostrate on the form of the warrior; her arms thrown wildly around him, and her lips imprinting kisses on his cheek.

But Wacosta was in no mood to suffer her endearments. He for the first time seemed alive to the presence of her who lay beyond, and to whose whole appearance a character of animation had been imparted by the temporary excitement of her feelings. He gazed at her a moment, with the air of one endeavouring to recall the memory of days long gone by; and as he continued to do so, his eye dilated, his chest heaved, and

his countenance alternately flushed and paled. At length he threw the form that reposed upon his own, violently, and even savagely, from him; sprang eagerly to his feet; and clearing the space that divided him from the object of his attention at a single step, bore her from the earth in his arms with as much ease as if she had been an infant, and then returning to his own rude couch, placed his horror-stricken victim at his side.

"Nay, nay," he urged sarcastically, as she vainly struggled to free herself; "let the De Haldimar portion of your blood rise up in anger if it will; but that of Clara Beverley, at least —"

"Gracious Providence! where am I, that I hear the name of my sainted mother thus familiarly pronounced?" interrupted the startled girl; "and who are you," — turning her eyes wildly on the swarthy countenance of the warrior, — "who are you, I ask, who, with the mien and in the garb of a savage of these forests, appear thus acquainted with her name?"

The warrior passed his hand across his brow for a moment, as if some painful and intolerable reflection had been called up by the question; but he speedily recovered his self possession, and, with an expression of feature that almost petrified his auditor, vehemently observed,

"You ask who I am! One who knew your mother long before the accursed name of De Haldimar had ever been whispered in her ear; and whom love for the one and hatred for the other has rendered the savage you now behold! But," he continued, while a fierce and hideous smile lighted up every feature, "I overlook my past sufferings in my present happiness. The image of Clara Beverley, even such as my soul loved her in its youth, is once more before me in her child; that child shall be my wife!"

"Your wife! monster; — never!" shrieked the unhappy girl, again vainly attempting to disengage herself from the encircling arm of the savage. "But," she pursued, in a tone of supplication, while the tears coursed each other down her cheek, "if you ever loved my mother, as you say you have, restore her children to their home; and, if saints may be permitted to look down from heaven in approval of the acts of men, she whom you have loved will bless you for the deed."

A deep groan burst from the vast chest of Wacosta; but, for a moment, he answered not. At length he observed, pointing at the same time with his finger towards the cloudless vault above their heads, — "Do you behold yon blue sky, Clara de Haldimar?"

"I do; — what mean you?" demanded the trembling girl, in whom a momentary hope had been excited by the subdued manner of the savage.

"Nothing," he roddly rejoined; "only that were your mother to appear there at this moment, clad in all the attributes ascribed to angels, her prayer would not alter the destiny that awaits you. Nay, nay; look not thus sorrowfully," he pursued, as, in despite of her efforts to prevent him, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips. "Even thus was I once wont to linger on the lips of your mother; but hers ever pouted to be pressed by mine; and not with tears, but with sunniest smiles did she court them." He paused; bent his head over the face of the shuddering girl; and gazing fixedly for a few minutes on her countenance, while he pressed her struggling form more closely to his own, exultingly pursued, as if to himself, — "Even as her mother was, so is she. Ye powers of hell! who would have ever thought a time would come when both my vengeance and my love would be gratified to the utmost? How strange it never should have occurred to me he had a daughter!"

"What mean you, fierce, unpitiful man?" exclaimed the terrified Clara, to whom a full sense of the horror of her position had lent unusual energy of character. "Surely you will not detain a poor defenceless woman in your hands, — the child of her you say you have loved. But it is false! — you never knew her, or you would not now reject my prayer."

"Never knew her!" fiercely repeated Wacosta. Again he paused. "Would I had never known her! and I should not now be the outcast wretch I am," — he added, slowly and impressively. Then once more elevating his voice, — "Clara de Haldimar, I have loved your mother as man never loved woman; and I have hated your father" (grinding his teeth with fury as he spoke) "as man never hated man. That love, that hatred are unquenched — unquenchable. Before me I see at once the image of her who, even in death, has lived enshrined in my heart, and the child of him who

is my bitterest foe. Clara de Haldimar, do you understand me now?"

"Almighty Providence! is there no one to save me?—can nothing touch your stubborn heart?" exclaimed the affrighted girl; and she turned her swimming eyes on those of the warrior, in appeal; but his glance caused her own to sink in confusion. "Ellen Halloway," she pursued, after a moment's pause, and in the wild accents of despair, "if you are indeed the wife of this man, as you say you are, oh! plead for me with him; and in the name of that kindness, which I once extended to yourself, prevail on him to restore me to my father!"

"Ellen Halloway!—who calls Ellen Halloway?" said the wretched woman, who had again resumed her slovenly meal on the rude couch, apparently without consciousness of the scene enacting at her side. "I am not Ellen Halloway," they said so; but it is not true. My husband was Reginald Morton; but he went for a soldier, and was killed; and I never saw him more."

"Reginald Morton! What mean you, woman?"—What know you of Reginald Morton?" demanded Wacosta, with frightful energy, as, leaning over the shrinking form of Clara, he violently grasped and shook the shoulder of the unhappy maniac.

"Stop; do not hurt me, and I will tell you all, sir," she almost screamed. "Oh, sir, Reginald Morton was my husband once; but he was kinder than you are. He did not look so fiercely at me; nor did he pinch me so."

"What of him?—who was he?" furiously repeated Wacosta, as he again impatiently shook the arm of the wretched Ellen. "Where did you know him?—Whence came he?"

"Nay, you must not be jealous of poor Reginald;" and, as she uttered these words in a softening and conciliating tone, her eye was turned upon those of the warrior with a mingled expression of fear and cunning. "But he was very good and very handsome, and generous; and we lived near each other, and we loved each other at first sight. But his family were very proud, and they quarreled with him because he married me; and then we became very poor, and Reginald went for a soldier, and—; but I forget the rest, it is so long ago." She pressed her hand to her brow, and sank her head upon her chest.

"Ellen, woman, again I ask you where he came from? this Reginald Morton that you have named. To what county did he belong?"

"Oh, we were both Cornish," she answered, with a vivacity singularly in contrast with her recent low and monotonous tone; "but, as I said before, he was of a great family, and I only a poor clergyman's daughter."

"Cornish!—Cornish, did you say?" fiercely repeated the dark Wacosta, while an expression of loathing and disgust seemed for a moment to convulse his features; "then is it as I had feared. One word more. Was the family seat called Morton Castle?"

"It was," unhesitatingly returned the poor woman, yet with the air of one wondering to hear a name repeated, long forgotten even by herself. "It was a beautiful castle too, on a lovely ridge of hills; and it commanded such a nice view of the sea, close to the little port of—; and the parsonage stood in such a sweet valley, close under the castle; and we were all so happy." She paused, again put her hand to her brow, and pressed it with force, as if endeavouring to pursue the chain of connection in her memory, but evidently without success.

"And your father's name was Clayton?" said the warrior, enquiringly. "Henry Clayton, if I recollect aright?"

"Ha! who names my father?" shrieked the wretched woman. "Yes, sir, it was Clayton—Henry Clayton—the kindest, the noblest of human beings. But the affliction of his child, and the persecutions of the Morton family, broke his heart. He is dead, sir, and Reginald is dead too; and I am a poor lone widow in the world, and have no one to love me." Here the tears coursed each other rapidly down her faded cheek, although her eyes were staring and motionless.

"It is false!" vociferated the warrior, who, now he had gained all that was essential to the elucidation of his doubts, quitted the shoulder he had continued to press with violence in his nervous hand, and once more extended himself at his length; "in me you behold the uncle of your husband. Yes, Ellen Clayton, you have been the wife of two Reginald Mortons. Both," he pursued with unutterable bitterness, while he again started up and shook his tomahawk menacingly in the direction of the fort,—"both have been the victims of

your cold-blooded governor; but the hour of our reckoning is at hand. Ellen," he fiercely added, "do you recollect the curse you pronounced on the family of that haughty man, when he slaughtered your Reginald? By Heaven! it shall be fulfilled; but first shall the love I have so long borne the mother be transferred to the child."

Again he sought to encircle the waist of her whom, in the strong excitement of his rage, he had momentarily quitted; but the unutterable disgust and horror produced in the mind of the unhappy Clara lent an almost supernatural activity to her despair. She dexterously eluded his grasp, gained her feet, and with tottering steps and outstretched arms darted through the opening of the tent, and piteously exclaiming, "Save me! oh, for God's sake, save me!" sank exhausted, and apparently lifeless, on the chest of the prisoner without.

To such of our readers as, deceived by the romantic nature of the attachment stated to have been originally entertained by Sir Everard Valletort for the unseen sister of his friend, have been led to expect a tale abounding in manifestations of its progress when the parties had actually met, we at once announce disappointment. Neither the lover of amorous adventure, nor the admirer of witty dialogue, should dive into these passages. Room for the exercise of the invention might, it is true, be found; but ours is a tale of sad reality, and our heroes and heroines figure under circumstances that would render wit a satire upon the understanding, and love a reflection upon the heart. Within the bounds of probability have we, therefore, confined ourselves.

What the feelings of the young baronet must have been, from the first moment when he received from the hands of the unfortunate Captain Baynton (who, although an officer of his own corps, was personally a stranger to him), that cherished sister of his friend, of whose ideal form his excited imagination had so often latterly loved to linger, up to the present hour, we should vainly attempt to paint. There are emotions of the heart, it would be mockery in the pen to trace. From the instant of his first contributing to preserve her life, on that dreadful day of blood, to that when the schooner fell into the hands of the savages, few words had passed between them, and these had reference merely to the position in which they found themselves, and whenever Sir Everard felt he could, without indelicacy or intrusion, render himself in the slightest way serviceable to her. The very circumstances under which they had met, conducted to the suppression, and, if not utter extinction, of all passion attached to the sentiment with which he had been inspired. A new feeling had quickened in his breast; and it was with emotions more assimilated to friendship than to love that he now regarded the beautiful but sorrow-stricken sister of his bosom friend. Still there was a softness, a purity, a delicacy and tenderness in this new feeling, in which the influence of sex secretly though unacknowledgedly predominated; and even while sensible it would have been a profanation of every thing most sacred and delicate in nature to have admitted a thought of love within his breast at such a moment, he also felt he could have entertained a voluptuous joy in making any sacrifice, even to the surrender of life itself, provided the tranquillity of that gentle and suffering being could be by it ensured.

Clara, in her turn, had been in no condition to admit so exclusive a power as that of love within her soul. She had, it is true, even amid the desolation of her shattered spirit, recognised in the young officer the original of a portrait so frequently drawn by her brother, and dwelt on by herself. She acknowledged, moreover, the fidelity of the painting; but however she might have felt and acted under different circumstances, absorbed as was her heart, and paralysed her imagination, by the harrowing scenes she had gone through, she, too, had room but for one sentiment in her fainting soul, and that was friendship for the friend of her brother; on whom, moreover, she bestowed that woman's gratitude, which could not fail to be awakened by a recollection of the risks he had run, and conjunctly with Frederick, to save her from destruction. During their passage across lake Huron, Sir Everard had usually taken his seat on the deck, at that respectful distance which he conceived the delicacy of the position of the unfortunate cousins demanded; but in such a manner that, while he seemed wholly abstracted from them, his eye had more than once been detected by Clara fixed on hers, with an affectionateness of interest she could not avoid repaying with a glance of recognition and approval.

These, however, were the only indications of regard that had passed between them.

If, however, a momentary and irrepressible flashing of that sentiment, which had, at an earlier period, formed a portion of their imaginings, did occasionally steal over their hearts while there was a prospect of reaching their friends in safety, all manifestation of its power was again finally suppressed when the schooner fell into the hands of the savages. Become the immediate prisoners of Wacosta, they had been surrendered to that ferocious chief to be dealt with as he might think proper; and, on disembarking from the canoe in which their transit to the mainland had been desisted that nothing from the fort, had been separated from their equally unfortunate and suffering companions. Captain de Haldimar, Madeline, and the Canadian, were delivered over to the custody of several choice warriors of the tribe in which Wacosta was adopted; and, bound hand and foot, were, at that moment, in the war tent of the fierce savage, which, as Pontac had once boasted to the governor, was every where hung around with human scalps, both of men, of women, and of children. The object of this mysterious man, in removing Clara to the spot we have described, was one well worthy of his ferocious nature. His vengeance had already devoted her to destruction; and it was within view of the fort, which contained the father whom he loathed, he had resolved his purpose should be accomplished. A refinement of cruelty, such as could scarcely have been supposed to enter the breast even of such a remorseless savage as himself, had caused him to convey to the same spot, him whom he rather suspected than knew to be the lover of the young girl. It was with the view of harrowing up the soul of one whom he had recognised as the officer who had disabled him on the night of the rencontre on the bridge, that he had bound Sir Everard to the tree, whence, as we have already stated, he was a compelled spectator of every thing that passed within the tent; and yet with that free action of limb which only tended to tantalize him the more amid his unavoidable efforts to rid himself of his bonds,—a fact that proved not only the dire extent to which the revenge of Wacosta could be carried, but the actual and gratuitous cruelty of his nature.

One must have been similarly constituted, to understand all the agony of the young man during this odious scene, and particularly at the fierce and repeated declaration of the savage that Clara should be his bride. More than once had he essayed to remove the ligatures which confined his waist; but his unsuccessful attempts only drew an occasional smile of derision from his enemy, as he glanced his eye rapidly towards him. Conscious at length of the inutilty of efforts, which, without benefitting her for whom they were principally prompted, rendered him in some degree ridiculous even in his own eyes, the wretched Valletort desisted altogether, and with his head sunk upon his chest, and his eyes closed, sought at least to shut out a scene which blasted his sight, and harrowed up his very soul.

But when Clara, uttering her wild cry for protection, and rushing forth from the tent, sank almost unconsciously in his embrace, a thrill of inexplicable joy ran through each awakened fibre of his frame. Bending eagerly forward, he had extended his arms to receive her; and when he felt her light and graceful form pressing upon his own as its last refuge,—when he felt her heart beating against his,—when he saw her head drooping on his shoulder, in the wild recklessness of despair,—even amid that scene of desolation and grief he could not help enveloping her in tumultuous ecstasy to his breast. Every horrible danger was for an instant forgotten in the soothing consciousness that he at length encircled the form of her, whom in many an hour of solitude he had thus pictured, although under far different circumstances, reposing confidently on him. There was delight mingled with agony in his sensation of the wild throbs of her bosom against his own; and even while his soul fainted within him, as he reflected on the fate that awaited her, he felt as if he could himself now die more happily.

Momentary, however, was the duration of this scene. Furious with anger at the evident disgust of his victim, Wacosta no sooner saw her sink into the arms of her lover, than with that agility for which he was remarkable he was again on his feet, and stood in the next instant at her side. Uniting to the generous strength of his manhood all that was wrung from his mingled love and despair, the officer clasped his hand round the waist of the drooping Clara; and with clenched teeth, and fleet firmly set, seemed resolved to defy every effort of

the warrior to remove her. Not a word was uttered on either side; but in the fierce smile that curled the lip of the savage, there spoke a language even more terrible than the words that smile implied. Sir Everard could not suppress an involuntary shudder; and when at length Wacosta, after a short but violent struggle, succeeded in again securing and bearing off his prize, the wretchedness of soul of the former was indescribable.

"You see 'tis vain to struggle against your destiny, Clara de Haldimar," sneered the warrior. "Ours is but a rude nuptial couch, it is true; but the wife of an Indian chief must not expect the luxuries of Europe in the heart of an American wilderness."

"Almighty Heaven! where am I?" exclaimed the wretched girl, again unclosing her eyes to all the horror of her position; for again she lay at the side, and within the encircling arm, of her enemy. "Oh, Sir Everard Valletot, I thought I was with you, and that you had saved me from this monster. Where is my brother?—Where are Frederick and Madeline?—Why have they deserted me?—Ah! my heart will break. I cannot endure this longer, and live."

"Clara, Miss de Haldimar," groaned Sir Everard, in a voice of searching agony; "could I lay down my life for you, I would; but you see these bonds. Oh God! oh God! have pity on the innocent; and for once incline the heart of you fierce monster to the whisperings of mercy." As he uttered the last sentence, he attempted to sink on his knees in supplication to Him he addressed, but the tension of the cord prevented him; yet were his hands clasped, and his eyes upraised to heaven, while his countenance beamed with an expression of fervent enthusiasm.

"Peace, babbler! or, by Heaven! that prayer shall be your last," vociferated Wacosta. "But no," he pursued to himself, dropping at the same time the point of his upraised tomahawk; "these are but the natural writhings of the crushed worm; and the longer protracted they are, the more complete will be my vengeance." Then turning to the terrified girl,—"You ask, Clara de Haldimar, where you are? In the tent of your mother's lover, I reply,—at the side of him who once pressed her to his heart, even as I now press you, and with a fondness that was only equalled by her own. Come, dear Clara," and his voice assumed a tone of tenderness that was even more revolting than his natural ferocity, "let me woo you to the affection she once possessed. It was a heart of fire in which her image stood enshrined—it is a heart of fire still, and well worthy of her child."

"Never, never!" shrieked the agonised girl. "Kill me, murder me, if you will; but oh! if you have pity, pollute not my ear with the avowal of your detested love. But again I repeat, it is false that my mother ever knew you. She never could have loved so fierce, so vindictive a being as yourself."

"Ha! do you doubt me still?" sternly demanded the savage. Then drawing the shuddering girl still closer to his vast chest,—*"Come hither, Clara, while to convince you I unfold the sad history of my life, and tell you more of your parents than you have ever known. When," he pursued solemnly, "you have learnt the extent of my love for the one, and of my hatred for the other, and the wrongs I have endured from both, you will no longer wonder at the spirit of mingled love and vengeance that dictates my conduct towards yourself. Listen, girl," he continued fiercely, "and judge whether mine are injuries to be tamely pardoned, when a whole life has been devoted to the pursuit of the means of avenging them."*

Irresistibly led by a desire to know what possible connection could have existed between her parents and this singular and ferocious man, the wretched girl gave her passive assent. She even hoped that, in the course of his narrative, some softening recollections would pass over his mind, the effect of which might be to predispose him to mercy. Wacosta buried his face for a few moments in his large hand, as if endeavouring to collect and concentrate the remembrances of past years. His countenance, meanwhile, had undergone a change; for there was now a shade of melancholy mixed with the fierceness of expression usually observable there. This, however, was dispelled in the course of his narrative, and as various opposite passions were in turn powerfully and severally developed.

CHAPTER XXX.

"It is now four and twenty years," commenced Wacosta, "since your father and myself first met as subalterns in the regiment he now commands, when an

intimacy suddenly sprang up between us, which, as it was then to our brother officers, has since been a source of utter astonishment to myself. He, all coldness, prudence, obsequiousness, and forethought, all enthusiasm, carelessness, impetuosity, and independence. Whether this intimacy sprang from the adventitious circumstance of our being more frequently thrown together as officers of the same company,—for we were both attached to the grenadiers,—or that my wild spirit was soothed by the bland amenity of his manners, I know not. The latter, however, is not improbable; for proud, and haughty, and dignified, as the colonel now is, such was not then the character of the ensign; who seemed thrown out of one of nature's supple moulds, to fawn, and cringe, and worm his way to favour by the wily sycupness of his manners. Oh God!" pursued Wacosta, after a momentary pause, and striking his palm against his forehead, "that I ever should have been the dupe of such a cold-blooded hypocrite!

"As you have just learnt, Cornwall is the country of my birth. I was the eldest of the only two surviving children of a large family; and, as heir to the baronetcy of the proud Mortons, was looked up to by lord and vassal as the future perpetrator of the family name. My brother had been designed for the army; but as this was a profession to which I had attached my inclinations, the point was waived in my favour, and at the age of eighteen I first joined the ——— regiment, then quartered in the Highlands of Scotland. During my boyhood I had ever accustomed myself to athletic exercises, and loved to excite myself by encountering danger in its most terrific forms.

"The wild daring by which my boyhood had been marked was powerfully awakened by the bold and romantic scenery of the Scottish Highlands; and as the regiment was at that time quartered in a part of those mountainous districts, where, from the disturbed nature of the times, society was difficult of attainment, many of the officers were driven from necessity, as I was from choice, to indulge in the sports of the chase. On one occasion a party of four of us set out early in the morning in pursuit of deer, numbers of which we knew were to be met with in the mountainous tracts of Bute and Argyshire. The course we happened to take lay through succession of dark deep glens, and over frowning rocks; the difficulties of access to which only stirred up my dormant spirit of enterprise the more. We had continued in this course for many hours, overcoming one difficulty only to be encountered by another, and yet without meeting a single deer; when, at length, the faint blast of a horn was heard far above our heads in the distance, and presently a noble stag was seen to ascend a ledge of rocks immediately in front of us. To raise my gun to my shoulder and fire was the work of a moment, after which we all followed in pursuit. On reaching the spot where the deer had first been seen, we observed traces of blood, satisfying us he had been wounded; but the course taken in his flight was one that seemed to defy every human effort to follow in. It was a narrow pointed ledge, ascending boldly towards a huge cliff that projected frowningly from the extreme summit, and on either side lay a dark, deep, and apparently fathomless ravine; to look even on which was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and unnerve the steadiest brain. For me, however, long accustomed to dangers of the sort, it had no terror. I had proceeded about five hundred yards further, when I came to the termination of the ledge, from the equally narrow transverse extremity of which branched out three others; the whole contributing to form a figure resembling that of a trident. Along the ledge I had quitted I had remarked occasional traces where the stricken deer had passed; and the same blood-spots now directed me at a point where, but for these, I must have been utterly at fault. The centre of those new ridges, and the narrowest, was that taken by the animal, and on that I once more renewed my pursuit. I continued my course towards the main body of rock that now rose within a hundred yards. Now this was to be gained I knew not; for it shelved out abruptly from the extreme summit, overhanging the abyss, and presenting an appearance which I cannot more properly render than by comparing it to the sounding boards placed over the pulpits of our English churches. Still I was resolved to persevere to the close, and I but too unhappily succeeded.

"It was evident to me that there must be some opening through which the deer had effected his escape to the precipitous height above; and I felt a wild and fearful triumph in following him to his cover, over passes which it was my pleasure to think none of the bardy

mountaineers themselves would have dared to venture upon with impunity. I paused not to consider of the difficulty of bearing away my prize, even if I succeeded in overtaking it. At every step my excitement and determination became stronger, and I felt every fibre of my frame to dilate, as when, in my more boyish days, I used to brave, in my gallant skiff, the mingled fury of the warring elements of sea and storm. Suddenly, while my mind was intent only on the dangers I used then to hold in such light estimation, I found my further progress intercepted by a fissure in the crag. It was not the width of this opening that disconcerted me, for it exceeded not ten feet; but I came upon it so unadvisedly, that, in attempting to check my forward motion, I had nearly lost my equipage, and fallen into the abyss that now yawned before on either side of me. To pause upon the danger, would, I felt, be to ensure it. Summoning all my dexterity into a single bound, I cleared the chasm; and with one buskined foot (for my hunting costume was strictly Highland) clung firmly to the ledge, while I secured my balance with the other. At this point the rock became gradually broader, so that I now trod the remainder of the rude path in perfect safety, until I at length found myself close to the vast mass of rocks; these ledges were merely ramifications or veins; but still I could discover no outlet by which the wounded deer could have escaped. While I lingered, thoughtfully, for a moment, half in disappointment, half in anger, and with my back leaning against the rock, I fancied I heard a rustling, as of the leaves and branches of underwood, on that part which projected like a canopy, far above the abyss. I bent my eyes eagerly and fixedly on the spot whence the sound proceeded, and presently could distinguish the blue sky appearing through an aperture, to which was the instant afterwards, applied what I conceived to be a human face. No sooner, however, was it seen than withdrawn; and then the rustling of leaves was heard again, and all was still as before.

"A new direction was now given to my feelings. I felt a presentiment that my adventure, if prosecuted, would terminate in some extraordinary and characteristic manner; and obeying, as I ever did, the first impulse of my heart, I prepared to grapple once more with the difficulties that yet remained to be surmounted. Securing my gun between some twisted roots that grew out of and adhered to the main body of the rock, I commenced the difficult ascent; and, after considerable effort, found myself at length immediately under the aperture. My progress along the lower superficies of this projection was like that of a crawling reptile. My back hung suspended over the chasm, into which one false movement of hand or foot, one yielding of the roots entwined in the rock, must inevitably have precipitated me; and, while my toes wormed themselves into the tortuous fibres of the latter, I passed hand over hand beyond my head, until I had arrived within a foot or two of the point I desired to reach. Here, however, a new difficulty occurred. A slight projection of the rock, close to the aperture, impeded my further progress in the manner hitherto pursued; and, to pass this, I was compelled to drop my whole weight, suspended by one vigorous arm, while, with the other, I separated the bushes that concealed the opening. A violent exertion of every muscle now impelled me upward, until at length I had so far succeeded as to introduce my head and shoulders through the aperture; after which my final success was no longer doubtful."

One of those painful pauses with which his narrative was often broken, here occurred; and, with an energy that terrified her whom he addressed, Wacosta pursued,—*"Clara de Haldimar, it was here—in this garden—this paradise—this oasis of the rocks in which I now found myself, that I first saw and loved your mother. Ha! you start: you believe me now. Loved her!"* he continued, after another short pause,—*"oh, what a feeble word is love to express the concentration of mighty feelings that flowed like burning lava through my veins! Who shall pretend to give a name to the emotion that ran thrillingly—madly through my excited frame, when first I gazed on her, who, in every attribute of womanly beauty, realised all my fondest fancy ever painted?—Listen to me, Clara," he pursued, in a fiercer tone, and with a convulsive pressure of the firm he still retained; "if, in my younger days, my mind was alive to enterprise, and loved to contemplate danger in its most appalling forms, this was far from being the master passion of my soul; nay, it was the strong necessity I felt of pouring into some devoted bosom the overflowing fullness of my heart, that made me court in solitude those*

positions of danger with which the image of woman was ever associated.

"I have already said that, on gaining the summit of the rock, I found myself in a sort of oasis of the mountains. It was so. Belted on every hand by bold and precipitous crags, that seemed to defy the approach even of the wildest animals, and putting utterly at fault the penetration and curiosity of man, was spread a carpet of verdure, a luxuriance of vegetation, that might have put to shame the fertility of the soft breeze-nourished valleys of Italy and Southern France.

"At about twenty yards from the aperture, and on a bank, formed of turf, covered with moss, and interspersed with roses and honey-suckles, sat the divinity of the oasis. She, too, was clad in the Highland dress, which gave an air of wildness and elegance to her figure that was in classic harmony with the surrounding scenery. At the moment of my appearance she was in the act of dressing the wounded shoulder of a stag that had recently been shot; and from the broad tartan ribbon I perceived attached to its neck, added to the fact of the tameness of the animal, I presumed that the stag, evidently a favourite of its mistress, was the same I had fired at and wounded. The rustling I made among the bushes had attracted her attention; she raised her eyes from the deer, and, beholding me, started to her feet, uttering a cry of terror and surprise. Fearing to speak, as if the sound of my own voice were sufficient to dispel the illusion that fascinated both eye and heart into delicious tension on her form, I stood for some moments as motionless as the rock out of which I appeared to grow, gazing upon her I was destined to love for ever.

"It was this utter immobility on my own part, that ensured me a continuance of the exquisite happiness I then enjoyed. The first movement of the startled girl had been to fly towards her dwelling, which stood at a short distance, half imbedded in the same clustering roses and honey-suckles that adorned her bank of moss; but when she remarked my utter stillness, and apparent absence of purpose, she checked the impulse that would have directed her departure, and stopped, half in curiosity, half in fear, to examine me once more. At that moment all my energies appeared to be restored; I threw myself into an attitude expressive of deep contrition for the intrusion of which I had been unconsciously guilty, and dropping on one knee, and raising my clasped hands, inclined them towards her in token of mingled deprecation of her anger, and respectful homage to herself. At first she hesitated,—then gradually and timidly retired her way to the seat she had so abruptly quitted in her alarm. Emboldened by this movement, I made a step or two in advance, but no sooner had I done so than she again took to flight. Once more, however, she turned to behold me, and again I had dropped on my knee, and was conjuring her, with the same signs, to remain and bless me with her presence. Again she returned to her seat, and again I advanced. Scarcely less timid, however, than the deer, which followed her every movement, she fled a third time,—a third time looked back, and was again induced, by my supplicating manner, to return. Frequently was this repeated, before I finally found myself at the feet, and pressing the hand—(oh God! what torture in the recollection!)—yes, pressing the hand of her for whose smile I would, even at that moment, have sacrificed my soul. Such was your mother, Clara de Haldimar; yes, even such as I have described her was Clara Beverly."

Again Wacosta paused, and his pause was longer than usual, as, with his large hand again covering his face, he seemed endeavouring to master the feelings which these recollections had called up. Clara scarcely breathed. Unmindful of her own desolate position, her soul was intent only on a history that related so immediately to her beloved mother, of whom all that she had hitherto known was, that she was a native of Scotland, and that her father had married her while quartered in that country. The deep emotion of the terrible being before her, so often manifested in the course of what he had already given of his recital, added to her knowledge of the facts just named, scarcely left a doubt of the truth of his statement on her mind. Her ear was now bent achingly towards him, in expectation of a continuance of his history, but he still remained in the same attitude of absorption. An irresistible impulse caused her to extend her hand, and remove his own from his eyes: they were filled with tears; and even while her mind rapidly embraced the hope that this manifestation of tenderness was but the dawning mercy towards the children of her he had once loved, her kind nature could not avoid sympathising with him, whose uncouthness of appearance and savageness of nature were, in

some measure, lost sight of in the fact of the powerful love he yet apparently acknowledged.

But no sooner did Wacosta feel the soft pressure of her hand, and meet her eyes turned on his with an expression of interest, than the most rapid transition was effected in his feelings. He drew the form of the weakly resisting girl closer to his heart; again imprinted a kiss upon her lips; and then, while every muscle in his iron frame seemed quivering with emotion, exclaimed,—*"By heaven! that touch, that glance, were Clara Beverly's. Yes, Clara,"* he proceeded more deliberately, as he scanned her form with an eye that made her shudder, *"such as your mother was, so are you; the same delicacy of proportion; the same graceful curvature of limb, only less rounded, less womanly. But you must be younger by about two years than she then was."*

There was a cool licence of speech—a startling freedom of manner—in the latter part of this address, that disappointed not less than it pained and offended the unhappy Clara. She shuddered; and sighing bitterly, suffered her tears to force themselves through her closed lids upon her pallid cheek. This change in her appearance seemed to act as a check on the temporary excitement of Wacosta. Again obeying one of those rapid transitions of feeling, for which he was remarkable, he once more assumed an expression of seriousness, and thus continued his narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"It boots not now, Clara, to enter upon all that succeeded to my first introduction to your mother. It would take long to relate, not the gradations of our passion, for that was like the whirlwind of the desert, sudden and devastating from the first; but the burning vow, the plighted faith, the reposing confidence, the unchecked abandonment that flew from the lips, and filled the heart of each, sealed, as they were, with kisses, long, deep, enervating, even such as I had ever pictured that divine pledge of human affection should be. Yes, Clara de Haldimar, your mother was the child of nature then."

"I was not always the rugged being I now appear. Of surpassing strength I had ever been, and fleet of foot; but not then had I attained to my present gigantic stature; neither was my form endowed with the same herculean rudeness; nor did my complexion wear the swarthy hue of the savage; nor had my features been rendered repulsive, from the perpetual action of those fierce passions which have since assailed my soul.

"Your mother had been brought up in solitude, and without having seen the face of another man than her father. Colonel Beverly, of English name, but Scottish connections, was an old gentleman of considerable eccentricity of character. He had taken a part in the rebellion of 1715; but sick and disgusted with an issue by which his fortunes had been affected, and heart-broken by the loss of a beloved wife, whose death had been accelerated by circumstances connected with the disturbed nature of the times, he had resolved to bury himself and child in some wild, where the face of man, whom he loathed; might no more offend his sight. This oasis of the mountains was the spot selected for his purpose; for he had discovered it some years previously, on an occasion, when, closely pursued by some of the English troops, and separated from his followers, he had only effected his escape by venturing on the ledges of rock I have already described. After minute subsequent search, at the opposite extremity of the oblong belt of rocks that shut it in on every hand, he had discovered an opening, through which the transport of such necessities as were essential to his object might be effected; and, causing one of his dwelling houses to be pulled down, he had the materials carried across the rocks on the shoulders of the men employed to re-erect them in his chosen solitude. A few months served to complete these arrangements, which included a garden abounding in every fruit and flower that could possibly live in so elevated a region; and this, in time, under his own culture, and that of his daughter, became the Eden it first appeared to me.

"Previous to their entering on this employment, the workmen had been severally sworn to secrecy; and when all was declared ready for his reception, the colonel summoned them a second time to his presence; when, after making a handsome present to each, in addition to his hire, he found no difficulty in prevailing on them to renew their oath that they would preserve the most scrupulous silence in regard to the place of his retreat. He then took advantage of a dark and tempestuous night to execute his project; and attended only by an old woman and her daughter, faithful dependants of the family, set out in quest of his new abode, leaving all his neighbours

to discuss and marvel at the singularity of his disappearance. True to his text, however, not even a boy was admitted into his household; and here they had continued to live, unseeing and unseen by man, except when a solitary and distant mountaineer occasionally flitted among the rocks below in pursuit of his game. Fruits and vegetables composed their principal diet; but once a fortnight the old woman was despatched through the opening already mentioned, which was at other times so secured by her master, that no hand but his own could remove the intricate fastenings. This expedition had for its object the purchase of bread and animal food at the nearest market; and every time she saluted forth an oath was administered to the crone, the purport of which was, not only that she would return, unless prevented by violence or death, but that she would not answer any questions put to her, as to whom she was, whence she came, or for whom the fruits of her marketing were intended.

"Meanwhile, wrapped up in his books, which were chiefly classic authors, or writers on abstruse sciences, the misanthropic colonel paid little or no attention to the cultivation of the intellect of his daughter, whom he had merely instructed in the elementary branches of education; in all which, however, she evinced an aptitude and perfectibility that indicated quickness of genius and a capability of far higher attainments. Books he principally withheld from her, because they brought the image of man, whom he hated, and wished she should also hate, too often in flattering colours before her; and had any work treating of love been found to have crept accidentally into his own collection, it would instantly and indignantly have been committed to the flames.

"Thus left to the action of her own heart—the guidance of her own feelings—it was but natural your mother should have suffered her imagination to repose on the ideal happiness, which, although in some degree destitute of shape and character, was still powerfully felt. What dear acknowledgments (alas! too deceitful) flowed from her guileless lips, even during our first interview.

"Two long and delicious hours," pursued Wacosta, after another painful pause of some moments, "did we pass together, exchanging thought, and speech, and heart, as if the term of our acquaintance had been coeval with the first dawn of our intellectual life; when suddenly a small silver-toned bell was heard from the direction of the house, hid from the spot on which we sat by the luxuriant foliage of an intervening laburnum. This sound seemed to dissipate the dreamy calm that had wrapped the soul of your mother into forgetfulness. She started suddenly up, and bade me, if I loved her, begone; as that bell announced her required attendance on her father, who, now awakened from the mid-day slumber in which he ever indulged, was about to take his accustomed walk around the grounds; which was little else, in fact, than a close inspection of the walls of his natural castle. I rose to obey her: our eyes met, and she threw herself into my extended arms. We whispered our vows of eternal love. She called me her husband, and I pronounced the endearing name of wife. A burning kiss sealed the compact; and, on her arclly observing that the sleep of her father continued about two hours at noon, and that the old woman and her daughter were always occupied within doors, I promised to repeat my visit every second day until she finally quitted her retreat to be my own for life.

"One morning I had hastily sketched an outline of your mother's features in pencil, with a view to assist me in the design of a miniature I purposed painting from memory. While occupied the second day in its completion, it occurred to me I was in orders for duty on the following, which was that of my promised visit to the oasis; and I despatched my servant with my compliments to your father, and a request that he would be so obliging as to take my guard for me on the morrow, and I would perform his duty when next his name appeared on the roster. Some time afterwards I heard the door of the room in which I sat open, and some one enter. Presuming it to be my servant, (returned from the execution of the message with which he had just been charged,) I paid no attention to the circumstance; but finding, presently, he did not speak, I turned round with a view of demanding what answer he had brought. To my surprise, however, I beheld, not my servant, but your father. He was standing looking over my shoulder at the work on which I was engaged; and, cold, quiet, smirking look that usually distinguished him, I thought I could trace the evidence of some deep emotion which my action had suddenly dispelled. He apologised for his intrusion, although we were on those terms that rendered apology unnecessary, but said he had just received my message, and preferred coming in person to assure me how happy he

should feel to take my duty, or to render me any other service in his power. I thought he laid unusual emphasis on the last sentence; yet I thanked him warmly, stating that the only service I should now exact of him would be to take my guard, as I was compelled to be absent nearly the whole of the following morning. He observed with a smile, he hoped I was not going to venture my neck on those dangerous precipices a second time, after the narrow escape I had had on the preceding day. As he spoke, I thought his eye met mine with a sly yet scrutinising glance; and, not wishing to reply immediately to his question, I asked him what he thought of the work with which I was endeavouring to beguile an idle hour. He took it up, and I watched the expression of his handsome countenance with the anxiety of a lover who wishes that all should think his mistress beautiful as he does himself. It betrayed a very indefinite sort of admiration; and yet it struck me there was an earnestness in his dilating eye that contrasted strongly with the calm and unconcern of his other features. At length I asked him laughingly, what he thought of my Cornish cousin. He replied, cautiously enough, that since it was the likeness of a cousin, and he dwelt emphatically on the word, he could not fail to admire it. Candour, however, compelled him to admit, that had I not declared the original to be one so closely connected with me, he should have said the talent of so perfect an artist might have been better employed.

"The next day saw me again at the side of your mother, who received me with the same artless demonstrations of affection. After the first full and unreserved interchange of our souls' best feelings, our conversation turned upon lighter topics; and I took an opportunity to produce the fruit of my application since we had parted. Never shall I forget the surprise and delight that animated her beautiful countenance when first she gazed upon the miniature. She expressed a strong desire to retain it; and to this I readily assented; stipulating only to keep it until my next visit, in order that I might take an exact copy for myself. She herself, she said, had not been idle. Although her pencil could not call up my image in the same manner, her pen had better repaid her exertions; and, in return for the portrait she would give me a letter she had written to beguile her loneliness on the preceding day. As she spoke she drew a sealed packet from the bosom of her dress, and placing it in my hand, desired me not to read it until I had returned to my home. But there was an expression of sweet confusion in her lovely countenance, and a trepidation in her manner, that, half disclosing the truth, rendered me utterly impatient of the delay imposed; and eagerly breaking the seal, I devoured rather than read its contents.

"Accused madness of recollection" pursued Wacosta, again striking his brow violently with his hand,—"why is it that I ever feel thus unarm'd while recurring to those letters? Oh! Clara de Haldimand, never did woman pen to man such declarations of tenderness and attachment as that too dear but faithless letter of your mother contained. All confidence, she sank her head upon my chest, which heaved scarcely less wildly than her own."

"The hour of parting at length arrived, announced, as before, by the small bell of her father, and I again tore myself from her arms."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Nearly a month passed away in this manner; and at each interview our affection seemed to increase. One day, while preparing to set out on my customary excursion, a report suddenly reached me that the route had arrived for the regiment, who were to march from—within three days. This intelligence I received with inconceivable delight; for it had been settled between your mother and myself, that this should be the moment chosen for her departure."

"With a glowing cheek, and a countenance radiant with happiness, did your mother receive my proposal to prepare for her departure on the following day. She was sufficiently aware, even through what I had stated myself; that there were certain ceremonies of the church to be performed, in order to give sanctity to our union, and ensure her own personal respectability in the world; and these, I told her, would be solemnised by the chaplain of the regiment. She implicitly confided in me; and she was right; for I loved her too well to make her my mistress, while no barrier existed to her claim to a dearer title."

"The only difficulty that now occurred was the manner of her flight. I had proposed, as the most feasible and rational plan, that the colonel should be compelled to

give us egress through the secret passage, when we might command the services of the old women to guide us through the passes that led to the town; but to this your mother most urgently objected, declaring that she would rather encounter any personal peril that might attend her escape in a different manner, than appear to be a participant in an act of violence against her parent, whose obstinacy of character she moreover knew too well to leave a hope of his being intimidated into the accomplishment of our object, even by a threat of death itself. This plan I was therefore compelled to abandon; and as neither of us were able to discover the passage by which the deer always effected its entrance, I was obliged to fix upon one, which it was agreed should be put in practice on the following day.

"On my return, I occupied myself with preparations for the reception of her who was so speedily to become my wife. Unwilling that she should be seen by any of my companions, until the ceremony was finally performed, I engaged apartments in a small retired cottage, distant about half a mile from the furthest extremity of the town, where I purposed she should remain until the regiment finally quitted the station. This point secured, I listened to the quarters of the chaplain, to engage his services for the following evening; but he was from home at the time, and I repaired to my own rooms, to prepare the means of escape for your mother. These occupied me until a very late hour; and when at length I retired to rest, it was only to indulge in the fondest imaginings that ever filled the heart of a devoted lover. Alas! (and the dark warrior again sighed heavily) the day-dream of my happiness was already fast drawing to a close.

"At half an hour before noon, I was again in the oasis; your mother was at the wonted spot; and although she received me with her sunniest smiles, there were traces of tears upon her cheek. She implored me to forgive her weakness; but it was the first time she was to be separated from her parent; and conscious as she was that it was to be for ever, she could not repress the feeling that rose, despite of herself, to her heart. She had, however, prepared a letter, at my suggestion, to be left on her favourite moss seat, where it was likely she would first be sought by her father, to assure him of her safety, and of her prospects of future happiness; and the consciousness that he would labour under no harrowing uncertainty in regard to her fate, seemed, at length, to soothe and satisfy her heart.

"I now led her to the aperture, where I had left the apparatus provided for my purpose: this consisted of a close netting, about four feet in depth, with a board for a footstool at the bottom, and furnished at intervals with hoops, so as to keep it full and open. The top of this netting was provided with two handles, to which were attached the ends of a cord many fathoms in length; the whole of such durability, as to have borne weights equal to those of three ordinary sized men, with which I had proved it prior to my setting out. My first care was to bandage the eyes of your mother, (who willingly and fearlessly submitted to all I proposed,) that she might not see, and become faint with seeing the terrible chasm over which she was about to be suspended. I then placed her within the netting, which, fitting closely to her person, and reaching under her arms, completely secured her; and my next urgent request was, that she would not, on any account, remove the bandage, or make the slightest movement, when she found herself stationary below, until I had joined her. I then dropped her gently through the aperture, lowering fathom after fathom of the rope, the ends of which I had firmly secured round the trunk of a tree, as an additional safeguard, until she finally came on a level with that part of the cliff on which I had reposed when first she beheld me. As she still hung immediately over the abyss, it was necessary to give a gradual impetus to her weight, to enable her to gain the landing-place. I now, therefore, commenced swinging her to and fro, until she at length came so near the point desired, that I clearly saw the principal difficulty was surmounted. The necessary motion having been given to the balance, with one vigorous and final impulsion I dextrously contrived to deposit her several feet from the edge of the lower rock, when, slackening the rope on the instant, I had the inexpressible satisfaction to see that she remained firm and stationary. The waving of her scarf immediately afterwards (a signal previously agreed upon), announced she had sustained no injury in this rather rude collision with the rock, and I in turn commenced my descent.

"Fearing to cast away the ends of the rope, lest their weight should by any chance affect the balance of the floating your mother had obtained, I now secured them around my joints, and accomplishing my descent in the

customary manner, speedily found myself once more at the side of my heart's dearest treasure. I prepared to execute the remainder of my task; and again applied the bandage to her eyes, saying that, although the principal danger was over, still there was another I could not bear she should look upon.

"Disengaging the rope from the handles of the netting, I now applied to these a broad leathern belt, and stooping with my back to the cherished burden with which I was about to charge myself, passed the centre of the belt across my chest, much in the manner in which, as you are aware, Indian women carry their infant children. As an additional precaution, I had secured the netting round my waist by a strong lacing of cord, and then raising myself to my full height, and satisfying myself of the perfect freedom of action of my limbs, seized a long balancing pole I had left suspended against the rock at my last visit, and commenced my descent of the sloping ridge. On approaching the horrible chasm, a feeling of faintness came over me, despite of the confidence with which I had previously armed myself. This, however, was but momentary. Sensible that every thing depended on rapidity of movement, I paused not in my course; but, quickening my pace as I gradually drew nearer, gave the necessary impetus to my motion, and cleared the gap with a facility far exceeding what had distinguished my first passage, and which was the fruit of constant practice alone. Here my balance was sustained by the pole; and at length I had the inexpressible satisfaction to find myself at the very extremity of the ridge, and immediately at the point where I had left my companions in my first memorable pursuit.

"In the deep transport of my joy, I once more threw myself on my knees in speechless thanksgiving to Providence for the complete success of my undertaking. Your mother, whom I had previously released from her confinement, did the same; and at that moment the union of our hearts seemed to be cemented by a divine influence, manifested in the fulness of the gratitude of each. Throwing over her shoulders the mantle of a youth, which I had secreted near the spot, I enjoined her to follow me closely in the path I was about to pursue."

"I have not hitherto found it necessary to state," continued Wacosta, his brow lowering with fierce and gloomy thought, "that more than once, latterly, on my return from the oasis, which was usually at a stated hour, I had observed a hunter hovering near the end of the ledge, yet quickly retreating as I advanced. There was something in the figure of this man that recalled to my recollection the form of your father; but ever, on my return to quarters, I found him in uniform, and exhibiting any thing but the appearance of one who had recently been threading his weary way among rocks and fastnesses. Besides, the improbability of this fact was so great, that it occupied not my attention beyond the passing moment. On the present occasion, however, I saw the same hunter, and was more forcibly than ever struck by the resemblance to my friend. Prior to my quitting the point where I had liberated your mother from the netting, I had, in addition to the disguise of the cloak, found it necessary to make some alteration in the arrangement of her hair; the redundancy of which, as it floated gracefully over her polished neck, was in itself sufficient to betray her sex. With this view I had removed her plumed bonnet. It was the first time I had seen her without it; and so deeply impressed was I by the angel like character of the extreme feminine beauty she, more than ever, then exhibited, that I knelt in silent adoration for some moments at her feet, my eyes and countenance alone expressing the fervent and almost holy emotion of my enraptured soul.

"Immediately we pursued our course; and after an hour's rather laborious exertion, at length emerged from the succession of glens and rocks that lay in our way; when, skirting the valley in which the town was situated, we finally reached the cottage where I had secured my lodging. Previous to entering it, I had told your mother, that for the few hours that would intervene before the marriage ceremony could be performed, I should, by way of lulling the curiosity of her hostess, introduce her as a near relative of my own. This I did accordingly; and, having seen that every thing was comfortably arranged for her convenience, and recommending her strongly to the care of the old woman, I set off once more in search of the chaplain of the regiment. Before I could reach his residence, however, I was met by a sergeant of my company, who came running towards me, evidently with some intelligence of moment. He stated, that my presence was required without delay. The grenadiers, with the senior subaltern, were in orders for detachment for an important service; and considerable displeasure had

been manifested by the colonel at my absence, especially as of late I had greatly neglected my military duties. He had been looking for me every where, he said, but without success, when Ensign de Haldimar had pointed out to him in what direction it was likely I might be found.

"With a beating heart did I assume an uniform that appeared, at that moment, hideous in my eyes; yet I was not without a hope I might yet get off this ill-timed duty. Before I had completed my equipment, your father entered my quarters; and when I first glanced my eye full upon his, I thought his countenance exhibited evidences of confusion. This immediately reminded me of the unknown hunter, and I asked him if he was not the person I described. His answer was not a positive denial, but a mixture of raillery and surprise that lulled my doubts, enfolded as they were by the restored calm of his features. I then told him that I had a particular favour to ask of him, which, in consideration of our friendship, I trusted he would not refuse; and that was, to take my duty in the expedition about to set forth. His manner implied concern; and he asked, with a look that had much deliberate expression in it, 'if I was aware that it was a duty in which blood was expected to be shed?' He could not suppose that any consideration would induce me to resign my duty to another officer, when apprised of this fact.' All this was said with the air of one really interested in my honour; but in my increasing impatience, I told him I wanted none of his cant; I simply asked him a favour, which he would grant or decline as he thought proper. 'This was a harshness of language I had never indulged in; but my mind was sore under the existing causes of my annoyance, and I could not bear to have my motives reflected on at a moment when my heart was torn with all the agonies attendant on the position in which I found myself placed. His cheek paled and flushed more than once, before he replied, 'that in spite of my unkindness his friendship might induce him to do much for me, even as he had hitherto done, but that on the present occasion it rested not with him. In order to justify himself he would no longer disguise the fact from me, that the colonel had declared, in the presence of the whole regiment, I should take my duty regularly in future, and not be suffered to make a convenience of the service any longer. If, however, he could do any thing for me during my absence, I had but to command him.

"While I was yet giving vent, in no very measured terms, to the indignation I felt at being made the subject of public censure by the colonel, the same sergeant came into the room, announcing that the company were only waiting for me to march, and that the colonel desired my instant presence. In the agitation of my feelings, I scarcely knew what I did, putting several portions of my regimental equipment on so completely away, that your father noticed and rectified the errors I had committed; while again, in the presence of the sergeant, I expressed the deepest regret he could not relieve me from a duty that was hateful to the last degree.

"Torn with agony at the thought of the uncertainty in which I was compelled to leave her whom I so fondly adored, I had now no other alternative than to make a partial confidant of your father. I told him that in the entanglement which I pointed out he would find the original of the portrait he had seen me painting on a former occasion,—the Cornish cousin, whose beauty he professed to hold so cheaply. More he should know of her on my return; but at present I confided her to his honour, and begged he would prove his friendship for me by rendering her whatever attention she might require in her humble abode. With these hurried injunctions he promised to comply; and it has often occurred to me since, although I did not remark it at the time, that while his voice and manner were calm, there was a burning glow upon his handsome cheek, and a suppressed exultation in his eye, that I had never observed on either before. I then quitted the room; and hastening to my company with a gloom on my brow that indicated the wretchedness of my inward spirit, was soon afterwards on the march from —."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"If, hitherto, Clara de Haldimar, I have been minute in the detail of all that attended my connection with your mother, it has been with a view to prove to you how deeply I have been injured; but I have now arrived at a part of my history, when to linger on the past would lead me into madness, and render me unfit for the purpose to which I have devoted myself.

"Will you credit the monstrous truth," he added, in a fierce but composed whisper, while he bent eagerly over

the form of the trembling yet attentive girl, "when I tell you that, on my return from that fatal expedition, during my continuance on which her image had never once been absent from my mind, I found Clara Beverley the wife of De Haldimar? To what satanic arts so calculating a villain could have had recourse to effect his object I know not; but it is not the less true, that she, from whom my previous history must have taught you to expect the purity of intention and conduct of an angel, became his wife,—and I a being accursed among men." Here the agitation of Wacosta became terrific. The labouring of his chest was like that of one convulsed with some racking agony; and the swollen veins and arteries of his head seemed to threaten the extinction of life in some fearful paroxysm. At length he burst into a violent fit of tears, more appalling, in one of his iron nature, than the fury which had preceded it,—and it was many minutes before he could so far compose himself as to resume.

"Think not, Clara de Haldimar, I speak without the proof. Her own words confessed, her own lips avowed it, and yet I neither slew her, nor her paramour, nor myself. On my return to the regiment I had flown to the cottage, on the wings of the most impatient and tender love that ever filled the bosom of man for woman. To my enquiries the handmaid replied, that my cousin had been married two days previously, by the military chaplain, to a handsome young officer, who had visited her soon after my departure, and was constantly with her from that moment; and that immediately after the ceremony they had left, but she knew not whither. Wild, desperate, almost bereft of reason, and with a heart bounding against my bosom; as if each agonising throb were to be its last, I ran like a maniac back into the town, nor paused till I found myself in the presence of your father. My mind was a volcano, but still I attempted to be calm, even while I charged him, in the most outrageous terms, with his villany. Deny it he could not; but, far from excusing it, he boldly avowed and justified the step he had taken, intimating, with a smile full of meaning, there was nothing in a connection with the family of De Haldimar to reflect disgrace on the cousin of Sir Reginald Morton; and that the highest compliment he could pay his friend was to attach himself to one whom that friend had declared to be so near a relative of his own. There was a coldness of taunt in these remarks, that implied his sense of the deception I had practised on him, in regard to the true nature of the relationship; and for a moment, while my hand firmly grasped the hilt of my sword, I hesitated whether I should not cut him down at my feet: I had self-command, however, to abstain from the outrage, and I have often since regretted I had. My own blood could have been but split in atonement for my just revenge; and as for the obloquy attached to the memory of the assassin, it could not have been more bitter than that which has followed me through life.

"For weeks I was insensible to any thing but the dreadful shock my soul had sustained. A heavy stupor weighed me down, and for a period it was supposed my reason was overthrown; no such mercy was reserved for me. The regiment had quitted the Highlands, and were now stationary in —, whither I had accompanied it in arrest. The restoration of my faculties was the signal for new persecutions. Scarcely had the medical officers reported me fit to sustain the ordeal, when a court-martial was assembled to try me on a variety of charges. Who was my prosecutor? Listen, Clara," and he shook her violently by the arm. "He who had robbed me of all that gave value to life, and incentive to honour,—he who, under the guise of friendship, had stolen into the Eden of my love, and left it barrenness of affection. In a word, you detested governor, to whose inhuman cruelty even the son of my brother has, by some strange fatality of coincidence, so recently fallen a second sacrifice. Curses, curses, on him," he pursued, with frightful vehemence, half rising as he spoke, and holding forth his right arm in a menacing attitude; "but the hour of retribution is at hand, and revenge, the exclusive passion of the gods, shall at length be mine. In no other country in the world—under no other circumstances than the present—could I have so secured it.

"What were the charges preferred against me?" he continued, with a violence that almost petrified the unhappy girl. "Hear them, and judge whether I have not cause for the inextinguishable hate that rankles at my heart. Every trifling disobedience of orders—every partial neglect of duty that could be raked up—was tortured into a specific charge; and as I have already admitted I had latterly transgressed not a little in this respect, these were numerous enough. Yet they were but preparatory to others of greater magnitude. Will you, can you believe

any thing half so atrocious, as that your father should have called on a petty officer not only to prove some violent and insubordinate language I had used in reference to the commanding officer in my own rooms, but also to substantiate a charge of cowardice, grounded on the unwillingness I had expressed to accompany the expedition, and the extraordinary trepidation I had evinced, while preparing for the duty, manifested, as it was stated to be, by the various errors he had rectified in my equipment with his own hands? Yes, even this pitiful charge was one of the many preferred; but the severest was that which he had the unblushing effrontery to make the subject of public investigation, rather than of private redress—the blow I had struck him in his own apartments. And who was his witness in this monstrous charge?—your mother, Clara. Yea, I stood as a criminal in her presence; and yet she came forward to tender an evidence that was to consign me to a disgraceful sentence.

My vile prosecutor had, moreover, the encouragement, the sanction of his colonel throughout, and by him he was upheld in every contemptible charge his ingenuity could devise. Do you not anticipate the result?—I was found guilty, and dismissed the service.

"What agonies of mind I endured,—what burning tears I lightly shed upon a pillow I was destined to press in freezing loneliness,—what hours of solitude I passed, far from the haunts of my fellow-men, and forming plans of vengeance,—it would take much longer time to relate than I have actually bestowed on my unhappy history. To comprehend their extent and force you must understand the heart of fire in which the deep sense of injury had taken root; but the night wears away, and briefly told must be the remainder of my tale. The rebellion of forty-five saw me in arms in the Scottish ranks; and, in one instance, opposed to the regiment from which I had been so ingenuously expelled. Never did revenge glow like a living fire in the heart of man as it did in mine; for the effect of my long brooding in solitude had been to inspire me with a detestation, not merely for those who had been most rancorous in their enmity, but for every thing that wore the uniform, from the commanding officer down to the meanest private. Every blow that I dealt, every life that I sacrificed, was an insult washed away from my attainted honour; but him whom I most sought in the mêlée I never could reach. At length the corps to which I had attached myself was repulsed, and I saw, with rage in my heart, that my enemy still lived to triumph in the fruit of his villany.

"Although I was grown considerably in stature at this period, and was otherwise greatly altered in appearance, I had been recognised in the action by numbers of the regiment; and, indeed, more than once I had, in the intoxication of my rage, accompanied the blow that slew or maimed one of my former associates with a declaration of the name of him who inflicted it. The consequence was, I was denounced as a rebel and an outlaw, and a price was put upon my head. Accustomed, however, as I had ever been, to rocks and fastnesses, I had no difficulty in eluding the vigilance of those who were sent in pursuit of me; and thus compelled to live wholly apart from my species, I at length learned to hate them, and to know that man is the only enemy of man upon earth.

"A change now came over the spirit of my vengeance; for about this period your mother died. She was the only being I had ever looked upon with fondness; and deeply even as I had been injured by her, I wept her memory with many a scalding tear. This, however, only increased my hatred for him who had rioted in her beauty and supplanted me in her devotedness. I had the means of learning, occasionally, all that passed in the regiment, and the same account that brought me the news of your mother's death, also gave me the intelligence that three children had been the fruit of her union with De Haldimar. I heard moreover, (and this gave me pleasure,) that their father doated on them; and from that moment I resolved to turn his cup of joy into bitterness, even as he had turned mine. I no longer sought his life; for the jealousy that had half impelled that thirst existed no longer; but, deeming his cold nature at least accessible through his parental affection, I was resolved that in his children he should suffer a portion of the agonies he had inflicted on me. I waited, however, until they should be grown up to an age when the heart of the parent would be more likely to mourn their loss; and then I was determined my vengeance should be complete.

"Circumstances singularly favoured my design. Many years afterwards, the regiment formed one of the expedition against Quebec under General Wolfe. They were commanded by your father, who, in the course of promotion, had obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy; and I observed by the army list, that a subaltern of the same name,

whom I presumed to be his eldest son, was in the corps. Here was a field for my vengeance beyond any I could have hoped for. I contrived to pass over into Cornwall, the ban of outlawry being still unrepaid: and having procured from my brother a sum sufficient for my necessities, and bade him an eternal farewell, embarked in a fishing-boat for the coast of France, whence I subsequently took a passage to this country. At Montreal I found the French general, who gladly received my allegiance as a subject of France, and gave me a commission in one of the provincial corps that usually served in concert with our Indian allies. With the general I soon became a favourite; and, as a mark of his confidence, at the attack on Quebec, he entrusted me with the command of a detached irregular force, consisting partly of Canadians and partly of Indians, intended to harass the flanks of the British army. This gave me an opportunity of being at whatever point of the field I might think most favourable to my design; and I was too familiar with the detested uniform of the regiment not to be able to distinguish it from afar. In a word, Clara, for I am weary of my own tale, in that engagement I had an opportunity of recognising your brother. He struck me by his martial appearance as he encouraged his grenadiers to the attack of the French columns; and, as I turned my eye upon him in admiration, I was stung to the soul by his resemblance to his father. Vengeance thrilled throughout every fibre of my frame at that moment. The opportunity I had long sought was at length arrived; and already, in anticipation, I enjoyed the conquest his fall would occasion to my enemy. I rushed within a few feet of my victim; but the bullet aimed at his heart was received in the breast of a faithful soldier, who had flown to intercept it. How I cursed the meddler for his officiousness!"

"Oh, that soldier was your nephew," eagerly interrupted Clara, pointing towards her companion, who had fallen into a profound slumber, "the husband of this unfortunate woman. Frank Halloway (for by that name was he alone known in the regiment) loved my brother as though he had been of the same blood. He it was who flew to receive the ball that was destined for another. But I nursed him on his couch of suffering, and with my own hands prepared his food and dressed his wound. Oh, if pity can touch your heart (and I will not believe that a heart that once felt as you say yours has felt, can be inaccessible to pity), let the recollection of your nephew's devotedness to my mother's child disarm you of vengeance, and induce you to restore us!"

"Never!" thundered Wacosta, "never! The very circumstance you have now named is an additional incentive to my vengeance. My nephew saved the life of your brother at the hazard of his own; and how has he been rewarded for the generous deed? By an ignominious death, inflicted, perhaps, for some offence not more dishonouring than those which have thrown me an outcast upon these wilds; and that at the command and in the presence of the father of him whose life he was fool enough to preserve. Yet, what but ingratitude of the grossest nature could a Morton expect at the hands of the false family of De Haldimar! They were destined to be our hane, and well have they fulfilled the end for which they were created."

"Almighty Providence," aspirated the sinking Clara, as she turned her streaming eyes to heaven; "can it be that the human heart can undergo such change? Can this be the being who once loved my mother with a purity and tenderness of affection that angels themselves might hallow with approval; or is all that I have heard but a bewildering dream?"

"No, Clara," calmly and even solemnly returned the warrior; "it is no dream, but a reality—a sad, dreadful, heart-rending reality; yet, if I am that altered being, to whom is the change to be ascribed? Who turned the generous current of my blood into a river of overflowing gall?—Your father! But these are idle words. What I have been, you know; what I now am, and through what agency I have been rendered what I now am, you know also. Not more fixed is fate than my purpose. Your brother dies even on the spot on which my nephew died; and you, Clara, shall be my bride; and the first thing your children shall be taught to lip shall be curses on the vile name of De Haldimar!"

"Once more, in the name of my sainted mother, I implore you to have mercy," shrieked the unhappy Clara. "Oh!" she continued with vehement supplication, "let the days of your early love be brought back to your memory, that your heart may be softened; and cut yourself not wholly off from your God, by the commission of such dreadful outrages. Again, I conjure you, restore us to my father."

"Never!" avavely repeated Wacosta. "I have

passed years of torture in the hope of such an hour as this; and now that fruition is within my grasp, may I perish if I forego it! Ha, sir!" turning from the almost fainting Clara to Sir Everard, who had listened with deep attention to the history of this extraordinary man;—"for this," and he thrust aside the breast of his hunting coat, exhibiting the scar of a long but superficial wound,—for this do you owe me a severe reckoning. I would recommend you, however,"—and he spoke in mockery,— "when next you drive a weapon into the chest of an unresisting enemy, to be more certain of your aim. Had that been as true as the blow from the butt of your rifle, I should not have lived to triumph in this hour. I little deemed," he pursued, still addressing the nearly broken officer in the same insolent strain, "that my intrigue with that dark-eyed daughter of the old Canadian would have been the means of throwing your companion so speedily into my power, after his first narrow escape. Your disguise was well managed, I confess; and but that there is an instinct about me, enabling me to discover a De Haldimar, as a hound does the deer, by scent, you might have succeeded in passing for what you appeared. But!" (and his tone suddenly changed its irony for fierceness) "to the point, sir. That you are the lover of this girl I clearly perceive, and death were preferable to a life enlivened by the recollection that she whom we love reposes in the arms of another. No such kindness is meant you, however. To-morrow you shall return to the fort; and, when there, you may tell your colonel, that, in exchange for a certain miniature and letters, which, in the hurry of departure, I dropped in his apartment, some ten days since, Sir Reginald Morton, the outlaw, has taken his daughter Clara to wife, but without the solemnisation of those tedious forms that bound himself in accursed union with her mother. Oh! what would I not give," he continued bitterly, "to witness the pang inflicted on his false heart, when first the damning truth arrests his ear. Never did I know the triumph of my power until now; for what revenge can be half so sweet as that which attains a loathed enemy through the dishonour of his child? But, hark! what mean those sounds?"

A loud yelling was now heard at some distance in rear of the tent. Presently the bounding of many feet on the turf was distinguishable; and then, at intervals, the peculiar cry that announces the escape of a prisoner. Wacosta started to his feet, and fiercely grasping his tomahawk, advanced to the front of the tent, where he seemed to listen for a moment attentively, as if endeavouring to catch the direction of the pursuit.

"Ha! by heaven!" he exclaimed, "there must be treachery in this, or yon slippery captain would not so soon be at his flight again, bound as I had bound him. Still uttering a defiance yell, and rushing past Sir Everard, near whom he paused an instant, as if undecided whether he should not first dispose of him as a precautionary measure, he flew with the speed of an antelope in the direction in which he was guided by the gradually receding sounds.

"The knife, Miss de Haldimar," exclaimed Sir Everard, at a few moments of breathless and intense anxiety. "See, there is one in the belt that Ellen Halloway has girt round her loins. Quick, for heaven's sake, quick; our only chance of safety is in this."

With an activity arising from her despair, the unhappy Clara sprang from the rude couch on which she had been left by Wacosta, and stooping over the form of the maniac, extended her hand to remove the weapon from her side; but Ellen, who had been awakened from her long slumber by the yell just uttered, seemed resolute to prevent it. A struggle for its possession now ensued between these frail and delicate beings; in which Clara, however, had the advantage, not only from the recumbent position of her opponent, but from the greater security of her grasp. At length, with a violent effort, she contrived to disengage it from the sheath, around which Ellen had closely clasped both her hands; but, with the quickness of thought, the latter were again clenched round the naked blade, and without any other evident motive than what originated in the obstinacy of her madness, the unfortunate woman fiercely attempted to wrest it away. In the act of doing so, her hands were dreadfully cut; and Clara, shocked at the sight of the blood she had been the means of shedding, lost all the energy she had summoned, and sunk senseless at the feet of the maniac, who now began to utter the most piteous cries.

"Oh, God, we are lost, exclaimed Sir Everard; the voice of that wretched woman has alarmed our enemy, and even now I hear him approaching. Quick, Clara, give me the knife. But no, it is now too late; he is here."

At that instant, the dark form of a warrior rushed

noiselessly to the spot on which he stood. The officer turned his eyes in desperation on his enemy, but a single glance was sufficient to assure him it was not Wacosta. The Indian paused not in his course, but passing close round the tree to which the baronet was attached, made a circular movement, that brought him in a line with the direction that had been taken by his enemy; and again they were left alone.

A new fear now oppressed the heart of the unfortunate Valcott, even to agony: Clara still lay senseless, speechless before him; and his impression was, that, in the struggle, Ellen Halloway had murdered her. The latter yet continued her cries; and, as she held up her hands, he could see by the fire-light they were covered with blood. An instinctive impulse caused him to bound forward to the assistance of the motionless Clara; when, to his infinite surprise and joy, he discovered the cord, which had bound him to the tree, to be severed. The Indian who had just passed had evidently been his deliverer; and a sudden flash of recollection recalled the figure of the warrior that had escaped from the schooner and was supposed to have leaped into the canoe of Oucanasta at the moment when Madeline de Haldimar was removed into that of the Canadian.

In a transport of conflicting feelings, Sir Everard now raised the insensible Clara from the ground; and, having satisfied himself she had sustained no serious injury, prepared for a fight which he felt to be desperate, if not altogether hopeless. There was not a moment to be lost, for the cries of the wretched Ellen increased in violence, as she seemed sensible she was about to be left utterly alone; and ever and anon, although afar off, yet evidently drawing nearer, was to be heard the fierce, deeply menacing yell of Wacosta. The spot in which the officer stood, was not far from that whence his unfortunate friend had commenced his flight on the first memorable occasion; and as the moon shone brightly in the cloudless heavens, there could be no mistake in the course he was to pursue. Dashing down the steep, therefore, with all the speed his beloved burden would enable him to attain, he made immediately for the bridge over which his only chance of safety lay.

It unfortunately happened, however, that, induced either by the malice of her insanity, or really terrified at the loneliness of her position, the wretched Ellen Halloway had likewise quitted the tent, and now followed close in the rear of the fugitive, still uttering the same piercing cries of anguish. The voice of Wacosta was also again heard in the distance; and Sir Everard had the inexpressible horror to find that, guided by the shrieks of the maniac woman, he was now shaping his course, not to the tent where he had left his prisoners, but in an oblique direction towards the bridge, where he evidently hoped to intercept them. Aware of the extreme disadvantages under which he laboured in a competition of speed with his active enemy, the unhappy officer would have been terminated the struggle, had he not been partially sustained by the hope that the detachment prayed for by De Haldimar, through the friendly young chief, to whom he owed his own liberation, might be about this time on its way to attempt their rescue. This thought supported his faltering resolution, although nearly exhausted with his efforts—compelled, as he was, to sustain the motionless form of the slowly reviving Clara; and he again braced himself to the unequal fight. The moon still shone beautifully bright, and he could now distinctly see the bridge over which he was to pass; but notwithstanding he strained his eyes as he advanced, no vestige of a British uniform was to be seen in the open space that lay beyond. Once he turned to regard his pursuers. Ellen was a few yards only in his rear; and considerably beyond her rose, in tall relief against the heavens, the gigantic form of the warrior. The pursuit of the latter was now conducted with a silence that terrified even more than the yell he had previously uttered; and he gained so rapidly on his victims, that the tread of his large feet was now distinctly audible. Again the officer, with despair in his heart, made the most incredible exertions to reach the bridge, without seeming to reflect that, even when there, no security was offered him against his enemy. Once, as he drew nearer, he fancied he saw the dark heads of human beings peering from under that part of the arch which had afforded cover to De Haldimar and himself on the memorable occasion of their departure with the Canadian; and, convinced that the warriors of Wacosta had been sent there to lie in ambush and intercept his retreat, his hopes were utterly paralysed; and although he stopped not, his flight was rather mechanical than the fruit of any systematic plan of escape.

He had now gained the extremity of the bridge, with Ellen Halloway and Wacousta close in his rear, when suddenly the heads of many men were once more distinguishable, even in the shadow of the arch that overhung the sands of the river. Three individuals detached themselves from the group, and leaping upon the further extremity of the bridge, moved rapidly to meet him. Meanwhile the baronet had stopped suddenly, as if in doubt whether to advance or to recede. His suspense was but momentary. Although the persons of these men were disguised as Indian warriors, the broad moonlight that beamed full on their countenances disclosed the well-remembered features of Blessington, Erskine, and Charles de Haldimar. The latter sprang before his companions, and, uttering a cry of joy, sank in speechless agony on the neck of his still unconscious sister.

"For God's sake, free me, De Haldimar!" exclaimed the excited baronet, disengaging his charge from the embrace of his friend. "This is no moment for gratulation. Erskine, Blessington, see you not who is behind me? Be upon your guard; defend your lives!" And as he spoke, he rushed forward with faint and tottering steps to place his companions between the unhappy girl and the danger that threatened her.

The swords of the officers were drawn; but instead of advancing upon the formidable being, who stood as if paralysed at this unexpected rencontre, the two seniors contented themselves with assuming a defensive attitude, retreating slowly and gradually towards the other extremity of the bridge.

Overcome by his emotion, Charles de Haldimar had not noticed this action of his companions, and stood apparently riveted to the spot. The voice of Blessington calling on him by name to retire, seemed to arouse the dormant consciousness of the unhappy maniac. She uttered a piercing shriek, and springing forward, sank on her knees at his feet, exclaiming, as she forcibly detained him by his dress—

"Almighty Heaven! where am I? surely that was Captain Blessington's kind voice I heard; and you—you are Charles de Haldimar. Oh! save my husband; plead for him with your father!—but no," she continued wildly,—"he is dead—he is murdered! Behold these hands all covered with his blood! Oh!—"

"Ha! another De Haldimar! He exclaimed Wacousta, recovering his slumbering energies, "this spot seems indeed fated for our meeting. More than thrice have I been balked of my just revenge, but now will I secure it. Thus, Ellen, do I avenge my husband's and my nephew's death. My own wrongs demand another sacrifice. But, ha! where is she? where is Clara? where is my bride?"

Bounding over the ill-fated De Haldimar, who lay, even in death, firmly clasped in the embrace of the wretched Ellen, the fierce man dashed furiously forward to renew his pursuit of the fugitives. But suddenly the extremity of the bridge was filled with a column of armed men, that kept issuing from the arch beneath. Sensible of his danger, he sought to make good his retreat; but when he turned for the purpose, the same formidable array met his view at the opposite extremity; and both parties now rapidly advanced in double quick time, evidently with a view of closing upon and taking him prisoner. In this dilemma, his only hope was in the assistance that might be rendered him by his warriors. A yell, so terrific as to be distinctly heard in the fort itself, burst from his vast chest, and rolled in prolonged echoes through the forest. It was faintly answered from the encampment, and met by deep but noiseless curses from the exasperated soldiery, whom the sight of their murdered officer was momentarily working into frenzy.

"Kill him not, for your lives!—I command you, men, kill him not!" muttered Captain Blessington with suppressed passion, as his troops were preparing to immolate him on their clattering bayonets. "Such a death were, indeed, mercy to such a villain."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Wacousta in bitter scorn; "who is there of all your accused regiment who will dare to take him alive?" Then brandishing his tomahawk around him, to prevent their finally closing, he dealt his blows with such astonishing velocity, that no unguarded point was left about his person; and more than one soldier was brought to the earth in the course of the unequal struggle.

"By G—d!" said Captain Erskine, "are the two best companies of the regiment to be kept at bay by a single desperado? Shame on ye, fellows! If his hands are too many for you, lay him by the heels!"

This rule was practised with success. In attempting to defend himself from the attack of those who sought to throw him down, the warrior necessarily left his upper

person exposed; when advantage was taken to close with him and deprive him of the play of his arms. It was not, however, without considerable difficulty, that they succeeded in disarming and binding his hands; after which a strong cord being fastened round his waist, he was tightly lashed to a gun, which, contrary to the original intention of the governor, had been sent out with the expedition. The retreat of the detachment then commenced rapidly; but it was not without being hotly pursued by the band of warriors the yell of Wacousta had summoned in pursuit, that they finally gained the fort: under what feelings of sorrow for the fate of an officer so beloved, we leave it to our readers to imagine.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The morning of the next day dawned on few who had pressed their customary couches—on none, whose feverish pulse and bloodshot eye failed to attest the utter sleeplessness in which the night had been passed. Numerous groups of men were to be seen assembling after the reveille, in various parts of the barrack square—those who had borne a part in the recent expedition commingling with those who had not, and recounting to the latter, with mournful look and voice, the circumstances connected with the bereavement of their universally lamented officer. As none, however, had seen the blow struck that deprived him of life, although each had heard the frantic exclamations of a voice that had been recognised for Ellen Halloway's, much of the marvellous was necessarily mixed up with truth in their narrative,—some positively affirming Mr. de Haldimar had not once quitted his party, and declaring that nothing short of a supernatural agency could have transported him unnoticed to the fatal spot, where, in their advance, they had beheld him murdered. The singular appearance of Ellen Halloway also, at that moment, on the very bridge on which she had pronounced her curse on the family of De Haldimar, and in company with the terrible and mysterious being who had borne her off in triumph on that occasion to the forest, and under circumstances calculated to excite the most superstitious impressions, was not without its weight in determining their rude speculations; and all concurred in opinion, that the death of the unfortunate young officer was a judgment on their colonel for the little mercy he had extended to the noble-hearted Halloway.

Then followed allusion to their captive, whose gigantic stature and efforts at escape, tremendous even as the latter were, were duly exaggerated by each, with the very laudable view of claiming a proportionate share of credit for his own individual exertions; and many and various were the opinions expressed as to the manner of death he should be made to suffer. Among the most conspicuous of the orators were those with whom our readers have already made slight acquaintance in our account of the sortie by Captain Erskine's company for the recovery of the supposed body of Frederick de Haldimar. One was for impaling him alive, and setting him up to rot on the platform above the gate. Another for blowing him from the muzzle of a twenty-four pounder, into the centre of the first band of Indians that approached the fort, that thus perceiving they had lost the strength and sinew of their cunning war, they might be the more easily induced to propose terms of peace. A third was of opinion he ought to be chained to the top of the flag-staff, as a target, to be shot at with arrows only, contriving never to touch a mortal part. A fourth would have had him tied naked over the sharp spikes that constituted the chevaux-de-frize garnishing the sides of the drawbridge. Each devised some new death—proposed some new torture; but all were of opinion, that simply to be shot, or even to be hanged, was too merciful a punishment for the wretch who had so wantonly and inhumanly butchered the kind-hearted, gentle-mannered officer, whom they had almost all known and loved from his very boyhood; and they looked forward, with mingled anxiety and vengeance, to the moment when, summoned as it was expected he shortly would be, before the assembled garrison, he would be made to expiate the atrocity with his blood.

While the men thus gave indulgence to their indignation and their grief, their officers were even more painfully affected. The body of the ill-fated Charles had been borne to his apartment, where, divested of its disguise, it had again been inducted in such apparel as was deemed suited to the purpose. Extended on the very bed on which he lay at the moment when she, whose maniac raving, and forcible detention, had been the immediate cause of his destruction, had preferred her wild but fruitless supplication for mercy, he exhibited, even in death, the same delicate beauty that had characterised him on

that occasion; yet, with a mildness and serenity of expression on his still, pale features, strongly in contrast with the agitation and glow of excitement that then distinguished him.

Around the bed were grouped nearly all the officers, standing in attitudes indicative of anxiety and interest, and gazing mournfully on the placid features of their ill-fated friend. All, on entering, moved noiselessly over the rude floor, as though fearful of disturbing the repose of one who merely slumbered; and the same precaution was extended to the brief but heart-felt expressions of sorrow that passed from one to the other, as they gazed on all that remained of the gentle De Haldimar.

Gradually the officers moved away in the same noiseless manner they had approached, either in pursuance of their several duties, or to make their toilet of the morning. Two only of their number remained near the couch of death.

"Poor unfortunate De Haldimar!" observed one of these, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself; "too fatally, indeed, have your forebodings been realised; and what I considered as the mere despondency of a mind crushed into feebleness by an accumulation of suffering, was, after all, but the first presentiment of a death no human power might avert. By heaven! I would give up half my own being to be able to reanimate that form once more,—but the wish is vain."

"Who shall announce the intelligence to his sister?" sighed his companion. "Never will that already nearly heart-broken girl be able to survive the shock of her brother's death. Blessington, you alone are fitted to such a task; and, painful as it is, you must undertake it. Is the colonel apprised of the dreadful truth, do you know?"

"He is. It was told him at the moment of our arrival last night; but from the little outward emotion displayed by him, I should be tempted to infer he had almost anticipated some such catastrophe."

"Poor, poor Charles!" bitterly exclaimed Sir Everard Vallerot—for it was he. "What would I not give to recall the rude manner in which I spurned you from me last night. But, alas! what could I do, laden with such a trust, and pursued, without the power of defence, by such an enemy? Little, indeed, did I imagine what was so speedily to be your doom! Blessington," he pursued, with increased emotion, "it grieves me to wretchedness to think that he, whom I loved as though he had been my twin brother, should have perished with his last thoughts, perhaps, lingering on the seeming unkindness with which I had greeted him after so anxious an absence."

"Nay, if there be blame, it must attach to me," sorrowfully observed Captain Blessington. "Had Erskine and myself not retired before the savage, as we did, our unfortunate friend would in all probability have been alive at this very hour. But in our anxiety to draw the former into the ambuscade we had prepared for him, we utterly overlooked that Charles was not retreating with us."

"How happened it?" demanded Sir Everard, his attention naturally directed to the subject by the preceding remarks, "that you lay thus in ambuscade, when the object of the expedition, as solicited by Frederick de Haldimar, was an attempt to reach us in the encampment of the Indians?"

"It certainly was under that impression we left the fort; but, on coming to the spot where the friendly Indian lay waiting to conduct us, he proposed the plan we subsequently adopted as the most likely, not only to secure the escape of the prisoners, whom he pledged himself to liberate, but to defend ourselves with advantage against Wacousta and the immediate guard set over them, should they follow in pursuit. Erskine approving, as well as myself, of the plan, we halted at the bridge, and disposed of our men under each extremity; so that, if attacked by the Indians in front, we might be enabled to throw them into confusion by taking them in rear, as they flung themselves upon the bridge. The event seemed to answer our expectations. The alarm raised in the encampment satisfied us the young Indian had contrived to fulfil his promise; and we momentarily looked for the appearance of those whose flight we naturally supposed would be directed towards the bridge. To our great surprise, however, we remarked that the sounds of pursuit, instead of approaching us, seemed to take an opposite direction, apparently towards the point whence we had seen the prisoners removed in the morning. At length, when almost tempted to regret we had not pushed boldly on, in conformity with our first intention, we heard the shrill cries of a woman; and, not long afterwards, the sounds of human feet rushing down the slope. What our sensations were, you may imagine; for we all believed it

to be either Clara or Madeline de Haldimar fleeing alone, and pursued by our ferocious enemies. To show ourselves would, we were sensible, be to ensure the death of the pursued, before we could possibly come up; and, although it was with difficulty we repressed the desire to rush forward to the rescue, our better judgment prevailed. Finally we saw you approach, followed closely by what appeared to be a mere boy of an Indian, and, at a considerable distance, by the tall warrior of the Fleur de lis. We imagined there was time enough for you to gain the bridge; and finding your more formidable pursuer was only accompanied by the youth already alluded to, conceived at that moment the design of making him our prisoner. Still there were half a dozen muskets ready to be levelled on him should he approach too near to his fugitives, or manifest any other design than that of simply recapturing them. How well our plan succeeded you are aware; but, alas! and he glanced sorrowfully at the corpse, "why was our success to be embittered by so great a sacrifice?"

"Ah, would to heaven that he at least had been spared," sighed Sir Everard, as he took the wan white hand of his friend in his own; "and yet I know not: he looks so calm, so happy in death, it is almost selfish to repine he has escaped the horrors that still await us in this dreadful warfare. But what of Frederick and Madeline de Haldimar? From the last statement you have given, they must have been liberated by the young Ottawa before he came to me; yet, what could have induced them to have taken a course of flight so opposite to that which promised them only chance of safety?"

"Heaven only knows," returned Captain Blessington. "I fear they have again been recaptured by the savages; in which case their doom is scarcely doubtful; unless, indeed, our prisoner of last night be given up in exchange for them."

"Then will their liberty be purchased at a terrible price," remarked the baronet. "Will you believe, Blessington, that that man, whose civility to our colonel seems almost devilish, was once an officer in this very regiment?"

"You astonish me, Valcourt. Impossible! and yet it has always been apparent to me they were once associates."

"I heard him relate his history only last night to Clara, whom he had the audacity to sully with proposals to become his bride," pursued the baronet. "His tale was a most extraordinary one. He narrated it, however, only up to the period when the life of De Haldimar was attempted by him at Quebec. But with his subsequent history we are all acquainted, through the fame of his bloody atrocities in all the posts that have fallen into the hands of Pontiac. That man, savage and even fiendish as he now is, was once possessed of the noblest qualities. I am sorry to say it; but Colonel de Haldimar has brought this present affliction upon himself. At some future period I will tell you all."

"Alas," said Captain Blessington, "poor Charles, then, has been made to pay the penalty of his father's errors; and, certainly, the greatest of these was his dooming the unfortunate Halloway to death in the manner he did."

"What think you of the fact of Halloway being the nephew of this extraordinary man, and both of his family?" demanded Sir Everard.

"Indeed! and was the latter, then, aware of the connection?"

"Not until last night," replied Sir Everard. "Some observations made by the wretched wife of Halloway, in the course of which she named his true name, (which was that of the warrior also,) first indicated the fact to the latter. But, what became of that unfortunate creature?—was she brought in?"

"I understand not," said Captain Blessington. "In the confusion and hurry of securing our prisoner, and the apprehension of immediate attack from his warriors, Ellen was entirely overlooked. Some of my men say they left her lying, insensible, on the spot whence they had raised the body of our unfortunate friend, which they had some difficulty in releasing from her convulsive embrace. But, hark! there is the first drum for parade, and I have not yet exchanged my Indian garb."

Captain Blessington now quitted the room, and Sir Everard, relieved from the restraining presence of his companions, gave free vent to his emotion, throwing himself upon the body of his friend, and giving utterance to the feelings of anguish that oppressed his heart.

He had continued some minutes in this position, when he fancied he felt the warm tears of a human being bedewing a hand that rested on the neck of his unfortunate friend. He looked up, and, to his infinite surprise,

beheld Clara de Haldimar standing before him at the opposite side of the bed. Her likeness to her brother, at that moment, was so striking, that, for a second or two, the irrepressible thought passed through the mind of the officer, it was not a living being he gazed upon, but the immaterial spirit of his friend. The whole attitude and appearance of the wretched girl, independently of the fact of her noiseless entrance, tended to favour the delusion. Her features, of an ashy paleness, seemed fixed, even as those of the corpse beneath him; and, but for the tears that coursed silently down her cheek, there was scarcely an outward evidence of emotion.

"You are surprised to see me here, mingling my grief with yours, Sir Everard," she said at length observed, with the same calm mien, and in tones of touching sweetness. "I came, with my father's permission, to take a last farewell of him whose death has broken my heart. I expected to be alone; but—Nay, do not go," she added, perceiving that the officer was about to depart. "Had you not been here, I should have sent for you; for we have both a sacred duty to perform. May I not ask your hand?"

Dismayed at her collected manner, the young officer gazed at her with the deepest sorrow depicted in every line of his own countenance. He extended his hand, and Clara, to his surprise, grasped and pressed it firmly. "It was the wish of this poor boy that his Clara should be the wife of his friend, Sir Everard. Did he ever express such to you?"

"It was the fondest desire of his heart," returned the baronet, unable to restrain the emotion of joy that mingled, despite of himself, with his worst apprehensions.

"I need not ask how you received his proposal," continued Clara, with the same calmness of manner. "Last night," she pursued solemnly, "I was the bride of the murderer of my brother, of the lover of my mother—to-morrow night I may be the bride of death; but to-night I am the bride of my brother's friend. Yes, here am I come to pledge myself to the fulfilment of his wish. If you deem a heart-broken girl not unworthy of you, I am your wife, Sir Everard; and, recollect, it is a solemn pledge, that which a sister gives over the lifeless body of a brother, beloved as this has been."

"Oh, Clara—dearest Clara," passionately exclaimed the excited young man, "if a life devoted to your happiness can repay you for this, count upon it as you would upon your eternal salvation. In you will I love both my friend and the sister he has bequeathed to me, Clara, my betrothed wife, summon all the energies of your nature to sustain this cruel shock; and exert yourself for him who will be to you both a brother and a husband."

As he spoke he drew the unresisting girl towards him, and, locking her in his embrace, pressed, for the first time, the lips, which it had maddened him the preceding night to see polluted by the forcible kisses of Wacosta. But Clara shared not, but merely suffered his momentary happiness. Her cheek was not the crimson of excitement, neither were her tears discontinued. She seemed as one who mechanically submitted to what she had no power of resistance to oppose; and even in the embrace of her affianced husband, she exhibited the same death-like calm that had startled him at her first appearance. Religion could not hallow a purer feeling than that which had impelled the action of the young officer. The very consciousness of the sacred pledge having been exchanged over the corpse of his friend, imparted a holiness of fervour to his mind; and even while he pressed her, whom he secretly swore to love with all the affection of a fond brother and a husband united, he felt that if the spirit of him, who slept unconscious of the scene, were suffered to linger near, it would be to hallow it with approval.

"And now," said Clara at length, yet without attempting to disengage herself—"now that we are united, I would be alone with my brother. My husband, leave me."

Deeply touched at the name of husband, Sir Everard could not refrain from imprinting another kiss on the lips that uttered it. He then gently disengaged himself from his lovely but suffering creature, whom he deposited with her head resting on the bed; and making a significant motion of his hand to the woman, who, as well as old Morrison, had been spectators of the whole scene, stole gently from the apartment, under what mingled emotions of joy and grief it would be difficult to describe.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was the eighth hour of morning, and both officers and men, quitting their ill-relished meal, were to be seen

issuing to the parade, where the monotonous roll of the *assemblée* now summoned them. Presently the garrison was formed, presenting three equal sides of a square. The vacant space fronted the guard house, near on extremity of which was to be seen a flight of steps communicating with the rampart, where the flag-staff was erected. Several men were employed at this staff, passing strong ropes through iron pulleys that were suspended from the extreme top, while in the basement of the staff itself, to a height of about twenty feet, were stuck at intervals strong wooden pegs, serving as steps to the artillerymen for greater facility in clearing, when foul, the lines to which the colours were attached. The latter had been removed; and, from the substitution of a cord considerably stronger than that which usually appeared there, it seemed as if some far heavier weight was about to be appended to it. Gradually the men, having completed their unusual preparations, quitted the rampart and the flag-staff which was of tapering pine, was left totally unguarded.

The "Attention!" of Major Blackwater to the troops, who had been hitherto standing in attitudes of expectancy that rendered the injunction almost superfluous, announced the approach of the governor. Soon afterwards that officer entered the area, wearing his characteristic dignity of manner, yet exhibiting every evidence of one who had suffered deeply. Preparation for a drum-head court-martial, as in the first case of Halloway, had already been made within the square, and the only actor wanting in the drama was he who was to be tried.

Once Colonel de Haldimar made an effort to command his appearance, but the huskiness of his voice choked his utterance, and he was compelled to pause. After the lapse of a few moments, he again ordered, but in a voice that was remarked to falter.

"Mr. Lawson, let the prisoner be brought forth."

The feeling of suspense that ensued between the delivery and execution of this command was painful throughout the ranks. All were penetrated with curiosity to behold a man who had several times appeared to them under the most appalling circumstances, and against whom the strongest feeling of indignation had been excited for his barbarous murder of Charles de Haldimar. It was with mingled awe and anger they now awaited his approach. At length the captive was seen advancing from the cell in which he had been confined, his gigantic form towering far above those of the guard of grenadiers by whom he was surrounded; and with a haughtiness in his air, and insolence in his manner, that told he came to confront his enemy with a spirit unsoftened by the fate that too probably awaited him.

Many an eye was turned upon the governor at that moment. He was evidently struggling for composure to meet the scene he felt it to be impossible to avoid; and he turned pale and staid as his enemy drew near.

At length the prisoner stood nearly in the same spot where his unfortunate nephew had lingered on a former occasion. He was unchained; but his hands were firmly secured behind his back. He threw himself into an attitude of carelessness, resting on one foot, and tapping the earth with the other; riveting his eye, at the same time, with an expression of the most daring insolence, on the governor, while his swarthy cheek was moreover lighted up with a smile of the deepest scorn.

"You are Reginald Morton the outlaw, I believe," at length observed the governor in an uncertain tone, that, however, acquired greater firmness as he proceeded,—"one whose life has already been forfeited through his reasonable practices in Europe, and who has, moreover, incurred the penalty of an ignominious death, by acting in this country as a spy of the enemies of England. What say you, Reginald Morton, that you should not be convicted in the death that awaits the traitor?"

"Ha! ha! by heaven, such cold, pompous insolence amuses me," vociferated Wacosta. "It reminds me of Ensign de Haldimar of nearly five and twenty years back, who was then as cunning a dissembler as he is now." Suddenly changing his ribald tone to one of scorn and rage—"You believe me, you say, to be Reginald Morton, the outlaw. Well do you know it. I am that Sir Reginald Morton, who became an outlaw, not through his own crimes, but through your villany. Ay, frown as you may, I heed it not. You may award me death, but shall not chain my tongue. To your whole regiment do I proclaim you for a false, remorseless villain." Then turning his flashing eye along the ranks:—"I was once an officer in this corps, and long before any of you were the accursed uniform. That man, that fiend, affected to be my friend; and under the guise of friendship, stole into the heart I loved better than my

own life. Yes," fervently pursued the excited prisoner, stamping violently with his foot upon the earth, "he robbed me of my affianced wife; and for that I resented an outrage that should have banished him to some lone region, where he might never again pollute human nature with his presence—he caused me to be tried by a court martial, and dismissed the service. Then, indeed, I became the outlaw he has described, but not unthence. Now, Colonel de Haldimar, that I have proclaimed your infamy, poor and inefficient as the triumph be, do your worst—I ask no mercy. Yesterday I thought that years of toilsome pursuit of the means of vengeance were about to be crowned with success; but fate has turned the tables on me, and I yield."

To all but the baronet and Captain Blessington this declaration was productive of the utmost surprise. Every eye was turned upon the colonel. He grew impatient under the scrutiny, and demanded if the court, who meanwhile had been deliberating, satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, had come to a decision in regard to his punishment. An affirmative answer was given, and Colonel de Haldimar proceeded.

"Reginald Merton, with the private misfortunes of your former life we have nothing to do. It is the decision of this court, who are merely met out of form, that you suffer immediate death by hanging, as a just recompense for your double treason to your country. "There," and he pointed to the flag staff, "will you be exhibited to the misguided people whom your wicked artifices have stirred up into hostility against us. When they behold your fate, they will take warning from your example; and, finding we have heads and arms not to suffer offence with impunity, be more readily brought to obedience."

"I understand your allusion," coolly rejoined Wacosta, glancing earnestly at, and apparently measuring with his eye, the dimensions of the conspicuous scaffold on which he was to suffer. "You had ever a calculating head, De Haldimar, where any secret villany, any thing to promote your own selfish ends, was to be gained by it; but your calculation seems now, methinks, at fault."

Colonel de Haldimar looked at him enquiringly. "You have still a son left," pursued the prisoner with the same recklessness of manner, and in a tone denoting allusion to him who was no more, that caused an universal shudder throughout the ranks. "He is in the hands of the Ottawa Indians, and I am the friend of their great chief, inferior only in power among the tribe to himself. Think you that he will see me hanged up like a dog, and fail to avenge my disgraced death?"

"Ha! presumptuous renegade, is this the deep game you have in view? Hope you then to stipulate for the preservation of a life every way forfeited to the offended justice of your country? Dare you to cherish the belief, that, after the horrible threats so often denounced by you, you will again be left loose upon a career of crime and blood?"

"None of your cant, De Haldimar, as I once observed to you before," coolly retorted Wacosta, with bitter sarcasm. "Consult your own heart, and ask if its catalogue of crime be not far greater than my own: yet I ask not my life. I would but have the manner of my fate altered, and fain would die the death of the soldier I was before you rendered me the wretch I am. Methinks the boon is not so great, if the restoration of your son be the price."

"Do you mean, then," eagerly returned the governor, "that if the mere mode of your death be changed, my son shall be restored?"

"I do," was the calm reply.

"What pledge have we of the fact? What faith can we repose in the word of a fiend, whose brutal vengeance has already sacrificed the gentlest life that ever animated human clay?" Here the emotion of the governor almost choked his utterance, and considerable agitation and murmuring were manifested in the ranks.

"Gentle, said you?" replied the prisoner, musingly; "then did he resemble his mother, whom I loved, even as his brother resembles you whom I have so much reason to hate. Had I known the boy to be what you describe, I might have felt some touch of pity even while I delayed not to strike his death blow; but the false moonlight deceived me, and the detested name of De Haldimar, pronounced by the lips of my nephew's wife—that wife whom your cold blooded severity had widowed and driven mad—was in itself sufficient to ensure his doom."

"Inhuman ruffian!" exclaimed the governor, with increasing indignation; "to the point. "What pledge have you to offer that my son will be restored?"

"Nay, the pledge is easily given, and without much

risk. You have only to defer my death until your messenger return from his interview with Pontec. If Captain de Haldimar accompany him back, shoot me as I have requested; if he come not, then it is but to hang me after all!"

"Ha! I understand you; this is but a pretext to gain time, a device to enable your subtle brain to plan some mode of escape."

"As you will, Colonel de Haldimar," calmly retorted Wacosta; and again he sank into silence, with the air of one utterly indifferent to results.

"Do you mean," resumed the colonel, "that a request from yourself to the Ottawa chief will obtain the liberation of my son?"

"Unless the Indian be false as yourself, I do."

"And of the lady who is with him?" continued the colonel, colouring with anger.

"Of both."

"How is the message to be conveyed?"

"Ha, sir!" returned the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height, "now are you arrived at a point that is pertinent. My wampum belt will be the passport, and the safeguard of him you send; then for the communication. There are certain figures, as you are aware, that, traced on bark, answer the same purpose among the Indians with the European language of letters. Let my hands be cast loose," he pursued, but in a tone in which agitation and excitement might be detected, "and if bark be brought me, and a burnt stick or coal, I will give you not only a sample of Indian ingenuity, but a specimen of my own progress in Indian acquirements."

"What, free your hands, and thus afford you a chance of escape?" observed the governor, doubtfully.

Wacosta bent his steadfast gaze on him for a few moments as if he questioned he had heard aright. Then bursting into a wild and scornful laugh,—"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "This is, indeed, a high compliment you pay me at the expense of these fine fellows. What, Colonel de Haldimar afraid to liberate an unarmed prisoner, hemmed in by a forest of bayonets? "This is good; gentlemen, and he bent himself in sarcastic reverence to the astonished troops, "I beg to offer my very best congratulations on the high estimation in which you are held by your colonel!"

"Peace, sirrah!" exclaimed the governor, enraged beyond measure at the insolence of him who thus held him up to contempt before his men, "or, by heaven, I will have your tongue cut out!—Mr. Lawson, let what this fellow requires be procured immediately." Then addressing Lieutenant Boyce, who commanded the immediate guard over the prisoner,—"Let his hands be liberated, sir, and enjoin your men to be watchful of the movements of this supple traitor. His activity I know of old to be great, and he seems to have doubled it since he assumed that garb."

The command was executed, and the prisoner stood, once more, free and unfeathered in every muscular limb. A deep and unbroken silence ensued; and the return of the adjutant was momentarily expected. Suddenly a loud scream was heard, and the slight figure of a female, clad in white, came rushing from the piazza in which the apartment of the deceased De Haldimar was situated. It was Clara. The guard of Wacosta formed the fourth front of the square; but they were drawn up somewhat in the distance, so as to leave an open space of several feet at the angles. Through one of these the excited girl now passed into the area, with a wildness in her air and appearance that riveted every eye in painful interest upon her. She paused not until she had gained the side of the captive, at whose feet she now sank in an attitude expressive of the most profound despair.

"Tiger!—monster!" she raved, "restore my brother!—give me back the gentle life you have taken, or destroy my own! See, I am a weak defenceless girl: can you not strike?—you who have no pity for the innocent. But come," she pursued mournfully, regaining her feet and grasping his iron hand,—"come and see the sweet calm face of him you have slain:—come with me, and behold the image of Clara Beverley; and, if you ever loved her as you say you did, let your soul be touched with remorse for your crime."

The excitement and confusion produced by this unexpected interruption was great. Murmurs of compassion for the unhappy Clara, and of indignation against the prisoner, were no longer sought to be repressed by the men; while the officers, quitting their places in the ranks, grouped themselves indiscriminately in the foreground. Once, more impatient than his companions, sprang forward, and forcibly drew away the delicate hand that still grasped that of the captive. It was Sir Everard Vallerot.

"Clara, my beloved wife!" he exclaimed, to the astonishment of all who heard him, "pollute not your lips by further communion with such a wretch; his heart is as inaccessible to pity as the rugged rocks on which his spring-life was passed. For Heaven's sake,—for my sake,—linger not within his reach. There is death in his very presence."

"Your wife, sir!" haughtily observed the governor, with irrepressible astonishment and indignation in his voice; "what mean you?—Gentlemen, resume your places in the ranks. Clara—Miss de Haldimar, I command you to retire instantly to your apartment. We will discourse of this later, Sir Everard Vallerot. I trust you have not dared to offer an indignity to my child."

While he was yet turned to that officer, who had taken his post, as commanded, in the inner angle of the square, and with a countenance that denoted the conflicting emotions of his soul, he was suddenly startled by the confused shout and rushing forward of the whole body, both of officers and men. Before he had time to turn, a loud and well-remembered yell burst upon his ear. The next moment, to his infinite surprise and horror, he beheld the bold warrior rapidly ascending the very staff that had been destined for his scaffold, and with Clara in his arms!

Great was the confusion that ensued. To rush forward and surround the flag-staff, was the immediate action of the troops. Many of the men raised their muskets, and in the excitement of the moment, would have fired, had they not been restrained by their officers, who pointed out the certain destruction it would entail on the unfortunate Clara. With the rapidity of thought, Wacosta had snatched up his victim, while the attention of the troops was directed to the singular conversation passing between the governor and Sir Everard Vallerot, and darting through one of the open angles already alluded to, had gained the rampart before they had recovered from the stupor produced by his daring action. Stepping lightly upon the pegs, he had rapidly ascended to the utmost height of these, before any one thought of following him; and then grasping in his teeth the cord which was to have served for his execution, and holding Clara firmly against his chest, while he embraced the smooth staff with knees and feet closely compressed around it, accomplished the difficult ascent with an ease that astonished all who beheld him. Gradually, as he approached the top, the tapering pine waved to and fro; and at each moment it was expected, that, yielding to its united weight, it would snap asunder, and precipitate both Clara and himself, either upon the rampart, or into the ditch beyond.

More than one officer now attempted to follow the fugitive in his adventurous course; but even Lieutenant Johnstone, the most active and experienced in climbing of the party, was unable to rise more than a few yards above the pegs that afforded a footing, and the enterprise was abandoned as an impossibility. At length Wacosta was seen to gain the extreme summit. For a moment he turned his gaze anxiously beyond the town, in the direction of the bridge; and, after peeling forth one of his terrific yells, exclaimed, exultingly, as he turned his eye upon his enemy:—

"Well, colonel, what think you of this sample of Indian ingenuity? Did I not tell you," he continued, in mockery, "that, if my hands were but free, I would give you a specimen of my progress in Indian acquirements?"

"If you would avoid a death even more terrible than that of hanging," shouted the governor, in a voice of mingled rage and terror, "restore my daughter."

"Ha! ha! ha!—excellent!" vociferated the savage. "You threaten largely, my good governor; but your threats are harmless as those of a weak besieging army before an impregnable fortress. It is for the strongest, however, to pledge his terms. If I restore this girl to life, will you pledge yourself to mine?"

"Never!" thundered Colonel de Haldimar, with unusual energy. "Men, procure axes; cut the flag-staff down, since this is the only means left of securing your insolent traitor! Quick to your work: and mark, who first seizes him shall have promotion on the spot."

Axes were instantly procured, and two of the men now lent themselves vigorously to the task. Wacosta seemed to watch these preparations with evident anxiety; and to all it appeared as if his courage had been paralysed by this unexpected action. No sooner, however, had the axemen reached the heart of the staff, than, holding Clara forth over the edge of the rampart, he shouted,—

"One stroke more, and she perishes!"

Instantaneously the work was discontinued. A silence of a few moments ensued. Every eye was turned up.

ward,—every heart beat with terror to see the delicate girl, held by a single arm, and apparently about to be precipitated from that dizzying height. Again Wacousta shouted,—

"Life for life, De Haldimar! If I yield her shall I live?"

"No terms shall be dictated to me by a rebel, in the heart of my own fort," returned the governor. "Restore my child, and we will then consider what mercy may be extended to you."

"Well do I know what mercy dwells in such a heart as yours," gloomily remarked the prisoner; "but I come."

"Surround the staff, men," ordered the governor, in a low tone. "The instant he descends, secure him: lash him in every limb, nor suffer even his insolent tongue to be longer at liberty."

"Bye, for God's sake open the gate, and place men in readiness to lower the drawbridge," implored Sir Everard of the officer of the guard, and in a tone of deep emotion that was not meant to be overheard by the governor. "I fear the boldness of this vengeful man may lead him to some desperate means of escape."

While the officer whom he addressed issued a command, the responsibility of which he fancied he might, under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, take upon himself, Wacousta began his descent, not as before, by adhering to the staff, but by the rope which he held in his left hand, while he still supported the apparently senseless Clara against his right chest with the other.

"Now, Colonel de Haldimar, I hope your heart is at rest," he shouted, as he rapidly glided by the cord; "enjoy your triumph as best may suit your pleasure."

Every eye followed his movement with interest; every heart beat lighter at the certainty of Clara being again restored, and without other injury than the terror she must have experienced in such a scene. Each congratulated himself on the favourable termination of the terrible adventure, yet were all ready to spring upon and secure the desperate author of the wrong. Wacousta had now reached the centre of the flag-staff. Pausing for a moment, he grappled it with his strong and nervous feet, on which he apparently rested, to give a momentary relief to the muscles of his left arm. He then abruptly abandoned his hold, swinging himself out a few yards from the staff, and returning again, dashed his feet against it with a force that caused the weakened mass to vibrate to its very foundation. Impelled by his weight, and the violence of his action, the creaking pine gave way; its lofty top gradually bending over the exterior rampart until it finally snapped asunder, and fell with a loud crash across the ditch.

"Open the gate, down with the drawbridge!" exclaimed the excited governor.

"Down with the drawbridge," repeated Sir Everard to the men already stationed there ready to let loose at the first order. The heavy chains rattled sullenly through the rusty pulleys, and to each the bridge seemed an hour descending. Before it had reached its level, it was covered with the weight of many armed men rushing confusedly to the front; and the foremost of these leaped to the earth before it had sunk into its customary bed. Sir Everard Vallerot and Lieutenant Johnstone were in the front, both armed with their rifles, which had been brought them before Wacousta commenced his descent. Without order or combination, Erskine, Blessington, and nearly half of their respective companies, followed as they could; and dispersing as they advanced, sought only which could outstrip his fellows in the pursuit.

Meanwhile the fugitive, assisted in his fall by the gradual rending asunder of the staff, had obeyed the impulse first given to his active form, until, suddenly checking himself by the rope, he dropped with his feet downward into the centre of the ditch. For a moment he disappeared, then came again unharmed to the surface; and in the face of more than fifty men, who, lining the rampart with their muskets levelled to take him at advantage the instant he should reappear, seemed to laugh their efforts to scorn. Holding Clara before him as a shield, through which the bullets of his enemies must pass before they could attain him, he impelled his gigantic form with a backward movement towards the opposite bank, which he rapidly ascended; and, still frothing his enemies, commenced his flight in that manner with a speed which (considering the additional weight of the drenched garments of both) was inconceivable. The course taken by him was not through the town, but circuitously across the common until he arrived on that immediate line whence, as we have before stated, the bridge was distinctly visible from the rampart; on which, nearly the whole of the remaining troops, in defiance of

the presence of their austere chief, were now eagerly assembled, watching, with unspeakable interest, the progress of the chase.

Desperate as were the exertions of Wacousta, who evidently continued this mode of flight from a conviction that the instant his person was left exposed the fire-arms of his pursuers would be brought to bear upon him, the two officers in front, animated by the most extraordinary exertions, were rapidly gaining upon him. Already was one within fifty yards of him, when a loud yell was heard from the bridge. This was fiercely answered by the fleeing man, and in a manner that implied his glad sense of coming rescue. In the wild exultation of the moment, he raised Clara high above his head, to show her in triumph to the governor, whose person his keen eye could easily distinguish among those crowded upon the rampart. In the gratified vengeance of that hour, he seemed utterly to overlook the actions of those who were so near him. During this brief scene, Sir Everard had dropped upon one knee, and supporting his elbow on the other, aimed his rifle at the heart of the ravisher of his wife. An exulting shout burst from the pursuing troops. Wacousta bounded a few feet in air, and placing his hand to his side, uttered another yell, more appalling than any that had hitherto escaped him. His flight was now uncertain and wavering. He staggered as one who had received a mortal wound; and discontinuing his unequal mode of retreat, turned his back upon his pursuers, and threw all his remaining energies into a final effort at escape.

Inspired by the success of his shot, and expecting momentarily to see him fall weakened with the loss of blood, the excited Vallerot redoubled his exertions. To his infinite joy, he found that the efforts of the fugitive became feebler at each moment. Johnstone was about twenty paces behind him, and the pursuing party at about the same distance from Johnstone. The baronet had now reached his enemy, and already was the butt of his rifle raised with both hands with murderous intent when suddenly Wacousta, every feature distorted with rage and pain, turned like a wounded lion at bay, and eluding the blow, deposited the unconscious form of his victim upon the sword. Springing upon his infinitely weaker pursuer, he grappled him furiously by the throat, exclaiming through his clenched teeth:—

"Nay then, since you will provoke your fate—be it so. Die like a dog, and be d—d, for having balked me of my just revenge!"

As he spoke, he hurled the gasping officer to the earth with a violence that betrayed the dreadful excitement of his soul, and again hastened to assure himself of his prize.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Johnstone had come up, and seeing his companion struggling, as he presumed with advantage, with his severely wounded enemy, made it his first care to secure the unhappy girl; for whose recovery the pursuit had been principally instituted. Quitting his rifle, he now essayed to raise her in his arms. She was without life or consciousness, and the impression on his mind was that she was dead.

While in the act of raising her, the terrible Wacousta stood at his side, his vast chest heaving forth a laugh of mingled rage and contempt. Before the officer could extricate, with a view of defending himself, his arms were pinioned as though in a vice; and ere he could recover from his surprise, he felt himself lifted up and thrown to a considerable distance. When he opened his eyes a moment afterwards, he was lying amid the moving feet of his own men.

From the instant of the closing of the unfortunate Vallerot with his enemy, the Indians, hastening to the assistance of their chief, had come up, and a desultory fire had already commenced, diverting, in a great degree, the attention of the troops from the pursued. Emboldened by this new aspect of things, Wacousta now deliberately grasped the rifle that had been abandoned by Johnstone; and raising it to his shoulder, fired among the group collected on the ramparts. For a moment he watched the result of his shot, and then, pealing forth another fierce yell, he hurled the now useless weapon into the very heart of his pursuers; and again raising Clara in his arms, once more commenced his retreat, which, under cover of the fire of his party, was easily effected.

"Who has fallen?" demanded the governor of his adjutant, perceiving that some one had been hit at his side, yet without taking his eyes off his terrible enemy.

"Mr. Delme, sir," was the reply. "He has been shot through the heart, and his men are bearing him from the rampart."

"This must not be," resumed the governor with

energy. "Private feelings must no longer be studied at the expense of the public good. That pursuit is hopeless; and already too many of my officers have fallen. Desire the retreat to be sounded, Mr. Lawson. Captain Wentworth, let one or two covering guns be brought to bear upon the savages. They are gradually increasing in numbers; and if we delay, the party will be wholly cut off."

In issuing these orders, Colonel de Haldimar evinced a composure that astonished all who heard him. But although his voice was calm, despair was upon his brow. Still he continued to gaze fixedly on the retreating form of his enemy, until he finally disappeared behind the orchard of the Canadian of the Fleur de lis.

Obedying the summons from the fort, the troops with, out now commenced their retreat, bearing off the bodies of their fallen officers and several of their comrades who had fallen by the Indian fire. There was a show of harassing them on their return; but they were too near the fort to apprehend much danger. Two or three well-directed discharges of artillery effectually checked the onward progress of the savages; and, in the course of a minute, they had again wholly disappeared.

In gloomy silence, and with anger and disappointment in their hearts, the detachment now re-entered the fort. Johnstone was only severely bruised; Sir Everard Vallerot not dead. Both were conveyed to the same room, where they were instantly attended by the surgeon, who pronounced the situation of the latter hopeless.

Major Blackwater, Captains Blessington and Erskine, Lieutenants Leslie and Boyce, and Ensigns Fortescue and Summers, were now the only regimental officers that remained of thirteen originally comprising the strength of the garrison. The whole of these stood grouped around their colonel, who seemed transfixed to the spot; he had first occupied on the rampart, with his arms folded, and his gaze bent in the direction in which he had lost sight of Wacousta and his child.

Hitherto the morning had been cold and cheerless, and objects in the far distance were but indistinctly seen through a humid atmosphere. At about half an hour before mid-day the air became more rarified, and the murky clouds gradually disappearing, left the blue autumnal sky without spot or blemish. Presently, as the bells of the fort struck twelve, a yell as of a legion of devils rent the air; and, riveting their gaze in that direction, all beheld the bridge, hitherto deserted, suddenly covered with a multitude of savages, among whom were several individuals attired in the European garb, and evidently prisoners. Each officer had a telescope raised to his eye, and each prepared himself shudderingly for some horrid consummation. Presently the bridge was cleared of all but a double line of what appeared to be women, armed with war-clubs and tomahawks. Along the line were now seen to pass, in slow succession, the prisoners that had previously been observed. At each step they took (and it was evident they had been compelled to run the gauntlet), a blow was inflicted by some one or other of the line, until the wretched victims were successively despatched. A loud yell from the warriors, who, although hidden from view by the intervening orchards, were evidently merely spectators in the bloody drama, announced each death. These yells were repeated, at intervals, to about the number of thirty, when, suddenly, the bridge was again deserted as before.

After the lapse of a minute, the tall figure of a warrior was seen to advance, holding a female in his arms. No one could mistake, even at that distance, the gigantic proportions of Wacousta, as he stood in the extreme centre of the bridge, in imposing relief against the flood that glittered like a sea of glass beyond. From his chest there now burst a single yell; but, although audible, it was fainter than any remembered ever to have been heard from him by the garrison. He then advanced to the extreme edge of the bridge; and, raising the form of the female far above his head with his left hand, seemed to wave her in vengeful triumph. A second warrior was seen upon the bridge, and stealing cautiously to the same point. The right hand of the first warrior was now raised and brandished in air; in the next instant it descended upon the breast of the female, who fell from his arms into the ravine beneath. Yells of triumph from the Indians, and shouts of execration from the soldiers, mingled faintly together. At that moment the arm of the second warrior was raised, and a blade was seen to glitter in the sunlight. His arm descended, and Wacousta was observed to stagger forward and fall heavily into the abyss into which his victim had the instant before been precipitated. Another loud yell, but of disappointment and anger, was heard drowning that of exultation pealed by the triumphant warrior, who, darting to the open ex-

treachery of the bridge, directed his flight along the margin of the river, where a light canoe was ready to receive him. Into this he sprang, and, seizing the paddle, sent the waters foaming from its sides; and, pursuing his way across the river, had nearly gained the shores of Canada before a bark was to be seen following in pursuit.

How fell—how acted Colonel de Haldimar throughout this brief but terrible scene? He uttered not a word. With his arms still folded across his breast, he gazed upon the murder of his child; but he heaved not a groan, he shed not a tear. A momentary triumph seemed to irradiate his pallid features, when he saw the blow struck that annihilated his enemy; but it was again instantly shaded by an expression of the most profound despair.

"It is done, gentlemen," he at length remarked. "The tragedy is closed, the curse of Ellen Halloway is fulfilled, and I am—childless!—Blackwater," he pursued, endeavouring to stifle the emotion produced by the last reflection, "pay every attention to the security of the garrison, see that the drawbridge is again properly chained up, and direct that the duties of the troops be prosecuted in every way as heretofore."

Leaving his officers to wonder at and pity that apathy of mind that could mingle the mere forms of duty with the most heart-rending associations, Colonel de Haldimar now quitted the rampart; and, with a head that was remarked for the first time to droop over his chest, paced his way musingly to his apartments.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Night had long since drawn her circling mantle over the western hemisphere; and deeper, far deeper than the gloom of that night was the despair which filled every bosom of the devoted garrison, whose fortunes it has fallen to our lot to record. A silence, profound as that of death, pervaded the ramparts and exterior defences of the fortress, interrupted only, at long intervals, by the customary "All's well!" of the several sentinels; which, after the awful events of the day, seemed to many who now heard it as if uttered in mockery of their hopelessness of sorrow. The lights within the barracks of the men had been long since extinguished; and, consigned to a mere repose of limb, in which the eye and heart shared not, the inferior soldiery pressed their rude couches with spirits worn out by a succession of painful excitements, and frames debilitated by much abstinence and watching. It was an hour at which sleep was wont to afford them the blessing of a temporary forgetfulness of endurance that weighed the more heavily as they were believed to be endless and without fruit; but sleep had now apparently been banished from all; for the low and confused murmur that met the ear from the several block-houses was continuous and general, betraying at times, and in a louder key, words that bore reference to the tragic occurrences of the day.

The only lights visible in the fort proceeded from the guard-house and a room adjoining that of the ill-fated Charles de Haldimar. Within the latter were collected, with the exception of the governor, and grouped around a bed on which lay one of their companions in a nearly expiring state, the officers of the garrison, reduced nearly one third in number since we first offered them to the notice of our readers. The dying man was Sir Everard Valletort, who, supported by pillows, was concluding a narrative that had chained the earnest attention of his auditory, even amid the deep and heartfelt sympathy perceptible in each for the forlorn and hopeless condition of the narrator. At the side of the unhappy baronet, and enveloped in a dressing gown, as if recently out of bed, sat, reclining in a rude elbow chair, one whose pallid countenance denoted that, although far less seriously injured, he, too, had suffered severely:—it was Lieutenant Johnstone.

The narrative was at length closed; and the officer, exhausted by the effort he had made in his anxiety to communicate every particular to his attentive and surprised companions, had sunk back upon his pillow, when, suddenly, the loud and unusual "Who comes there?" of the sentinel stationed on the rampart above the gateway, arrested every ear. A moment of pause succeeded, when again was heard the "Stand, friend!" evidently given in reply to the familiar answer to the original challenge. Then were audible rapid movements in the guard-house, as of men aroused from temporary slumber, and hastening to the point whence the voice proceeded.

Silently yet hurriedly the officers now quitted the bedside of the dying man, leaving only the surgeon and the invalid Johnstone behind them; and, flying to the rampart, stood in the next minute confounded with the guard, who were already grouped round the challenging senti-

nel, bending their gaze eagerly in the direction of the road.

"What now, man?—whom have you challenged?" asked Major Blackwater.

"It is I—De Haldimar," hoarsely exclaimed one of four dark figures that, hitherto unnoticed by the officers, stood immediately beyond the ditch, with a burden deposited at their feet. "Quick, Blackwater, let us in for God's sake! Each succeeding minute may bring a scouting party on our track. Lower the drawbridge!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the major: "after all that has passed, it is more than my commission is worth to lower the bridge without permission. Mr. Lawson, quick to the governor, and report that Captain de Haldimar is here: with whom shall he say?" again addressing the impatient and almost indignant officer.

"With Miss de Haldimar, François the Canadian, and one to whom we all owe our lives," hurriedly returned the officer; "and you may add," he continued gloomily, "the corpse of my sister. But while we stand in parley here, we are lost: Lawson fly to my father, and tell him we wait for entrance."

With nearly the speed enjoined the adjutant departed. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he again stood upon the rampart, and advancing closely to the major, whispered a few words in his ear.

"Good God! can it be possible? When? How came this? but we will enquire later. Open the gate; down with the bridge, Leslie," addressing the officer of the guard.

The command was instantly obeyed. The officers flew to receive the fugitives; and as the latter crossed the drawbridge, the light of a lantern, that had been brought from the guard-room, flashed full upon the harassed countenances of Captain and Miss de Haldimar, François the Canadian, and the devoted Oucanasta.

Silent and melancholy was the greeting that took place between the parties: the voice spoke not; the hand alone was eloquent; but it was in the eloquence of sorrow only that it indulged. Pleasure, even in this almost despaired-of re-union, could not be expressed; and even the eye shrank from mutual encounter, as if its very glance at such a moment were sacrilege. Recalled to a sense of her situation by the preparation of the men to raise the bridge, the Indian woman was the first to break the silence.

"The Saganaw is safe within his fort, and the girl of the pale faces will lay her head upon his bosom," she remarked solemnly. "Oucanasta will go to her solitary wigwam among the red skins."

The heart of Madeline de Haldimar was oppressed by the weight of many griefs; yet she could not see the generous preserver of her life, and the rescuer of the body of her ill-fated cousin, depart without emotion. Drawing a ring of some value and great beauty, from her finger, which she had more than once observed the Indian to admire, she placed it on her hand; and then, throwing herself on the bosom of the faithful creature, embraced her with deep manifestations of affection, but without uttering a word.

Oucanasta was sensibly gratified; she raised her large eyes to heaven as if in thankfulness; and by the light of the lantern, which fell upon her dark but expressive countenance, tears were to be seen starting unbidden from her source.

Released from the embrace of her, whose life she had twice preserved at imminent peril to her own, the Indian again prepared to depart; but there was another, who, like Madeline, although stricken by many sorrows, could not forego the testimony of his heart's gratitude. Captain de Haldimar, who, during this short scene, had despatched a messenger to his room for the purpose, now advanced to the poor girl, bearing a short but elegantly mounted dagger, which he begged her to deliver as a token of his friendship to the young chief her brother. He then dropped on one knee at her feet, and raising her hand, pressed it fervently against his heart; an action which, even to the untutored mind of the Indian, bore evidence only of the feeling that prompted it. A heavy sigh escaped her labouring chest; and as the officer now rose and quitted her hand, she turned slowly and with dignity from him, and crossing the drawbridge, was in a few minutes lost in the surrounding gloom.

Our readers have, doubtless, anticipated the communication made to Major Blackwater by the Adjutant Lawson. Bowed down to the dust by the accomplishment of the curse of Ellen Halloway, the inflexibility of Colonel de Haldimar's pride was not proof against the utter annihilation wrought to his hopes as a father by the unrelenting hatred of the enemy his early falsehood and treachery had raised up to him. When the adjutant

entered his apartment, the stony coldness of his cheek attested he had been dead some hours.

We pass over the few days of bitter trial that succeeded to the restoration of Captain de Haldimar and his bride to their friends; days, during which were consigned to the same grave the bodies of the governor, his lamented children, and the scarcely less regretted Sir Everard Valletort. The funeral service was attempted by Captain Blessington; but the strong affection of that excellent officer, for three of the defunct parties at least, was not ardent against the trial. He had undertaken a task far beyond his strength; and scarcely had commenced, ere he was compelled to relinquish the performance of the ritual to the adjutant. A large grave had been dug close under the rampart, and near the fatal flag-staff, to receive the bodies of their deceased friends; and, as they were lowered successively into their last earthly resting place, tears fell unrestrainedly over the bronzed cheeks of the oldest soldiers, while many a female sob blended with and gave touching solemnity to the scene.

On the morning of the third day from this quadruple interment, notice was given by one of the sentinels that an Indian was approaching the fort, making signs as if in demand for a parley. The officers, headed by Major Blackwater, now become the commandant of the place, immediately ascended the rampart, when the stranger was at once recognised by Captain de Haldimar for the young Ottawa, the preserver of his life, and the avenger of the deaths of those they mourned, in whose girdle was thrust, in seeming pride, the richly mounted dagger that officer had caused to be conveyed to him through his no less generous sister. A long conference ensued, in the language of the Ottawas, between the parties just named, the purport of which was of high moment to the garrison, now nearly reduced to the last extremity. The young chief had come to apprise them, that, won by the noble conduct of the English, on a late occasion, when his warriors were wholly in their power, Pontecac had expressed a generous determination to conclude a peace with the garrison, and henceforth to consider them as his friends. This he had publicly declared in a large council of the chiefs, held the preceding night; and the motive of the Ottawa's coming was to assure the English, that, on this occasion, their great leader was perfectly sincere in a resolution, at which he had the more readily arrived, now that his terrible coadjutor and vindictive adviser was no more. He prepared them for the coming of Pontecac and the principal chiefs of the league to demand a council on the morrow; and, with this final communication, again withdrew.

The Ottawa was right. Within a week from that period the English were to be seen once more issuing from their fort; and, although many months elapsed before the wounds of their suffering hearts were healed, still were they grateful to Providence for their final preservation from a doom that had fallen, without exception, on every fortress on the line of frontier in which they lay.

Time rolled on; and, in the course of years, Oucanasta might be seen associating with and bearing curious presents, the fruits of Indian ingenuity, to the daughters of De Haldimar, now become the colonel of the — regiment; while her brother, the chief, instructed his sons in the athletic and active exercises peculiar to his race. As for poor Ellen Halloway, search had been made for her, but she never was heard of afterwards.

END OF WACOSTA.

REGARD FOR HOME.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To Lusband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

Goldsmith.

Narrative of a Journey

FROM

CALCUTTA TO EUROPE BY WAY OF EGYPT,

IN THE YEARS 1827 AND 1828.

BY MRS. CHARLES LUSHINGTON.

Introduction to the first American edition.

Two ladies claim the honour of being the first to perform the land journey between India and England; Mrs. Lushington from India, and Mrs. Colonel Ellwood to that country. The narrative of the former we have preferred for publication on account of its superior style and greater brevity, having been avowedly condensed from the original notes; whilst Mrs. Ellwood's two ponderous volumes have been immoderately swelled from the writings of other travellers, without embracing more personal adventures than those described in the following pages. Both authors have established in their own personal sketches the possibility and even feasibility of this journey for ladies, and it may be presumed that many others will follow their example.

The perusal of such books enhances our opinion of female intrepidity in thus venturing to pioneer the way through deserts, and among savage hordes; while at the same time our admiration is excited by the display of knowledge and correct taste in those who could not only perform the feat, but furnish the general reader with an agreeable account of it.

The present may be called a travelling century; the English press has teemed for many years with books of tours through every country accessible to the restless, the idle, or the scientific; but "the Continent" has been particularly overrun with book makers. Every one talks familiarly of

"The Alps and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po."

It is refreshing to turn from these, and visit the country of the Pyramids, with an intelligent female guide like the lady who has here indited a short and spirited itinerary through regions never before visited by an European female.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

When the author left Calcutta, she promised several of her friends there to keep a journal of the occurrences of her journey, and to furnish them with copies of it to enable them to judge of the practicability of the undertaking, especially by ladies, and to determine whether the enjoyment would be likely to compensate for the inconveniences inseparable from travelling alternately by water and by land, and partly through countries unprovided with the comforts and facilities of civilised life. In short, she was expected to give a faithful estimate of the comparative advantages between the long tried passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and what was familiarly called the "Journey overland through Egypt."

In order to comply with these wishes, she kept very detailed notes of all that happened throughout her travels; but when the time of copying them arrived, she found it required some immediate stimulus to compel her not to defer the task of arrangement and transcription. Frequent enquiries respecting Egypt, notwithstanding the numerous excellent books already published relative to that country, induced her to think that a narrative of her journey, in a plain and unpretending form, might be presented to the public, and her engagements to her distant friends be thus fulfilled. These considerations led to the present publication.

The author is deeply sensible how much the defects of her book will demand indulgence; as it has not been revised by any literary person, but was at once delivered by herself into the hands of the publisher; indeed, little alteration has been made in the original journal, beyond adapting its contents to a narrative form, and omitting details that might prove tedious, and descriptions which

had been infinitely better executed by established authorities.

Previously to her entering Egypt, the author, of course, consulted the best writers on the subject, and occasionally referred to them when viewing the splendid remains of antiquity of which they treat; yet the reader must not be disappointed, if in the following pages he merely found the record of her own sentiments and observations, as it was her undeviating object to preserve them, as far as possible, unbiased by the opinions she had read. Although, therefore, her imperfect work will prove quite unworthy the notice of the scientific, and those who require deep research, and acute disquisition, still it may not, she flatters herself, be found useless to those who contemplate a similar journey, nor wholly unamusing to people fond of light reading.

Lastly, the author has naturally calculated that some persons, who are friendly to her, will be interested in the narrative; it is possible that others may derive benefit from her experience; and it is too probable that many may disapprove of her presumption in publishing at all; but it is impossible (and she fearlessly asserts it) that the work can give one moment's pain to a single individual.

CHAPTER I.

Reflections on leaving Calcutta—Departure in the Ganges Steam Vessel—Voyage to Tricomalee—Desolate appearance of the place—Point de Galle—Beauty of the scenery—Mrs. Gibson's school.

For many years the plan of returning to England from India by the Red Sea and Egypt had been familiar to my imagination. The facility of the undertaking had been satisfactorily demonstrated by a gentleman who edited one of the Calcutta newspapers, and who recommended the route on his own experience of its eligibility; and I constantly dwelt on the delightful contrast of employing the necessary period of passing from Asia to Europe, in exploring the novelties of the Desert; in viewing the stupendous monuments of Egypt; and in visiting the lovely countries of Sicily and Italy; instead of devoting five long months to the monotony of a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, in a ship crowded with passengers, little known, or too well known, and distracted by the mirth or fractiousness of numerous children.

Whether from early prejudice, from frequent illness, from witnessing the generally dreadful devastation of the climate, or from the loss of friends, I had not done justice to India, nor appreciated the advantages which, notwithstanding its various drawbacks, it still afforded. To return to England was the incessant yearning of my heart; and, while compelled to remain in Bengal, I merely exercised a resignation similar to that of the sufferers in Dante's Purgatory, who were

Contenti

Nel fuoco, perche speran di venire

Quando che sia, alle beate genti.

But, although the hope of returning home had latterly buoyed me up, and rendered all the sufferings from the climate light, yet, when the event actually arrived, it was attended with far different feelings. The dissolution of long-established associations was acutely painful. The recollection of the many years of youth and happiness passed away; the sober anticipations of the future which had taken place of expectations of unbounded enjoyment; (and who at one period of life does not look forward in the same manner?) the parting with numerous valued friends endeared by similarity of habits and pursuits, so weakened, for the time, my anxiety to quit the country, that I no longer wondered at that determination, or rather change of determination, so fatal to many, of "remaining one year more."

In leaving India, after many years' residence, there is, perhaps, no greater demand on sensibility and good feeling than a sale of one's property. Time is seldom allowed for much consideration before the house is thrown open to the public; and as the inconvenience of sending home much baggage admits of little selection, many tokens of remembrance must be parted with; paper after paper sacrificed; the bundle of letters, put by for future consideration, taken up again, and again put by to be reconsidered, still, in the end, must share the same fate; and thus are destroyed kind expressions, and assurances of regard and affection, which were to solace many an evening in future life. Those only who have been similarly situated can understand all the distress which such scenes occasion, even under the least annoying circumstances; but when these take place in

consequence of the death of the master of the family, the case is greatly aggravated. In India it is almost invariably the practice to sell by auction the effects of a person deceased, a few days after his demise; and it often happens, by the precipitation of an unconcerned executor, that the unfortunate survivor is irretrievably deprived of what might have best conduced to her consolation.*

In England, on the contrary, the son, or some near relative, generally succeeds to the estate, and the widow is not immediately ejected from the house to which she has been accustomed. At all events, there is a home where the family circle can assemble; every local tie is not in a moment disavowed; whereas, in India, the widow, within a few weeks, if not a few days from the fatal event, is hurried on board ship, almost ignorant of the spot where her husband's remains are deposited, and can only teach her children that their father lies buried in a distant land, and that to them his tomb is now inaccessible.

Travellers proceeding to England from Bengal by the Red Sea, find it difficult to reconcile the several favourable seasons for sailing. To arrive at Bombay early in December, which is the best time for leaving it for the Red Sea, it is necessary to quit Bengal before the north-east monsoon has begun; hence a sailing ship has a very tedious, and probably a boisterous passage. We were, however, so fortunate as to procure accommodation in one of the company's steam vessels, which had been ordered round to Bombay just at the very time it suited our purpose. My prudent Calcutta friends poured in upon me remonstrances against the whole of the undertaking. They represented to me the discomfort and risk of the steamer, the shoals of the Red Sea, the horrors of the desert, and the uncertainties of the Turkish government; but I had duly weighed all these difficulties, which I was satisfied I had sufficient courage and fortitude to encounter. In addition to this, the stimulus of performing a journey which no female from our side of India had achieved before me, joined to the advantage of travelling with the party which was expecting us at Bombay, made every peril appear light;—so promising to some, whom I was about to leave, a narrative of my adventures, I embarked on board the Ganges, on the 26th of September, 1827.

As the Ganges was an experimental vessel, it may not be amiss shortly to describe her. She was built of teak, pierced for ten guns; carried two engines of forty-horse power each, and was intended for either a vessel of war or despatch. Unfortunately, however, in qualifying her for the former purpose, too much regard had been paid to solidity, and the object of celerity was thus defeated; the force of our steam in calm weather impelling us little more than five miles an hour against the swell. Nevertheless this very defect proved a benefit to us in the cabins, as the strength of her build prevented our feeling the tremulous motion so generally complained of on board steam vessels.

I was surprised to find that we experienced much less heat in the steamer than we should have done at the same season in a sailing vessel. Her perpetual motion caused a current of air even during the calms, and we found the climate still cooler when the wind was contrary, than when it was fair, as we have had to press forward against it, and the steam was carried off much above our heads.

It was originally intended that we should proceed directly to Point de Galle, for which end we had, as we supposed, taken in a supply of coal for fifteen days' con-

* Among the Europeans in India there are scarcely any old persons, as almost every body is a temporary resident. Hence, if you search the well tenanted burying grounds of the large cities, you will discover few besides the graves of the youthful, who have been cut off by some violent disease amid the buoyancy of health, or the tombs of those of middle age arrested by death when just about to reap the fruit of long toil and privation by returning to their native land. It is this which renders our Indian cemeteries so peculiarly melancholy; for though we bow to the decree which summons away the aged and the infirm, yet, humanly speaking, and in our blindness, we are apt to pronounce the death of the young to be premature, and a fit subject of aggravated regret.

"—For oh, it goes against the mind of man,
To be turn'd off from its warm, wonted house,
Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill.

MISS BALDIE'S *Royner*.

assumption; but after we had been out ten days, during which nothing material occurred, it was ascertained that from the defective quality of the coal, we should not have a sufficient stock of it to take us to that harbour. On the 7th of October, therefore, the fires were extinguished, and we made the best of our way to Trincomalee by beating under sail, reserving the remainder of our coal for steam with which to stear the current off the port.

The entrance into Trincomalee is highly picturesque; but the inner bay, which is the secure harbour, is so surrounded by hills that the sea becomes quite smooth, and the atmosphere heavy and confined. I had heard this spot so much extolled, that I was a good deal disappointed. There is little about it remarkable, in my opinion, except the size of the harbour itself, and the view from Fort Ostenburg; and these have been so often described that I need not dwell on them. At Trincomalee we first saw the vessels of the coast with their singular outrigger, being a sort of frame-work of four crossed beams or oars thrown over the side, extending about eight feet to windward for the purpose of steadying the vessel, which is very narrow, and would, without it, upset when under sail. It is extraordinary the people should prefer this clumsy contrivance to the simple method of making the boat a little wider. The presence of our steamer excited no interest among the natives, few of the boatmen laying aside their apathy sufficiently to approach the ship.

On the afternoon of the 10th of October, we quitted Trincomalee with the most glorious sunset I had ever witnessed. We passed the formidable rocks called the Basses, during the night of the 12th, at the distance, it was calculated, of only three miles, and having perceived the harbour of Point de Galle on the 13th, having perceived our vicinity to it long before we reached the shore, from the spicy perfumes wafted by the land-breeze. The view of the town from the sea, though not so magnificent, is more cheerful than that of Trincomalee. The garrison and inhabitants were assembled on the ramparts to see us come in, and afforded a very lively spectacle; whereas at Trincomalee the place seemed deserted, and disappointment and dejection to prevail. The entrance to Point de Galle is marked by several bold rocks, against which the sea beats with great violence. The exasperation of the waves must be tremendous in a southerly gale.

Though long accustomed to India, I was struck on landing with the beauty of the scenery, for though quite oriental, it was in a style essentially differing from that of Hindostan; the roads cut through tops of cocoa-nut trees, rustic bridges over winding streams, hills and deep dells, and huts made of palm-leaves, woven in a variety of different plaits. The natives are an elegant, but an effeminate race; the men scarcely to be distinguished from the women by their dress, which consists of a vest and loose robe of cotton; their hair long, and gathered up in knots and braids, fastened behind with gold bodkins, or large combs of tortoise-shell, of a fanciful shape. Instead of the umbrella, the more wealthy natives have a gigantic fan, made of the talipot leaf, carried to protect them from the sun; and this had a curious effect. I remarked here a handsome tree, the leaves resembling a vine in shape, but very much larger, and the colour of a brilliant dark green; and was greatly gratified by finding it the far-famed bread fruit. The fruit resembled in appearance a small jack (*artocarpus integrifolia*) and, though not equal to a French roll, was nearly as good, when baked or roasted, as a yam or oatmeal cake.

The rain prevented our driving out in the evening; a privation only understood in a tropical climate, where the heat is an insurmountable obstacle to anything like sight-seeing during the day. Next morning, however, our kind host (Mr. Twynham) lent us a conveyance, in which we took a delightful drive, partly along the sea-shore, and up to a hill where Mrs. Gibson had erected school-rooms for male and female children—an admirable work of charity, as till then no school existed on the island. Mrs. Gibson was not only unassisted at the commencement of her undertaking, but discouraged by those who, with less zeal, excused their own indolence, by expressing a belief "that nothing could be done." Nevertheless, this excellent woman persisted, till at the expiration of twenty-five years she was enabled to show how much could be accomplished. The girls perform household occupations, and are taught plain and fancy work with their needle, and the boys are brought up to several trades. The girls

are so usefully educated, that the missionaries are glad to select wives from among them for their assistants. I left Point de Galle with much regret. The scenery was so novel and so beautiful, that I would gladly have remained some days longer, particularly as, unlike regions nearer home, it was not probable that my destiny would ever lead me again—

"Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast."

The morning after our departure from Point de Galle, Adam's Peak, situated in the centre of Ceylon, was still visible from the deck, though at the estimated distance of one hundred miles. I was surprised to find that Cape Conorin, instead of being a high promontory, as I had imagined, is very low land; but the mountains in the vicinity are extremely picturesque. Those called the Ghauts are universally admired; but had they presented a less beautiful appearance, they would still have delighted one who had so long been accustomed to the flat surface of Bengal.

Our course leading along the shore, we had, for several days, the majestic Ghauts in sight; and we beheld in succession the towns of Cochin, Tellicherry, and Quilon; and the forts of Mangalore, Gerriah, and Severndroog; and at last, at mid-day, the high land of Bombay was descried.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Bombay.—The interest excited by the appearance of the steamer—Addresses and entertainment to Mr. Elphinstone, on his relinquishing the government—Departure from Bombay—Straits of Babel Mandeh.

The arrival of the first steamer which had ever visited Bombay was expected with the greatest anxiety; two guns were to be fired from the ramparts on her heaving in sight, that the public might have timely notice; and at twelve o'clock the signal announced the appearance of the long looked-for Ganges. Towards sunset, on the 21st of October, one of the most delightful evenings of a tropical autumn, we approached the harbour, after a prosperous voyage of twenty-three days, without an hour of bad weather, or accident, or inconvenience of any kind. The whole population, European and native, were in motion. The scene was truly exhilarating; the exquisite natural beauties of the harbour, the delightful serenity of the weather, the variety of vessels, the thousands of natives crowded on the shore, while the sea was covered with boats, some full of European officers in their scarlet uniforms, some laden with Parsies in their singular costume, and others swarming with the common Hindoos, Concanes, and Malabars, gave an indescribable life and brilliancy to the scene.

In the midst of this confusion of excitement, a superior kind of boat was seen approaching, and our kind friend, Mr. Elphinstone, who had come so far to welcome us, was soon on the deck of the Ganges. We then landed, and accompanied him to his country-house at Parcell.

Bombay has been so fully described, that I will dismiss it with proper brevity. During our stay, we visited the island of Salsette. The timber on it is so fine, and nature has been so liberal in bestowing every feature essential to the formation of a beautiful landscape, that I could scarcely have selected a spot which might not have been converted into an English park. A delightful drive through Gorebunde, and Tannah, brought us to the fort and town of Bassein. Within the walls are the ruins of fourteen chapels. This is a striking place; one would think the whole town had been inhabited by monks, and depopulated by plague; a curse seems to have fallen upon it, and its only tenants are a single sepoy, and an enormous Cobra di Capella, which is said to haunt an ancient Hindoo temple in the centre. The walls of the fort are perfect, and those of the monasteries and chapels in excellent preservation; these, with a few additions, might form handsome and substantial dwellings for the people in the neighbourhood, who now live in miserable huts. I hear that Bassein was abandoned from the unhealthiness of its situation; one cause of which I can perfectly understand, if the fishing were carried on in its vicinity formerly as it is now: the snail was so dreadful as we passed, that I was compelled to leave the deck of the vessel, and go below. The fish when caught is stewed more than ankle deep upon the

shore, where it is left to dry; and in such a climate, the mass of corruption thus engendered may well be imagined. It is an ancient privilege which the people claim of manuring the ground with fish, founded on a stipulation at the first transfer of the island from the Portuguese. Hence the governor has never interfered with it, even to protect the environs of his country-house; in consequence, the air there is often disagreeably infected.

We drove to Malabar Point, a situation which commands a full view of Bombay and its harbour. The moment I approached the edge of the Point, and the magnificent scene broke upon my sight, I exclaimed, "This reminds me of the descriptions of Naples!" and I was then informed that the comparison had often been before made. This similarity, on reaching Naples, I was enabled to verify. Malabar Point would form a delightful residence in the hot months, were the dwelling-house anything but what it now is, literally composed of a few huts. Mr. Elphinstone was, however, so economical of the Company's funds, that he had been content to inhabit it in its present state, rather than allow the government to incur expense for his own personal comfort.

Sir John Malcolm having arrived, the 15th of November was fixed for presenting to Mr. Elphinstone the addresses of the clergy and the European and native inhabitants of Bombay, and in the evening I attended an entertainment given to him by the English society. I do not think it possible that in any country the illuminations, the decorations of the rooms, and the arrangements altogether, could have been more elegant or splendid; suffice it to say, these were the combined production of the twelve heads best qualified as to taste and gastronomy in Bombay.

Sir John Malcolm, in a speech after supper, declared that he should be at a loss to say whether, in evincing all this enthusiasm towards Mr. Elphinstone, the society did him or themselves most honour.*

In addition to a service of plate, a picture, and a statue voted at a meeting of the European inhabitants, the compliment most congenial to Mr. Elphinstone's feelings must have been that which he received from the natives within the presidency, of all religious denominations, who subscribed upwards of a lac of rupees, or 10,000*l.*, for one or two professorships in the native college, to be filled from England, and to be called after his name; to perpetuate, as they said, to their children's children the memory of one who had been to them a friend and a father.

We left the ball-room to embark on board the vessel on which we were to accompany Mr. Elphinstone to Cossier. Deep and universal was the sorrow his departure excited; many persons followed him to the boat, and as it left the shore, an illuminated stage, on the very edge of the pier, exhibiting the words, "Thrice more farewell," gave a last affecting proof of attachment and regret.

Our little vessel, the *Palinurus*, of 190 tons, was fitted up in the yacht style; and our party consisted of Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Steele of the civil service, Messrs. Wallace and Gordon of the medical department, Mr. L. and myself.

Favoured by the prevalent winds of the season, we made as much progress as the inferior sailing of our brig permitted; passed in a few days Cape Aden and the Straits of Babel Mandeh, and reached Mocha on the 1st of December.

The entrance into the Straits of Babel Mandeh afforded a sight equally unique and grand. A rush of the sea appears to have divided a bed of hard black rock, and thus to have forced a channel for itself of two or three miles in breadth. This rock rises on each side, black, barren, and cheerless; and while surveying this desolate spot, I learnt that the left shore was the island of Perim, where, during the expedition of the Indian army into

* The late Bishop Heber, in his *Journal of a Tour through India*, has portrayed Mr. Elphinstone's character in a manner which all who have the happiness of knowing the latter, must recognise as eminently correct. May I be permitted thus incidentally to express my own sorrow at the loss of Bishop Heber?—but to describe the grief which pervaded all India at the death of this amiable prelate, would be as difficult as justly to depict his excellence.

Egypt, a detachment was encamped. No station could possibly be more dreary—in some places a few blades of grass endeavoured to force themselves through the crevices of the rock; but even fresh water was brought from the Abyssinian shore, the scarcity of this most necessary article being thus added to many other privations.

CHAPTER III.

MOCHA.

The view of Mocha in the setting sun was very beautiful. The buildings, of one unvaried white, gave it the semblance of being excavated from a quarry of marble, and no tree or shrub broke the uniformity of colour. The fort is built along the shore, with a circular tower at each end, projecting into the sea; the whole forming nearly a semi-circle. The contrast of the lustrous white with the dark blue sea, a colour unknown to those who have not left the coast of England, was very remarkable, and it was only on a near approach that we discovered the houses were constructed of unbaked brick, and then plastered and whitewashed. From the absence of rain the buildings retain their freshness for a length of time; but one heavy tropical shower would wholly change the aspect of the town, and render its appearance as deplorable as it is now the reverse.

Mr. Elphinstone landed in the evening, through a tremendous sea, and proceeded immediately to the house of the Dowla, or Governor, where he was received with rude honours nearly similar to the pageantry exhibited by Indian chieftains on state occasions. I did not go on shore till the morning, at which time the wind usually moderates, and then proceeded to a small house provided for us by the Resident.

After breakfast I was present when the Dowla returned the visit Mr. Elphinstone had paid him the night before. His appearance was that of a fat native of Bengal; he was accompanied into the room by two or three Arabs, fine intelligent looking men, and the secretary, whom I should have taken for a dull quiet lad of eighteen, had I not heard he was very clever, and was sent from Senna as a sort of spy upon the Dowla.

Having ascertained there was no objection, I sat veiled, at the upper end of the room, during the conference; at which nothing passed beyond the usual ceremonial of smoking, exchanging of hookas, &c., but I observed the Arabs preferred the tea, provided by the Resident, to their own coffee.

After dinner, some Arab minstrels, armed with pistols and daggers, were introduced. Their instruments were a rude guitar, a ruder fageolet, and a common tabour. The songs were of love and war, occasionally animated, but generally the music was soft and monotonous, and the cadences at the end of the stanzas reminded me of the Spanish bolero. The guitar was played sometimes with the fingers, and sometimes with little crooked sticks.

The love-song began, as I was informed, with a complaint to heaven of the lover's bad fortune: "O God, who restorest the kingdom of Soothman, restore my peace, &c.;" it next described the fair lady as "killing with a glance," and concluded with "great is the intoxication of friendship, wine, or war, but that of love is greatest."

Among the visitors at the Residency were some Indian merchants, who appeared very much out of their element. They stated, that, except on the side of the sea, the expenses, on account of carriage, guards, &c., absorbed the profits of the inland trade. It must, therefore, have been the gains of their maritime speculations which tempt them to remain, as is their practice, with scarcely any society, and unmarried, in a land obnoxious to their religious and domestic feelings. The exact nature of the trade which they exercise I could not ascertain.

The coffee bean is cultivated in the interior of the provinces, whence supplies of it are taken to Jodda, for the consumption of Egypt, and the quantity required for the European and American markets is conveyed to Mocha. The Arabs themselves, either from economy or preference, generally use an infusion made from the husk, and, judging from the indifferent specimen of the coffee made from the bean, which I drank at the Residency, this latter method of preparing it was rare, even among the higher classes. I had, of course, expected to taste coffee at Mocha in the highest perfection, and was therefore disappointed to find it of an inferior quality.

Besides coffee, dates, honey, and a few shells are articles of export; and from the coast of Aden or Abyssinia are derived supplies of grain, horses, asses, and large-tailed sheep. A good horse costs about four hundred

dollars. Slaves also are procured from that coast. Some of its inhabitants, called Somales, were then at Mocha; they are, of course, very black, with the usual thick lip, but tall and well made. One of them wore, with perfect gravity, an immense wig of brown wool; others had their own hair highly frizzled and whitened with a kind of powder.

Vegetables are grown round the town; and fruits, especially grapes, are brought in the summer season from Senna and the interior. The date tree requires watering, and lasts about twenty years.

The Wahabees, once so notorious, had, it was reported, merged into other tribes, and ceased to profess the heretical opinions which had caused so much bloodshed.

There are twelve schools in Mocha; and it was said that, inland, near Senna, there were several colleges, where the twelve branches of Mahomedan sciences are taught, as usual in Turkey and India.

The Arab women marry about the age of sixteen. They are allowed great liberty, visiting each other till late at night without interruption; indeed, being in company with a female is considered by the Arabs as the best protection. A woman is enabled to divorce her husband on very slight grounds; a bad temper on his part is a sufficient reason; and if no serious offence can be proved against the wife, she is entitled to receive back her dowry. Every lady, when she visits, carries on her arm a little bag of coffee; this is boiled at the house where she spends the evening, thus enabling her to enjoy society without putting her friend to expense.

The Arab troops seemed very disorderly. They wore turbans, dirks, swords, and fire-arms. They had a curious method of walking, supporting each other four abreast, and each resting the hand on the other's shoulder. As I saw them swagger, or rather reel along, I could scarcely imagine them to be the warlike soldiers they are described. The people in the streets were inoffensive, and allowed me to walk without molestation, when there might have been some excuse for a rude indulgence of their curiosity, as only two European ladies had ever been seen at Mocha before. Were an Arabian female, in full costume, to make her appearance in Hyde Park, I suspect she would not have to speak so favourably of the courtesy of John Bull.

A short time before our arrival, during a tumult which took place in the town, a member of the Residency shot a Turk at the moment of his breaking into the house and seizing a pistol at one of the servants. This act of resolution, combined with the judicious conduct of the Resident, might have conducted to the estimation in which the British were then held; for, a few years back, a Christian could scarcely appear in the streets without being spit upon. The Turks vowed vengeance on Mr. —, and, in the emphatic language of the country, sent him word that his grave was dug; but, though the threat was not much regarded, the gentleman was persuaded, after keeping on the alert for some days, to leave Mocha. No blame, however, could be attached to him, as he shot the man in self-defence. The Arabs took no part in the fray, preferring even the infidels to the Turks.

The day after we landed, arrived an Arab ship with some British officers, bent on the same expedition as ourselves. She got on shore, and by the mismanagement of the captain it was thought she would have been stranded. A hundred Indian pilgrims, men, women, and children, were on board, and the scene of confusion, as related to me, cannot be imagined. It is supposed that not a hundred out of the many thousands of the miserable wretches, who annually visit Mecca, ever return, multitudes perishing by the way from famine and fatigue.

Numbers of these people pressed upon us on the quay, looking squalid and poor. We thought they were part of the population of the town, and it was not until we had again embarked that we heard they were the pilgrims. Perhaps it was as well, for had we given them money, they probably would have fought for it among themselves, have been punished for the disturbance, and have had to resign to the Dowla's myrmidons any trifle they might have obtained.

While some of the gentlemen rode into the country, I remained on the terrace of the Resident's house, watching the setting sun, and the moon at the same time nearly at its full. The town formed one mass of white. The façades and cornices of the houses were varied in every shape of fretwork and arabesque. The terraces of each building, as white and as fresh as the walls, with little verandahs closed, or open, in many fantastic patterns—the sea calm near the shore, (the colour varying on the different shoals,) and a little farther, curling and glitter-

ing in the sun, and then, as it were, in the paler light of the moon—a grove of green dates on one side, and the curious beehive shaped huts of the Badonins and Jews on the other, formed altogether a novel and charming scene. I was forcibly struck with the extreme stillness, interrupted only by the muezzin calling to prayers, and the tinkling of a few bells on the trappings of the horses, as our party returned from their ride. I saw not a creature on the terraces, nor one at the windows or loop-holes. On entering the harbour, I had remarked that the city appeared destitute of inhabitants; and at this moment, as I cast my eyes around, I felt the impression still more strongly.

Mountains, woods, rivers, and seas, are, to the general reader, no more than high ground, trees and water; beautiful certainly, but conveying still the same ideas. To the spectator, each of these objects presents itself under numerous different aspects; and if the reader be an experienced traveller and an observer of nature, he may, perhaps, be able to imagine some of the beauty which is intended to be expressed by a narrator. But the difficulty of accurately communicating to others one's own notions of scenery particularly struck me on beholding the hills and mountains behind the town; they were picturesque, but merely so from the variety of their form, and the curious undulation on every ridge. I do not think, however, any description would have enabled me to form a conception of the three ranges of hills which were then before my eyes. Thunder and lightning, and rain in torrents, occur frequently on these hills: the two former never reach the town, and seldom the latter. How perpetually during the hot season must its inhabitants be tantalised with a view of these refreshing streams, while they are smothered with dust, and the thermometer never lower than 78°! It seldom, however, rises above 84°. The dust, indeed, is so distressing, that even at the favourable season my eyes suffered; and I heard several of the gentlemen on board the ship complaining of its effects, though we were at anchor a considerable distance from the shore.

On the whole, however, I was much pleased with Mocha. Had not my friends been of the same opinion, I might have doubted my own taste; for all previous travellers had viewed the place in a far different light, and had given me such an unfavourable impression of it, that at first I had not wished even to land, and I should thus have been deprived of a great gratification.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage up the Red Sea—Dangers of the navigation—Discovery of a new shoal—Arrival at Cosseir.

On leaving Mocha, we received another passenger, Lieut. M-Mahon, of the 87th regiment. He brought with him, as an attendant, an old Chinaman, thus adding a new language to the already numerous jargons prevalent on board, which now consisted of Italian, Portuguese, Hindoostanee, Arabic, Persian, Chinese, and Abyssinian; and the horrible confusion of tongues may easily be imagined, when these men quarrelled and abused each other, in all the variety of their respective dialects.

This, however, was an annoyance necessarily tolerated, as it is difficult to procure in India servants properly qualified, especially as interpreters, to perform such a journey.

We passed our time very pleasantly in the Red Sea, most of us being closely occupied in acquiring knowledge of the countries which we were so eager to explore. In the morning, regular lectures on Italian were held on deck; and after tea, one of the party read out portions of Turkish history, till it was time to retire to rest.

The wind was tolerably fair till we reached the latitude of St. John's, the point at which all mariners expect to be baffled, and where they are seldom wrong in their expectations. We had fifteen journals on board, which all spoke of storm and tempest from St. John's to Cosseir. In consequence, we were daily and nightly prepared for bad weather. The least puff of wind more than ordinary caused the dead lights to be put in; and in truth these precautions, though troublesome, were necessary—for about this position the danger becomes most frequent just as the wind becomes most adverse.

Locusts were stationed at night on the fore-castle and on the gangways, to look out for shoals, and every half hour exclaimed to each other, "Khooob dekh angul," (Keep a good look out forward!);—but I apprehend that, with the characteristic apathy of the natives of Bengal, who are generally fatalists, they answered, like Baron Trenck, in their sleep, and that our security was in the remoteness of the shoals, not in their vigilance.

The captain and officers were, I believe, as anxious as

myself, the Red Sea being but imperfectly surveyed: for instance, after it was supposed we had passed a notorious reef more than once, while beating about against a foul wind, we beheld it somewhat unexpectedly; and on the 18th of December, the uncertainty of the navigation was still further evinced by the discovery of a dangerous shoal close to us, which was not mentioned on the chart. At half past three, while we were at dinner, breakers were reported from the mast head, and at four they were visible from the deck, at the distance of one mile. We went between this reef and the shore; but towards night, the breeze diminishing, we stood to the southward to round the shoal, not being able to get to windward of it. We were soon becalmed, and it was impossible to anchor, from the great depth of water. Hence our position became very precarious, being at one time within half a mile of the shoal, the breakers on which we heard occasionally; and on drifting away from it, we came within reach of the sound of those on the shore side. Truly thankful was I when a slight breeze extricated us from our perilous situation.

After ten days more buffeting against our old enemy, the northeast wind, we reached Cossair on the 29th of December, having made a passage of twenty-three days from Mocha, and thirty-nine from Bombay.

The appearance of Cossair is unpromising: the hills, houses, and sands, are all of the same colour. The houses are mostly in the form of public ovens, small and wretched in the extreme. Some of the gentlemen said they could fancy themselves in the Dekkan, the aspect of the buildings being so exactly similar. The officer next in rank to the effendi came on board as soon as we anchored, and brought a civil message from the latter to Mr. Elphinstone. The Turk accepted a glass of brandy, and on his departure received a present of six bottles of it for the honour of the faith! As he said the horses and mules, which were to have been sent from Cairo, had not arrived, we feared something untoward had happened, and were sorry to learn that it was the death of Mr. Salt which had caused the disappointment. We had relied so much on experiencing from him the kindness which he invariably showed to travellers, that this alone would have made us regret his death; but, in addition, we heard rumours of the unsettled state of affairs between Great Britain and the Turks, which might interrupt our progress, and we naturally depended on him for advice and assistance.

Early the next morning Mr. Elphinstone and the other gentlemen called on the effendi, who received them courteously in the upper room of a miserable mud hut, (the best house in the place,) but nothing occurred beyond the usual ceremonies. The next morning the effendi walked to the tents to return Mr. Elphinstone's visit. After some conversation, he imparted to him, in an undertone, the intelligence of the battle of Navarino, adding—"Please God, friendship will yet continue with the English." It was impossible to be more civil: he told Mr. Elphinstone "he was in a desert, and could furnish but little on earth; yet if he wanted any thing from heaven, he would go there to fetch it." Then assuring Mr. Elphinstone that the pasha had ordered every thing to be provided for the party, his excellency begged a bag of potatoes, and took his leave.

On landing, I found our tents pitched, and every thing within them as comfortable as I could have wished—not so without, for we were on a barren plain, close to the town, surrounded by the dead carcases of camels, asses, and goats, and in the midst of all kinds of filth. The perpetual barking of the ferocious Egyptian dogs, one of which made its way into the outer tent, and drank up a bucket of water, my next day's allowance, the strangeness and novelty of the situation, the anticipation of what might be our future lot, and some vague thoughts that my destination might be the Seven Towers, prevented my sleeping; and notwithstanding illness and fatigue, I was glad to rise at five o'clock; indeed, in spite of the coldness of the mornings, I found it necessary, during the whole journey across the desert, to leave my bed even before that hour.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the journey across the Desert—Tukhte Rowan—Exhilarating climate—Entertainment on New Year's day in the Desert—Surprise at unexpectedly seeing Carnae—Traquillity on encampment at Luxor.

Some time elapsed before so large a party as ours could be accommodated with camels; they were procurable in any number, though they could not be collected without a little delay. They were white and black, besides the usual dun colour. I may here remark, that the distinction between the dromedary and camel is no

further known in Egypt, than that the former is used for the purposes of riding and despatch, the latter for the conveyance of burthens.

Our cavalcade consisted of ninety-six camels, besides many asses,—no great number, when it is to be recollected we carried with us tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions. The captain, and one of the officers of the *Palinurus*, had joined our party, and with them several *Lascars*, who were of great use in pitching our tents, &c. &c.

For Mr. L., myself, and two servants, we had twenty-two camels and three donkeys. I was to travel in a covered litter, called a *Tukhte rowan*, somewhat resembling a Sicilian lettiga: this was made at Bombay of the strongest possible materials, and, in consequence of its weight and size, it was necessary to employ the largest and tallest camels for its conveyance. The machine, from its height, presented a formidable appearance, being raised six feet above the ground; and I had to ascend to it by a ladder, which, from the unsteadiness of the camels, was rather a difficult undertaking.

The Arabs having lashed the trunks after their own method, to my astonishment I found myself in actual progress about noon on the 28th. But, without Mr. Elphinstone's servant, Antonin, and the additional assistance of Mr. Porter, the officer of the *Palinurus*, I think I might have tarried in the Desert still. The concourse of people, the roaring of the camels, the vociferation of the servants and *Lascars*, in their vain endeavours to make the Arabs understand and move—and, as usual, the less they could make them understand the louder they bawled—one camel rising with half its load, another throwing down the whole of his, others making off altogether—every driver screeching as much of the cord that was given him as he could hide, snatching from the man next to him the quantity required,—the combat that ensued, the one universal clamour for *backsees*, their struggle against each other to obtain it,—presented a scene of confusion and uproar, which, though to the gentlemen, from its strangeness, might prove amusing, to me was somewhat alarming, particularly as I was, for a short time, left alone with the drivers.

My interpreter, who was a Darfour man, and who professed to understand Hindoostanee, could not comprehend one word I said to him, which increased my discomfort. At this moment my *tukhte rowan* was assailed by five or six dancing girls, called *Almuchs*. I immediately lowered the silk blind, which, however, I thought they would have torn off in the same clamour and struggle for *backsees*. I could not help seeing them as I strove to keep down the curtain; and it was impossible to behold them without disgust. Their countenances appeared inflamed by drinking, their persons were greatly exposed, and altogether they more resembled common robust English women under the influence of liquor, rather than what I had fancied of the delicate and elegant Egyptian females. They wore the same full petticoat as the nautch girls of India. I may seem capriciously affected by the customs of the inhabitants amongst whom I travelled, but to me these women appeared doubly bold and degraded from the absence of the veil. It is so entirely contrary to the prejudices of the country for a female to appear without it, that the lowest peasant's wife will not allow any one to pass without drawing her moffler of coarse blue cloth closer round her face; and to expose it thus must be the height of abandonment.

"In the *tukhte rowan*," says Haji Baba, "when the ladies take to trotting, or when the one proceeds willingly and the other refuses to go except by beating, the sufferer in the cage between both undergoes strange motions." The motion, at times, in the camel *tukhte rowan*, was so violent that it put me to great pain. I was more surprised at this, as on first setting off the animals stepped well together, and we moved on most comfortably. Every half hour I had to complain, and Mr. Porter, the officer before alluded to, kindly "new-rigged the fackling," as he phrased it. It was at last discovered by much accident, that as soon as the drivers thought they could do so without detection, they slipped off part of the cord harness which kept the litter steady, although they saw how much I suffered; yet, for the sake of this trifling acquisition, they would have harassed me during the whole journey. The next morning, one of the same Arabs harassed a vicious camel to the *tukhte rowan*—away flew my litter over the plain, fortunately without me, and was with difficulty recovered; and then, while the camels were in this unsteady state, I was hoisted in

at the door in a very unceremonious manner, my ladder having been forgotten in the confusion.

The whole business required some courage, as owing to the delay I was left nearly alone, and was fearful of being benighted. This, however, was the last of my disasters; for I found, on my arrival at the halting ground, that the delinquent had been reformed by a bastinado, inflicted by the Chioush who attended us,—the usual Turkish recipe for all misdemeanours.

My maid was placed the first two days in a sort of basket with a hood, fastened on the back of a camel, but, though well padded, she found the motion so severe that she was glad to descend, and she performed the rest of the journey, with perfect ease, on a donkey. The gentlemen, also, except two, having tried the camels, preferred this humble conveyance, walking and halting as they felt inclined. Indeed, were I to undertake the journey again, I should dispense with the *tukhte rowan*, and adopt this mode of travelling.

Though much variety of country or occurrence cannot be expected in the desert, I may say, with truth, that the passage through it was to me very interesting and agreeable. For the first three stages the road was diversified by some inequalities of ground and remarkable passes through the rocky mountains; but the course of our journey, in general, lay through an arid plain of sand and stones, about two or three miles in breadth, bounded by rocks of sandstone of an almost uniform appearance. On the second day's march I saw one or two trees; and the road was so varied, that I could then scarcely believe myself in a desert, which I had always pictured to my imagination as a dreary and interminable plain, with heavy loose sand curled into clouds by every breath of wind.

Our second place of encampment was truly singular, our tents being pitched in a sort of circus, about two miles in extent, completely closed in (except at two passages) by rugged mountains, part of which rose above our heads almost perpendicularly. I left my bed before daylight, when the whole camp was buried in sleep, and indulged my astonishment at the novel spectacle of tents surrounded by numerous camels, with their drivers and burthens, ranged in a circle, according to the position of their respective masters. I wondered to find myself thus tranquilly situated in the desert, whose difficulties had been so magnified; and I looked up to the canopy of stars, the view of which was so remarkably bounded by the belt of mountains, with feelings which I shall not now attempt to recall in their original intensity.

I cannot imagine that any climate in the world can excel that of the desert at the season we crossed it. I never found the heat of the sun injurious, nor did any of the gentlemen of the party, who were exposed to it many hours each day. The air was so bracing, that although I had caught a severe cold the day of my arrival at Cossair, which caused acute pain in my face, and ended in an abscess, yet I felt the fatigue of being so long on the road, the want of sleep, and the labour of packing, &c. less than I should an evening's drive in a carriage in the hot weather in India.

Anniversaries passed in strange countries, and at a long distance from home, are generally celebrated by travellers with extraordinary zest and cordiality; and though I am apprehensive of being considered tedious in dwelling upon what indifferent persons may deem uninteresting, yet I will venture to describe the fête which Mr. Elphinstone gave us on New Year's day, 1828. Ill as I was, and fatigued by pain rather than the journey, I wished on this day to join the gentlemen in the dinner tent; and I confess I was amused by the contrast of the narrative which I had been reading with the appearance of the table and party before me. The author of the book in question described the delight of the traveller on arriving at the wells where we were then encamped, and his satisfaction, after all his privations, at crunching his thirst with plenty of water; and in which, in short, would have impressed us with the notion that the desert he had passed, and in which we then were, was such a one as depicted by Barchinard, abounding in sand, hunger, and thirst. But, behold our party, consisting of ten persons, sitting in a comfortable tent lined with yellow baize, and cheerfully lighted up; a clean table-cloth, and the following bill of fare—roast turkey, ham, fowls, mutton in various shapes, curry, rice, and potatoes, damson tart, and a pudding; madeira, claret, sherry, port, and Hodgson's beer. For the desert, Lemann's biscuits, almonds and raisins, watermelons, pumplinose (or shaddock), and a plumcake as a finale!

What astonished me, was the ease with which the whole arrangement of our meals was conducted; however, I believe this was principally to be attributed to the

* Christmas bazaar. Bishop Heber has recorded the analogy between these two words.—*Ed.*

skillful superintendence of Mr. Elphinstone's head servant, Antonio. He was active and strong; a good tailor, and a good cook; speaking a little of most languages, but being master of Arabic, French, and Italian. He mended my harness like a practised saddler; and, in short, could do any thing and every thing as it was required. The cook, dining tent, and apparatus, were sent forward early in the morning, before we started ourselves, and at six in the evening our dinner was ready.

While traversing the desert we met numerous droves of camels, the Arabs belonging to which offered us for sale grapes, dates, watermelons, and ready boiled hard eggs. Every person was so inoffensive, that after the first day, the gentlemen laid aside their arms as useless incumbrances, and travelled with such perfect security, that individuals were occasionally separated from the caravan without any fear of molestation.

We did not gain a sight of the fertile country and of the Nile till about twelve or fifteen miles from Legayta, just before our arrival at Hujaza, the next stage to Luxor; but the contrast with the desert did not appear to me very striking. This part of the journey, though interesting, afforded little of novelty, as the face of the country resembled so much that on the banks of the Ganges. Indeed, but for the curious method of my own conveyance, and the road, which was a causeway raised above the inundation, and crowded with camels, I could have scarcely believed I was not in India. The date-groves, at a little distance, were perfectly similar to tops of cocoa-nut trees. The young wheat was of a brilliant pomona green, interspersed with the dried-up stubble of the preceding crop. There were also fields of sugar-cane and Indian corn, and little water-courses, for irrigation, winding in every direction. The wheel used for this purpose, turned by oxen, was in perpetual motion. The small pots attached to it which raised up the water, and as the wheel revolved, threw it into the channels above noticed. It was curious to hear the noise of these wheels, which made a constant creaking like the singing of crickets, not disagreeable, and which never ceased by day or by night. I observed the same at Bombay. The plough, also, is quite Indian.

The day was particularly fine, and the first sight of the numerous cattle, so truly English, caused me a sensation of joy which those only can appreciate who have long been absent from home. I was never tired of looking at, and admiring, these beautiful cows, each of which would have been worth forty or fifty pounds in Calcutta. They were of a fine black and white or bay colour;—unlike the little miserable, half-starved, dirty-white animals of Bengal, with humps on their necks!

We met many Turks, their horses gaily caparisoned, some with four or five pistols stuck in their girdles, all with a martial air, but perfectly civil, yet forming a great contrast to the simplicity of our quiet, unarmed Englishmen.

While I was leisurely travelling along, thinking only of our arrival at Luxor, one of the party who had preceded us, called to me from a rising ground to turn to the left, and having gone a few hundred yards off the road, I beheld, unexpectedly, the temple of Carnae. It was long after I reached my tent ere I recovered from the bewilderment into which the view of these stupendous ruins had thrown me. No one, who has not seen them, can understand the awe and admiration they excite even in unscientific beholders. When I compare the descriptions of Denon and Hamilton, I find them essentially correct, yet without giving me any adequate idea of the glorious reality. "They in describing what never has been, and what I think never can be described. No words can impart a conception of the profusion of pillars, standing, prostrate, inclining against each other, broken and whole. Stones of a gigantic size, propped up by pillars, and pillars again resting upon stones, which appear ready to crush the gazer under their sudden fall; yet, on a second view, he is convinced nothing but an earthquake could move them; all these pillars, covered with sculpture, perhaps three thousand years old, though fresh as if finished but yesterday, not of grotesque and hideous objects, such as we are accustomed to associate with ideas of Egyptian mythology, but many of the figures of gods, warriors, and horses, much larger than life, yet exhibiting surpassing beauty and grace.* As I had seen

none but English and Welsh ruins, and some of the caves at Elephanta and Salsette, I might have doubted my own judgment, had I not found every one else, learned and unlearned, struck with the same admiration. Some of the gentlemen returned to view Carnae at night. I was too unwell to partake of this pleasure. They all came back highly gratified, observing that the detached ruins derived advantage from the moonlight, though the temple itself could not be seen with sufficient distinctness. One only of the four obelisks, mentioned by Ptolemy, is now standing; it is not equal to either of the two at Luxor, which are the most perfect in the world.

Our tents were pitched under the walls of Luxor, close to the banks of the Nile. The sight of the few boats on the peaceful waters,—our own encampment,—the contented appearance of the camels, which had thrown off their loads, and were luxuriating on the fresh herbage,—and of their drivers, who knew they were to have one or two days' rest, and had a reward in prospect,—composed as cheerful a scene as well can be imagined, and imparted a sensation of tranquillity and repose quite refreshing to a weary traveller like myself.

The houses at Luxor are built with sun-burnt bricks and baked clay pipes; and, about three or four feet from the top, branches of trees are inserted, either to bind the structure, or to accommodate the pigeons, which flock to the town in myriads, and perching on these branches, add to the curious appearance of the place. The walls are battlemented, and in the port-holes are piled up six clay pipes, which, at a distance, have the appearance of small cannon. On the very top of the parapet circular pots are placed, which, also viewed from afar, looked like so many men's heads; so that when I first discovered the town, it seemed to me that all its inhabitants had mounted the roofs of their houses to see us. The pigeons of the country belong to no particular proprietors, but are not destroyed, in consequence of the manner which they produce. Some time ago an English traveller, ignorant of the value attached to these birds, having killed one with his gun, was maltreated and wounded by the people of the village. It was remarkable to see the miserable mud huts of the moderns built on some of the magnificent pillars of the ancient city.

CHAPTER VI.

Crossed the Nile—Encamped at near Goornoo—Visit to the Temple of the Kings—Mennium—Midnet Haboo—Colossal Statues.

The next day, having crossed the river, I mounted my donkey, and, in company with Mr. Wilkinson, who had resided several years in Egypt, employed in scientific pursuits, visited the Tombs of the Kings at Biban el Mooll. Candles being lighted, we descended first into the tomb discovered by Belzoni, and called by him that of Psamitis.

I suffered greatly from oppression at first entering,—as much, perhaps, from fear, as from the closeness of the air,—and returned after proceeding some way. Another party, however, descending, inspired me with more courage, and I made a second attempt. The uncomfortable sensation, arising from the lowness of the roof, and being under ground, decreased as I advanced, and as the beauty and wonder of the place soon banished every feeling but curiosity, I was enabled to enjoy all its strange and novel sights without qualification.

"*culables de tant de somptuosité.*" M. Champellion, also, in a letter, a translation of which has recently been published in the Literary Gazette, thus adverts to the indescribable grandeur of Carnae:—"I at length went to the palace, or rather, the city of monuments at Carnae: I here beheld all the magnificence of the Pharaohs, the grandest productions ever conceived and executed by man. All that I had seen at Thebes, all that I had admired with enthusiasm on the left bank, appeared miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions with which I was surrounded. I shall take care not to attempt to describe any thing; for either my description would not express a thousandth part of what ought to be said when speaking of such objects; or, if I drew a faint sketch of them, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps for a madman. It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and so grand a scale as the ancient Egyptians: their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high; and the imagination, which in Europe rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the Hypostyle Hall of Carnae."

The paintings, with colours as vivid as those of any modern artists,—and the engravings, in alto and basso-relievo, in perfect preservation, did not delight me so much as an unfinished chamber, the walls of which were covered with drawings previously to their being cut in the stone. These were mere outlines in black or red, but sketched with such boldness and lightness, that the more I looked the more I admired. Scarcely yet can I believe the hand that traced them to have been dead so many centuries. Many of the figures are as large as life, and though mere outlines, wrought with as much expression as a finished painting. Flaxman's illustrations may serve to give an idea of the sort of thing in miniature; but I doubt whether even these must not yield in spirit and grace to the Egyptian composition.

After leaving this tomb, we visited that opened so long ago by Bruce, supposed to be the tomb of Rameses III.; it was also exceedingly curious, and in tolerable preservation. The whole of the walls are covered with paintings; and there I beheld tables, chairs and sideboards, patterns of embossed silk and chintz, drapery with folds and fringe, precisely as an upholsterer would have fitted up a room when Egyptian furniture was in vogue. Indeed, it was an amusement to us all when I discovered some patterns exactly similar to those which I had sent, only seven years before, to a gentleman of our party.

Of the Harpers, mentioned by Bruce, one is almost defaced; and the other, I fear, will not last long; but they interested me as showing the antiquity of the instrument on which they are represented to be playing.

Mr. Wilkinson told me, that the destruction which we had observed in Belzoni's tomb, and which was evinced by large fragments lying on the ground, had taken place within three months of our visit.

No book could better have portrayed the usages of the Egyptians than these tombs. Every thing is described:—in one chamber, preparing and dressing the meat, boiling the cauldron, making the bread, lighting the fire, fletching water. Another chamber presents scenes in a garden, a boy being beaten for stealing fruit, a canal, pleasure-boats, fruit, flowers, the process of various arts, such as sculpturing, painting, mixing colours, &c. Here most of the people are standing at their work, while in India, the gardener, painter, sculptor, blacksmith, cook, all sit. They do not plough the ground sitting, but I think they would if they could.

After seeing two more tombs, I was compelled to return home from fatigue. The gentlemen remained exploring till a late hour, but I could not gather from their conversation that they had met with any novelties.

In order to avoid the impertinence of the town's people, we removed the next day across the Nile, and encamped on a quiet spot, close to the banks of the river, commanding a fine view of Luxor, Carnae, Goornoo, (the great repository of the dead), the Memnonium, Midnet Haboo, and the two colossal statues seated on the plain, like brother genii, in solitary grandeur.

These two statues seem to have formed the side pillars, or entrance, of some enormous gateway. I understand the learned are much puzzled to discover which of the two is the one from which the sound is said to have proceeded every morning at sunrise; but I, who do not enter deeply into these discussions, am content to believe the vocal Memnon to be that which bears so many Greek inscriptions on its feet, stating that certain persons had heard the sounds, and specifying the day and the hour on which the prodigy took place. Unless these names be considered as fabrications, I do not perceive how the doubt could have arisen.

While viewing these two statues one morning, the sight of a gentleman-like looking Turk coming towards us (Turks are seldom to be seen in such a lonely place as we were then in) surprised me a good deal. He made the usual Mahomedan salutations, and I was for the moment startled at hearing him address us in good English. The enigma, however, was soon solved, when the stranger introduced himself as Major Temple, of the 15th Hussars, lately returned from Nubia. He, with Mr. Wilkinson, who was also attired in a Turkish dress, had fitted up two tombs, in one of the Goornoo mountains, for their residence. The Turkish garb may command some respect among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, but certainly has not the same effect in the lower provinces, where the English and French nations are so much esteemed, that a Frank dress is considered the best protection.

The villagers in our vicinity, and who chiefly live in the caves of Goornoo, had a wild and resolute appearance. Every man was at this time armed with a spear, to resist, it was said, the compulsory levies of the Pasha, who found it vain to attack them in their fastnesses. I, who

* Denon observes, "On est fatigué d'écrire, on est fatigué de lire, on est épouvé de la pensée d'une telle conception; on ne peut croire même, après l'avoir vu, à la réalité de l'existence de tant de constructions réunies sur un même point, à leur dimension, à la constance obstinée qu'a exigée leur fabrication, aux dépenses incal-

was so delighted with the beauty and peace of our new abode, felt quite disturbed to discover that the very spot where we were encamped had, four years before, witnessed the massacre of many hundreds of Arabs, then in resistance against this recruiting system, and who were blown from guns, or shot while endeavouring to make their escape by swimming across the river. The poor people around, however, behaved with civility to us, and I felt no apprehension at going among them with a single companion, or even alone. To be sure, we were obliged to take special care of our property, for which purpose the chief of Luxor assisted us, by furnishing half a dozen men to watch by night round the encampment. Nevertheless, once after I had gone to sleep, I was awakened by the extinguishing of the light, and felt my little camp bed raised up by a man creeping underneath; he fled on my crying out, and escaped the pursuit, as he had the vigilance, of our six protectors.

I was greatly delighted with the temple of Medinet Haboo. A detention of some days, on account of boats, gave us ample time to expatiate among these glorious sights; but I grieved to observe, on comparing them with the descriptions of Hamilton and Denon, how much mischief had been done to all these ruins within the last twenty years. Of the eight statues at Medinet Haboo, mentioned by the former, I could not, on my first visit, discover a vestige. His explanations of the battle and hunting scenes are so much in detail, that but for the real beauty and magnificence of the whole, I should have felt some disappointment from finding that, owing to the recent dilapidations, I could seldom, after a minute inspection with his book in my hand, make out any thing like a connected story.

On a subsequent visit to Medinet Haboo, I discovered one of the statues above adverted to. They appear, by this relic, to have been of the same form (and had, in a like manner, the arms crossed over the chest) with those of the Memnonium. The circumstance of this statue being built up is likely to ensure its preservation, for it is perfectly hid from the view of any one standing in the court, by the wall in which it is inclosed.

Notwithstanding the great pains taken by Cambyses to destroy these temples, and he left 25,000 men behind him for this purpose, the sculpture is so superabundant, that much remains uninjured. In many places the outlines of the figures, which are cut in granite, two or three inches deep, have been filled up with mud; and this, when dislodged with a small stick, showed the colours underneath in vivid preservation. I considered even this slight act an approach to profanation, but one of the gentlemen at this time of our party, imbued with a far different spirit, would, but for my remonstrance, have broken off, with sacrilegious hand, a fragment from the vocal Memnon; and another, in the same manner, while crossing the desert, threw stones into the well at Legayta, to ascertain its depth; not recollecting that if every traveller adopted the same mode of measurement, little water would remain for the thirsty wanderer, less plentifully supplied than ourselves.

I need say little of Ebeek, and the Memnonium, which already have been so well and so frequently described by others. Smitten with the superior grandeur of Carnac, I had visited the Memnonium several times before I would admit its temple to any share of my admiration, or do justice to its beauty, for the sculpture on it is singular perfection. I was at first more occupied in wondering at the cut and graven stones, great and small, which lay scattered on the ground; huge blocks of granite, inscribed with hieroglyphics, and bearing marks of having once formed sphinxes, obelisks, pillars, &c. The large mutilated statue, called by the French the Memnon, is really stupendous, and I would have vainly learned how such a block could have been removed, how it could have been chiseled, (for it is supposed the Egyptians had no iron tools,) and how it could have been put up. The fragments (for I must call them such, though the smallest is large enough to form a statue for our pigmy ideas) still retain a fine polish, and will probably remain as landmarks long after the buildings in the vicinity have disappeared.

This country must be different from any other. We here lived and rode amidst a city of the dead; and from the ruins around, so much larger than life, both in the human and animal form, I could scarcely believe the former race of inhabitants not to have been of a mightier stature, and of a nature superior to our own; yet we are assured that these very people "cut off their hair upon the death of a dog, and shaved their eyebrows for a dead cat."

CHAPTER VII.

Detention at Thebes—Departure of the gentlemen for Edfoo—Arrival of a reputation of Turks from Kenneh—Their astonishment at seeing a lady write—The author witnesses the opening of a mummy.

Having been thus detained a fortnight at Thebes, I was enabled to visit its various antiquities at perfect leisure. The colossal statues became like old friends, between which we used to sit down and take our refreshment, enjoying the heavenly climate; and, while repeatedly examining the majestic Carnac, we gratified our imaginations by reposing in the hall of Sesostris.

The detention, as I have before mentioned, was occasioned by the want of boats. We arrived at the time of the conscription, when every vessel was pressed for the conveyance of the recruits; and the boats sent up to us having shared the same fate, most of the gentlemen took advantage of this delay to visit Esneh and Edfoo, in a canoa belonging to Mr. Wilkinson, so small that it could not afford me accommodation also. Denon had given such an inviting description of these temples, that I regretted this disappointment greatly; and my heart failed a little when I saw my friends depart and leave me nearly alone, for the tent of the only gentleman who remained was pitched so far from mine, that I felt almost without protection. Besides, as evening shut in, the wilderness of the country, and the men by whom I was surrounded, rendered my situation somewhat lonely; but, with returning light, returned my usual cheerfulness; and while planning an excursion for the day, I perceived a party of Turks land from a handsome boat, decorated with streamers: altogether it was the gayest set out I had seen since I arrived in Egypt; and on enquiring the reason of such an invasion of our peaceful camp, it proved to be a deputation from the Cachef of Kenneh, with letters, and a long complimentary message to Mr. Elphinstone. The difficulty, however, was how to convey these, and when arrived at their destination, what would be their utility, as they were in the Turkish language, and the gentlemen had taken no interpreter on their excursion. At last, after a consultation with Antonio, it was agreed that I, being the only scribe then in camp, the letter and message should be explained to me, that I might communicate them to Mr. Elphinstone. Accordingly, having put on my veil, accompanied by Antonio, and accompanied with all the state I could command, I entered the tent where four Turks and a Greek lad were sitting. They did not attempt to rise, but regarded me with their usual imperturbable countenances. The letter was opened in due form, and, with the message, was translated from Turkish into Arabic by the young Greek, (for the Turks, as usual, could not read,) and then explained to me in Italian by Antio, when, after much writing, folding, sealing, and directing, I despatched my letter, amusing myself during the whole process, which I purposely protracted, with the astonishment which I knew I created—and so it proved; for though these grave Mussulmen did not betray their wonder at the time, they subsequently inquired whether other Frank ladies were so accomplished, as to read, write, fold, and seal; marvelling that, while their own women could not even talk sense, an unbelieving female should possess a knowledge of which Khidjah, the prophet's wife, was destitute.

In the evening, I accepted the invitation of Signor Piccini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take the scarabæus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signor's dwelling was nothing more than a mud hut on the hills of Gournoo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window shutters, steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities.

I had accompanied Signor Piccini with great glee, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality.

Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their burthen, and were watching with eager look the examination of its contents, (their profits depending upon the value of the prize,) while the candles

which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances.

The outside case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphics, and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which, though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me; I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than rifling the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphics, and the other materials, was cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interests of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit if he were to issue an edict, to clear his country from these mummy scavengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be reinterred; but according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and they had certainly no beauty to attract us to be purchasers.

Signor Piccini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitrified porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire, or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signor thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity. During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation.

Passing through his miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which was removed, and inclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signor Piccini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value, that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine.

The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Gournoo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin lids,—which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures,—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve, in some degree, to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt,

* This unfortunate individual is since dead, after having passed so many years of painful and revolting labour, struggling with poverty, deprived of the alleviations of civilised life, and exposed to the insults and oppression of the Turkish authorities.

† Poorly; poor man, he lived—poorly poor man, he died."

that, under which my tent was pitched, being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return of the gentlemen from Edfoo—Misconduct of the Turks regarding boats for the party—Condition of the Arabs of Upper Egypt—Fertility of the soil—Paucity of inhabitants about Thebes—Description of the boat in which the author embarked for Cairo.

After an absence of six days the gentlemen returned from Edfoo. On their way thither, they saw Erment, or Hiermonthis, to the inner temple of which they could not gain admittance, as it was occupied by the Turks. Near this place the Nile is remarkably narrow, not exceeding, in appearance, the breadth of one hundred and fifty yards. They seemed to have been somewhat disappointed with Edfoo; owing, perhaps, to Denon's exaggerated praise of it. After reading his description, I had set my heart upon seeing it; and I therefore was not sorry when I learned that the ardent Frenchman had, in some degree, supplied the dilapidations of time and barbarous destruction by his own vivid imagination. I feel no inclination, however, to speak of Denon but with the greatest respect; the general accuracy of his drawings and descriptions is wonderful—indeed so much so, that I know not how he could have accomplished the task under the privations to which he was exposed. Forced marches after a flying enemy—the heat of an Egyptian summer, blinded as he was by dust and ophthalmia—deprived of all remedies or alleviations—unaccustomed, from his previous habits, to the hardships of a soldier's life, and at an age when such habits are neither easily formed, nor in the constitution enabled to bear them: his good humour and activity, aided by zeal and talent, under all these adverse circumstances, are really worthy of admiration.

An elaborate account of the Temple of Edfoo would now be superfluous. It will, however, soon altogether cease to correspond with the existing delineations of it, as the inner part of the temple is occupied by people of the village, who have disfigured it by building mud partitions between the pillars, almost up to their exquisite lotus capitals, and desecrate it by every species of abomination.

On their return they landed at Eleithias. The chief objects of curiosity in these caves have been enumerated by Hamilton; but the gentlemen were much interested in tracing the striking similarity of the representations of ancient Egyptian manners and occupations with those which actually prevail among the Hindoos. The Egyptian temples, too, resemble the Hindoo in the general structure, the form of the pillars, and the darkness of the interior. The representation of mythological figures is another coincidence, though there is no decided similarity between the deities represented. There are not wanting, on the other hand, strong points of distinction—the absence of pyramidal structures, and obelisks, and hieroglyphics, in India, where the inscriptions, if any, are in alphabetical writing. It may also be observed, that the most celebrated Hindoo temples are generally excavated, whereas the Egyptian are erected.

At Esch, or Latopolis, the person in charge of the temple readily offered the gentlemen admission, and conducted them wherever the place was accessible. But it was occupied as a storeroom for cotton, large bales of which were piled against its beautiful columns, and the hieroglyphics were much defaced by smoke.

The kaimakan of the city was extremely civil; invited the party to drink coffee, sent a present of a sheep, and lent them horses to convey them to Aphrodito. A full grown lioness, quietly basking in the sun, was chained to one of the pillars of the gallery through which they passed; and apparently, from the length of her chain, there was no other protection to passengers, in such a dangerous vicinity, than the animal's forbearance.

They landed at Crocodilopolis, but, notwithstanding its significant name, did not see one of the animals which abounded there formerly, and from which the place took its appellation. Indeed, if I recollect right, we saw only one crocodile during the time we were on the Nile.

After ten days' delay, the boats from Kenneh arrived, but the cachef had fixed so large a price for them, and the reis, or captain, required so much more in addition,

that Antonio went off to procure others. He succeeded; but these boats, with several more which joined him on his passage, anchored two miles below Thebes, the crew being fearful of approaching till those belonging to the cachef had been hired. When this was discovered, some of the gentlemen rode down to the spot, took possession each of a boat, and brought them up in triumph. The Turks of the cachef's boats were so incensed when they saw this, that they fired three shots over one of the cangias* to intimidate the men. Matters, however, were at last accommodated, and all the boats were divided among the party; those of the cachef being taken at an exorbitant price, with the intimation, however, that a complaint respecting the exaction would be made to the pasha. The above arrangements brought us to the 18th of January, an unfortunate loss of time, as I feared to encounter the plague at Alexandria, and in consequence a lengthened quarantine at Malta. Moreover, the state of politics made us anxious to leave Egypt, though it was scarcely possible to fancy a more peaceful country at that time. If I were to judge from what I saw, I should call the Arabs of Upper Egypt a happy people, notwithstanding the dwellings of the poorer class were wretched in the extreme; indeed, they generally lived in holes in the mountains, in order to place themselves in security from the inundation of the Nile. But as I wandered through the villages on the plain, the donkey drivers constantly offered me to partake of excellent wheaten bread; the sheep and cattle were abundant; the milk rich; and eggs were in such plenty that we used to obtain eighty for a piastre†.

The soil of Egypt may truly be called luxuriant, and the surprising variety of the crops give a pleasing novelty to our rides. Plains of the richest clover, in which the cattle revelled uncontrolled, besides fields of wheat, maize, beans of the sweetest seed, indigo, cotton, flax, (and I must not omit the blue lupine, which is here used as an article of food) were to be seen extending in every direction. Still, amidst all this fruitfulness, I could not help remarking the loneliness of Thebes itself, (if I may so denominate Carnae and Luxor,) and how few animals and birds, pigeons alone excepted, broke the universal stillness. To my eye, accustomed to the swarming multitudes of Calcutta, the paucity of inhabitants here was very conspicuous. The absence, also, of all fishermen on the Nile was yet more remarkable. On the Ganges, hundreds of fishermen may be observed, and vessels are frequently obliged to alter their course, to avoid injuring the numerous nets; but at Thebes I never perceived any person engaged in that employment, and the Nile flows silently and tranquilly along, undisturbed by a single boat. Meditating on this diversity, my imagination, rapidly passing over the occurrences of many weeks, transported me back to India, and forced upon me the contrast of Calcutta, the city of palaces, in the very proximity of traffic and population, with the once magnificent Thebes, the city of a hundred gates, devoid of inhabitants, without commerce, and lying waste, in all the desolation of ruined majesty.

Our servant had the whole morning been cleaning the maash selected for us, from the mud and dirt, which adhered to it at least two inches thick. The outside had already dispelled any illusions I might have had of its resemblance to Cleopatra's galley, but when I entered it, I confess I was quite dismayed. A common coil large on the river Thames would have afforded better accommodation. Two small cabins in the stern, the wooden partitions besmeared with dirt, every plank divided, some entirely broken out, admitting sun, wind, and rats, and the lowness of the ceiling, which did not allow of my standing upright, made me look round in hopeless discomfort. Few minutes, however, elapsed before our tent was dismantled, the walls thrown over the top of the boat, and a projecting pole added, which, with the help of our trunks for a platform, and a carpet over them, formed a sort of verandah. We nailed table-cloths on the ceiling and sides of the cabin, and the openings most exposed to cold I closed with little coloured mats, which I happened to have brought with me from India. The

* The boats employed on the Nile are maashes, djerns, dahabeers, and cangias. The maash is a barge, used for accommodation or for burthen; the djern, somewhat lighter and swifter, for the latter purpose exclusively. Dahabeers and cangias differ little in size and construction; the latter being smaller, and better calculated for expedition: both are employed solely for the conveyance of passengers.

† Fifteen piastres one dollar—one piastre, not quite three pence.

carpet was spread; our two little brass camp beds soon looked like sofas, and it was no small gratification to me to see a clean, comfortable, nay, almost pretty habitation, instead of the dirty dismal hole I had entered an hour before.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Thebes—Dendera—Accident on return from Thebes—Want of cleanliness in the Arabs—Instances of their indolence and disgust—Siout—Benihasseen—First sight of the Pyramids.

Having thus long pitched our tents at Thebes I looked upon it as a home, and quitted it with much regret. We embarked on the 18th of January, and on the 19th arrived at Dendera, situated just opposite to Kenneh, the cachef of which place had behaved so ill about the boats, that we determined not to land. It was not without threats, however, that we made the reis pass on, Kenneh being the usual place for obtaining supplies; but no sooner did we cast anchor, than the boat's crew, our servant, and interpreter, all deserted us. Next morning, after tracking in a boat an hour and a half, and riding another hour, we reached the temple of Dendera. But the first view in the distance was less striking than I had anticipated. The portico alone was visible, and it was only upon a closer examination that I found much to admire, as the building itself is heavy, and the pillars, though they have been so highly praised, cannot justly be called beautiful.

The Egyptians being unacquainted with the scientific principles of the arch, their pillars are always too much crowded together, but their height, and elegant proportions, and the absence of ceiling, generally diminish this defect. Not so at Dendera: the portico, which is roofed in, and in perfect preservation, consists of twenty-four pillars, three in a row, and the four enormous faces of the goddess Isis, upon the capital of each, give the building a very clumsy appearance. The sculpture on the walls is extremely fine; and though most of the figures have been defaced with peculiar care, some intervening event must have arrested the progress of the destroying hand. The very spot is marked, one half of a figure in the middle of a row is defaced, and the other half, with two ranges of figures above, remains entire. When I discovered the western wall of the temple, my admiration was unbounded. It is in perfect preservation. The figures are finer, the proportions better, and the carving much superior to those on any building I had yet seen. The wall consists of immense blocks of stone, so smooth, and well put together, that the joints do not break the line of exquisite sculpture. One warrior is represented with a flowing robe, of such transparent workmanship, that the limbs are visible through it. But the whole of this noble edifice has already been described, and well justifies the praises bestowed upon it by Hamilton and Denon. It is equally wonderful in its magnitude, and the profusion of its ornaments, as in the combination it exhibits of the refined taste of the Greeks, with the solidity and splendour of more ancient times; and it is a curious fact that the Greeks and Romans continued to adopt the Egyptian style of architecture in the sacred edifices raised by them after the country had come under their dominion. The names deciphered at Dendera are comparatively modern—Ptolemy, Tiberius, Claudius, Domitian, Trajan, and Antonine.

On our return from the temple, I was nearly meeting with an awkward adventure. After a long ride, we found we had missed the place where we had left the ferry-boat, and that we had to cross a quicksand before we could reach our maash. In a minute, my donkey sank up to the saddle, and one second more saw me off its back, and thrown across the shoulder of an Arab: no sack of corn could have been treated with less ceremony. At any other time, I should have shuddered at the approach of my garment to within a yard of my person. But when I had recovered from my first surprise, my ridiculous position would have made me laugh audibly, had I not been fearful that, if the man had caught the contagion, he might have let me fall into the stream. Fortunately I did not recollect, at that moment, the confession of an Arab boatman, with whom I remonstrated on his want of cleanliness, and who, on my questioning him how often he washed, answered, with apparent simplicity, that he had only done so three times in his life, when the ceremonies of his religion peremptorily required it.

What a contrast to the practice of the Hindoos, who

* I have since heard of the discovery at Sacarea of one ancient arch on the key-stone principle, and undoubtedly Egyptian.

never allow a day to pass without plenary ablution, and who, in the coldest weather, bathe their shivering limbs in the Ganges, allowing the clothes, which they wash with themselves, to dry on their persons!

I should not forget to mention that the deputy of the governor of Komeh, fearing the consequence of our threatened appeal to the pasha, who severely punishes extortion on the part of his officers towards strangers, came on board to offer his apologies, which were of course accepted, as the principal motive for resisting the demands for the boats was to preserve future travellers from similar exactions.

Passing How, where the French defeated the Mamelukes, we reached Girgeh on the 23d. This town contains a convent, the superior and monks of which dress in the Arab style. One of them, Padre Ladelsa, a Roman, who was at Cairo when the English prisoners taken in General Frazer's unfortunate expedition were there, had resided fifteen or sixteen years at Girgeh. He mentioned that there were in the place, eight hundred or one thousand Christians, of whom about four hundred were Catholics, the rest Copts, at least in name. The Coptic church is descended from the ancient Eutycheians and Jacobites of the Monophysite heresy.

The wind being very high, we were obliged to anchor under a range of mountains, in which were many holes, or mummy pits, inhabited by Arabs apparently very poor. Mr. L. and I walked about a mile from the boat, and fell in with some of these men, of the wildest appearance, feeding their flocks. We selected a sheep which we wished to purchase, and agreed on the terms, but no persuasion could induce the Arabs to take it to the boat till they had the money in hand. We had none with us, as our interpreter as well as our signs explained, but we promised to pay them the moment we reached the boat, which was then in sight. Their incredulity, however, was such that, poor as they were, they permitted us to depart, rather than depend upon our promise.

Belzoni mentions that a promise to an Arab is a thing of nought, and this, I could imagine, might be the case at Philæ; but not within a short distance of Cairo, where traffic cannot, I should presume, always be carried on in ready money. Perhaps they apprehended oppression similar to that which they experienced from the Turks, who, I believe, forcibly seize every thing they stand in need of.

Our boat's crew breakfasted on coffee, poached or hard eggs, and bread. They frequently purchased meat in addition to that which we gave them; which surprised me, as I had heard so much of their poverty. Although there is plenty of fish in the Nile, some of which I tasted and found good, the Arabs do not trouble themselves to take it, as they find the cultivation of the soil more profitable. The mention of these circumstances reminds me of an instance of the unceremoniousness of our insubordinate crew. Having procured a sheep, I promised them a portion of it; but while I was giving directions to the servant as to what parts to retain, I found they had spared me the trouble of subdivision, by appropriating, without further authority, the best half to themselves.

The north wind continued so strong that the boat made little progress, and we were enabled to land generally when we felt inclined. Frequently, accompanied only by my female servant, I wandered to a considerable distance from the boat. The reis at first remonstrated with me upon my temerity, and recommended me to have an armed attendant, but notwithstanding I disregarded his warnings, I met with no alarms. The Fellahs, carrying loads of forage on their asses or camels, permitted us to pass without interruption, and their wives generally stopped to open their baskets filled with rice, eggs, and bread, in hopes of sale. Were it not for the voyage from Alexandria to Malta, and the quarantine, I could fancy, to a person fond of change, no pleasanter variety than passing a winter in Egypt. The climate is exhilarating in the extreme; the sailing and floating down the Nile attended with no trouble; the scenery beautiful; and, indeed, the lasting gratification of seeing such objects as Thebes and the Pyramids is worth greater sacrifices than a sea voyage and a temporary imprisonment.

We were soon obliged to desire the Reis to anchor below a town or village, for, on approaching Lower Egypt, we had come to the vicinity of the Turks, who were more curious and presuming than the Arabs, and usually assembled to see what the boat contained. The women, too, were importunate, coming down to beg, and whining out "Meskeen Khowajah," which means "I am poor, merchant," an appellation they give to every one in a Frank dress, for it never enters into their contemplation that a person can travel for pleasure, or from any other

motive than gain; perhaps, however, this term is intended as one of respect when applied to Christians.

Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, where we landed on the 27th, is a nice looking town, with several good minarets. The house of Ibrahim Pasha, the governor, who is also son-in-law to Mahomed Ali, was far superior to any we had seen in this country; but the materials of it were not more substantial. The people were not unenlightened, and apparently accustomed to Europeans. A Turkish boy, however, of about fifteen years old, deprived of a couple of asses we had just hired, by intimidating the driver. Being in front of the Turkish main guard, it was prudent to submit to this act of insolence.

Signor Massari, a Neapolitan physician employed here by the pasha as a vaccinator, informed us that the ambassadors of England, France and Russia, had left Constantinople; a piece of intelligence which rendered me more anxious than ever to proceed.

On the night of the 28th we were off Antioch, built by Hadrian, in honour of his favourite, Antinous, who was supposed to have been drowned in the Nile near this spot. Its ruins, described by Hamilton, induced some of the gentlemen, though it was so late as eleven o'clock, to visit them. After a good deal of trouble, they procured a guide from the village; and, at the end of a desolate walk, they were disappointed by finding every relic of value removed, it was said, for materials for the new buildings at Siout, and to embellish the duftdar's palace at Cairo. It would have been gratifying to have seen these ruins, and thus been enabled to compare the architecture of Hadrian's city on the banks of the Nile, with Hadrian's magnificent villa near Rome.

On reaching Benihassen, we anchored just below the grottoes which are half-way up the mountain. Within a square cut in the rock, is seen a temple supported by pillars, on which rests a pediment. These pillars, which are more in the Grecian than the Egyptian style, are singularly elegant, having their shafts composed of four rods compressed at the neck of the capital which is formed by their expansion. The scenes on the walls are excellently described by Hamilton. The colours were a good deal covered by dirt and smoke, but when we removed these with a wet towel, fixed to the end of a pole, we were all surprised at a brilliant picture making its appearance. The colours are occasionally very vivid; the green, lilac, and light blue, of the plumage of some birds, represented in the act of being snared, are particularly fine. I observed no mythological figures here, and few hieroglyphics. On this spot I was struck with the quantities of little flattened stones, or, as it were, pieces of burnt clay of a sand colour, about the size of a shilling, and called by the natives angels' money; they were as numerous on these mountains as shingles on the seashore.

As we advanced towards Cairo, the navigation of the Nile became more precarious, and the maash frequently got aground, where our course, from a partial depth of the stream, seemed least liable to interruptions. Two maashes, sunk in a rocky and dangerous part of the river, almost a whirlpool, proved the risk we encountered in going on at night; and yet this we were compelled to do, from the violence of the contrary wind which prevailed during the day.

The next morning, on looking out of the maash, I was struck by seeing what appeared to me a mountain of singular shape, inclining to one side, as if the foundation had partially given way. A little below, the view of the Pyramids of Ghizh first broke upon me; and as the mountain above mentioned made them look small, they did not fill me with that degree of astonishment which I had expected them to excite. Great, therefore, was my surprise to find that what I had imagined to be a mountain, was called the false pyramid—which, from being nearer, and built upon a mound, seemed, though the reverse, of a larger size than the others. Had I at first known the truth, the effect would, perhaps, have been far more imposing; but, as it was, I looked and looked, and endeavoured to raise myself to something like enthusiasm, but I could not succeed. The Pyramids still continued to be, in my eyes, no more than the pigny efforts of human imperfection to rival the surrounding mountains.

CHAPTER X.

Approach to Cairo—Ride from the boats to the Consulate—Approach of the plague—Excursion through the city and its environs—Duftdar—Anecdote of the Pasha's summary justice—Tombs of the Mameluke Sultans—Wretched condition of the Children—Visit to Shoorba—Anecdote of the Pasha's affection for his late wife.

Our approach to Cairo was not under favourable auspices. The rain which, for the last three days, had so

unusually prevailed, continued to drizzle, and the cloudy sky added to the melancholy appearance of the decayed and deserted barrack-looking houses on each side the Nile, in which the casements were broken, if they had ever been glazed. A few stragglers along the banks, and no boats in activity on the river, gave but little idea of our vicinity to a capital.

The first thing which attracted my attention after the Pyramids, was a castellated building, perched on the summit of the mountain on the right bank of the river—so high and so obscured by the mist, that I had no idea of what it was till I looked through a telescope, when it proved a picturesque fort, of the same colour as the mountain on which it stood; and, from the latter being scarped from top to bottom, the ascent outside appeared very difficult. We pulled on till two hours after dark, and remained all night in a creek of the river, to avoid the noise of the numerous craft in the principal stream, and also to escape a visit from the rats, which are ever ready to shift their quarters on the arrival of a new vessel. A steam-boat was lying opposite the island of Rhoda, where the Indian army was encamped in 1801. Next morning we landed at Bulae, and found horses and donkeys provided for us by the kindness of Mr. Maltas, acting for Mr. Barker, the English consul, then at Alexandria. The gentleman went first, and after despatching our baggage to Cairo, I mounted my dapple, and, attended by Antonio the Italian servant, followed to the consulate.

I felt some little nervousness at the idea of riding through the crowded streets at noon; but there proved no just cause of apprehension from the people, who, though they looked intently, and one or two Turks made observations to each other, offered not the slightest incivility.

I believe the women I met eyed me with as much interest as I regarded them. They resembled friars more than women; appearing generally coarse and fat, riding *en cavalier*, and enveloped in a loose, shapeless garment of black silk, which covered the head as well as the figure, and on the forehead joined a piece of white linen, which descended in a peak to the waist, and which, without sticking close, concealed the face like a mask. Two holes were cut in this for the eyes, sometimes so large that one might guess at the character of the face beneath; and the cloth, from the forehead down to the tip of the nose, was adorned with a row of sequins, or other ornaments. Altogether the whole dress was grotesque and ugly. Many streets were so narrow that, but for the blows of the donkey drivers, I think I should have been squeezed to death by the camels and their loads. Men, horses, donkeys, and camels, all hurried on, without the least regard to whom or what might be in their way, and yet all appeared to escape with safety. The day was still overcast, and the sight of so many narrow streets and deserted houses, both then and the day before, filled me with a melancholy I could not shake off, and which was not diminished by the appearance of the consulate where we were to lodge. Mr. Salt being lately dead, the house was consequently uninhabited, and, to an English eye, unfurnished.

The conversation, in the evening, turned on the plague; and we heard that one *accident* (the term used for a death by plague) had already occurred. It was natural, therefore, on retiring to my gloomy chamber at night, to dwell on this awful subject. These meditations were not cheered by the sight of an iron bedstead and several bottles of camphor on a bureau, indicating the precautions observed against infection; and I felt an increased dejection from having, in the morning, received letters which transported me in idea to England, and all the smiling comforts of a home, where happily such dreadful afflictions are unknown. Casting off, however, these lugubrious reflections, I joined my friends next day in an excursion to view the various objects of interest within our reach.

Crossing the Esbequier, or great square, we came to the house of the duftdar who married the pasha's daughter, to which a garden is attached, with a summer-house or pavilion in it, and a marble fountain. The orange trees were in full fruit: the most conspicuous flowers were French marigolds, interspersed in the same beds with large cabbages; the fruit, flower, and kitchen garden being thus combined in one.

It was in this garden where General Kleber was assassinated. We saw the spot where he was standing, and the well to which his murderer fled for concealment. It is well known that the assassin was impaled, and that he survived three days in agony. The adjoining house to this palace is a humble one, but it was that in

which Bonaparte held his head-quarters while at Cairo. The dufardur is much disliked; he was said to be of a sanguinary disposition, and only kept to check by the pasha. It was generally stated that, since Mahomed Ali had felt himself secure in the pashalik, he had ceased to be cruel; seldom, of late years, taking away life, and never with torture; and if the subordinate Turks were as well disposed as himself, the Arabs, notwithstanding the oppressive taxes, would feel their property more secure. One instance of his prompt justice excited much astonishment; yet a more deliberate method would not probably, with such a people, have produced an equal effect. A Cæheef, who had not long been accustomed to the Pasha's rule, punished one of his own servants with death. The chief was called before Mahomed, who asked him by what authority he committed this outrage. He replied that the man was his own servant. "True," retorted the Pasha, "but he was my subject;" and with that he passed sentence, and had the unfortunate Cæheef immediately beheaded—an effectual warning to the rest of the grandees present. The above act of severity has saved the life of many of the Arabs, who, in former times, would have been sacrificed by their Turkish masters on the most trifling pretences.

Passing near the ancient mosque called Sultan Hakim's, and the lofty gateway denominated Babool Fattah, we proceeded by the Babool Nassar, the handsome gate of the city, and built in the grand Saracenic style. It is impossible to see Cairo without being struck with the size and durability of the ancient edifices, compared with the fragility of those of modern date. However, these are relative terms, for the times of Saladin, which in England I should call ancient, I must in Egypt term modern, and shall express my meaning more clearly if I say the fragility of the buildings erected within the last one hundred and fifty years: all these are going to decay, while those of seven or eight hundred years ago are standing, and if left to time, without being dilapidated by man, will, to all appearance, last for some centuries to come. On our way we passed by a small red and white striped house, in which Backhardt died. His name is never mentioned without panegyric, and expressions of deep regret.

The ultimate object of our excursion was the tombs of the Mamalukes. These are situated, as it would appear, in the very heart of the desert; and it struck me as one of the most singular features of Grand Cairo, that, from the very centre of population, from a scene of luxuriant cultivation, we in a moment, without the slightest preparation, passed on to a plain and hills of sand. Not a tree, not a habitation breaks the uniformity of the surface: nothing is visible but a district of graves, extending as far as the eye can reach; and, where the stones are no longer perceptible, little hillocks of sand mark the places of sepulchre.

Amidst this desolation arise the tombs of the Mamalukes. The largest is that of Sultan Beerkook and his followers. It is in the form of a square, and its walls are in excellent preservation. On one side, in an arched and vaulted room inlaid with coloured marbles, are placed his remains; at the extremity of an open gallery is a similar room, now used as a mosque. The square is embellished with a minar and dome. The latter especially, with the pulpit or muezzin, is cut in the most elegant and delicate fretwork of stone.

The rest of the building was occupied by poor Arabs, who lived by begging, and in this dwelling are safe from taxes and extortion.

The wretchedness of the children was beyond any thing I had ever seen; several were totally blind, others almost, and some who had lost one eye, and evidently, from disease and dirt, were losing the other, excited my utmost compassion. It was in vain I explained to their parents the necessity of cleanliness; they replied, "water was cold, water would make them worse," and returned to the clamour for bukces, which they appeared to value above the blessing of sight. Many of these little wretches wore strings of lead beads as necklaces and bracelets, and others had bunches of them hung on their ears, while their eyes swarmed with flies, rendering them the most pitious objects I ever beheld.

As I had already seen an Egyptian garden, I looked forward to an excursion to Shoobra, the country seat of the pasha, with little or no curiosity. Proceeding, however, by a fine road, planted on each side with acacias and sycamores, whose growth, owing to the richness of the soil, kept pace with the impatient disposition of the pasha, who had, at one sweep, cut down the avenue of mulberry trees three years before, we arrived at the

house, which is situated close to the Nile, and commands a fine prospect of the river and city.

The exterior of the building exhibited nothing remarkable. On ascending a terrace a few feet square, we passed through a rough wooden door, such as is fit only for an outhouse, and found ourselves in the pasha's room of audience. It was matted, and round the walls was fixed a row of cushions, on two corners of which were placed satin pillows, marking the seat the pasha occupied according to the position of the sun. Just over a low ledge in the door, we stepped into a small room with a bedding on the floor; this was his sleeping chamber. Surely never monarch had so little luxury or state. Thence we came at once to the magnificent suite of apartments appropriated to the chief lady of the harem.

The centre of the principal room formed a sort of octagon, with three recesses, all inlaid with marble. From the four corners opened four smaller rooms, fitted with splendid divans and cushions of velvet, and cloth of gold; and a set of marble baths completed this series of elegant apartments.

The ceilings, executed by a Greek artist, were lofty and vaulted, ornamented with gold and representations of landscapes, or of palaces and colonnades, the whole painted in light and pleasing colours.

The sultan's private sitting room was still more sumptuous. The ceiling consisted of a circus of palaces, the columns and arches of which were delineated with a most successful regard to perspective. These apartments were until lately occupied by the pasha's deceased wife, mother of Ibrahim Pasha, by a former husband. Their splendour was singularly contrasted with the plainness of those inhabited by the pasha himself. This led one of my friends to ask if I was not penetrated with so convincing a proof of the gallantry of the Turk; and he challenged me to cite the English husband who would have done so much for the exclusive gratification of his wife. To which I could only reply that, with my erratic propensities, I should not willingly resign the privilege of locomotion for such proofs of affection; and that I apprehended few English women would answer either the pasha's or Sancho Panza's idea of a good wife, by continually remaining, according to the latter's proverb, "like an honest woman at home, as if her leg were broken."

Mahomed Ali's late consort had great influence over him during her life, as he considered his marriage with her the foundation of his good fortune. She was esteemed and beloved by the people, for her influence was ever employed on the side of justice and mercy. Much of her time was occupied in receiving petitions; but it was seldom she had to refer them to the pasha, as her power was too well known by the ministers to require this last appeal.

If, however, in consequence of any denour on their part, she had to apply to him, he answered their remonstrance by saying, "It is enough. If my two eyes; if she requires it, the thing must be done; be it through fire, water, or stone."

His highness, during the heats of summer, sits below, in a room particularly adapted for coolness, and having a marble fountain in the centre. On one of the walls is inscribed, in large Arabic characters, a verse from the Koran, signifying "An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer."

The gardens of Shoobra, with their golden fruit and aromatic flowers, having already been described by former travellers, I shall pass on to the magnificent pavilion, which constitutes the chief embellishment of the place, and which was completed only a few weeks before my visit. This pavilion is about two hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred broad. On its sides run four galleries, or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest white marble (of an order resembling the composite), surrounding a sunken court of six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material.

At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges figures of fish, sculptured so true to nature that, with the flowing stream, they appear to move. The whole supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and re-appears in a beautiful jet-d'eau, lofty, sparkling, and abundant. One seldom sees an exhibition of this character without apprehending a failure of water; but here the works are fed by the Nile, and the spectator is aware that its exuberance will not cease.

In fine weather, the pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain with the ladies of his harem, who row about in the loaded court for the amusement of his highness, while he is seated in the colonnade. Great is the commotion when the ladies descend into the garden. A

signal is given, and the gardeners vanish in an instant. We were all struck with the ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance of these men. They were principally Greeks; and the gay colours of their fanciful costumes—each with a nosegay or bunch of fruit in his hand—combined with the luxuriant scenery around, gave them more the semblance of actors in a ballet representing a fête in Arcadia, than the real labourers of a Turkish despot.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to the citadel.—Labour of the women and children.—Splendid view from the terrace.—The pasha's palace.—Slave market.—Cemetery of the pasha's family.—Tus-oum Pasha.—Ismael Pasha.

The next day, while the gentlemen were gone to visit the governor of Cairo,* I followed to the citadel, accompanied by Osman, the Scotsman, so often mentioned by travellers in Egypt, who now practises physic in the city, and has received the title of Efendi from the pasha. After passing many splendid mosques, we ascended through a gate, which still retained shot-marks and other indications of former warfare, and entered at once on a paved road, very steep, and inclosed between high walls. "Here it was," whispered Osman, "that *those persons*, whose names I will not mention, were massacred on their return from visiting the pasha." A painful feeling made me look round to see if there was no escape; there was none; and no resistance could have availed, as the assailants were above, protected by the walls, whence they fired in perfect security on the Mamalukes—who, with their attendants and horses pressing on each other, formed a dense mass below. I shuddered as I beheld in imagination the slaughter of these unfortunate people, utterly helpless, unable to fly, indeed scarcely able to move.

Osman made the only excuse which could be given for this treacherous act—that policy required it, for that the Mamalukes were conspiring against the pasha, and if he had not killed them they would have destroyed him. These best acquainted with the pasha, say he was himself much disturbed during the day, and reproved, by his silence and a look, one of his Frank physicians who alluded to the subject with levity.

The citadel, which was much shaken four years ago by the explosion of a magazine, is now undergoing a thorough repair. We here saw many vestiges of this destructive accident, the effects of which were aggravated by its having occurred when the plague was at its height; for persons, who had shut themselves up to avoid contagion, were obliged to fly from their houses, mingle with the crowd, and assist in extinguishing the fire which followed the explosion. Among the ruins about to be pulled down, I grieved to observe some interesting relics of the reign of Saladin: one of these, his hall, which might long have stood the ravages of time, is to make room for a square. The roof of this edifice is very beautiful. It is formed of a succession of little domes made of wood, into which are introduced concave circles, containing octagons of blue and gold. The corners and arches of the building are carved in the best Gothic manner, and in many places the colours and gilding continue perfectly bright.

Parties of women and children were running up and down the precipitous rock on which the citadel stands, on planks, without railing, removing the rubbish, and carrying mortar for the new building. My heart ached when I saw these poor creatures struck with a thick stick which the overseer flourished in his hand; though but for the blows I should scarcely have known they were not all in play, as they were singing in the loudest key; this, however, I afterwards learned, was compulsory. The different parties, in presenting themselves for work, almost tore the overseer to pieces, screaming out their song, and never ceasing to run round and round, like many dervishes, in a circle, till their bodies were emptied or filled. Moved by their apparently hard fate, I was lamenting my inability to relieve the whole of the wretched crowd, when, after a longer inspection, I observed with astonishment how little either the children or women seemed to care for it themselves—the former, with all

* The governor received the party very courteously, and patting one of them on the back incredulously, when he said he had been thirty years in India, and did not mean to return; not understanding how any person could tear himself from that country after so long a residence. The Italian interpreter knelt at his feet. On leaving the audience-chamber, the gentlemen saw about twenty of the household ranged in a line, saying prayers, according to the motions of a Moolah placed in front as a fogleman.

the hilarity of their early age, were dancing about, and running up and down without their barthes, evidently for pleasure. While the women slunk away, hiding under the gums, and behind the rubbish, and when detected by the harassed overseer, only fled from the expected blow with a loud laugh; in the end, I scarcely knew who was most to be pitied, the overseer or themselves. Each village sends a certain number of inhabitants for the public works, and also an overseer, who being of the same village, and a countryman, might be expected to feel more compassion than a Turk. The labourers are supplied with as much bread as they can eat, in fact are better fed than they would be at home; and on the collection of the taxes, a small sum is remitted to them, equal, I believe, to a penny a day each. Leaving the above scene, so painful to an English eye, I joined the party at Joseph's well, the work of Saladin's vizier, whose name was Yusuf, (the Arabic for Joseph,) easily, but erroneously, transformed into that of the patriarch Joseph.

After examining this famous well, too much known by the description of former travellers to require any comments of mine, we ascended to the terrace leading to the pasha's palace, whence there is a magnificent view of Cairo and the surrounding country; white palaces, old and decayed houses, numerous mosques, with their lofty and elegant minarets, the Nile flowing through fields in perfect verdure, and bearing on its bosom the boats of the country, with their picturesque lateen sails,* the distant pyramids, the huge mosque of Sultan Hassan almost at the foot of the terrace, the burying grounds outside the city studded with white tombs, the busy market places, the white and green tents of the military, the elegant mausoleums of the Mameluke caliphs,—even the large mounds of rubbish from their contrast, formed a prospect in itself almost worth a journey from India to behold. We then entered the palace, infinitely more splendid and capacious than that at Shoobra; the grand hall measuring between the divans one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, with large plate-glass windows, and paved with marble slabs, of the extraordinary size of eighteen feet in the square. The furniture of the side-rooms was cloth of gold embossed with tulips and roses, in purple and green velvet, and had been brought from Constantinople.

I conclude that persons, by a long residence in Egypt, become callous to the fear of the plague; but I confess it had not decreased with me, for, as, on my return from the citadel, I rode along the crowded bazaar, the coming in contact with some of the wretched and diseased people filled me with apprehension. Nor could this collision always be avoided, although I had a man walking on each side of my donkey, and a chiouish in front to clear the way. Nobody seems surprised in the streets, whatever may be the encounter, whether with a brick-loaded camel, (a tremendous opponent in a narrow lane,) a water-carrier's mule, or a couple of bullocks abreast. When, however, in addition to the customary obstacles, I was stopped by a marriage procession, I despaired of escape, for here mendicants are in the habit of silently touching you to attract attention, and, by way of asking charity, or thanking you for it, they take your hand and kiss it before you are aware of their intention. These incidents may appear of little moment to those who quietly read of them by their fireside, but happening to the traveller in a land of contagion, are subjects of anxiety.

The slave market is a small square, in which were a few people eating very comfortably together, some of whom, it was said, were slaves, but no distress or misery was to be discovered, and the whole scene had so little of singularity about it, that our party soon passed on, partaking of that indifference which seemed to pervade all the inmates of the place in question. On a terrace above were perceived a few girls and children from Darfour, stated to be for sale, who were laughing very heartily, and amusing themselves at the curiosity they excited. Feeling hearts need not grieve over such a state of slavery. Slaves are usually treated with kindness in Asia, and in most other countries, except where Europeans are concerned, and are, in many instances, happier in that condition than in their original state, which is generally one of extreme penury and wretchedness. Let me not, however, be supposed to say any thing in extenuation of West India slavery, or its horrible mode of supply.

Among the curiosities of Cairo is the cemetery of the pasha's family. It is a vaulted stone building, consisting

of five domes, under which, in splendid marble tombs, ornamented with painting and gold, repose the bodies of the pasha's two sons, Tussoon Pasha and Ismael Pasha. Here also is buried Mahomed Ali's first and favourite wife, mother of the present Ibrahim Pasha, so well known in Greece. The pasha's sister is buried in a tomb he had intended for himself. On a pillar, erected at the foot of this tomb, which, as usual, looks towards Mecca, is the distinguishing mark of the grave of a female. A turban at the top of the pillar designates that of a man.

The body of Tussoon Pasha, who died suddenly in Upper Egypt, was forwarded in a cangia to Shoobra. The pasha was then at Ghizeh, and only hearing that his son was ill, instantly sent to Cairo for an Italian physician, and hurried to Shoobra in the greatest anxiety. When arrived, he immediately called for his son, and the attendants, unwilling to tell the distressing news, pointed to the cangia—rushing in, the pasha ascertained the afflicting truth. Having followed the corpse on foot to the place of interment, he shut himself up, and was for some time inconsolable; on the third day, however, he called his ministers around him, and said that his grief had been such, that at first he could have killed himself, but that now he must no further yield to affliction, nor longer cease to recollect that he was the father of his people. After this he proceeded to business, and gave his orders as usual. Independent of the pasha's affliction for this young man—and every one represents him as being a fond and indulgent father—he must have deplored his death in a political point of view, as he had now only one surviving son. Tussoon was also much regretted by the people. He was said to be mild, kind, and generous; indeed, his liberality amounted to such profusion, as not always to please the old pasha—for instance, once when some arms, splendidly inlaid, had arrived from Europe for sale, Mahomed Ali acquired the price of one of the guns, and being told it was 10,000 piastres, refused to take it for that sum. "But," said he, "I will deal fairly; I will weigh the gun against piastres, and will pay for the value of the materials and workmanship in gold." It weighed 9000 piastres.

The pasha then heard Tussoon order the rest of the arms into his tent, without enquiring their cost, to be distributed in presents to his Meem Bashies, and other followers. "Aha!" exclaimed the pasha, "to whom do these arms belong? who sends into Tussoon's tents presents to the value of 10,000 piastres? where is his head? Take care," turning to Mr. Walms, the purveyor of these articles, "that presents only to the amount of one purse, or one purse and a half at most, be placed at the disposal of that foolish young man."—"Who am I," replied Tussoon, "that I should be thus restricted? Am I not a pasha of three tails? and shall I not give presents according to my rank?" This story has no particular point, except as showing the arbitrary character of the pasha, and how it yielded to indulgence towards his son, for it ended in allowing him to appropriate the presents; nor should I mention it, but as tending to refute the improbable tale that he had hastened the death of his favourite child;—however, when the pasha talks of taking off heads, even in jest, I suspect the surrounding crowd cannot feel themselves quite at their ease.

The guards made some demur before they allowed me to pass into the cemetery of Ali Pasha, the great predecessor of Mahomed Ali. I was more pleased with these tombs than those of Mahomed Ali's family, as they were delicately carved in fret-work of marble, while the simplicity of the others was spoiled by ornaments of painting and gold.

Nobody thought it worth while to ascend the mountain which overhangs the city, to visit Jebel Jehusi, said to be the site of the Egyptian Babylon.

CHAPTER XII.

Ascent of the great pyramid of Ghizeh—Sphinx—Rude behaviour of the Arabs—Pyramids of Abousir, Sacarra, and Dashour—Visit to Fienar Cavaglia—Site of Memphis—Stone Quarries.

After crossing the river a gentle ride of three hours brought us to the pyramids of Ghizeh. The ascent of the great pyramid, the only one that can be called accessible,* had been so differently represented, that I could form no just idea of its facility or difficulty. Savary talks of the great pains and many efforts necessary to effect it, and mentions that, after having descended, without falling into the abyss below, he looked up to the

pyramid with horror. Count de Noc again, says, that he arrived at the summit, "avec la plus grande peine, épuisé de fatigue, et dans un état d'étourdissement difficile à décrire." Dr. Clarke* relates that one of his military companions was so overcome by the arduousness of mounting the pyramid, that he abandoned the attempt in despair, until his friends, returning from the top, urged him to resume his efforts, which were at last successful. On the other hand, Major Sherer asserts that the pyramid is ascended without further inconvenience than is caused by the great height of the steps, and that there is no sort of danger. Dr. Richardson goes still further:—"Lady Belmore," he remarks, "ascended it with the most perfect ease, and none of the party experienced the smallest difficulty or vertigo. Indeed, every step recedes so much from the one below it, and affords such excellent footing, that the mind has the most perfect conviction of security, and I am disposed to think that giddiness has but rarely occurred to those who have attempted to climb this lofty pile." The reader, therefore, will, I think, not be displeased, after these contradictory testimonies, with a faithful description of my experience in achieving the same enterprise.

On my arrival, I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge, and, certainly, their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I should never be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance has been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken up, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving us no perfectly on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice rather than to my own deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen as they descended told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but, at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated of, do you think I *could* go? they proposed to me to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went, and by the assistance of a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half-way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and, indeed, my head was so giddy that it was some minutes after I was seated, at the resting stone half-way, before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent, but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing, and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head, and the footing, as I advanced, becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square.

The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax, and green wheat, like so many squares in a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection, for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straw might give some slight idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing, and I had to cross and re-cross the angle, as the broken ledges rendered it necessary; for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps: the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite, some broken off, others crumbling away, and others, which, having dropped out altogether, have left angles in

* It is now too late to enquire why Dr. Clarke omitted, in subsequent editions, the sublime passage relative to the impressions excited by these monuments, which occurs in the quarto volume of his *Travels in Egypt*:—

"—It is ideas of duration, almost endless; of power inconceivable; of majesty supreme; of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose."

* These sails, so different from the large square one of Bengal, I observed first at Ceylon. They continued with us from that latitude up the Red Sea, and we recognised them again in the Mediterranean.

* The upper part of the other large pyramid (that of Cephrenes) is covered with a coating of stones or marble, which scarcely affords any footing. It has, however, been ascended by one or two Englishmen, besides Arabs. The entrance is now closed by stones which have fallen in.

the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and height of the stones are equal, but generally the height greatly exceeds the width; in many parts the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which certainly was but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril: I had stretched one foot down with much exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue, but the greater number were far too narrow for its three feet to rest upon, and I thought it too insecure to allow an Arab to support it with his hands, while I stepped upon it.

After all this it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished the undertaking; for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid, was to be enabled to say at some future time that I had been at its summit. I cannot, however, understand on what grounds it can be asserted that the ascent or descent is not attended with danger. I may not be considered a competent witness, but it was the unanimous opinion of the gentlemen who mounted with me, that in many places if a person made a false step he would be dashed to pieces. Two of our party paced one side of the pyramid simultaneously, and both made the length two hundred and sixty yards. The area of Lincoln's Inn-Fields has been adduced as a means of judging of the bulk of this pyramid; and I heard at Alexandria of a calculation made by a Frenchman, that it contains stone enough to build a wall round the whole of France, ten feet high, and one foot broad. I conclude he meant the France of the Bourbons, not that of Bonaparte.*

The pyramid of Cephrenes is about ten minutes' walk from the great one, (called that of Cheops.) The celebrated Sphinx, which is at the foot of the former, has only its face and part of the back uncovered; the inscription, and the temple between the fore paws, have been purposely closed up with sand, to preserve them. The third of the pyramids of Ghizeh, called that of Mycerinus, is much smaller than the other two, and, after them, is no object of curiosity. Upon the whole, I was disappointed with these wonders of the world; probably, because my anticipations had been too much raised. We read and hear of them from our earliest youth, and are told constantly of their magnitude, till our imagination exalts them so much, that no reality is likely to come up to our expectations.

Leaving the rest of our party to proceed to the pyramids of Dashedour and Saccara, I prepared to return home, accompanied by Mr. Maltes (the vice-consul,) my maid, and the chioshi. We were followed by troops of Arabs, who had been our guides at the pyramids, and who now endeavoured to outstrip each other, that they might be employed to carry us across an intervening stream, too deep for the donkeys to wade. The largeness of the party had kept them under restraint in the morning, when I crossed without danger, but at this time they actually fought for the bucks. Two seized me on their shoulders, a third took my feet, a fourth my parasol, another my bag, and in their anxiety for the rewards which were distributed by Mr. Maltes, who crossed first, they almost dropped me into the water—as it was, their impatience was so great, that they put me down in the mud, and rushed upon poor Mr. Maltes, who was almost pulled to pieces in the conflict which ensued. I was mentioning the above circumstance, when I was told of their stopping a gentleman when half-way up the pyramid, and throwing his hat over, saying at the same time, if he did not give them bucks, he should follow!

As the evening was shutting in fast after we had reached the Nile, we expected to find some difficulty in

entering the city gates, which are always closed two hours after sunset, and nobody is then permitted to pass without a lantern.*

We, however, reached the Frank quarter just in time, and escaped the fate of a military friend, who, on returning from a similar expedition, without this necessary equipment, was lodged in the guard-house, where he remained all night with the soldiers, who treated him civilly, giving him coffee and pipes, and at daylight allowed him to depart.

I learnt from the gentlemen, on their return, that the pyramids of Abousir and Saccara were scarcely worth seeing after those at Ghizeh, particularly the pyramid at Abousir, which are very small; though that at Saccara, which is built in stages, has a singular appearance. The interior is said to consist of two chambers, gradually inclining to a great height. Near were some sarcophagi, lately excavated by Signor Cavaglia, in beautiful preservation. Several in limestone resemble the wooden mummy coffins in form, and in the figure of the head on the lid. One of granite has the roof-shaped operculum, the sides within and without covered with hieroglyphics, figures of Anubis, &c., mystical boats and processions, as in the tomb of the kings, and on the bottom is a large figure of Isis all cut in intaglio.

The double-angled pyramid of Dashedour was described to me as an admirable structure, possessing more beauty than that of Cheops, though yielding to it in magnitude by about eighty or ninety feet in the square. This superiority is caused by a coating of stone, which gives its surface the appearance of unbroken masonry. In visiting these monuments people go expressly to wonder at their size: this object accomplished, they rarely look to any thing beyond. Hence the Dashedour pyramid seldom meets with that attention which its elegant construction seems to deserve. Its upper angles are still perfect, but the lower corners and sides of the northwestern angle have been deplorably injured, as before mentioned, to furnish stone for the *durfurda's* palace. It is lamentable that he should have selected this pyramid, which is the most perfect, for his purpose, while there are several in the vicinity already in a state of dilapidation. The interior is said to be inaccessible.

The brick pyramid is nearer the river, and its form has been much altered by the falling in of its materials. The bricks are of a large size, formed of earth and straw, bits of which latter are every where perceptible. It is said formerly to have borne an inscription upon it, the purport of which is as follows:—

"Despise me not in comparison with pyramids of stone: for I excel them as far as Jupiter surpasses the other gods. Men thrust poles into the swamp, and collecting the mud that adhered to them, formed bricks, and in this manner was I constructed."

The very mention of straw and bricks carries us back to the times of Pharaoh, in whose reign the unhappy children of Israel heard that nought of their tasks should be diminished, and who were at one period supposed to have been the builders of these mighty fabrics; and I should have liked to yield to the error, which I have sometimes heard mentioned, that one of these monuments was erected to the memory of that Joseph, who had, by his predictions saved the land from the extreme effects of famine.

It is impossible but that the pyramids must have been the work of some despotic monarch, who could command the unlimited services of his subjects, in the same manner as the present Pasha enforced the labour of his Arab vassals to construct the canal of Mahoudiah;† an undertaking so wonderful in reference to the celerity with which it was completed. If any excuse can be alleged for such oppression, it should be made, not for the pyramids by which mankind have no wise benefited, but in favour of a work of immense utility, which deserves an infinitely higher place in our estimation, than those huge but useless monuments of caprice and ostentation.

* These lanterns, which are far different from the same articles used in England, are made of white or coloured paper, in the shape of the old fashioned elastic powder-puffs: when lighted and ornamented with streamers, they give to a crowded street a very gay and Arabian nights-like appearance.

† This work is about forty-eight miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and from fifteen to eighteen in depth. At one time above 250,000 men were employed in the excavation, which was completed in about six weeks!

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From the pyramids, the gentlemen visited Signor Cavaglia, a man most disinterestedly devoted to the pursuits of science. He was living in a miserable hut, reconciled to ill health, and almost every privation, by the satisfaction of having, through his discoveries, fixed the long doubtful site of the city of Memphis. Close to his hut was lying the colossal statue, which he excavated three or four years ago. This statue has the name of Amen mi Ramses (or Sesostris) engraved on it in six places. It was lying partly on its face, but the features and smiling expression of countenance, like the designs in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, were easily discernible; the head-dress is high, and the sides of it resemble that of the Sphinx at the pyramid of Cephrenes. A dagger is stuck in the girdle, which latter is covered with hieroglyphics and ornaments: below hangs a kilt in the Roman style; the hands fall on either side; the back and feet of the statue are mutilated, but the features and front of the body look as if just dismissed from the artist's hands. The statue, which is about thirty-five feet in length, being too unwieldy to be removed entire, it was proposed to send it to England in three pieces. The necessity of a division is greatly to be lamented, but I conclude it was unavoidable.* If this be the statue of Sesostris, of which there seems no doubt, the site of Memphis is ascertained, for we learn from ancient history, that Sesostris placed a colossal statue of himself within the foundations of that city.† There were many indications of statues and other relics of antiquity in the vicinity; but Signor Cavaglia said that, though it would be highly interesting to extend his researches in this quarter, he was without funds for the purpose.

The spot where the statue in question was found may be known by a large tank of water, and a fine grove of date-trees.

On their return, the gentlemen crossed the Nile, to examine the immense quarries, whence the stones of the pyramids are supposed to have been taken. One of these excavations, which are exceedingly capacious, it was calculated might alone contain 50,000 men.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sardinian consul's ball.—The Pasha's military school.—Lithographic press.—Durfurda's palace.—Tragic end of Ishmael Pasha.—Encomium on the Pasha's conduct with respect to strangers.—Tyranny towards his own subjects.

The Sardinian consul having kindly asked me to a ball, I gladly availed myself of the invitation, that I might judge of the state of foreign manners in the Egyptian capital. My wishes, however, were in some degree disappointed, as the party was thinly attended, for reasons which generally prevail in small societies. I was struck with the extraordinary agility of the gentlemen; they danced with a zeal, spirit, and indefatigability worthy of a better cause. The ladies, on the contrary, were very quiet, and danced languidly. Every dance which was commenced, with the exception of one quadrille, was *une valse irlandaise Anglaise*; and, strange to say, no effort of example or explanation, for I just got up to show them, could even the common figure of the lady turning the gentleman, and the gentleman turning the lady, down the middle, and up again, be accomplished. One couple would come up to the top after every figure, another went down the middle when they ought to have turned, and about the sixth couple there was such a complete jumble that the consequent clamour became the signal for the band striking up the waltz. Every face brightened, every couple found their place, and they whirled about till they were tired, when again came the effort of memory in the *contredanse Anglaise*. One gentleman, whose agility had been most remarkable, came to beg the honour of dancing with me. I declined, and ended by saying, I never danced. "Jamais! vous ne dansez jamais! et comment vous amusez-vous donc?" Never! you never dance! and how then do you amuse yourself? I was so amused at the oddity of such a question, at the wonder expressed in the man's countenance, and at the importance attached to dancing, so little felt by English women, that I could scarcely restrain my laughter.

The Austrian consul's daughter, a child of six years of age, entered the room by herself, went up to her acquaintance, kissed the ladies first on one cheek, then on the other, and behaved with all the self-possession of one long used to the gay world. Her own hair hung in ringlets on her shoulders; her little head was dressed with a

* It is stated in a letter from Mr. Champollion, that there is at Turin a counterpart of this statue.

† The present level of the soil appears to be ten or twelve feet higher than when the statue fell.

* "The pyramids of Djizeh, the largest and most remarkable of this stupendous class of monuments, stand upon a bed of rock, 150 feet above the Desert, which contributes to their being seen at so great a distance. The largest of the three, which, on the authority of Herodotus, is ascribed to Cheops, is a square of 746 feet, and its perpendicular height is 461 feet, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's at London." The quantity of stone used in this pyramid is estimated at six millions of tons, "which is just three times that of the vast breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound;" and a hundred thousand men are said to have been employed from year to year in raising this empty sepulchre!—*Modern Traveller—Egypt*, part 2, page 297-299.—See also Russel's Egypt.

profusion of curls (false I believe,) in addition to five bows of pink satin ribbon, and several artificial flowers; whilst a large fan in one hand, and her reticule in the other, gave her the appearance of the little ladies and gentlemen we see in the prints of the days of the ancien régime in France. The poor child danced and waltzed till two in the morning. On one of the ladies telling me the known fact of the difficulty of rearing European children in Cairo, I hinted that, as the climate was so inimical, double care might be necessary, and perhaps that such late hours and hot rooms might not agree with their health. "Cela se peut; mais comment les amuser, pauvres petites! c'est un pays si triste." It may be so, but how will the poor little things amuse themselves in this sad country? I enquired whether this dissipation did not interfere with the schooling next day? "Yes, that was true enough, it turned their heads a little."—Mais comment les amuser?" was again her question; and then at the risk of being considered very rigid, I told my new acquaintance, that in England, children of that age would generally have bread and milk for supper, and be sent to bed at eight o'clock.

There was no variety in the dress of the ladies excepting two, who were in the Levantine costume. This dress is not pretty, nor agreeable to English taste or decorum. I was amused by a gay little Piedmontese, who related the adventure of his being on shore at the battle of Navarino, and not finding an adequate place for shelter, he hid himself as well as he was able behind a rock, which, however proved too small to screen his whole person; so thinking it pleasanter to lose his heels than his head, he placed the latter on the ground, and permitted his legs to remain exposed to the fire of the fleet.

One of the Italian instructors of the pasha's new levees was at the ball dancing all the evening, and apparently the person in the assembly least likely to have any serious business on his mind; but it was mentioned openly, that the next morning he was engaged to fight a duel. This report would have excited anxiety, had it not been known that Cairo duels are seldom attended with bloodshed, as the pasha has declared that he does not understand such Frank customs, and that he who kills a man in his dominions shall be hanged.

The day of our departure from Cairo, I visited the pasha's Military College. This was such an unprecedented step for a female, and so much at variance with the established usage of the country, that I expressed some doubt of its propriety, as well as practicality. However, I was not reluctant to have my scruples overruled; and accompanied by the gentlemen of the party, Osman, and a Chiosli, I rode into the first court of the building. In this place there were only a few boys collected; but on entering the quadrangle, I believe the whole fourteen hundred belonging to the college poured out to see the extraordinary spectacle. The presence of the veiled Circassian, celebrated by Hajji Baba, on the play-ground of Eton or Westminster, could not have excited half so much astonishment as the sight of a lady on a side-saddle in the English costume created among the multitude of Greeks, Turks, and Mamalukes, great and small, here assembled.

When the phenomenon before them was ascertained to be really a Frank woman, a shout so long and so loud was continued, that my ears and eyes almost failed, and the crowd continuing to throng and press around me, I felt my situation rather disagreeable. Fortunately the din of the tumult roused one of the masters, a few ladies of whose whip caused the poor boys to retreat, and satisfy their curiosity at a greater distance. This afforded me an opportunity of escaping up stairs, when the professor of mathematics, an old Italian, received us civilly, and gave us some insight into the details of the institution. He said the boys knew neither French, Italian, nor Latin; that though they were learning these languages, yet with such disqualifications, he found great difficulty in teaching them mathematics; the pasha's order, however, to this effect was peremptory, and must be obeyed. He had commenced with seven grown-up pupils, who had made some progress, and who, when qualified, were in their turn to become instructors; but "these," said he, "were married, and only day-scholars, and thought more of their wives and children, than of their studies."

The Persian professor was also an Italian; and although he had travelled in Persia, did not know enough of the language to understand what was addressed to him by one of the party in that tongue.

Besides these professors, there were other instructors, chiefly Arabics, who, in addition to their own language, taught Arabic, Turkish, and French, besides botany and arithmetic.

Of the pupils, three hundred were military conscripts,

one hundred and fifty Greek slaves, and the rest Turkish boys from Roumelia, a few Nubians, and many Egyptians, who were either Mamalukes, or slaves of the pasha. These were divided into classes of sixty or a hundred each, every class under an instructor and subordinate monitors. Besides the mathematical students, twenty were learning Persian, a great many French and Italian, and the whole were taught to read and write Turkish and Arabic. It being unfortunately a holiday, we were prevented from seeing the process of instruction; but from the inefficiency of the Persian professor, I should not augur much progress on the part of the scholars; and the Italian mathematician appeared too old to cope with the lively nature of the boys, or to keep pace with the rapidity of the pasha's wishes. As it is, however, there are only two branches of the education of the college, and it is to be hoped that the others prove more consonant to the enlightened policy which created and fosters this interesting institution. Of the fourteen hundred boys of which the college consists, five hundred are boarders, and the rest day-scholars; all appeared healthy, clean, and well clothed.

The munificence of the pasha allots above six thousand dollars a month to the maintenance of the college; and this, though a small sum, when compared to what would be the expenses of a similar establishment on an equal scale in England, is adequate to its purpose in a country where the necessities of life are so cheap and abundant.

The pasha's lithographic and printing presses next engaged our attention. They were apparently well conducted, under the management of a Druse, a native of Mount Lebanon, a young man of polite manners, lively, and intelligent, and one of the many who had been sent by the pasha to Europe for education. I saw printing in all its branches, from the formation of the letters to the completion of a book. The works already printed were a Turkish History, by an officer of the Grand Vizier; Correspondence between the Pasha and the Porte; a translation, in Turkish, of some French work on military and naval tactics, with lithographic plates; the Persian poem called the Goolistann, and some grammars. The presses were made under the superintendence of this Druse, but the paper was of European manufacture.

We then proceeded to the apartments of the superintendent, who conversed to the apartments of the superintendent. Here, as is the inviolable custom, we were presented with coffee in little China cups, which, instead of saucers, are fixed in cups of silver gilt, or other inferior metal, according to the rank and riches of the owner.

Near Bulac, is a palace building for the Dautdar Bey. Much of its architecture is light and elegant, though without regard to regularity, for Grecian porticoes and Turkish domes and ornaments are mixed together. But the interest I took in the spot arose from learning that among the numerous granite and marble pillars and broken capitals, lying in confusion around, those most to be admired were part of the spoils of Antioch. Several had been broken to favour transportation, but most of them appeared to have been thrown down, with utter disregard or ignorance of their value. On the walls I observed stone tablets on which were cut hieroglyphical figures, placed without any regard to uniformity, some standing on their head, others on their heels, as little prized as any common material, which might equally answer the purpose of building. Without being an enthusiast, I could not help grieving over these precious monuments of antiquity, and regretting that there was no possibility of rescuing them from the hands of the barbarians, and transporting them to England, where they would be prized as of inestimable value.

On the way to our place of embarkation, we passed another handsome palace, (in the style of the public buildings at Amsterdam,) formerly the residence of Ismael Pasha, but now converted into a warehouse. Ismael was sent by his father into Nubia, to procure recruits for his army. One of the chiefs of the country begged some little delay, as he had then no slaves ready; but Ismael, striking him, said he would admit of none. "Well, then, my lord, to-morrow, we will see what can be done," but this morrow did not dawn upon Ismael; for the straw huts which he occupied were set on fire by the Nubians in the night, and he and all his suite perished. The pasha's army made a severe example of the unfortunate inhabitants in the vicinity, but the real culprits had escaped, far beyond the reach of punishment.

And now embarking on our boats, we bade farewell to Cairo. Well does the traveller the name of Grand; and exploring its singular and striking interior, its pleasant environs, and the numerous interesting objects with which it every where abounds. Still it must be acknowledged

that, as a city, it is not so superior in itself, but that it derives much of its estimation from the associations which it presents, and the ancient and romantic hold which it has on our imagination.

While dwelling on the merits of his capital, let me pay a tribute of admiration to the pasha's enlightened and liberal conduct towards strangers. We had now passed six weeks in Egypt during a season of political agitation, and travelled from Cossair to Cairo without the slightest interruption or molestation from any class of persons whatever, and without the smallest exaction (unless I so term the cupidity of the Cachef of Kenah before-mentioned) on the part of the government or its officers, or any demand on account of customs, fees, or imposts. I wish I could speak as favourably of the pasha's policy towards his subjects; but in that respect, his views are very confined. In his dominions, the time of his subjects, the fruits of the earth, and the produce of its waters—all he considers exclusively his own. Hence, in travelling, it is needless to ask to whom any thing belongs, for from the huge manufactory to the crop of dried clover, Mahomed Ali is absolute proprietor. If a Fellah sows a little cotton, and his wife spins it into a garment, it is liable to seizure unless it be stamped with the pasha's mark, as a proof of its having paid duty.

Still, notwithstanding this enormous monopoly, it is to be hoped that the introduction of so many manufactures, though the Arabs, at present, work at them by compulsion, and receive but little pay for their labour, may, in time, have the effect of civilising the people, and be the means of introducing improvements in a more enlightened and permanent form. Much, however, must depend upon the pasha's successor. The choice, it is supposed, lies between Ibrahim Pasha, the son of his late wife, and the Dautdar Bey, who has married his daughter. The latter chief dislikes the Franks, and is particularly hostile to the recent innovations, which he regards with the jealous eye of a Mussulman bigot. The Franks, however, the pasha never admits to any share of political power, and it is a regular feature of his policy, that while he employs French and Italian officers to drill the Arab soldiery, he limits them to the bare duty of instruction, availing himself of European improvement, while he is careful to repress European encroachment. This characteristic jealousy is not confined to the Franks only, but shows itself, occasionally, in his arbitrary treatment of his own subjects when they venture to offend him by the least infringement of his commands. For instance, a few months ago he had ordered that the dollar should pass for a fixed number of piastres, and it was mentioned in his presence that the rate was not strictly followed. His highness expressing some doubts of the fact, the head interpreter observed, carelessly, that a Jew-broker, whom he named, had, a few days before, exchanged dollars for him at the rate asserted.—"Let him be hanged immediately," exclaimed the pasha! The interpreter, an old and favourite servant, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, deprecating his own folly, and imploring pardon for the wretched culprit; but all intercession was in vain—the pasha said his orders must not be disregarded, and the unfortunate Jew was executed. Let me in justice add, that this was the only instance of rigour which had occurred for a long time; and his lenity, I might almost say, seemed verified by the miserable appearance of the public executioner, who begged of me in the streets, and by his squalid looks gave strong indication how little his trade flourished.

CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage down the Nile to Fouch—Entrance into the canal—Vexatious delays—Arrival at Suez—Anecdote relative to the Egyptian Pillar—Capture of a fort by English sailors—Good humour of the Pasha on the occasion—His magnanimity on learning of the battle of Navarino—His unpopularity.

The inconveniences of the journey, if I can so term such trifling privations, now commenced, since it was necessary, for the purpose of expedition, that we should embark on a very small cangia, the cabin of which did not admit even of our sitting on chairs, and afforded but narrow accommodation for three persons.

The wind, however, being moderate, our progress down the stream was so rapid, that we reached the entrance of the Mahoudiah canal on the night after we left Cairo, a voyage which, at that season, is seldom accomplished under five or six days. Here we encountered an unexpected obstacle in finding, that a mound of earth, about twenty yards broad, separated the Nile from the canal. This involved another change of boats and the troublesome shifting of our baggage.

While employed in these arrangements I was disturbed by hearing from two English travellers, that the

pasha had laid an embargo on all vessels at Alexandria, pending the departure of his fleet with provisions for Greece, and I feared that the delay caused by this ordinance would prove a serious inconvenience, as persons leaving Alexandria late in the season are subjected to a longer quarantine at Malta.

From the low state of the water in the canal we had to embark on board a still smaller boat than the last, the dirt of which was so great, that no effort of mine could purify it. Hitherto we had been singularly free from all annoyances so prevalent in Egypt. By the assistance of a cat, and the manner in which I had arranged the partitions, I had prevented the entrance of the rats into the cabin, though I had heard them above and all around making their ineffectual attempts. Except a few fleas, I had met with no grievances of the kind usually complained of; and, as most travellers have recorded in their narratives their personal sufferings on this head, I must attribute the absence of vermin to the comfort of female superintendence. The contrary winds compelled us to tack all day. Nothing could be more tedious than to tack all day. The weather was still further delayed by mistakes and the mismanagement of the crew of our new boat; nevertheless we reached Alexandria before day-break, on the 14th, though just too late to see the pasha, who had stepped into his calgia to proceed to Cairo, as the gentlemen of our party were hastening to visit him. As I also expected to get a glimpse of this extraordinary man, his sudden departure was the only real disappointment I had met with since the commencement of my travels, and it was a real one to me. The delay, the laziness of the people, the time we had spent in seeing sights of inferior interest at Cairo, for I consider the pasha as great a wonder as any in his dominions,—in fact every thing which had retarded our progress, now appeared to be intolerable. At the Consulate I saw his portrait, which does not at all represent the face of a tyrant. I heard that great difficulty was experienced in painting this likeness, (from which several copies have been taken,) as the Mussulmans have a religious horror of every kind of picture; and while sitting, the pasha was compelled to look himself up with the artist, under pretence of transacting business.

Alexandria was so full of Franks, that we could have no choice of lodgings, and were obliged to put up with some miserable rooms in an okel, or quarter, secured for us by Mr. Barker the consul, which seemed the very focus of wretchedness and pestilence. I had heard, too, that the plague was raging in Syria, whence it was expected daily to find its way into Alexandria; and had it reached our vicinity, the narrowness of the passages to our dwelling, and the utter impossibility of shutting it up, rendered escape from contagion almost impossible. I observed that the lower class of Franks in the narrow streets were a better race of people than those at Cairo, for many I saw there were a disgrace to the name of Europeans—dirty, squalid, and full of disease, brought on apparently by intemperance, rather than the effects of climate; for the Greeks, native Christians, Jews, Turks, and Arabs generally, had a strong, healthy, and active appearance. Alexandria itself is dirty to a degree. The only cleanly or airy looking part of the town, is a sort of square inhabited by the consuls; but the approach to this quarter, even on donkeys, involves a difficult navigation through pools of water, mud, and dirt. On foot the streets are scarcely passable for a lady; but perhaps I saw them in their worst state, as, notwithstanding the proverbial dryness of the climate, we had experienced for the last fortnight a succession of gales with wet weather. I was enabled, however, to make excursions to the few objects of curiosity in the vicinity. The catacombs were closed against us in consequence of the erection of a new fort near them; but I visited Diocletian's, commonly called Pompey's, Pillar; the two Obelisks, Cleopatra's Needle standing, the other prostrate (the latter has so long been on its way to England, that I fear it will now never arrive); and the pasha's palace, not yet finished, and less magnificent than those at Cairo and Shoorba.

The splendid pillar of Diocletian surpassed in my opinion every thing of the kind I had ever seen: to view it in perfection, it is, however, necessary to stand close under it, and to keep out of sight the numerous English names, in large black letters, which deface one side of the polished shaft, and perpetuate the bad taste of the writers. On the anniversary of the battle of Alexandria some of the officers and crew of his majesty's ship — hoisted the English ensign and the pasha's colours at the top of this pillar. This was not agreeable to his highness, who desired the Arabs to take the flags down. After various attempts, they found it impossible, and some of our own tars were at length obliged to reascend for

this purpose. How Miss Talbot ever succeeded in reaching the top I cannot understand, for the difficulty of the undertaking was great, even to sailors accustomed to climb. The pasha appears thoroughly to understand the character of our sailors, as the following occurrence seems to prove.

One Sunday he received intelligence that a small fort at the entrance of the harbour had been taken possession of by certain Franks, and that the Turks belonging to it had been made prisoners. Some consternation prevailed among his people, but instead of being angry he laughed heartily, and swearing by his two eyes, (his favourite oath,) that they must be English sailors, he directed his interpreter to write to their captain, to order his men on board ship again. Upon enquiry, it proved as the pasha had anticipated; the men had landed, got drunk, and crowned their liberty by seizing on the fort and confining the unfortunate Turks, who, indolently smoking their pipes, never could have anticipated such an attack in time of profound peace.

I visited with great interest the field of battle where Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, and the Bay of Aboukir, which is at the distance of eight or ten miles. After wandering a considerable time among the French redoubts, I picked up a few musket-shot, the evidence of the modern battle, and some ancient coins, the relics of many hundred years. The spot is too well known to require description; but the heart must be cold indeed, which can, for the first time, view these scenes, and reflect upon the events which have occurred there, without lively emotion.

After all, in truth, the most striking and interesting sight is the Mediterranean itself, which rolls into the harbour of Alexandria; its waters as blue and as transparent as Lord Byron has described them. These classic waves I first saw in a deep calm. It was succeeded by a storm which agitated them to a tremendous height, and placed in jeopardy the numerous ships at anchor in the port. This storm, however, besides affording a grand sight, was of substantial use to us, for it detained a fleet bound to Malta, and thus enabled us to leave a country in which our residence had ceased to be agreeable. Among the ships lying in the harbour was the wreck of one of the Pasha's own vessels. The captain had committed some crime, which was represented by his crew to the pasha, who ordered him immediately on shore to answer his accusers. Knowing his guilt, he pretended sickness, till a second message from the pasha left him no alternative; and unable longer to evade his fate, he sent all his crew on shore, and calling to an old and faithful servant, the only person on board, he bade him jump out of the port; at the same time loading two pistols, he fired into the mizzen, and blew up the ship and himself together. When the story was related to the pasha, he said, "These are Frank customs: this is dying like an Englishman."

The agitation excited by the battle of Navarino seemed to have totally subsided, and it was curious to see English and French frigates lying peaceably alongside a Turkish man-of-war, which bore evident marks of the dreadful conflict in which the forces of the three nations had so recently been engaged. The magnanimity evinced by the pasha, when he first heard of the event which destroyed his navy and humbled his power, was highly honourable to his character. He had not finished the perusal of the unwelcome tidings, when he desired Mr. Welham to assure the Franks that they should not be molested, and that they might pursue their occupations as heretofore in perfect security.

But notwithstanding the kindness which the pasha manifests towards the Franks, he is not popular with those at Alexandria, in consequence of the dullness of trade, resulting from his monopolies. Neither has he friends among the Turks or Arabs, the former complaining that the new system of tactics has thrown them out of employment, while the latter hate him for forcing them into the military service. On the whole, the best informed persons said that the state of his government rendered him very anxious, especially as he had already incurred the displeasure of the Porte, by repeatedly urging the Sultan to acquiesce in the demands of the allies.

His country, too, was nearly ruined by the Greek war,

* A similar, but more atrocious instance of desperation, occurred, it is said, a short time ago at Valparaiso, or some other port in South America. The commander of an English vessel, being pressed by his creditors, invited some of them to dinner, and during the meal went down to the gun-room, where, setting fire to the powder, he destroyed himself and his guests, by blowing up the stern of the ship.

not only from the vast sums he had expended in his co-operation with the Porte, but also from the depopulation occasioned by the hosts of troops whom he had been compelled to send into the Morea, thereby draining his provinces of their cultivators.

At the house of the English consul I had the pleasure of seeing Lady —, whose interesting projects enhanced the gratification of meeting with a country woman in that distant land. Her ladyship meditated the establishment of a school at Jerusalem, for the superintendence of which she was qualifying herself by the assiduous study of Arabic. On the feasibility and utility of this plan opinions may differ, but nobody, I think, can witness its author's self-devotion without wishing that it may be rewarded by success.

Our stay at Alexandria was limited to four days, on the last of which divine service was performed at the consulate, and a very long but not a bad sermon preached in English, by a Swiss missionary, attired in a Turkish dress, forming a heterogeneous compound for the pulpit.

CHAPTER XV.

Departure from Alexandria—Severe weather in the Mediterranean—Difference of Asiatic and European navigation—Arrival at Malta—Lazaretto.

The next morning, the 18th of February, we embarked on board the Columbia, an English merchantman of five hundred tons, laden with the pasha's cotton, consigned to Liverpool. The breeze being light, we were a whole day passing the bar, which is an affair of some difficulty and anxiety in a large ship, when the wind is not quite favourable. This was our case, but under the skilful guidance of an old man, at whom I looked with much interest on hearing that he was Lord Nelson's pilot at the battle of the Nile, we got safe over at eight o'clock p.m., when I took my last view of the shores of Egypt.

It must not be supposed, because the Columbia was of the respectable size of five hundred tons, that we had suitable accommodation. The whole ship was crowded with cotton, a small portion of which had been removed from the cabin to afford just sufficient space for our own beds, while my maid was located in the corner on the remaining tales. These had been so loosened by a separation from the rest, that every night of bad weather I expected some of them to *fetch away*, as they say on board ship, and smother us in their fall.

During the first six days the wind was strong and favourable, and brought us almost within sight of our destined port; but for the remainder of the voyage, which lasted ten days longer, the weather became very boisterous and adverse. I had been three times round the Cape of Good Hope, and yet, whether from lapse of time or increase of timidity, it seemed to me that I had never before witnessed such alarming storms.

Those who have only read of the dark blue sea of the Mediterranean, as depicted by the author of the Corsair, must not form their idea of the gales we experienced from his description, but rather rely upon a later poet, who thus apostrophises the stormy ocean:—

"Tremendous art thou! in thy tempest ire,
When the mad surges to the clouds aspire;
And like new Apennines from out the sea,
Thy waves march on in mountain majesty."

Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity.

Navigation is differently conducted in the east and in west. Our little brig, the Palinurus, of one hundred and ninety tons, had a complement of seventy men; whereas a crew of twenty, officers included, managed the Columbia, and excellently too, though I could not help shuddering sometimes at night while scudding at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, to see the wheel in the hands of a weakly boy of sixteen, who shifted it with the greatest facility.

We were within view of Malta four days before the inexorable gale allowed us to reach it; to add to our vexation, the Dryad frigate passed us one evening, and by being able to "lay closer" to the wind, got into Malta six and thirty hours before us. Still we had cause to congratulate ourselves on having taken our passage in an English ship, as some of my acquaintances, who sailed the same day with us in a Maltese vessel, did not arrive till a fortnight afterwards.

The approach to Malta is very beautiful. The en-

* Lady — was encouraged to adopt this benevolent project, by the success which had attended Mrs. Wilson's exertions in educating native females at Calcutta, one considered as hopeless an undertaking there as that in which Lady — proposed to embark.

trance into the quarantine harbour is so narrow, that it is necessary to tow ships into it. For this purpose numerous boats are always ready, whose lofty prows, like those of the Roman galleys, betoken a form of ancient date, and being rowed by men with their faces to the bows, exhibit a very singular appearance.

After anchoring, we were hailed by the port captain, and our seamen and passengers mustered at the gang-way; when, on its being ascertained that they were all well, the boat was permitted to approach sufficiently near for us to drop our letters into a bucket for fumigation, and we were ourselves allowed to row to the Lazaretto.

I should have been cautious not to trouble my readers with the ennui occasioned by my seclusion in the Lazaretto, had I endured any. But, in truth, I felt none. I had led such a wandering and fatiguing life for some time past, and been so harassed by the tempestuous weather of the Mediterranean, that the tranquillity of the confinement was as agreeable to my feelings, as it was beneficial to my health.

The Lazaretto is an extensive building, situated on an islet, having Fort Emanuel, where the military and persons of rank under quarantine are quartered, at its back.

We had three large and airy apartments, up stairs, from the windows of which there was a good view of the harbour and surrounding country.

Excepting a couple of tables and a few chairs, the rooms were quite empty; but fortunately, we were supplied with our own camp beds, and the few cups and plates which had escaped from the shocks of land and sea, and soon made ourselves comfortable.

Each family or party has a guardian appointed to take care of them, and each vessel has two. The duty of these men is to prevent contact between persons whose period of confinement is different, and to secure their not touching those who are not in quarantine. You may receive company in the Parlatorio, or on the terraces of the building, being careful to keep at a distance; for if you put your finger on a visitor's dress, he would be condemned to the same term of confinement as yourself. It is amusing to observe the caution of the officers of the establishment, and the nimbleness with which they fly from any apprehended approximation to themselves on the part of the prisoner; and this caution is again learned by the latter, who in his turn becomes equally distrustful of a new occupant of the Lazaretto, lest his own duration should be prolonged by the other's touch. Provisions are supplied by a person called a spenditore, who brings the articles required on his own account, or from an hotel at Valetta.

Though the accommodations are excellent, a just complaint may be made of the unnecessary privation of exercise, to which persons in quarantine are subjected. We were only allowed to walk on a small ill-paved terrace about sixty feet long, which, though pleasant enough in the cool season, must be intolerable in summer on account of the heat. I cannot perceive any good reason why a suitable place for exercise might not be allotted on the islet, which is sufficiently capacious to admit of this indulgence without hazard of unauthorised communication.

The Lazaretto is shut up from twelve till two, when the persons in charge of it go to their dinner, and from sunset, when they return home, till seven the next morning. I know not what would become of its inmates in case of sudden illness—but people never seem to think of such a danger in this favoured climate, which to me who have long lived in the regions of fever and cholera, is an event of no rare occurrence; and where, in the latter case, the delay of an hour in procuring assistance would, in all probability, prove the death of the sufferer.

Strange as it may appear, I never could gain any accurate account of the duration of quarantine, until I was myself actually immured, and the fiat of the superintendent had pronounced my doom, which proved irrevocable—no appeal, no remission; and his words might have been,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

The period of quarantine for vessels and passengers from the eastward is generally twenty-five days; under the most favourable circumstances it is never less than twenty-two, the day of entrance and departure being included. The latter was our case, though little was it known at that time either to the superintendent or ourselves, that two deaths, supposed to be from plague, had occurred at our okel at Alexandria, previously to our departure. A deduction is also made in favour of king's ships.

The quarantine establishment consists of a superin-

tendent, a captain of the Lazaretto, a clerk, and about eighty guardians, besides persons whose duty it is to smoke packets and letters. The expenses are moderate. The business appears to be conducted in an excellent manner, and with great courtesy and civility on the part of the superintendent and his subordinates.

The time of our emancipation having arrived, we repaired to Beverly's hotel, the superior accommodation of which, after the Bedouin life we had been leading for some months past, and the confinement of the Lazaretto, was highly acceptable.

CHAPTER XVI.

Beauty of Malta—Vastness of sufficient accommodation for the protestant congregation—Miscellaneous observations—Hospitality of the English residents.

Malta is certainly a most singular island. I was delighted with the views from the ramparts, and astonished at its fortifications, the height of which, in some places is one hundred and thirty feet perpendicular. On various parts of the ramparts are the tombs of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Sir Alexander Ball, Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Thomas Frend, and the Marquess of Hastings. At present only plain flat stones are placed over the remains of Sir Thomas Maitland and Lord Hastings.

The government, I heard, offered to erect a monument at the public expense to the former; but it was understood, on the island, that the offer was declined in consequence of the wish of his family to fulfil that duty. The whole vicinity is covered by a most exuberant profusion of geraniums almost perpetually in full bloom, together with other gay flowers and shrubs, whose gaudy appearance divests the place of its solemnity.

Lord Hastings was much beloved by the inhabitants of the island, some of whom, before his grave was inclosed with an iron railing, placed two or three ornamental tributes on the slab. One of them is a cushion of stone, on which the following lines are engraved:—

"Hastings defleto Melite dai Florea sedea,
Nam grato assurgit pectore vividor."

I was told that the translation of these lines is rather unamalgamable.

The palace contains some tolerable paintings, but the tapestry is admirable. Of this I saw counterparts afterwards at Fontainebleau. The armoury had been admirably arranged by the chief engineer. The roof of the building being weak, the beams of it required support, which Colonel Whitmore contrived to afford, not only in an unobjectionable, but in a pleasing and tasteful manner, by placing props of wood at regular distances, so disguised with jakes and pistols, as to present the appearance of ornamental columns.

St. John's Church is a splendid edifice, but is most conspicuous, as is well known, for its exquisite and unique mosaic pavement, formed by the inlaid marble gravestones of the knights of the order. In one of the chapels on the right are two or three fine marble monuments, one of which comprises an admirable picture, in mosaic, of one of the grand masters. Here, also, is a silver gate, which was preserved from the rapacity of the French, by the simple precaution of covering it with black paint.

When the island was ceded to the British, Sir Thomas Maitland received orders, according to the strict construction of the capitulation, to appropriate the cathedral of St. John to the protestant worship; but with correct judgment and good feeling, he referred the case back to the home government, representing how much the religious prejudices of the Maltese were interested in the retention of the church for the Roman Catholic rites as formerly; endeared to them also, as it was, by containing the remains of their illustrious ancestors, and how essential he felt it to conciliate their attachment, by yielding to their expectations on this point. The application was successful, and a portion of the protestant congregation, exclusive of the military, is now accommodated in the chapel belonging to the palace. But this act of national self-denial is attended with inconvenience, as the chapel does not contain above one third of the persons who might resort to it. It may be doubted, however, whether the sacrifice has increased the respect of the Maltese, whose religious zeal can scarcely be satisfied with the numerous splendid churches in which it is exhibited, while the fervour of their protestant rulers is compressed within the walls of one humble and insufficient chapel.

There are several churches in the town of Valetta worth visiting, and its being holy week they were thronged with devotees; indeed Malta appeared to me to be

the hot-bed of catholicism; I have never since seen it carried to such excess. Processions were hourly passing through the streets with many of the Scripture scenes represented as literally as possible. Among them was our Saviour hanging on the cross; a boy, dressed in sheepskin, representing St. John the Baptist; a baby, as the infant Saviour, &c. &c. In some of these processions walked people, who, I was afterwards told, were of the first consideration in the town, dragging many yards of heavy chain at their heels; but the most astonishing instance of superstition was that which occurred on Good Friday; all the bells of the churches were stopped, and a noise succeeded, like that of a hundred watchmen's rattles, which upon inquiry I found was caused by stones shaken in a box, intended to represent the grinding of Judas's bones!! Mass was performed both day and night during the whole week, and I should speak favourably of the religion of the Maltese, if I had to judge of its sincerity by the decorum of their behaviour at church.

A short distance from Valetta the governor has a country seat, named St. Antonio; it is a lovely spot, and would be considered such in any country, but here its shade and coolness are felt doubly refreshing from the absence of these advantages in other parts of the island.

In the garden I found Loquats superior to those in India, also the Teparce, or Cape gooseberry, called by a variety of names, and oranges in full fruit. The white netting, the peach, apricot, and fig are, I understood, of the most exquisite flavour and in great abundance. Flowers from every part of the world appear to make this garden their native soil—beautiful climbers of all sorts, ivies, justicias, geraniums as large as shrubs: the yucca gloriosa, and the night-blowing cereus, surprised me as growing in the open air, by the side of violets, polyanthus, roses, cowslips, ranunculuses, and other more hardy plants.

Malta contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and Gozo 20,000. The revenue of the islands is under 100,000*l.*, of which a large portion is derived from a very low duty on spirits and wine. Spirits and inferior wines pay 1*l.* a gallon, and the better kinds of wines 2*l.* a bottle, and yet it will hardly be believed that the consumption of the latter is so great that the produce of the tax on it does not fall short of the annual sum of 10,000*l.* 30,000*l.* of the revenue is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals and other charitable institutions; of this sum, the School of Industry, founded by Lord Hastings, draws 25,000*l.* per annum. This establishment is on a very liberal scale, and supports three hundred girls and a few very old men. Public subscriptions are also received; but the aggregate contributions not being equal to the expenditure, forty girls had lately been dismissed. There might probably be difficulty in intermingling with the prejudices of the Roman Catholics, and additional expense and indulgence on that account be requisite; otherwise, I should venture to say, that the children here, as in many similar institutions, are brought up with a degree of luxury, both as respects their accommodation, food and habits, which is likely to unfit them to encounter with cheerfulness the hardships of servitude, to which, in after life, they must necessarily be exposed.

The island, though very fruitful, does not grow corn sufficient for its consumption. The importation of grain is subject to no restrictions, but the government always keeps a certain quantity in store to check excessive prices. The grain is preserved in large pits, the mouths of which are covered with circular stones, and the apertures being hermetically closed with cement, it does not suffer from damp. Much to my surprise, I learned here that Sicily, formerly the granary of Europe, no longer exports corn, for the supplies of which Malta is now principally indebted to Egypt.

The monopoly of ice is granted to an individual, who imports it in immense quantities from Sicily, and who is liable to a penalty of five guineas for every hour he may be without a suitable supply during the summer. It is well known that in the southern parts of Europe ice is indispensable to the poorer classes, and the privation of it would not only affect the health of the population, but probably excite a commotion.

To quit the subject of Malta without acknowledging the kindness I experienced there, would be an excess of ingratitude. Indeed, wherever I stopped, on my long journey, I had received very obliging attentions; but Malta is the land of hospitality, where society on the most liberal footing, and where a stranger is welcomed with a degree of warmth and cordiality truly engaging. In this spirit of kind consideration, Sir Edward Codrington, then commanding the station, authorised our accept-

ance of Sir Thomas Fellowes's offer to convey us, in the Dartmouth frigate,* to Syracuse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Favourable passage to Syracuse—Dionysius's Ear, &c.—Lentini—Catania—Crenonini at the Cathedral—Admirable situation of Taurominium—Messina.

We embarked in the evening, and the wind being strong and favourable, we lay-to till near daylight, to avoid approaching the coast at night, and about ten o'clock entered the magnificent harbour of Syracuse, having as we approached a fine view of Etna, with its top unclouded and sprinkled with snow.

Our first visit on landing was to Dionysius's Ear. This celebrated cavern may be reasonably imagined to bear the form of an ear; and from its security, the mark of rivets in the wall, and its general appearance, my conviction will not allow me to doubt that it was used for the purpose of a prison, as stated in history. The echo in the main hollow is very distinct; but it is still more perfect in the small cave above, on the right hand of the entrance of the cavern, where the tyrant, it is said, took up his position when he desired to overhear the conversation of his prisoners. The natives have a way of reaching the top, with which they would not acquaint us, saying it was far too precipitous for us to attempt. It is their interest to make the ascent difficult, and the only method, they pretended, by which we could accomplish it, was by being drawn up in a chair—both it and the rope, however, from which it was suspended, looked so fragile, that I would not venture upon the enterprise. Nevertheless, one of our party was hoisted up in this perilous manner to the cave, (which is, I should think, about sixty or seventy feet high,) whence to my astonishment he answered the questions we put to him in a low whisper from beneath, without difficulty, or hesitation.

We afterwards visited the remains of the theatre and amphitheatre, the view from which is delightful—the Capuchin convent in the vicinity, not worth seeing—the cathedral, built on the remains of an ancient temple of Minerva; and lastly the Fountain of Arethusa, where we saw the usual number of old women washing in the stream. One of them offered me a glass in which to drink some water from the pool, but I was apprehensive that its purity might have been injured by these Naiads, and declined.

There being no roads sufficiently good in Sicily to allow of wheel carriages, I travelled upon a mule, and hired a letteza, the usual conveyance of priests and females, as a shelter in the event of bad weather. In shape it resembles a double sedan-chair, or the body of a shabby vis-a-vis; and being slung, not between camels like my tukle-rowan, but between mules, proved a much less uneasy vehicle. On the day of the road and the distance not admitting of our going direct to Catania, we proceeded to Lentini to sleep, and here we experienced the advantage of having brought with us our camp equipage; for, except a very dirty room, we found no accommodation, as the beds were so disgusting it would have been impossible to rest in them. We were obliged to send out into the town for provisions, but the bread alone was good—superior, perhaps, to any in Europe, except that in Spain. The flour is of the finest quality, of a pale sulphur colour—whether artificial, or the natural tint of the corn, I did not ascertain. I was more surprised at the excellence and abundance of the bread, when I was told that the Sicilians annually had to import grain, the island not yielding sufficiently even for the consumption of its thin population. Lentini is close to a small lake, and, though prettily situated, is considered very unhealthy. Indeed, one cannot help being shocked at the squalid features of its inhabitants, and the generally wretched appearance of the town.

The country as far as Catania was not very striking—but we had Etna in front of us, which we were continually approaching, and of which we had so clear a view as to perceive the English house, near the summit, about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, looking like a large black slab in the surrounding snow. The landlord of our inn, Signor Abbate, who is a distinguished guide, said we could not reach the top in consequence of a recent fall of snow, and I was rather

glad at the time to be furnished with a decent excuse for avoiding a toilsome excursion, which I suspect does not repay one for the certainty of great fatigue and the risk of illness with which it is attended.

The view of Catania, at a distance, was splendid; its white palaces glittering in the sun, surrounded by dark and verdant foliage. But upon a nearer approach, the city wore a melancholy appearance, from the ruined state of the houses, which had not been regularly repaired since they were injured by the last earthquake. In fact, scarcely a wall remains entire; but it is almost impossible to judge of the effects of this calamity, without having beheld the pleasant plains in the vicinity of a burning mountain, converted into huge masses of black lava, now as hard as rock, and recollecting that these had once been streams of liquid fire. There are, however, still some buildings in a perfect state, such as the cathedral, the Benedictine church, and a convent. One street, called Strada Steriore, is of immense length, presenting a beautiful vista, terminated by the venerable Etna.

I witnessed at the cathedral a grand ceremonial of the inauguration of a new Bishop of Catania. There was little decorum observable in the spectators, principally composed of priests, who appeared instead of devout actors in the scene, to have come, like ourselves, only to enjoy the show. In consequence of the noise, it was impossible to hear any thing said by the bishop, archbishop, or officiating priests: seeing, however, some elergymen reading out of books, I fancied, if I could catch a glimpse of a few words, I might gain a knowledge of what was passing; but looking over the shoulder of one of the priests for this purpose, I found his manual was an Italian play.

The ride from Catania to Giarra was most delightful. We made a detour of two miles in order to visit the church Del Ermitaggio, from the terrace of which is a splendid view over an extensive plain, studded with towns, Ai Reale, and several others, and bounded by the sea. The rocks of the Cyclops lay below us, and the mountains of Calabria crowned the distance, while on the left rose Etna in all its glory, on whose sides were seen numerous white villages and farm-houses sparkling in the sunshine. We passed lovely gardens full of orange and lemon trees, bearing fruit and blossoms at the same time; and over the walls in front of the houses hung vines, carnations, and double stocks of an immense size. Even the very weeds on the road-side sprang up and blossomed like elegant flowers, in colours of yellow, pink, blue, and scarlet, of the brightest hues.

Still, I had only to look to the beds of lava in the vicinity for this gay scene to vanish from my mind, in the associations raised by the frightful contrast. Torrents of cinders gave a broken, gloomy, and ragged appearance to much of the rich and cultivated country which lay before me. Signor Abbate, who accompanied us, pointed out a small village, whose fate may better exemplify the effects of the calamity I was deploring, than any description of mine. The village had contained one hundred and fifty men, with their wives and children. From the smallness of the church these were compelled to attend divine service at different times. The women had gone and returned first as usual, and the men occupied their places; but scarcely had they assembled, when an earthquake occurred, which destroyed the priest and the whole of the congregation—absolutely no man in the village escaped! My informant added that the poor women being left destitute, (here I expected a tale of distress,) resorted to another parish, to recruit for fresh husbands; "for what," said he, "could they do, but settle themselves again in matrimony as soon as possible?"

If the ride to Giarra was delightful, I must search for some stronger word to express the enjoyment I derived from our journey to Fiumi di Nisi, during which every variety of the grand and the lovely in prospect was offered to our view. The route generally lay between the sea on the right hand and the range of mountains on the left, on whose sides were, as usual, scattered numerous white villages, with churches and convents, all seated amidst the most luxuriant vegetation; and, here and there, on the very summit of a hilly mountain, was perched a castle, to all appearance inaccessible. The town of Mola is situated on the top of an immense rock, higher than the level of the sea—still Mola towered far above us. Taurominium (an amphitheatre both by nature and art) justifies all the praises which have been lavished on it by travellers, for the views from it combine all that is magnificent in scenery. I can imagine nothing finer in Europe,—I had almost said in the world.

Our lodging at the hamlet of Fiumi di Nisi was as humble as can be imagined; every thing was primitive except the disposition to overcharge, which seemed to have the usual advantage of modern improvement.

A beautiful ride of eighteen miles, equally lovely with that described above, brought us to Messina. The manner of travelling prevented our making much progress, for the mules seldom go out of a walk, and this method, though it may appear tedious to those accustomed to travel post, affords the best means of seeing the country to advantage; indeed the climate is so delightful, and the various views so attractive, that one ceases to wish for greater celerity. At the time we were in Sicily the roads admitted of no other mode of conveyance, if I may call by the name of roads, paths through rocks, beds of torrents, and any places, in fact, over which the mules could scramble, though frequently the way lay over grassy downs and flowery plains, and the sands and shingles on the sea shore. The communication, however, will be shortly improved, for in many parts above our heads I saw the people employed in the construction of a new carriage road equal to any in Italy. It is to run from Syracuse through Messina to Palermo; and with the advantage of the steam vessel, which plies between Naples and the latter place, this road will render Sicily as accessible and as civilised as any other part of southern Europe—still I should be loth to adopt a more refined mode of travelling in exchange for the airy and independent one I have described.

If Messina were not so well known, I should dilate upon the splendour of its situation and the enchanting beauty of its harbour and environs. The city itself has a gay appearance, and the buildings, many of them quite new, give one hopes that it has risen again to opulence, and that the calamitous effects of the last earthquake have ceased to be felt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Embarkation at Aspromonte for Salerno—Charybdis—Pestum—Poupepi.

Unfavourable accounts of the road, and the increasing heat of the weather, induced us to abandon our intention of visiting Palermo; and we resolved on going directly to Naples. No packets or large vessels being procurable, we were compelled to hire a speumona—a small half-decked boat, rowed by ten men; and though considered a secure conveyance, yet no boat of such a size and construction could either be safe or agreeable on the open seas. The accommodation was so limited, that a gentleman who had accompanied us from Syracuse had just space to creep into a hole below deck, while we spread our bedding above; a canvass awning being the only shelter from the rain and spray. On the 19th of April, we left Messina, and passed through the Faro, with a fine and favourable breeze. There was nothing alarming in crossing the famous whirlpool, which has long since lost its dangerous character; but the spirit of that person must indeed be dull who could be rocked on the waves of Charybdis without hearing in imagination the barking of Scylla, and while bounding over a sea consecrated by the fascination of classical embellishment, fail to be animated by recollections fraught with every object of interest and admiration.

Towards evening, we passed near Stromboli, which, though then burning, we did not think it worth while to visit, but desired our captain, as the wind was freshening, to shape his course for Pestum. Pretending, however, that the breeze would not admit of our making the latter place, he touched at Acropolis, a curious town, built on a precipitous rock, which presents a bold and singular appearance from the sea. We had intended to proceed by land to Pestum, but so exorbitant a price was demanded for the mules, that we determined to go by water to Salerno, a measure I heartily repented of at the time, as the wind had increased to a gale, but which, when we had landed in safety, and all our perils were at an end, I was glad had been adopted. It afforded us the opportunity of seeing the Bay of Salerno in perfection. The town, built half-way up a mountain—its summit, crowned with an ancient fortress of the most picturesque shape—Acropolis towering on the neighbouring height, and contrasted with the temples of Pestum, on the low, damp plain, formed, on the whole, a view scarcely to be equalled by Naples itself.

At day-break next morning, we set off for Pestum, in a carriage drawn in the ancient style, by four horses abreast—(our boat also was drawn up on the beach, as if it had been under the orders of Palinurus;) and after staying there a couple of hours, we returned to Salerno at eight o'clock. I was gratified by the excursion, not so

* Sir Thomas Fellowes had two of his sons, one a child of nine years old, on board the Dartmouth at the battle of Navarino. These young midshipmen behaved with coolness scarcely to be expected at their tender age; and during the action, the elder, only twelve himself, had the admirable good sense and feeling to keep his brother out of their father's sight, lest the latter's anxiety should be excited.

much, perhaps, from the sight of the temples themselves, as from being able to contrast them with the stupendous monuments we had lately seen; and, without affectation, I may venture to say, that the Egyptian traveller finds it an effort to bestow great admiration on the ruins of Pestum.

Leaving Salerno, we passed through the most lovely scenery, especially about La Cava. Hanging gardens, interspersed with woods and running streams, sometimes lay planted in deep ravines below the level of the road, sometimes out in the sides of the mountain, towered high above our heads. A little farther were fields of beans, peas, lupines, and the most brilliant clover; while vineyards, with their vines gracefully trained to the branches of high poplars, bordered the road as far as Pompeii. The pass of La Cava is indeed one of fairy land.

A far different scene awaited us in the ruins of Pompeii; but as there were many workmen employed in repairs, and a large and boisterous party preceding us, I was disappointed by the interruption to the stillness and desolation which ought to form such a peculiar contrast to the busy din of the inhabited world around. Although, however, the illusion was destroyed, still there was, of course, much of surpassing interest in the examination of this discontinued city; and on subsequently visiting the Studio at Naples, I found the bronzes and other articles, removed there from Pompeii, by far the most curious objects of that extensive and valuable collection.

Naples is not seen to advantage in coming through Portici, but it is still a grand sight; and justifies the descriptions usually given of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

Naples—Vesuvius—Best views of the city and the bay—Eustace's tomb—Admirable statuary in the church of San Severo—Anecdotes relative to the palace of Capri di Monte—Curious reliquies at San Carlos—Inferiority of Italian singers in Italy—No English church at Naples.

Now that I have brought my narrative so far as the beaten ground of Naples, my privilege of description, throughout much abridged that I might not weary by repetition, must be still further curtailed; and I shall be careful not to expatiate on topics already familiar, and especially to avoid intruding into that province which Mrs. Starke has appropriated to herself, by her accurate and entertaining Guide-book. It requires some self-denial, however, to dismiss Naples without dwelling on its innumerable beauties.

At the time I visited Vesuvius, the crater was quite tranquil, and afforded little interest. Those who ascend the summit merely for the purpose of enjoying the prospect, may have that pleasure without any labour on the road a little beyond the Hermitage, a short distance from the foot of the mountain. There is, indeed, a still better view from the Convent of St. Martin; but the one which, in my judgement, must be superior to any in Naples, is that which I heard is afforded from the terrace of Camaldoli.

In my rambles, I stepped into the Church of Le Crocette, to see poor Eustace's tomb. It is but a humble monument for a man so distinguished, yet it may serve to remind us how severe the world has been towards one who, notwithstanding his errors, has greatly contributed to its amusement and instruction.

The church of San Severo, which is little more than a massoleum of the Sangro family, contains three celebrated pieces of statuary, of which I obtained a more detailed account than I have seen elsewhere; one of Modesty, covered wholly with a veil; a man caught in a net; and a recumbent figure of a dead Christ, which surpasses all imagination by its exquisite sculpture and admirable expression. The first statue is said to represent the mother of Don Raimondo di Sangro, who himself is exhibited in the second, as one undeviated with respect to the vanities of the world by his better reason, here expressed by a Genius disentangling a man from a net.

The first of these masterpieces is by a Genoese named Queirolo; the second by Corrodino, who designed the third statue also, but which was executed after his death by San Martino; the last is transcendent.

There is also in the church a monument of Don Francisco di Sangro, represented as rising out of a chest, in armour, and grasping a drawn sword. He pretended to be dead, and caused himself to be inclosed in a vault, from which he issued at night to take vengeance on his unprepared enemies.

It is said, that the Palace of Capo di Monte, which is on an elevated spot about two miles from the town, owes its construction to the following circumstances:—The late king of Naples having, while in alliance with England, acted against us in a hostile man-

ner, a fleet was sent to require satisfaction. The admiral forwarded his despatches on shore by an officer, with directions to bring back a proper answer before the lapse of an hour. The Neapolitans wanted to prevent his landing, but he pointed to the guns of the admiral's ship, and was allowed to pass. No one could be persuaded to take his despatches to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was in the council chamber. The officer carried them thither himself, but was told the council was sitting, and could not be disturbed; whereupon he opened the door, and delivered them with his own hands. The king and council demurred—they were told the guns of the fleet would open on the town when the hour was expired. Being without resource, the concession demurred was agreed to, and the king gave orders for building the palace at Capo di Monte, that he might at least have a residence beyond the reach of the British cannon.

A piece of etiquette which prevails at the theatre of San Carlos is sufficiently curious. If any of the royal family be present, none of the audience testify the least approbation of the performance till a slight motion of the august hands gives the signal for applause. It was amusing to see all eyes directed to the royal box, when there was a disposition in the house to applaud, and to perceive how frequently the dozing of the illustrious referee defeated their good intentions. Any expression of disapprobation is strictly prohibited.

In Italy, I had fully expected to be delighted by hearing the music of its best masters, sung by performers best qualified to do it justice;—but in this I was greatly disappointed. There were no good vocalists; even at San Carlos, and at the Scala, at Milan, the two finest theatres in the world, the prima donnas were decidedly inferior, and would scarcely have been listened to at the English Opera. Generally speaking, indeed, the absence of music, especially in the streets, is remarkable throughout Italy. As the sovereigns are the principal contributors to the theatres, perhaps the Italians are less fastidious than they were formerly, being contented to accept an inferior amusement at a smaller price. The true reason, however, probably is, that wealthier nations can afford to give greater remuneration to professional talent, and thus Polyhymnia is bribed to desert her once favoured land. On asking for the English church, I was told there was none. Not because there was any objection on the part of the Neapolitans—not because there was any deficiency of Protestants in the city—not because there were wanting clergymen anxious for the appointment; but because the numerous English residents and visitors would not contribute towards paying the moderate salary of a chaplain, one moiety of which the British government has consented to defray. The consul-general had endeavoured to overcome this indifference on the part of our countrymen, and his failure, it must be reluctantly allowed, remains a blot on the national respectability.

CHAPTER XX.

Pontine Marshes—Destruction of early illusions by Mr. Niebuhr—Author's admiration of Rome unimpaired by having previously visited Egypt—Defacement of public monuments—Hospice of St. Bernard—Return to England.

Having fairly commenced our Italian journey, we dismissed all our heavy baggage, as the country through which we had to pass would render it superfluous, though, notwithstanding the luxuries which English travellers had for some years introduced, I found at many stages pudding dishes for basins, and a variety of other expedients prevailing. On crossing the Pontine Marshes, the postilions drove us slowly, because we refused them double fees. These famous marshes, however, appeared not much more formidable to me than the Barackpore road near Calcutta, when the rice grounds on each side are overflowed and stagnant.

On our entrance into Albano, we passed a ruin hitherto supposed to be the tomb of the Curatuli. Must we have all our pleasing, youthful fancies and associations dispelled by Mr. Niebuhr's sober word of truth?—I now consider it an advantage to have travelled through the country before having heard of his book, and to have been enabled to yield, without suspicion, to long established illusions regarding the acts and fortunes of many celebrated men, whom his unpeopled erudition has proved to have had existence only in fiction.

After visiting the lake, we reached Rome, about one o'clock, passing on the approach to our inn the Coliseum, the Forum, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, and other interesting objects, impressed upon our minds from the earliest period of our youth; and the sight of which, even in more sober age, made my heart beat with enthusiasm.

The author of the "English in Italy" takes an opportunity of condemning the affectation of those travellers, who, having visited Egypt, pretend to find nothing interesting in the "Eternal City." In this instance I shall not come under his censure, for I do not hesitate to say, that after all the wonders of Egypt, and after raising my anticipations to the highest pitch, Rome still surpassed my most exaggerated expectations. I would not, however, offend my ancient favourites in Egypt, by comparing them to objects so dissimilar. Rome and Egypt have each their peculiar beauties, and one may enjoy the delight of having seen both, without entering on the unsatisfactory task of contrast.

The late pope was most meritoriously regardless of the cleanliness of the capital, and thus enabled visitors not to restrict their admiration to the ancient city alone, but to extend it to the modern improvements, evinced in the embellishment of churches and the opening of new fountains. He also liberally contributed to the health and comfort of the people, by completing extensive walks and drives, commenced by the French, (that of Mount Pincio particularly)—but above all, his scrupulous preservation and repair of every ancient relic demand our gratitude. From Rome we passed through Florence, to Pisa, a city which interested me next to Rome itself.

At Leghorn I discovered our first approach to a vicinity crowded by sailors and a lower class of English, not alone from the appearance of their ships, and their activity on the quay, but from the habits of destructiveness so peculiar to the nation, an organ which I am sure Spurzheim would find highly developed in most of our countrymen.

While admiring the beautiful colossal figures in bronze attached to the statue of Ferdinand I, which stands in the dock yard, I observed that they were in some places indented, and covered with mud. On inquiring the cause, I was informed that this violence was attributed to the English sailors, many of whose missiles, in the shape of stones and brickbats, were lying around. It is too well known that this propensity of our countrymen to mischief is not exercised in foreign lands only, and it furnishes the sole excuse for shutting up our churches and public edifices, a practice so universally condemned by foreigners;—but who can wonder at these restrictions, after seeing placards affixed in the metropolis itself, denouncing punishment against those who wantonly deface its embellishments, and would even demolish the monuments of national gratitude?

By a far different feeling is the Italian actuated. There is not a Roman who does not consider St. Peter's as his own. Let the slightest disrespect be shown towards it, or the smallest injury offered to its ornaments, or to those of any building in the city, and he would resent it as a personal insult, and consider it his own peculiar misfortune.

Leaving Leghorn, we went to Lucca, Spezzia*, Genoa, and Nice. Thence crossing the Col di Tenda, by the magnificent and lovely road lately opened for posting, we came to Turin, Milan, Como, and Lago Maggiore, and crossing the Simplon, arrived, by the way of Martigni, at Geneva. From Geneva I ascended to Chamouni and Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, and crossed the Col de Balme, back to Martigni. Thence we thought it necessary to make an excursion to the great St. Bernard, which I shall mention somewhat more at large, and perhaps spare others, who may form romantic pre-conceptions, the disappointment I experienced; for great part of the road is dreary, without affording any grand prospects, and the establishment at the Hospice partakes so much of a secular and every day character, that I do not think the interest of the journey compensates for its length and fatigue.

The monks being at prayers when we arrived at the Hospice, we were introduced by a servant into a comfortable room, where we were shortly joined by the Père Économe. After some conversation, he took us a short and dreary walk to the chapel and the charnel house, where the bodies of strangers who have perished in the snow are deposited. There had been no accidents of this kind during the past year, and I could only perceive, by the momentary glance I took of the mournful receptacle, a mass of skeletons and mouldering remains. I suspect, indeed, the effects of the climate in preserving the features for many years from alteration or decomposition have been greatly exaggerated, if they do not

* The road from Spezzia to Genoa was still, in many parts, in a very rugged state, but I think far surpasses in sublimity that over the Simplon.

exist altogether in the imagination of novelists. I found the Père Économe quite a man of the world in his discourse and manners. On our return from walking, he produced some music-books, led me to the piano, and took a chair by my side, and I never thought myself more out of place than when I beheld a monk of St. Bernard in his high black cap, and in the dress of his order, bending over the notes of the instrument at which I was seated.

It being a fast-day, the other brethren excused themselves, and we sat down to dinner, which consisted of the usual ingredients of maigre day, with him alone.

During the favourable season, scarcely a day passes without visitors; there have sometimes been forty at once. In proof of this I may mention, that on our return home we met twelve persons on their way to the Hospice. In consequence of this influx of guests it has become necessary to enlarge the building, which has now the appearance of an hotel, and is attended by a waiter and a chamber-maid. The only difference is, that one goes through the form of dining with the monks, and receiving, under the semblance of obligation, the hospitality for which the convent is amply repaid. When there are female guests, the monks usually join them at meals, in the strangers' parlour; otherwise, the gentlemen are admitted into the refectory. So much has it come to be considered in the light of an inn, that some persons have been guilty of the indecorum of expressing a desire to dine alone, which was very properly refused on the part of the monks, with whom it is a rule that one at least should preside in the visitors' room.

St. Bernard is a dependence of the Augustine monastery, at Martigni. None but young and robust men reside at the Hospice, and as they become old or unfit to withstand the inclemency of the mountain climate, they are transferred to the establishment below. The monks of the order have the privilege of writing directly to the pope, are permitted to drink wine, and to read newspapers and books of miscellaneous literature to amuse their solitude. Having so much society and so many indulgences, the condition of these monks is, probably, on the whole, more comfortable than that of their brethren in many other convents.

The old breed of dogs is all but extinct. The new ones do not possess the same large head and double nose, but are said to be equally sagacious; and the activity of the brethren is as sedulous as ever in seeking out persons lost in the snow, and though the loss of lives has not of late been so frequent, the establishment is still eminently useful to travellers. The convent register contains a touching acknowledgment of one of these from Turin, who fell down from exhaustion for the fourth time just at the door of the Hospice, when he was accidentally perceived and recovered.

The neighbouring peasantry, who frequently miss their way in traversing the mountains, experience the kindest treatment from the monks, who, though they receive, as is but fair, contributions from opulent visitants, extend their benevolence gratuitously to the poor.

After leaving Saint Bernard, we traversed the greater part of Switzerland, ascending the Grimsel and Righi. Our course then took us to Lyons, and after a short stay at Paris, I reached England early in September, 1828, having been above eleven months on my varied and most interesting journey.

The foregoing pages contain so many proofs of the facility with which the overland journey is performed, and of the gratification which rewards the undertaking, that it seems now superfluous for the author to declare her decided preference of it to the sea voyage round the Cape. While peace continues with the Turks, there can be no just ground for apprehending molestation on their part; but, on the contrary, every degree of courtesy may be expected from the Egyptian government. The shoals of the Red Sea and the storms of the Mediterranean are not usually considered so formidable as the hurricanes of the Mauritius, and the gales off the Cape of Good Hope. The expense of the overland passage is much less, for it is not necessary to consume one half of the time which the author did in Egypt and the continent of Europe. From the moment of entering a ship for the Cape voyage, until its termination at the end of four or five months, persons are unavoidably subjected, whatever may be the kindness of the commander, to restraint and inactivity; but, on the other hand, the passage up the Red Sea having been effected, all then is novelty, interest, and enjoyment.

Appendix.

The following extracts from the works of Hamilton and Richardson, relative to the principal buildings in the author's route through Egypt are inserted, as likely to be acceptable to the homeward bound traveller. The most essential parts only, however, have been given, and reference must be had to the originals for more detailed information.

It seems to be still doubtful on which side of the Nile Thebes Proper was situated. On the right bank are the ruins of the temples of Luxor and Carnac, and on the left the palace of Medinet Haboo, the burying places of the kings and queens, Elbek, the Memnonium, and the catacombs of Gournoo, all of which may be included under the term Thebes.

LUXOR.

[Hamilton's Egyptiaca, p. 114.]

"In approaching this temple from the north, the first object is a magnificent propylon, or gateway, which is two hundred feet in length, and the top of it fifty-seven feet above the present level of the soil. In front of the entrance are the two most perfect obelisks in the world, each of a single block of red granite, from the quarries of Elephantine; they are between seven and eight feet square at the base, and above eighty feet high; many of the hieroglyphical figures with which they are covered are an inch and three quarters deep, cut with the greatest nicety and precision. Between these obelisks and the propylon are two colossal statues, also of red granite; though buried in the ground to the chest, they still measure twenty-one and twenty-two feet from thence to the top of their mitres. The attention of the traveller is soon diverted from these masses, to the sculptures which cover the eastern wing of the north front of the propylon, on which is a very animated description of a remarkable event in the campaigns of some Osymandrius or Sesostris." The "ruined portico," which is entered from the gateway, is of "very large dimensions" [p. 119:] "from this a double row of seven columns, with lotus capitals, two and thirty feet in circumference, conducts you into a court, one hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and forty wide, terminated at each side by a row of columns, beyond which is another portico of thirty-two columns, and the adytum, or interior apartments of the building."

[Richardson's Travels, vol. ii. p. 81.]

"The temple of Luxor was probably built on the banks of the Nile for the convenience of sailors and wayfaring men: where, without much loss of time, they might stop, say their prayers, present their offerings, &c. Great and magnificent as it is, it only serves to show us the way to a much greater, to which it is hardly more in comparison than a kind of porter's lodge; I mean the splendid ruin of the temple at Carnac." The distance from Luxor to Carnac is about a mile and a half, or two miles. The whole road was formerly lined with a row of sphinxes on each side. At present these are entirely covered up for about two thirds of the way, on the end nearest to Luxor. On the latter part of the road, near to Carnac, a row of eriosphinxes (that is, with a ram's head, and a lion's body) still exist on each side of the way."

CARNAC.

[Hamilton, p. 122.]

"The name of Diosipolis is sufficient to entitle us to call the grand temple at Carnac the temple of Jupiter. This temple has twelve principal entrances, each of which is composed of several propyla and colossal gateways, or *motes*, besides other buildings attached to them, in themselves larger than most other temples. One of the propyla is entirely of granite, adorned with the most finished hieroglyphics. On each side of many of them have been colossal statues of basalt, breccia, and granite; some sitting, some erect, from twenty to thirty feet in height.

"The body of the temple, which is preceded by a large court, at whose sides are colonnades, of thirty columns in length, and through the middle of which are two rows of columns fifty feet high, consists, first, of a prodigious hall, or portico, whose roof is sustained by one hundred and thirty-four columns, some of which are twenty-six feet in circumference, and others thirty-four; then are four beautiful obelisks, marking the entrance to the adytum, near which the monarch is represented as embraced by the arms of Isis.

The adytum itself consists of three apartments, entirely of granite. The principal room, which is in the centre,

is twenty feet long, sixteen wide, and thirteen feet high. Three blocks of granite form the roof, which is painted with clusters of gilt stars, on a blue ground. Beyond are other porticoes and galleries, which have been continued to another propylon, at the distance of two thousand feet from that of the western extremity of the temple.

"It may not be uninteresting to add a few more particulars relative to this temple, the largest, perhaps, and certainly one of the most ancient in the world.

"Two of the porticoes within it appear to have consisted of pillars, in the form of human figures, in the character of Heracles, that is, the lower part of the body hidden, and unshapen, with his arms folded, and in his hand the insignia of divinity; perhaps the real origin of the Grecian Caryatides.

"Exclusive of these columnar statues, which have been thirty-eight in number, and the least of them thirty feet high, there are fragments more or less mutilated, of twenty-three other statues, in granite, breccia, and basalt, seventeen of which are colossal, and have been placed in front of the several entrances. They are in general from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, and executed in the best Egyptian style."

BIBAN OOL MOOLK,

OR THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

[Richardson's Travels, vol. i. p. 264.]

"It is a most dismal looking spot, a valley of rubbish, without a drop of water, or blade of grass. The entrance to the tombs looks out from the rock like the entrance to so many mines; and were it not for the recollections with which it is peopled, and the beautiful remains of ancient art which lie hid in the bosom of the mountain, would hardly ever be visited by man or beast. The heat is excessive, from the confined dimensions of the valley, and the reflection of the sun from the rock and sand. The whole valley is filled with rubbish that has been washed down from the rock, or carried out in the making of the tombs, with merely a narrow road up the centre."

[Richardson's Travels, vol. i. p. 264.]

"Diodorus Siculus states, on the authority of the Egyptian priests, that forty-seven of these tombs were entered in their sacred registers, only seventeen of which remained in the time of Ptolemy Lagus. And in the 80th Olympiad, about sixty years B.C., when Diodorus Siculus was in Egypt, many of these were greatly defaced. Before Mr. Belzoni began his operations in Thebes, only eleven of these tombs were known to the public. From the great success that crowned his exertions, the number of them is nearly double. The general appearance of these tombs is that of a continued shaft, or corridor, cut in the rock, in some places spreading out into large chambers; in other places small chambers pass off by a small door from the shaft, &c. In some places where the rock is low and disintegrated, a broad excavation is formed on the surface, till it reaches a sufficient depth of solid stone, when it narrows, and enters by a door of about six or eight feet wide, and about ten feet high. The passage then proceeds with a gradual descent for about a hundred feet, widening or narrowing according to the plan or object of the architect, sometimes with side chambers, but more frequently not. The beautiful ornament of the globe, with the serpent in its wings, is sculptured over the entrance. The ceiling is black, with silver stars, and the vulture, with outspread wings, holding a ring and a broad feathered sceptre by each of its feet, is frequently repeated on it, with numerous hieroglyphics, which are white or variously coloured. The walls on each side are covered with hieroglyphics, and large sculptured figures of the deities of Egypt, and of the hero for whom the tomb was excavated. Sometimes both the hieroglyphics and the figures are wrought in intaglio; at other times they are in relief; but throughout the same tomb they are generally all of one kind. The colours are green, blue, red, black, and yellow, on a white ground, and in many instances are as fresh and vivid as if they had not been laid on a month. Intermixed with the figures, we frequently meet with curious devices, representing tribunals where people are upon their trials, and sometimes undergoing punishment; the preparation of mummies, and people bearing them in procession on their shoulders; animals tied for sacrifice, and partly cut up; and occasionally the more agreeable pictures of entertainments, with music and dancing, and well-dressed people listening to the sound of the harp, played by a priest, with his head shaved, and dressed in a loose flowing white robe, shot with red stripes."

Rambles of a Naturalist.

BY THE LATE DR. GODMAN.

(Now first collected.)

PRECEDED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the "Rambles of a Naturalist," we have transferred into our columns from the "Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences," an able biographical memoir of the author, written by the editor, Dr. Drake of Cincinnati. It is highly creditable to Dr. D.'s heart and judgment, and forms an interesting specimen of American Biography, which we are anxious to preserve, and gratified to be the means of widely disseminating.

To know Dr. Godman intimately was to admire and love him. A friend who enjoyed peculiar advantages for studying his disposition thus characterises the peculiar traits of his mind:—

The great characteristics of Dr. Godman's mind, were his retentive memory, an unwearied industry and quick perception, and his capacity of concentrating all his powers upon any given object of pursuit. What he had once read or observed, he rarely, if ever, forgot. Hence it was, that although his early education was much neglected, he became an excellent linguist, and made himself master of Latin, French, and German, besides acquiring a knowledge of Greek, Italian and Spanish. He had read the best works in all these languages, and wrote with facility the Latin and French.

His powers of observation were quick, patient, keen and discriminating; and it was these qualities that rendered him so admirable a naturalist. He came to the study of natural history as an investigator of facts, and not as a pupil of the schools; and while he regarded systems and nomenclature with perhaps too little respect, his great aim was to learn the instincts, the structure and the habits of all animated beings. This science was his favourite pursuit, and he devoted himself to it with indefatigable zeal. He has been heard to say, that in investigating the habits of the shrew mole, he walked many hundred miles. Those parts of his natural history in which he relates the results of his own observation, are among the most interesting essays on that subject in our language. This praise is due in a still greater degree to his Rambles of a Naturalist, which are not inferior in poetical beauty and vivid and accurate description, to the celebrated letters of Gilbert White on the Natural History of Selbourne. These essays were among the last productions of his pen, and were written in the intervals of acute pain and extreme debility. They form a mere sketch of what he intended, and had he lived to complete them, he would have left a work and a name of enduring popularity.

There were few subjects of general literature, excepting the pure and mixed mathematics, with which Dr. Godman was not more or less familiar. Among other pursuits to which his attention had been turned, was the study of ancient coins, of which he had acquired a critical knowledge.

The powers of his mind were always buoyant. His eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge seemed like the impulse of gnawing hunger and unquenchable thirst. Neither adversity nor disease could allay it, and had it pleased Providence to heal his mortal wound, and prolong his life and strength, he would have borne away the palm from all his contemporaries.

The fine imagination and deep enthusiasm of Dr. Godman occasionally burst forth in impassioned poetry. He wrote verse and prose with almost equal facility, and had he lived and enjoyed leisure to prune the exuberance of his style, and to bestow the last polish upon his labours, he would have ranked as one of the great masters of our language, both in regard to the curious felicity, and the strength and clearness of his diction. The following specimens of his poetical compositions are selected less for their intrinsic excellence, than for the picture which they furnish of his private meditations.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

'Tis midnight's solemn hour! now wide unfurled
Darkness expands her mantle o'er the world:
The fire-fly's lamp has ceased its fitful gleam;
The cricket's chirp is hushed; the bodiog scream
Of the grey owl is stilled; the lolly trees
Seize wave their summits to the falling breeze;
All nature is at rest, or seems to sleep;
'Tis thine alone, oh man! to watch and weep!
Thine 'tis to feel thy system's sad decay,
As flares the taper of thy life away
Beneath the influence of fell disease:—
Thine 'tis to know the want of mental ease
Springing from memory of time misspent;
Of slighted blessings; of deepest discontent,
And riotous rebellion 'gainst the laws
Of health, truth, heaven, to win the world's applause!

Such was thy course, Eugenio, such thy hardened heart,
Till mercy spoke, and death unsheathed the dart,
'Twasng his unerring bow, and drove the steel,
Too deep to be withdrawn, too wide the wound to heal;
Yet left of life a feebly glimmering ray,
Slowly to sink and gently ebb away.

—And yet, how blest am I!
While myriad others lie
In agony of fever or of pain,
With parching tongue and burning eye,
Or fiercely throbbing brain;
My feeble frame, though spoiled of rest,
Is not of comfort dispossessed.
My mind awake, looks up to thee,
Father of mercy! whose blest hand I see
In all things acting for our good,
Howe'er thy mercies be misunderstood.

—See where the waning moon
Slowly surmounts yon dark tree tops,
Her light increases steadily, and soon
The solemn night her stole of darkness drops:
Thus to my sinking soul in hours of gloom,
The cheering beams of hope resplendent come,
Thus the thick clouds which sin and sorrow rear
Are changed to brightness, or swift disappear.

Hark! that shrill note proclaims approaching day;
The distant east is streaked with lines of gray;
Faint warblings from the neighbouring groves arise,
The tuneful tribes salute the brightening skies.
Peace breathes around; dim visions o'er me creep,
The weary night outwitted, thank God! I too may sleep.

Lines written under a feeling of the immediate approach of Death.

The damps of death are on my brow, the chill is in my heart,
My blood has almost ceased to flow, my hopes of life depart;
The valley and the shadow before me open wide,
But thou, Oh Lord! even there wilt be my guardian and my guide.

For what is pain, if thou art nigh its bitterness to quell?
And where death's boasted victory, his last triumphant spell?

Oh! Saviour, in that hour when mortal strength is nought,
When nature's agony comes on, and every anguished thought

Springs in the breaking heart a source of darkest woe,
Be nigh unto my soul, nor permit the floods of overflow,
To thee! to thee alone! dare I raise my dying eyes;
Thou didst for all atone, by thy wondrous sacrifice;
Oh! in thy mercy's richness extend thy smiles on me,
And let my soul outspake thy praise throughout eternity!

Beneath the above stanzas is the following note:
"Rather more than a year has elapsed since the above was first written. Death is now certainly near at hand; but my sentiments remain unchanged, except that my reliance on the Saviour is stronger."

This reliance on the mercies of God through Christ Jesus, became indeed the habitual frame of his mind; and imparted to the closing scenes of his life a solemnity and a calmness, a sweet serenity and a holy resignation, which robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its

victory. It was a melancholy sight to witness the premature extinction of such a spirit; yet the dying couch on which genius, and virtue, and learning thus lay prostrated, beamed with more hallowed lustre, and taught a more salutary lesson than could have been imparted by the proudest triumphs of intellect. The memory of Dr. Godman, his blighted promise, and his unfinished labours, will long continue to call forth the vain regrets of men of science and learning. There are those who treasure up in their hearts as a more precious recollection, his humble faith and his triumphant death, and who can meet with an eye of pity, the scornful glance of the scoffer, and the infidel, at being told that if Dr. Godman was a philosopher, he was also a Christian.

From the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences. MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

Of Dr. Godman's early years, we have received a number of interesting memoranda, from his first medical preceptor, Dr. Luckey, now of Circleville, in this state. According to this gentleman, Dr. G. was born at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware. At an early period he lost his parents, and was left without patrimony, or deprived of it. Dr. Luckey first saw him in 1810, when he was fifteen years old. The doctor was, at that time, a senior student in the office of Dr. Thomas E. Bond, of Baltimore. "The office," says Dr. L., "was fitted up with taste, and boys, attracted by its appearance, would frequently drop in, to gaze on the labelled jars and drawers. Among them I discovered, one evening, an interesting lad, who was amusing himself with the manner in which his comrades pronounced the 'hard words,' with which the furniture was labelled. He appeared to be quite an adept in the Latin language. A strong curiosity soon prompted me to inquire 'Who are you?' 'Don't you recollect,' says he, 'that you visited a boy at Mr. Crery's, who had a severe attack of bilious colic?' 'I do. But what is your name my little boy?' He was small of his age. 'My name, sir, is John D. Godman.' 'Did you study the Latin language with Mr. Crery?' 'No, he does not teach any but an English school.' 'Do you intend to prosecute your studies alone?' 'I do. And I will, if I live, make myself a Latin, Greek, and French scholar.'

In the autumn of 1811, Dr. Luckey commenced the practice of medicine in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and the next summer received a letter from his *preceptor*, stating that he had been bound an apprentice to the printer of a newspaper. With this business, he was, from the beginning, exceedingly dissatisfied, as he viewed in his numerous letters to Dr. Luckey.

In one of these, dated July 23d, 1812, he expressed the opinion, that it was worse than "cramping his genius over a pestle and mortar"—it was "cramping it over a font of types, where there are words without ideas."

Addicted to reading, and aspiring to a more intellectual pursuit, it is not probable that our young printer was much devoted to the drudgery of the office, or performed his duties *con amore*; which may sufficiently explain the origin of the difficulties, set forth in the following paragraph from a subsequent letter to the same.

"Every thing is in *statu quo* with me. The same series of oppressions, impositions and insults are still my lot to bear. But I will not bear them long. From the oldest to the youngest, master and man, all seem to have a disposition to peck at me. You will (or may be) surprised to hear that I can never make a printer. It is an erroneous opinion of some people, that no one can make a printer unless he be a scholar. On the contrary, scholars can hardly, if at all, be printers. I would not wish you to think that I count myself a scholar. On the contrary I think myself no scholar."

The following extract from another letter, dated October 23d, 1813, shows that, at this early period, young Godman was threatened with the malady which ultimately destroyed him.

"The disease for which I mentioned a recipe in my last has commenced its direful effects on my poor body. A continued pain in my breast, and at night a slow but burning fever, convince me that I am travelling down a much frequented road to the place where disease has no effect. This my friend is no phantasy. I do not say it from affection. I feel it. I cannot believe in this

disease being contagions, or I should be certain that I have caught it. I sleep with a youth who was born with it and has it fully."

In the opinion of Dr. L., the deceased, at that early period, laboured under a hypertrophy of the heart.

Through the whole of his apprenticeship, young Godman had a strong desire to study medicine, but his guardian was opposed to any change of destination. Early in the month of January, 1814, he writes to Dr. L.:

"The suggestion of Dr. Anderson, I have determined to commence the study of chemistry, as he says it will be a great improvement to the mind, and more so, I may be enabled, the ensuing season (if I should live so long) to attend the lectures at the University (of Maryland), and it seems to run greatly in Dr. A.'s head that I shall one day be a physician. How far this surmise may be right, time will disclose. It may indeed so happen, and should I study chemistry now, I shall not have it to do at a future period. I must, however, ask your opinion in this affair."

On the 24th of the same month, he writes to the same gentleman—

"I have read the catechetical part of Parke's Chemistry, and I can assure you I liked it not a little. But my knowledge, so far as I may obtain it, will only be theoretical."

In the same letter he sets forth his early views of the Christian religion:

"I have not ever had a fixed determination to read the works of that Modern Serpent,* nor had I determined not to do it; and it seems to me surprising, that a fellow student of yours should recommend the perusal of such writings as Thomas Paine's."

"I had, thank heaven, before I asked you the question, and still have, the 'Apology for the Bible,' by the celebrated Lord Rennie,† of Landaff (Bishop Watson). There is a great comfort in the belief of that glorious doctrine of salvation, that teaches us to look to the Great Savior for happiness in a future life; and it has always been my earnest desire, and I must endeavour to die the death of the righteous, that my last end and future state may be like his. It would be a poor hope indeed—it would be a sandy fountain for the dying soul, to have no hope but such as might be derived from the works of Bolingbroke and Paine; and how rich the consolation and satisfaction afforded by the glorious tidings of the blessed Scriptures. It is my opinion, there has never one of these modern deists died as their writings would lead us to believe; nor are but few of their writings read at the present day."

In the year 1814, when the war raged in the Chesapeake, he became a sailor under Com. Barney, and was engaged in the service at the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. Early in the next year, Dr. Luckey, captivated by his genius, and touched by his misfortunes, resolved to invite him to his house, in Elizabethtown, and afford him all the facilities in his power for studying the profession to which he aspired. It does not appear how he had rid himself of his apprenticeship; but he seems to have been at liberty to accept the doctor's generous invitation. This he did, with emotions of joy which are attested in the following simple and affecting reply, dated April 4th, 1815.

"I have this hour received your last letter, and I can assure you, that language is inadequate to express to you my sincere, unforgotten joy, for the pleasing news you have communicated to me. Let the manner in which these lines are penned, convince you of the state of my mind at present. I was, thirty minutes before I received your letter, on the point of going to a printer, in this city, to seek employment, and, but for Providence, I should have done so. You may suppose that, as soon as I read your letter, I abandoned this intention and returned to my sister's house;† with fire in each eye and paper in each hand, to answer your epistle of friendship's own dictating. I must lay this aside for a short time, till my mind becomes settled and undisturbed. I stopped at the line above, in order that I might recover a small degree of composure, in order to express myself as I ought, to so good a friend. I will certainly comply with your request, should it please God to continue my health and strength during the ensuing week. Should it please the mercy of Providence to suffer me to take up my residence with you, I shall endeavour, by the most indefatigable study and diligence, to give you the satisfaction your kindness to me deserves. I am in hopes that I shall be able to come some day in the course of the next week;

but, as my journey must be a pedestrian one, I should not wish to mention a particular day."

"On the 10th of April, four days after the date of this letter, he arrived," says Dr. L., "at my house, and took up his residence in my family. He made his promise good, for in six weeks he had acquired more knowledge in the different departments of medical science, than most students do in a year. During this short period he not only read Capital, Foneroy, Cheselden, Murray, Brown, Cullen, Rusti, Sydenham, Sharp, and Cooper, but wrote annotations on each, including critical remarks on the incongruities in their reasonings. He remained with me five months, and at the end of that time, you would have imagined from his conversation, that he was an Edinburgh graduate. When he sat down to study, so completely was he absorbed by his subject, that it seemed as though the amputation of one of his limbs would scarcely withdraw his attention."

A circumstance having no connection with the relation between him and his benefactor, but involving them both, led to premature separation. One or both of them were requested by the political party to which they belonged, to deliver orations on the approaching Fourth of July. Dr. L. began at the appointed hour, and went through with his discourse, but attempts were made by the opposite party to offer insult and create disturbance; at which our young orator became indignant; and yielding to the impulse of his strong native feelings, not only refused to deliver what he had prepared, but resolved on returning forthwith to Baltimore. His oration was left with his preceptor, who speaks of it as not unworthy of Patrick Henry.

Departing from Elizabethtown, he returned to Baltimore, and became a pupil of Dr. Hall; and, in the succeeding autumn, began to attend the lectures in that city. His pecuniary difficulties, however, were pressing, and, in the ensuing February, 1816, he wrote to his benefactor in the following eloquent and affecting style:

"Need I then inform you how high my expectations were raised, when I commenced attending the lectures this winter—need I say I was almost certain of future competency? Alas! my friend, the Great Ruler of events has interposed (in order to teach me resignation to this) this heavy disappointment. By unforeseen events—by domestic calamities, I have been compelled to relinquish the study of medicine, so long the ultimatum of all my hopes. FATHER OF ALL, THY WILL BE DONE. I have made this my motto—my consolation; and did I not daily see the truth of '*Omnia pro optima*,' I might perhaps repine. I am now in expectation of a situation with an eminent apothecary of this city, and I may be enabled, at a future period, to recommence the study of medicine."

This situation however he did not obtain.

"Let me now give you a retrospect of 'the days of my life.' Since I have returned from you, I have discovered my real age, in an old book of my father's, (and you would hardly suppose it.) I was 21 years old the 20th day of December, 1815. Before I was two years old I was motherless—before I was five years old I was fatherless and friendless—I have been cast among strangers—I have been deprived of property by fraud, that was mine by right—I have eaten the bread of misery—I have drunk of the cup of sorrow—I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived at what? Manhood, poverty, and desolation. Heavenly Parent, teach me patience and resignation to thy will."

About this time he seems to have found a patron in Professor Davidge, and, on the 18th of April following, he wrote to Dr. Luckey—

"I still continue to study with Dr. Wright, (the partner of Dr. Davidge), and provided it shall be the will of heaven, I may possibly procure admission in the course of the next year into the venerable circle of medicine."

In speaking of his perplexed and embarrassed situation, and of the mutations of fortune, he says—

"There is only one thing which points to, and affords immutable consolation, and that is, the observance of religion. Although we should be incapable of reaping enjoyment in this world, even from uninterrupted prosperity, yet we can ardently long for, and sincerely believe, we may be eternally happy in the next."

In this situation he finished his medical education. In the language of Professor Sewell—

"Here he pursued his studies with such diligence and zeal, as to furnish, even at that early period, strong intimations of his future eminence. So indefatigable were he in the acquisition of knowledge, that he left no op-

portunity of advancement unimproved, and notwithstanding the deficiencies of his preparatory education, he pressed forward with an energy and perseverance, that enabled him not only to rival, but to surpass all his fellows."

He appears to have attended the lectures in the Baltimore school, through the sessions commencing in the autumns of 1816, and 1817. In the course of the last, Professor Davidge was disabled, by an accident, for several weeks, and Mr. Godman was appointed to supply his place. This, as he had been an apprentice to a trade, not three years before, in the same city, was an honorable testimony to his talents and industry, and must have been highly gratifying to his ambition. According to Professor Sewall, (*loci citato*.)

"This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety—he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence, his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the University as one who was destined at some future period to confer high honour upon the profession."

In reference to his graduation, on the 10th of February, 1818, he wrote to his friend, Dr. Luckey, in these epigrammatic words:

"I know not what to tell you for news, unless I tell you that I passed my graduate examination, on Saturday; (Feb. 7,) which lasted twenty minutes; and, of course, I have now the 'vast unbounded prospect all before me' though 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.' I will go to the country to practise, most probably to Frederick county."

In the United States, it is common to see young men, without preparatory education or fortune, become practitioners of medicine; but most of this class struggle into the ranks of the profession, totally unprepared; and depart from it for other pursuits, or for the grave, unknown and unremembered by the scientific world. Such an admission, must not be confounded with that of young Godman; who scorned to enter the profession unqualified and unauthorised by those who guard, or ought to guard, its portals. In this respect he was a shining example; and his subsequent success should animate every friendless young man, who may engage in the study of medicine, to imitate his industry and unflinching perseverance. By these means, if not blessed with his genius, they may prepare themselves for extensive usefulness, and earn respectability if not renown.

We come now to contemplate Dr. Godman, as a member of the profession. His first location was in the village of New Holland, on the banks of the Susquehanna; where, however, he remained but a few months. The next was on the Patapsco, near Baltimore, whence, in July, 1819, he wrote to Dr. Luckey as follows:

"My success in business has been considerable, or my practice, at least, has been as extensive as I could rationally expect." "What my success may be in the end is at present very doubtful. I still have considerable expectation of being recalled to Baltimore, in order to fill the place which I held in the University. If it so happen, I shall be much delighted, as a country life is very little, or not at all, to my taste."

In these rural situations he devoted himself to the study of nature; and, at a subsequent time, set forth the fruits of his observations in a series of papers, entitled the Rambles of a Naturalist. But his ardent temperament was little adapted to the stagnant existence of a village doctor. He thirsted for competition, and longed to engage in the rivalries which prevail among the candidates for fame. Nature seems to have urged him on. It was she who revealed to him the compass of his intellectual powers; and bid him seek a theatre commensurate with their efficiency. A different arrangement from what he had anticipated was made in the Baltimore school; he returned, however, to that city, but at length boldly resolved to fix himself in Philadelphia, and become a public teacher of anatomy and physiology.

But an unexpected event gave, for the time being, a different direction to his efforts. The writer of this article was enquiring, at that time, for a suitable person to fill the chair of surgery in the medical college of Ohio, the first session of which had just closed; and Dr. Godman was recommended. His qualifications for the first place, were expressed by Professor Gibson, then of the University of Pennsylvania, but previously a member of the Baltimore institution, in the following unequivocal and prophetic language. "In my opinion, Dr. Godman would do honour to any school in America." He was forthwith appointed; and arrived in Cincinnati the en-

* Thomas Paine.

† Mrs. Stella Miller, of Baltimore.

* Eulogy on Dr. Godman, p. 4.

suings October, (1824,) in time to enter on the second session of the school.

For the practical details of such a professorship, he could not of course be well prepared, as his surgical experience was exceedingly limited; but he was learned in the institutes of the science, and his knowledge of anatomy was comprehensive, accurate and commanding. As a dissector, he was equally rapid and adroit. His lectures were well received by the class, who admired his genius, were captivated by his eloquence, and charmed with the *naïveté* of his manners.

In the course of the session, difficulties, of which he was neither the cause nor the victim, were generated in the faculty, the class was small, and the prospects of the institution overcast: under these circumstances, Dr. Godman resigned, but did not at that time return to the east.

Not long before, the author of this narrative had issued proposals for a medical journal, to be edited by the professors of the college, and obtained a number of subscribers; but the distracted state of the institution prevented the fulfillment of the design. To this enterprise, as soon as he had resigned, Dr. Godman directed his attention; and assisted by Mr. Foote, a liberal and literary bookseller in this city, in a few weeks issued the first number of the *Western Quarterly Reporter*. Thus, if not the first to project, Dr. G. had the honour of being the first to commence, a journal of medicine, in the Valley of the Mississippi. At the end of the 6th number, of a hundred pages each, the work was discontinued, for, previously to that time, its editor had returned to Philadelphia. More than three hundred pages of this periodical were from his own pen; chiefly in translations and reviews of anatomy, physiology, and medical jurisprudence.

Dr. Godman resided in our city for one year only; but in that short period he deeply inscribed himself on the public mind. The memory of his works still remains with us. In addition to writing for his medical journal, and to his practice, which was considerable for a stranger, he erected an apparatus for sulphurous fumigation, and translated and published a French pamphlet on that remedy; he read medical books, and many current works of general literature; prosecuted the study of the German and Spanish languages; and labelled the ancient coins and medals of the Western Museum. In the midst of the whole, he found time to cultivate his social relations; and every day added a new friend to the catalogue of those, who loved him for his simplicity and frankness, not less than they admired him for his genius, vivacity, and diligence. Thus, to use an idiomatic expression, he was a growing man, and might have remained with us and done well. But the hand of destiny was upon him. He had left the banks of the Patuxet, to be a public teacher: the same object had drawn him from Philadelphia to Cincinnati; and that object, at length, restored him to the great emporium of the medical sciences. Contrary to the wishes and importunities of his western friends, in the autumn of 1822, with his young family, he set off for the theatre of his future glory; which he reached in safety, though not without some of the many difficulties, at that time connected with a journey across the state of Ohio; of which, in a letter from Wheeling to one of his friends in this city, he gave a familiar account, in all respects so characteristic, that we hope to be excused for extracting it:

"We arrived last night, after a journey which exceeded in miseries any twenty journeys I ever made in my life. Thank God, the whole has been productive of nothing worse, than some hoarseness to my wife, and a galloping consumption of my paper notes. We were thirteen days on the way, twelve of which gave us as heavy rains as ever poor mortals could venture to travel in; and this produced such a delightfully soft state of the roads, that but for the rocks, (which fortunately were not twenty feet below the surface,) we might have been extracted some thousand years hence, in a high state of preservation, to decorate Best's museum, having one of Doreuille's mummy labels around our necks.

"If I were one of the 'trifling travellers,' I might draw much 'matter of melancholy' from these 'misadventures,' as my friend Sancho Panza calls them. But as the blessed sun of heaven has driven forth once more in his beamy chariot, and the clouds are scattered from their long bed seats, those which have loured on my mind, have also fled; and with a 'light heart,' I am once more preparing to encounter all the good or ill that God may send."

Of Dr. Godman's life and labours from this time forward, we shall say but little, as they are known to all the reading people of the United States, both in and out

of the profession; and as our chief object is to present the difficulties and triumphs of his earlier years, for the benefit of our younger readers.

In Philadelphia he immediately began to lecture on anatomy and physiology, his first and greatest objects; and succeeded so well, that, in 1826, he was called to Rutgers' College, in the city of New York, as an associate of Mott and Hosack.

In 1824 he was made one of the editors, (a *working* editor,) of the Philadelphia Journal of the Medical Sciences; and continued a liberal contributor to that respectable periodical, to the last weeks of his life.

At different times he published a number of interesting and eloquent introductory lectures.

He was the writer of several elaborate analytical and critical reviews, in the American Quarterly.

At the present time, actual discoveries in anatomy are no more to be expected, yet Dr. G., with admirable skill, revealed many new connections and relations of certain parts, and described them in a volume which he entitled *Anatomical Investigations*.

He translated and published from the Latin, French, and German languages, a variety of papers and distinct treatises; several of them on subjects not professional, as for example, Lavasseur's Narrative of La Fayette's Visit to the United States.

He wrote critical and commendatory notes on several important English and continental works, which the booksellers of this country were about to publish.

The article of Natural History, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, was exclusively confided to him, and his labours upon it ended only with his life.

He studied the Zoology of N. America, both existing and fossil, and favoured us with an interesting and extended history of all its own quadrupeds, embracing a great variety of new observations.

Such were the labours of the deceased, during the seven years that he resided in Philadelphia and New York. For the whole of that period, his life was one of unmitigated toil. As far back as November, 1823, he writes to his friend Dr. Best,

"Whatever you may think of my long continued silence, it has been unavoidably produced by the incessant and laborious employments which have occupied the whole of my time."

In 1824, he writes to another friend—

"My time has been very much occupied in the various duties which devolve on me here, and I am obliged to neglect my friends, in appearance, because it is out of my power to bestow the necessary attention to correspondence."

Again, in 1825, he says to the same—

"It is needless to tell you, that I am excessively occupied, and shall be more so as the winter approaches."

In the next year we find him still in the same condition—

"If you expect news at my hands," says he to Dr. Best, "you expect in vain. My life is one monotonous round of incessant toil after bread and fame, that 'certain portion of uncertain pain.' Of my success in the bread making way, I can, thank God, speak more satisfactorily, than when we last met, though still nothing to boast of."

Again in the same year he writes—

"You recollect how much and how hard I had to work, when you were here—that was nothing to what I have to do now, as vigilance and labour are incessantly demanded, not only to gain more 'reputation,' but to retain that which I have already with vast toil acquired."

In the following year, after he had removed to New York, and was there a candidate for professional business, he writes to the same friend—

"The prospects of our college are fair enough at present, but what will be the event, cannot be told until the time of trial arrives. For my own part, I am not a little sick of the life such a business occasions, and think you far better off, in a situation, where you can acquire a subsistence and respect, without the incessant worry and vexation attendant on a life of professional ambition. For my own part, I shall lay myself as much out for the profession as I can, though I fear, not the best subject for improvement in that way. My situation is such, that I am obliged to rely, in a very great degree, on my pen, and that, you will say, produces habits very little compatible with the introduction of one's self into practice, where there are so many professed bowers, scrapers, and flatterers."

In the ensuing winter he was seized with the disease of the lungs, of which he finally died, and was compelled to suspend his lectures. In the following January, 1829, he speaks to the same gentleman, of his situation and labours, in these affecting words—

"My excessive exertion, and the exposure to a dreadful climate destroyed me. My lungs became diseased, and last winter, I was threatened with so rapid a decline as to force me to escape from the climate of New York, by going to the West Indies. The months of February, March, and April, my wife and I spent in the Danish Island of Santa Cruz, where I very nearly perished from my disease, though I certainly should have done so, in New York. On my return to Philadelphia, in May, I took a house in Germantown, within seven miles from the city, where I have since resided. During the warm weather I was able to creep about, but since the first of the fall have been confined to a single room. My health during all this time has been in a very wretched state, and my consumption very obvious indeed, for I wasted to bones and lost all my strength. Until the last three weeks past, I was exceedingly low, unable to sit up, eat, or perform any function advantageously. Since the time mentioned I have greatly recovered in all respects. My cough is by no means troublesome, and I eat and sleep well. What is best of all is that I have never had hectic since leaving New York, where I was not properly prescribed for. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I have had my family to support, and have done so merely by my pen. This you may suppose severe enough for one in my condition, nevertheless necessity is a ruthless master. At present, that I am comparatively well, my literary occupations form my chief pleasure, and all the regret I experience is, that my strength is so inadequate to my wishes. Should my health remain as it is now I shall do very well, and I cannot but hope, since we have recently passed through a tremendous spell of cold weather, without my receiving any injury. All my prospects as a public teacher of anatomy are utterly destroyed, as I can never hope, nor would I venture if I could, again to resume my labours. My success promised to be very great, but it has pleased God that I should move in a different direction."

In the following year, continuing to write for the support of his family till the last month of his existence, he was taken from them, and to him they lost their all. Twelve years of unflinching industry, that had carried his name into all the countries where science is cultivated, had not enabled him to accumulate property; and ended by consigning him to the grave, ere he reached the noon-day of life, or had put forth, to their full extent, the vast intellectual powers, with which he was endowed. In all this, there is much more to grieve than astonish us. As a physician and surgeon, Dr. Godman's business was never considerable. At the very beginning of his professional career, his mind took a different direction. No human heart was ever imbued with a deeper thirst for knowledge, or warmed with a nobler love of glory. He made the former subservient to the latter; but the objects of his ambition were teaching and writing, not the practice of his profession. Perhaps, indeed, he adapted the aims of his ambition to his taste. He cherished reading, writing, and lecturing, more than the practice of medicine; and sought to derive from them, that emolument, which, in this country, they seldom afford, and which can much more certainly be drawn from a close attention to the practical duties of the profession. Had he possessed a patrimony, this course would have been unexceptionable; without such a reliance, no young physician should neglect the means of acquiring professional business, at the outset of his career.

Dr. Godman was, without doubt, a man of genius; but he was not, perhaps, so much the expositor, as the historian of nature. Observing, imaginative, fluent, and graphical, he abounded less in deep and original analysis than vivid and accurate delineations. Thus his mind, like that of Lucretius, Darwin, and Goddard, was poetical and philosophical; and he left behind him several fugitive pieces, written chiefly in his last illness, which prove that he might have shone as the poet of nature, not less than her historian, had circumstances awakened his powers.

He possessed uncommon abilities for dissection, and was accustomed, in the presence of his class, to disentangle the structures intended for exhibition; thus showing their connections and dependences, while he described them with that clearness, animation, and eloquence, which only can render the study of anatomy attractive.

In every situation, and on every subject, his attention was retentive and acute, his perceptions rapid, his memory exceedingly retentive, and his ratiocination profound and analytical.

For languages, he had both taste and talents; and, succeeded in acquiring a practical knowledge of a greater number, perhaps, than any American physician who had preceded him.

The qualities of his heart harmonised with those of his head. They did honour to the profession, and inspired confidence wherever he went. To pure moral habits, and incorruptible honesty, he added that unsuspecting frankness, and all those fine and glowing sensibilities, which at once excite our respect, and win our affection.

But it is not our design to attempt an extended delineation of his character, and we shall close an article already prolonged far beyond our original intention, with his own statement of his opinions and hopes, in regard to that world of which he is now a "bright inhabitant."

In his last letter to Dr. Best, who followed him in a few months, he writes:—

"It gives me great happiness to learn that *you* have been taught, as well as myself, to fly to the Rock of Ages for shelter against the afflictions of this life, and for hopes of eternal salvation. But for the hopes afforded me, by an humble reliance on the all-sufficient atonement of our blessed Redeemer, I should have been the most wretched of men. But I trust, that the afflictions I have endured have been sanctified to my awakening, and to the regeneration of my heart and life. May we, my dear friend, persist to cling to the only sure support against all that is evil in life, and all that is fearful in death."

Thus fell from the firmament of the American profession, before he had reached his meridian splendour, one of the brightest stars which have yet risen above its horizon; but he was one only, and, we may hope, that his own example will contribute to place some other in the constellation.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

The following interesting sketches appeared first in "The Friend," a weekly periodical of this city. As few of our subscribers have an opportunity of seeing that work, we think the Rambles will furnish a pleasing diversity in the columns of the "Library," and supply to our young readers especially, some interesting instruction, while they afford useful suggestions for a farther prosecution of the healthful and delightful study. Few, we believe, will finish their perusal without regretting that death frustrated the original intention of the amiable and gifted author, to extend the series sufficiently to form a volume. Dr. Godman died on the 17th of April, 1830, deeply regretted by a large circle of acquaintances, who will long hold him in affectionate remembrance.

It is very gratifying to have an opportunity of redeeming "gems so rich and rare," from comparative obscurity, and giving them at once an extensive circulation, and a merited and abiding celebrity.

NO. I.

From early youth devoted to the study of nature, it has always been my habit to embrace every opportunity of increasing my knowledge and pleasures by actual observation, and have ever found ample means of gratifying this disposition, wherever my place has been allotted by Providence. When an inhabitant of the country, it was sufficient to go a few steps from the door to be in the midst of numerous interesting objects; when a resident of the crowded city, a healthful walk of half an hour placed me where my favourite enjoyment was offered in abundance; and now, when no longer able to seek in fields and woods and running streams for that knowledge which cannot readily be elsewhere obtained, the recollection of my former rambles is productive of a satisfaction, which past pleasures but seldom bestow. Perhaps a statement of the manner in which my studies were pursued, may prove interesting to those who love the works of nature, and may not be aware how great a field for original observation is within their reach, or how vast a variety of instructive objects are easily accessible, even to the occupants of a bustling metropolis. To me it will be a source of great delight to spread these resources before the reader, and enable him so cheaply to participate in the pleasures I have enjoyed, as well as place him in the way of enlarging the general stock of knowledge by communicating the results of his original observations.

One of my favourite walks was through Turner's lane, near Philadelphia, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and not much wider than an ordinary street, being closely fenced in on both sides; yet my reader may feel surprised when informed that I found ample employment for all my leisure, during six weeks, within and about its

precincts. On entering the lane from the Ridge road, I observed a gentle elevation of the turf beneath the lower rails of the fence, which appeared to be uninterrupted continuous; and when I had cut through the verdant roof with my knife, it proved to be a regularly arched gallery or subterranean road, along which the inhabitants could securely travel at all hours without fear of discovery. The sides and bottom of this arched way were smooth and clean, as if much used; and the raised superior portion had long been firmly consolidated by the grass roots, intermixed with tenacious clay. At irregular and frequently distant intervals, a side path diverged into the neighbouring fields, and by its superficial situation, irregularity, and frequent openings, showed that its purpose was temporary, or had been only opened for the sake of procuring food. Occasionally I found a little gallery diverging from the main route beneath the fence, towards the road, and finally opening on the grass, as if the inmate had come out in the morning to breathe the early morning air, or to drink of the crystal dew which daily gilded the close cropped verdure. How I longed to detect the animal which tenanted these galleries, in the performance of his labours! Farther on, upon the top of a high bank, which prevented the pathway from continuing near the fence, appeared another evidence of the industry of my yet unknown miner. Half a dozen hillocks of loose, almost pulverised earth were thrown up, at irregular distances, communicating with the main gallery by side passages. Opening one of these carefully, it appeared to differ little from the common gallery in size, but it was very difficult to ascertain where the loose earth came from, nor have I ever been able to tell, since I never witnessed the formation of these hillocks, and conjectures are forbidden, where nothing but observation is requisite to the decision. My farther progress was now interrupted by a delightful brook which sparkled across the road over a clear sandy bed; and here my little galleries turned into the field, coursing along at a moderate distance from the stream. I crept through the fence into the meadow on the west side, intending to discover, if possible, the animal whose works had first fixed my attention, but as I approached the bank of the rivulet something suddenly retreated towards the grass, seeming to vanish almost unaccountably from sight. Very carefully examining the point at which it disappeared, I found the entrance of another gallery or burrow, but of very different construction from that first observed. This new one was formed in the grass, near and among whose roots and lower stems a small but regular covered way was practised. Endless, however, would have been the attempt to follow this, as it opened in various directions, and ran irregularly into the field, and towards the brook, by a great variety of passages. It evidently belonged to an animal totally different from the owner of the subterranean passage, as I subsequently discovered, and may hereafter relate. Tired of my unavailing pursuit, I now returned to the little brook, and seating myself on a stone, remained for some time unconsciously gazing on the fluid which gushed along in unsoftened brightness over its pebbly bed. Opposite to my seat, was an irregular hole in the bed of the stream, into which, in an idle mood, I pushed a small pebble with the end of my stick. What was my surprise, in a few seconds afterwards, to observe the water in this hole in motion, and the pebble I had pushed into it gently approaching the surface. Such was the fact; the hole was the dwelling of a stout little crayfish or fresh water lobster, who did not choose to be incommoded by the pebble, though doubtless he attributed its sudden arrival to the usual accidents of the stream, and not to my thoughtless movements. He had thrust his broad lobster-like claws under the stone, and then drawn them near to his mouth; thus making a kind of shelf; and as he reached the edge of the hole, he suddenly extended his claws, and rejected the incumbrance from the lower side, or down stream. Delighted to have found a living object with whose habits I was unacquainted, I should have repeated my experiment, but the crayfish presently returned with what might be called an armful of rubbish, and threw it over the side of his cell, and down the stream as before. Having watched him for some time while thus engaged, my attention was caught by the considerable number of similar holes along the margin and in the bed of the stream. One of these I explored with a small rod, and found it to be eight or ten inches deep, and widened below into a considerable chamber, in which the little lobster found a comfortable abode. Like all of his tribe, the crayfish makes considerable opposition to being removed from his dwelling, and bit smartly at the stick with his claws: as my present object was only to gain acquaintance with his dwelling, he was speedily permitted to return to it in peace.

Under the end of a stone lying in the bed of the stream, something was floating in the pure current, which at first seemed like the tail of a fish, and being desirous to obtain a better view, I gently raised the stone on its edge, and was rewarded by a very beautiful sight. The object first observed was the tail of a beautiful salamander, whose sides were of a pale straw colour, flecked with circlets of the richest crimson. Its long lizard like body seemed to be semitransparent, and its slender limbs appeared like mere productions of the skin. Not far distant, and near where the upper end of the stone had been, lay crouched, as if asleep, one of the most beautifully coloured frogs I had ever beheld. Its body was slender compared with most frogs, and its skin covered with stripes of bright reddish brown and grayish green, in such a manner as to recall the beautiful markings of the tiger's hide; and since the time alluded to, it has received the name of *Thigra* from Loconte, its first scientific describer. How long I should have been content to gaze at these beautiful animals, as they lay basking in the living water, I know not, had not the intense heat made me feel the necessity of seeking a shade. It was now past 12 o'clock, I began to retrace my steps towards the city; and without any particular object moved along by the little galleries examined in the morning. I had advanced but a short distance, when I found the last place where I had broken open the gallery was repaired. The earth was perfectly fresh, and I had lost the chance of discovering the miner, while watching my new acquaintances in the stream. Hurrying onward, the same circumstance uniformly presented; the injuries were all efficiently repaired, and had evidently been very recently completed. Here was one point gained; it was ascertained that these galleries were still inhabited, and I hoped soon to become acquainted with the inmates. But at this time, it appeared fruitless to delay longer, and I returned home, filled with anticipations of pleasure from the success of my future researches. These I shall relate on another occasion, if such narrations as the present be thought of sufficient interest to justify their presentation to the reader.

NO. II.

On the day following my first related excursion, I started early in the morning, and was rewarded by one sight, which could not otherwise have been obtained, well worth the sacrifice of an hour or two of sleep. There may be persons who will smile contemptuously at the idea of a man's being delighted with such trifles; nevertheless, we are not inclined to envy such as disdain the pure gratification afforded by these simple and easily accessible pleasures. As I crossed an open lot to my way to the lane, a succession of gossamer spider webs, lightly suspended from various weeds and small shrubs, attracted my attention. The dew which had formed during the night was condensed upon this delicate lace, in globules of most resplendent brilliancy, whose clear lustre pleased while it dazzled the sight. In comparison with the immaculate purity of these dewdrops, which reflected and refracted the morning light in beautiful rays as the gossamer webs trembled in the breeze, how poor would appear the most invaluable diamonds that were ever obtained from Golconda or Brazil! How rich would any monarch be that could boast the possession of *one* such, as here glittered in thousands on every herb and spray! They are exhaled in an hour or two and lost, yet they are almost daily offered to the delighted contemplation of the real lover of nature, who is ever happy to witness the beneficence of the great Creator, not less displayed in trivial circumstances, than the most wonderful of his works.

No particular change was discoverable in the works of my little miners, except that all the places which had been a second time broken down were again repaired, showing that the animal had passed between the times of my visit; and it may not be uninteresting to observe how the repair was effected. It appeared, when the animal arrived at the spot broken open or exposed to the air, that it changed its direction sufficiently downwards to raise enough of earth from the lower surface to fill up the opening; this of course slightly altered the direction of the gallery at this point, and though the earth thrown up was quite pulverulent, it was so nicely arched as to retain its place, and soon became consolidated. Having broken open a gallery where the turf was very close, and the soil tenacious, I was pleased to find the direction of the chamber somewhat changed; on digging farther with my clay knife, I found a very beautiful cell excavated in very tough clay, deeper than the common level of the gallery and towards one side. This little lodging-room

would probably have held a small melon, and was nicely arched all round. It was perfectly clear, and quite smooth, as if much used; to examine it fully, I was obliged to open it completely. (The next day, it was replaced by another, made a little farther to one side, exactly of the same kind; it was replaced a second time, but when broken up a third time, it was left in ruins.) As twelve o'clock approached, my solitude to discover the little nurse increased to a considerable degree; previous observation led me to believe that about that time his presence was to be expected. I had trodden down the gallery for some inches in a convenient place, and stood close by, in vigilant expectation. My wishes were speedily gratified; in a short time the flattened gallery began at one end to be raised to its former convexity, and the animal rapidly advanced. With a beating heart, I thrust the knife blade down by the side of the rising earth, and quickly turned it over to one side, throwing my prize furiously into the sun-shine. For an instant, he seemed motionless from surprise, when I caught and imprisoned him in my hat. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my pleasure in having thus succeeded, small as was my conquest. I was delighted with the beauty of my captive's fur; with the admirable adaptation of his diggers or broad rose-tinted hands; the wonderful strength of his forcibles, and the peculiar suitability of his head and neck to the kind of life the Author of nature had designed him for. It was the shrew-mole, or *scalops canadensis*, whose history and peculiarities of structure are minutely related in the 1st volume of Godman's American Natural History. All my researches never enabled me to discover a nest, female or young one of this species. All I ever caught were males, though this most probably was a mere accident. The breeding of the scalops is nearly all that is wanting to render our knowledge of it complete.

This little animal has eyes, though they are not discoverable during its living condition, nor are they of any use to it above ground. In running round a room, (until it had perfectly learned where all the obstacles stood,) it would uniformly strike hard against them with its snout, and then turn. It appeared to me as singular that a creature which fed upon living earth worms with all the greediness of a pig, would not destroy the larvæ or maggots of the flesh fly. A shrew-mole lived for many weeks in my study, and made use of a gun case, into which he squeezed himself, as a burrow. Frequently he would carry the meat he was fed with into his retreat; and as it was warm weather, the flies deposited their eggs in the same place. An offensive odour led me to discover this circumstance, and I found a number of large larvæ over which the shrew-mole passed without paying them any attention: nor would he, when hungry, accept of such food, though nothing could exceed the eager haste with which he seized and devoured earth worms. Often when engaged in observing him thus employed, have I thought of the stories told me, when a boy, of the manner in which snakes were destroyed by swine; his voracity readily exciting a recollection of one of these animals, and the poor worms writhing and twining about his jaws answering for the snakes. It would be tedious were I to relate all my rambles undertaken with a view to gain a proper acquaintance with this creature, at all hours of the day, and late in the evening, before daylight, &c. &c.

Among other objects which served as an unfulfilling source of amusement, when resting from the fatigue of my walks, was the little inhabitant of the brook, called the *gyrinus natator*. These merry swimmers occupied every little sunny pool in the stream, apparently altogether engaged in sport. A circumstance connected with these insects, gives them additional interest to a close observer; they are allied by their structure and nature to those nauseous vermin, the cimices (or *bed-bugs*). All of which, whether found infesting fruits or our dormitories, are distinguished by their disgusting odour. But their distant relatives, called by the boys the *water-witches* and *apple smellers*, the *gyrinus natator* above alluded to, has a delightful smell, exactly similar to that of the richest, mellowest apple. This peculiarly pleasant smell frequently causes the idler many unavailing efforts to secure some of these creatures, whose activity in water renders their pursuit very difficult, though by no means so much so as that of some of the long legged water spiders which walk the waters dry shod, and evade the grasp with surprising ease and celerity. What purposes either of these racers serve in the great economy of nature, has not yet been ascertained, and will scarcely be determined until our store of facts is far more extensive than at present. Other and still more remarkable inhabitants of the brook, at the same time,

came within my notice, and afforded much gratification in the observation of their habits.

NO. III.

In moving along the borders of the stream, we may observe, where the sand or mud is fine and settled, a sort of mark or cutting, as if an edged instrument had been drawn along, so as to leave behind it a track or groove. At one end of this line, by digging a little into the mud with the hand, you will generally discover a shell of considerable size, which is tenanted by a molluscous animal of singular construction. On some occasions, when the mud is washed off from the shell, you will be delighted to observe the beautifully regular dark lines with which its greenish smooth surface is marked. Other species are found in the same situations, which, externally, are rough and inelegant, but within are ornamented to a most admirable degree, presenting a smooth surface of the richest pink, crimson, or purple, to which we have nothing of equal elegance to compare it. If the mere shells of these creatures be thus splendid, what shall we say of their internal structure, which, when examined by the microscope, offers a succession of wonders? The beautiful apparatus for respiration, formed of a network regularly arranged, of the most exquisitely delicate texture; the foot, or organ by which the shell is moved forward through the mud or water, composed of an expanded spongy extremity, capable of assuming various figures to suit particular purposes, and governed by several strong muscles that move it in different directions; the ovaries, filled with myriads, not of eggs, but of perfect shells, or complete little animals, which, though not larger than the point of a fine needle, yet when examined by the microscope, exhibit all the peculiarities of conformation that belong to the parent; the mouth, embraced by the nervous ganglion, which may be considered as the animal's brain; the stomach, surrounded by the various processes of the liver, and the strongly acting, but transparent heart, all excite admiration and gratify our curiosity. The puzzling question often presents itself to the enquirer, why so much elaborateness of construction, and such exquisite ornament as are common to most of these creatures, should be bestowed? Destined to pass their lives in and under the mud, possessed of no sense that we are acquainted with, except that of touch, what purpose can ornament serve in them? However much of vanity there may be in asking the question, there is no answer to be offered. We cannot suppose that the individuals have any power of admiring each other, and we know that the foot is the only part they protrude from their shell, and that the inside of the shell is covered by the membrane called the mantle. Similar remarks may be made relative to conchology at large: the most exquisitely beautiful forms, colours and ornaments are lavished upon genera and species which exist only at immense depths in the ocean, or buried in the mud; nor can any one form a satisfactory idea of the object the Great Author of nature had in view, in thus profusely beautifying creatures occupying so low a place in the scale of creation.

European naturalists have hitherto fallen into the strangest absurdities concerning the motion of the bivalved shells, which five minutes' observation of nature would have served them to correct. Thus they describe the upper part of the shell as the *lapper*, and the *hind* part as the front, and speak of them as moving along on their rounded convex surface, like a boat on its keel; instead of advancing with the edges or open part of the shell towards the earth. All these mistakes have been corrected, and the true mode of progression indicated from actual observation, by our fellow citizen, Isaac Lea, whose recently published communications to the American Philosophical Society, reflect the highest credit upon their author, who is a naturalist in the best sense of the term.

As I wandered slowly along the borders of the run, towards a little wood, my attention was caught by a considerable collection of shells lying near an old stump. Many of these appeared to have been recently emptied of their contents, and others seemed to have long remained exposed to the weather. On most of them, at the thinnest part of the edge, a peculiar kind of fracture was obvious, and this seemed to be the work of an animal. A closer examination of the locality showed the foot-prints of a quadruped which I readily believed to be the muskrat, more especially as upon examining the adjacent banks numerous traces of burrows were discoverable. It is not a little singular that this animal, unlike all others of the larger gnawers, as the beaver, &c. appears to increase instead of diminishing with the increase of population. Whether it is that the dams and other works thrown up by men, afford more favourable situations for

their multiplication, or their favourite food is found in greater abundance, they certainly are quite as numerous now, if not more so, than when the country was first discovered, and are to be found at this time almost within the limits of the city. By the construction of their teeth, as well as all the parts of the body, they are closely allied to the rat kind; though in size and some peculiarities of habit, they more closely approximate the beaver. They resemble the rat especially, in not being exclusively herbivorous, as is shown by their feeding on the unioles or muscles above mentioned. To obtain this food, requires no small exertion of their strength; and they accomplish it by introducing the claws of their fore-paws between the two edges of the shell, and tearing it open by main force. Whoever has tried to force open one of these shells, containing a living animal, may form an idea of the effort made by the muskrat:—the strength of a strong man would be requisite to produce the same result in the same way.

The burrows of muskrats are very extensive, and consequently injurious to dykes and dams, meadow banks, &c. The entrance is always under water, and thence sloping upwards above the level of the water, so that the muskrat has to dive in going in and out. These creatures are excellent divers and swimmers, and being nocturnal are rarely seen unless by those who watch for them at night. Sometimes we alarm one near the mouth of the den, and he darts away across the water, near the bottom, marking his course by a turbid streak in the stream: occasionally we are made aware of the passage of one to some distance down the current in the same way; but in both cases the action is so rapidly performed, that we should scarcely imagine what was the cause, if not previously informed. Except by burrowing into and spoiling the banks, they are not productive of much evil, their food consisting principally of the roots of aquatic plants, in addition to the shellfish. The musky odour, which gives rise to their common name, is caused by glandular organs placed near the tail, filled with a viscid and powerfully musky fluid, whose uses we know but little of, though it is thought to be intended as a guide by which these creatures may discover each other. This inference is strengthened by finding some such contrivance in different races of animals, in various modifications. A great number carry it in pouches similar to those just mentioned. Some, as the musk animal, have the pouch under the belly; the shrew has the glands on the side; the camel on the back of the neck; the crocodile under the throat, &c. At least no other use has ever been assigned for this apparatus; and in all creatures possessing it, the arrangement seems to be adapted peculiarly to the habits of the animals. The crocodile, for instance, generally approaches the shore in such a manner, as to apply the neck and throat to the soil, while the hinder part of the body is under water. The glands under the throat leave the traces of his presence, therefore, with ease, as they come in contact with the shore. The glandular apparatus on the back of the neck of the muskrat, seems to have reference to the general elevation of the olfactory organs of the female; and the dorsal gland of the peccary, no doubt has some similar relation to the peculiarities of the race.

The value of the fur of the muskrat causes many of them to be destroyed, which is easily enough effected by means of a trap. This is a simple box, formed of rough boards nailed together, about three feet long, having an iron door, made of pointed bars, opening *inwards*, at both ends of the box. This trap is placed with the end opposite to the entrance of a burrow observed during the day time. In the night when the muskrat sallies forth, he enters the box, instead of passing into the open air, and is drowned, as the box is quite filled with water. If the traps be visited and emptied during the night, two may be caught in each trap, as muskrats from other burrows may come to visit those where the traps are placed, and thus one be taken going in as well as on coming out. These animals are frequently very fat, and their flesh has a very wholesome appearance, and would probably prove good food. The musky odour, however, prejudices strongly against its use; and it is probable that the flesh is rank, as the muscles it feeds on are nauseous and bitter, and the roots which supply the rest of its food are generally unpleasant and acrid. Still we should not hesitate to partake of its flesh in case of necessity, especially if of a young animal, from which the musk bag had been removed immediately after it was killed.

In this vicinity, the muskrat does not build himself a house for the winter, as our fields and dykes are too often visited. But in other parts of the country where extensive marshes exist, and muskrats are abundant, they build very snug and substantial houses, quite as service-

able and ingenious as those of the beaver. They do not dam the water as the beaver, nor cut branches of trees to serve for the walls of their dwellings. They make it of mud and rushes, raising a cone two or three feet high, leaving the entrance on the south side under water. About the year 1804, I saw several of them in Worrell's marsh, near Chestertown, Maryland, which were pointed out to me by an old black man who made his living principally by trapping these animals, for the sake of their skins. A few years since I visited the marshes, near the mouth of Magery's river in Maryland, where I was informed by a resident, that the muskrats still built regularly every winter. Perhaps these quadrupeds are as numerous in the vicinity of Philadelphia as elsewhere, as I have never examined a stream of fresh water, dyked meadow, or milldam, heretofore, without seeing traces of them in Jersey, opposite Philadelphia, and in the meadows of the neck, below the navy yard, there must be large numbers of muskrats. Considering the value of the fur, and the ease and trifling expense at which they might be caught, we have often felt surprised that more of them are not taken, especially as we have so many poor men complaining of wanting something to do. By thinning the number of muskrats, a positive benefit would be conferred on the farmers and furriers, to say nothing of the profits to the individual.

NO. IV.

My next visit to my old hunting ground, the lane and brook, happened on a day in the first hay harvest, when the verdant sward of the meadows was rapidly sinking before the keen edged scythes swung by vigorous mowers. This unexpected circumstance afforded me considerable pleasure, for it promised me a freer scope to my wanderings, and might also enable me to ascertain various particulars, concerning which my curiosity had long been awakened. Nor was this promise unattended by fruition of my wishes. The reader may recollect, that, in my first walk, a neat burrow in the grass, above ground, was observed, without my knowing its author. The advance of the mowers explained this satisfactorily, for in cutting the long grass, they exposed several nests of field mice, which, by means of these grass-covered alleys, passed to the stream in search of food or drink, unseen by their enemies, the hawks and owls. The numbers of these little creatures were truly surprising; their fecundity is so great, and their food so abundant, that were they not preyed upon by many other animals, and destroyed in great numbers by man, they would become exceedingly troublesome. There are various species of them, all bearing a very considerable resemblance to each other, and having to an incidental observer much of the appearance of the domestic mouse. Slight attention, however, is requisite to perceive very striking differences, and the discrimination of these will prove a source of considerable gratification to the enquirer. The nests are very nicely made, and look much like a bird's nest, being lined with soft materials, and usually placed in some snug little hollow, or at the root of a strong tuft of grass. Upon the grass roots and seeds these nibblers principally feed; and where very abundant, the effects of their hunger may be seen in the brown and withered aspect of the grass they have injured at the root. But under ordinary circumstances, the hawks, owls, domestic cat, weasels, crows, &c. keep them in such limits, as prevent them from doing essential damage.

I had just observed another and a smaller grassy covered way, where the mowers had passed long, when my attention was called towards a wagon at a short distance, which was receiving its load. Shouts and laughter, accompanied by a general running and scrambling of the people, indicated that some rare sport was going forward. When I approached, I found that the object of chase was a jumping mouse, whose actions it was truly delightful to witness. When not closely pressed by its pursuers, it ran with some rapidity in the usual manner, as if seeking concealment. But in a moment it would vault into the air, and skim along for ten or twelve feet, looking more like a bird than a little quadruped. After continuing this for some time, and nearly exhausted its pursuers with running and falling over each other, the frightened creature was accidentally struck down by one of the workmen, during one of its beautiful leaps, and killed. As the hunters saw nothing worthy of attention in the dead body of the animal, they very willingly resigned it to me; and with great satisfaction I retreated to a willow shade, to read what nature had written in its form for my instruction. The general appearance was mouse-like; but the length and slenderness of the body,

the shortness of its fore limbs, and the disproportionate length of its hind limbs, together with the peculiarity of its tail, all indicated its adaptation to the peculiar kind of action I had just witnessed. A sight of this little creature vaulting or bounding through the air, strongly reminded me of what I had read of the great kangaroo of New Holland; and I could not help regarding our little jumper as in some respects a sort of miniature resemblance of that curious animal. It was not evident, however, that the jumping mouse derived the aid from its tail, which so powerfully assists the kangaroo. Though long and sufficiently stout in proportion, it had none of the robust muscularity which, in the New Holland animal, impels the lower part of the body immediately upward. In this mouse, the leap is principally, if not entirely effected by a sudden and violent extension of the long hind limbs, the muscles of which are strong, and admirably suited to their object. We have heard that these little animals feed on the roots, &c. of the green herbage, and that they are every season to be found in the meadows. It may perhaps puzzle some to imagine how they subsist through the severities of winter, when vegetation is at rest, and the earth generally frozen. Here we find another occasion to admire the all-perfect designs of the awful Author of nature, who has endowed a great number of animals with the faculty of retiring into the earth, and passing whole months in a state of repose so complete, as to allow all the functions of the body to be suspended, until the returning warmth of the spring calls them forth to renewed activity and enjoyment. The jumping mouse, when the chill weather begins to draw him, digs down about six or eight inches into the soil, and there forms a little globular cell, as much larger than his own body as will allow a sufficient covering of fine grass to be introduced. This being obtained, he contrives to coil up his body and limbs in the centre of the soft dry grass, so as to form a complete ball; and so compact is this, that, when taken out, with the torpid animal, it may be rolled across a floor without injury. In this snug cell, which is soon filled up and closed externally, the jumping mouse securely abides through all the frosts and storms of winter, needing neither food nor fuel, being utterly quiescent, and apparently dead, though susceptible at any time of reanimation, by being very gradually stimulated by light and heat.

The little burrow under examination, when called to observe the jumping mouse, proved to be made by the merry musicians of the meadows, the field crickets, *acheta campestris*. These lively black crickets are very numerous, and contribute very largely to that general song which is so delightful to the ear of the true lover of nature, as it rises on the air from myriads of happy creatures rejoicing amid the bounties conferred on them by Providence. It is not a voice that the crickets utter, but a regular vibration of musical chords, produced by nibbling the nervures of the elytra against a sort of network intended to produce the vibrations. The reader will find an excellent description of the apparatus in Kirby and Spence's book, but he may enjoy a much more satisfactory comprehension of the whole, by visiting the field cricket in his summer residence, see him tuning his viol, and awakening the echoes with his music. By such an examination as may be there obtained, he may derive more knowledge than by frequent perusal of the most eloquent writings, and perhaps observe circumstances which the learned authors are utterly ignorant of.

Among the great variety of burrows formed in the grass, or under the surface of the soil, by various animals and insects, there is one that I have often anxiously and as yet fruitlessly explored. This burrow is formed by the smallest quadruped animal known to man, the minute shrew, which, when full grown, rarely exceeds the weight of *sixty-six grains*. I had seen specimens of this very interesting creature in the museum, and had been taught, by a more experienced friend, to distinguish its burrow, which I have often perseveringly traced, with the hope of finding the living animal, but in vain. On one occasion, I patiently pursued a burrow nearly round a large barn, opening it all the way. I followed it under the barn floor, which was sufficiently high to allow me to crawl beneath. There I traced it about to a tiresome extent, and was at length rewarded by discovering where it terminated, under a foundation stone, perfectly safe from my attempts. Most probably a whole family of them were then present, and I had my labour for my pains. As these little creatures are nocturnal, and are rarely seen from the nature of the places they frequent, the most probable mode of taking them alive would be, by placing a small mouse trap in their way, baited with a little tainted or slightly spoiled meat. If a common

mouse trap he used, it is necessary to work it over with additional wire, as this shrew could pass between the bars even of a close mouse trap. They are sometimes killed by cats, and thus obtained, as the cat never eats them, perhaps on account of their rank smell, owing to a peculiar glandular apparatus on each side, that pours out a powerfully odorous greasy substance. The species of the shrew genus are not all so exceedingly diminutive, as some of them are even larger than a common mouse. They have their teeth coloured at the tips in a remarkable manner; it is generally of a satchy brown, or dark chestnut hue, and, like the colouring of the teeth in the beaver and other animals, is owing to the enamel being thus formed, and not to any mere accident of diet. The shrews are most common about stables and cow-houses; and there, should I ever take the field again, my traps shall be set, as my desire to have one of these little quadrupeds is still as great as ever.

NO. V.

Hitherto my rambles have been confined to the neighbourhood of a single spot, with a view of showing how perfectly accessible to all, are numerous and various interesting natural objects. This habit of observing in the manner indicated, began many years anterior to my visit to the spots heretofore mentioned, and have extended through many parts of our own and another country. Henceforward my observations shall be presented without reference to particular places, or even of one place exclusively, but with a view to illustrate whatever may be the subject of description, by giving all I have observed of it under various circumstances.

A certain time of my life was spent in that part of Anne Arundel county, Md. which is washed by the river Patuxent on the north, the great Chesapeake bay on the west, and the Severn river on the south. It is in every direction cut up by creeks, or arms of the rivers and bay, into long, flat strips of land, called necks, the greater part of which is covered by dense pine forests, or thickets of small shrubs and saplings, rendered impervious to human footsteps by the growth of vines, whose inextricable mazes nothing but a fox, wild cat, or weasel, could thread. The soil cleared for cultivation is very generally poor, light, and sandy, though readily susceptible of improvement, and yielding a considerable produce in Indian corn, and most of the early garden vegetables, by the raising of which for the Baltimore market the inhabitants obtain all their ready money. The blight of slavery has long extended its influence over this region, where all its usual effects are but too obviously visible. The white inhabitants are few in number, widely distant from each other, and manifest, in their mismanagement, and half indigent circumstances, how trifling an advantage they derive from the thralldom of their dozen or more of sturdy blacks, of different sexes and ages. The number of marshes formed at the heads of the creeks, render this country frightfully unhealthy in autumn, at which time the life of a resident physician is one of incessant toil and severe privation. Riding from morning till night, to get round to visit a few patients, his road leads generally through pine forests, whose aged and lofty trees, encircled by a dense undergrowth, impart an air of sombre and unbroken solitude. Rarely or never does he encounter a white person on his way, and only once in a while will he see a miserably tattered negro, seated on a sack of corn, carried by a starving horse or mule, which seems poorly able to bear the weight to the nearest mill. The red-head woodpecker, and the flicker or yellow-hammer, a kindred species, occasionally glance across his path; sometimes when he turns his horse to drink at the dark coloured branch, (as such strans are locally called,) he disturbs a solitary rufous thrush engaged in washing its plumage; or as he moves steadily along, he is slightly startled by a sudden appearance of the towhee bunting close to the side of the path. Except these creatures, and those by no means frequently seen, he rarely meets with animated objects; at a distance the harsh voice of the crow is often heard, or flocks of them are observed in the cleared fields, while now and then the buzzard, or turkey vulture, may be seen wheeling in graceful circles in the higher regions of the air, sustained by his broadly expanded wings, which apparently remain in a state of permanent and motionless extension. At other seasons of the year, the physician must be content to live in the most positive seclusion; the white people are all busily employed in going to and from market; and even were they at home, they are poorly suited for companionship. I there spent months after month, and, except the patients I visited, saw no one but the blacks; the house in which I boarded was kept by a widower, who, with myself, was

The only white man within the distance of a mile or two. My only compensation was this, the house was pleasantly situated on the bank of Curtis's creek, a considerable arm of the Patuxent, which extended for a mile or two beyond us, and immediately in front of the door expanded so as to form a beautiful little bay. Of books I possessed very few, and those exclusively professional; but in this beautiful expanse of sparkling water, I had a book opened before me, which a life-time would scarcely suffice me to read through. With the advantage of a small but neatly made and easily manageable skiff, I was always independent of the service of the blacks, which was ever repugnant to my feelings and principles. I could convey myself in whatever direction objects of inquiry might present, and as my little bark was visible for a mile in either direction from the house, a handkerchief waved, or the loud shout of a negro, was sufficient to recall me, in case my services were required.

During the spring months, and while the garden vegetables are yet too young to need a great deal of attention, the proprietors frequently employ their blacks in hanting the same; and this in these creeks is productive of a very ample supply of yellow perch, which affords a very valuable addition to the diet of all. The blacks in an especial manner profit by this period of plenty, since they are permitted to eat of them without restraint, which cannot be said of any other sort of provision allowed them. Even the pigs and crows obtain their share of the abundance, as the fishermen, after picking out the best fish, throw the smaller ones on the beach. But as the summer months approach, the aquatic grass begins to grow, and this fishing can no longer be continued, because the grass rolls the seine up in a wisp, so that it can contain nothing. At this time the spawning season of the different species of sun-fish begins, and to me this was a time of much gratification. Along the edge of the river, where the depth of water was not greater than from four feet to as shallow as twelve inches, an observer would discover a succession of circular spots cleared of the surrounding grass, and showing a clear sandy bed. These spots, or cleared spaces, we may regard as the nest of this beautiful fish. There, balanced in the transparent wave, at the distance of six or eight inches from the bottom, the sun-fish is suspended in the glittering sunshine, gently swaying its beautiful tail and fins; or, wheeling around in the limits of its little circle, appears to be engaged in keeping it clear of all incumbrances. Here the mother deposits her eggs or spawn, and never did men guard her calow brood with more eager vigilance, than the sun-fish the little circle within which her promised offspring are deposited. If another individual approach too closely to her borders, with a fierce and angry air she darts against it, and forces it to retreat. Should any small, and not too heavy object be dropped in the nest, it is examined with jealous attention, and displaced if the owner be not satisfied of its harmlessness. At the approach of a man she flies with great velocity into deep water, as if willing to conceal that her presence was more than accidental where first seen. She may, after a few minutes, be seen cautiously venturing to return, which is at length done with velocity; then she would take a hurried turn or two around, and send back again to the shady bowers formed by the river grass which grows up from the bottom to within a few feet of the surface, and attains to twelve, fifteen, or more feet in length. Again she ventures forth from the depths; and if no further cause of fear presented, would gently sail into the placid circle of her home, and with obvious satisfaction explore it in every part.

Besides the absolute pleasure I derived from visiting the habitations of these glittering tenants of the river, hanging over them from my little skiff, and watching their every action, they frequently furnished me with a very acceptable addition to my frugal table. Situated as my boarding house was, and all the inmates of the house busily occupied in raising vegetables to be sent to market, our hill of fare offered little other change than could be produced by varying the mode of cookery. It was either broiled bacon and potatoes, or fried bacon and potatoes, or cold bacon and potatoes, and so on at least six days out of seven. But, as soon as I became acquainted with the habits of the sun-fish, I procured a neat circular iron hoop for a net; secured it a piece of an old seine, and whenever I desired to dine on fresh fish, it was only necessary to take my skiff, and push her gently along from one sun-fish nest to another, my myriads of which might be seen along all the shore. The fish, of course, darted off as soon as the boat first drew near, and during this absence the net was placed so as to cover the nest, of the bottom of which the meshes but slightly intercepted the view. Finding all things quiet, and not being disturbed by the net, the fish would resume its central station, the net was

suddenly raised, and the captive placed in the boat. In a quarter of an hour, I could generally take as many in this way as would serve two men for dinner, and when an acquaintance accidentally called to see me, during the season of sun-fish, it was always in my power to lessen our dependence on the endless bacon. I could also always select the finest and largest of these fish, as while standing up in the boat, one could see a considerable number at once, and thus choose the best. Such was their abundance, that the next day would find all the nests re-occupied. Another circumstance connected with this matter gave me no small satisfaction; the poor blacks, who could rarely get time for angling, soon learned how to use my net with dexterity; and thus, in the ordinary time allowed them for dinner, would borrow it, run down to the shore, and catch some fish to add to their very moderate allowance.

NO. VI.

After the sun-fish, as regular annual visitants of the small rivers and creeks containing salt or brackish water, came the crabs in vast abundance, though for a very different purpose. These singularly constructed and interesting beings furnished me with another excellent subject for observation; and, during the period of their visitation, my skiff was in daily requisition. Floating along with an almost imperceptible motion, a person looking from the shore might have supposed her entirely drift; for as I was stretched at full length across the seats, in order to bring my sight as close to the water as possible without inconvenience, no one would have observed my presence from a little distance. The crabs belong to a very extensive tribe of beings, which carry their skeletons on the outside of their bodies, instead of within; and of necessity the fleshy, muscular, or moving power of the body, is placed in a situation the reverse of what occurs in animals of a higher order, which have internal skeletons or solid frames to their systems. This peculiarity of the crustacean animals and various other beings, is attended with one apparent inconvenience; when they have grown large enough to fill their shell or skeleton completely, they cannot grow farther, because the skeleton being external, is incapable of enlargement. To obviate this difficulty, the Author of nature has endowed them with the power of casting off the entire shell, increasing in size, and forming another equally hard and perfect, for several seasons successively, until the greatest or maximum size is attained, when the change or sloughing ceases to be necessary, though it is not always discontinued on that account. To undergo this change with greater ease and security, the crabs seek retired and peaceful waters, such as the beautiful creek I have been speaking of, whose clear, sandy shores are rarely disturbed by waves causing more than a pleasing murmur, and where the number of enemies must be far less in proportion than in the boisterous waters of the Chesapeake, their great place of concourse. From the first day of their arrival in the latter part of June, until the time of their departure, which in this creek occurred towards the first of August, it was astonishing to witness the vast multitudes which flocked towards the head of the stream.

It is not until they have been for some time in the creek, that the moult or sloughing generally commences. They may be then observed gradually coming closer in shore, to where the sand is fine, fairly exposed to the sun, and a short distance farther out than the lowest water mark, as they must always have at least a depth of three or four inches water upon them.

The individual having selected his place, becomes perfectly quiescent, and no change is observed during some hours but a sort of swelling along the edges of the great upper shell at its back part. After a time this posterior edge of the shell becomes fairly disengaged like the lid of a chest, and now the more difficult work of withdrawing the great claws from their cases, which every one recollects to be vastly larger at their extremities and between the joints than the joints themselves. A still greater apparent difficulty presents in the shedding of the sort of tendon which is placed within the muscles. Nevertheless, the Author of nature has adapted them to the accomplishment of all this. The disproportionate sized claws undergo a peculiar softening, which enables the crab, by a very steadily continued, scarcely perceptible effort, to pull them out of their shells, and the business is completed by the separation of the complex parts about the mouth and eyes. The crab now slips out from the slough, settling near it on the sand. It is now covered by a soft, perfectly flexible skin; and though possessing precisely the same form as before, seems incapable of the slightest exertion. Notwithstanding that such is its con-

dition, while you are gazing on this helpless creature, it is sinking in the fine loose sand, and in a short time is covered up sufficiently to escape the observation of careless or inexperienced observers. Neither can one say how this is effected, although it occurs under their immediate observation; the motions employed to produce the displacement of the sand are too slight to be appreciated, though it is most probably owing to a gradual lateral motion of the body by which the sand is displaced in the centre beneath, and thus gradually forced up at the sides until it falls over and covers the crab. Examine him within twelve hours, and you will find the skin becoming about as hard as fine writing paper, producing a similar crackling if compressed; twelve hours later the shell is sufficiently stiffened to require some slight force to bend it, and the crab is said to be in *bukeny*, as in the first stage it was in *paper*. It is still helpless, and offers no resistance; but at the end of thirty-six hours, it shows that its natural instincts are in action, and by the time forty-eight hours have elapsed, the crab is restored to the exercise of all his functions. I have stated the above as the periods to which the stages of the moult are accomplished, but I have often observed that the rapidity of this process is very much dependent upon the temperature, and especially upon sunshine. A cold, cloudy, raw, and disagreeable spell happening at this period, though by no means uncommon, will retard the operation considerably, protracting the period of helplessness. This is the harvest season of the white fisherman and of the poor slave. The laziest of the former are now in full activity, wading along the shore from morning till night, dragging a small boat after them, and holding in the other hand a forked stick with which they raise the crabs from the sand. The period during which the crabs remain in the paper state is so short, that great activity is required to gather a sufficient number to take to market, but the price at which they are sold is sufficient to awaken all the cupidity of the crabbers. Two dollars a dozen is by no means an uncommon price for them, when the season first comes on; they subsequently come down to a dollar, and even to fifty cents, at any of which rates the trouble of collecting them is well paid. The slaves search for them at night, and then are obliged to kindle a fire of pine-knots on the bow of the boat, which strongly illuminates the surrounding water, and enables them to discover the crabs. Soft crabs, with great propriety, regarded as an exquisite treat by those who are fond of such eating; and though many persons are unable to use crabs or lobsters in any form, there are few who taste of the soft crabs without being willing to recur to them. As an article of luxury they are scarcely known north of the Chesapeake, though there is nothing to prevent them from being used to considerable extent in Philadelphia, especially since the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. The summer of 1829 I had the finest soft crabs from Baltimore. They arrived at the market in the afternoon, were fried according to rule, and placed in a tin butter kettle, then covered for an inch or two with melted lard, and put on board the steam boat which left Baltimore at five o'clock the same afternoon. The next morning before ten o'clock they were in Philadelphia, and at once they were served up at dinner in Germantown. The only difficulty in the way is that of having persons to attend to their procuring and transmission, as when cooked directly after they arrive at market, and forwarded with as little delay as above mentioned, there is no danger of their being the least injured.

At other seasons, when the crabs did not come close to the shore, I derived much amusement by taking them in the deep water. This is always easily effected by the aid of proper bait; a leg of chicken, piece of any raw meat, or a salted or spoiled herring, tied to a twine string of sufficient length, and a hand net of convenient size, is all that is necessary. You throw out your line and bait, or you fix as many lines to your boat as you please, and in a short time you see, by the straightening of the line, that the bait has been seized by a crab, who is trying to make off with it. You then place your net where it can conveniently be picked up, and commence steadily but gently to draw in your line, until you have brought the crab sufficiently near the surface to distinguish him; if you draw him nearer, he will see you and immediately let go, otherwise his greediness and voracity will make him cling to his prey to the last. Holding the line in the left hand, you now dip your net edge foremost into the water at some distance from the line, carry it down perpendicularly until it is five or six inches lower than the crab, and then with a sudden turn out bring it directly before him, and lift up at the same time. Your prize is generally secured, if your net be at all properly placed; for as soon as he is alarmed, he pushes directly down-

wards, and is received in the bag of the net. It is better to have a little water in the bottom of the boat to throw them into, as they are easier emptied out of the net, always letting go when held over the water. This a good crabber never forgets, and should he unluckily be seized by a large crab, he holds him over the water and is freed at once, though he loses his game. When not held over the water, they bite sometimes with dreadful obstinacy, and I have seen it necessary to crush the forceps or claws before one could be induced to let go the fingers of a boy. A poor black fellow also placed himself in an awkward situation; the crab seized him by a finger of his right hand, but he was unwilling to lose his captive by holding him over the water, instead of which he attempted to secure the other claw with his left hand, while he tried to crush the biting claw between his teeth. In doing this, he somehow relaxed his left hand, and with the other claw, the crab seized poor Jen by his under lip, which was by no means a thin one, and forced him to roar with pain. With some difficulty he was freed from his tormentor, but it was several days before he ceased to excite laughter, as the severe bite was followed by a swelling of the lip, which imparted a most ludicrous expression to a naturally comical countenance.

NO. VII.

On the first arrival of the crabs, when they throng the shoals of the creeks in vast crowds, as heretofore mentioned, a very summary way of taking them is resorted to by the country people, and for a purpose that few would suspect without having witnessed it. They use a three pronged fork or gig made for this sport, attached to a long handle; the crabber standing up in the skiff, pushes it along until he is over a large collection of crabs, and then strikes his spear among them. By this several are transfixed at once and lifted into the boat, and the operation is repeated until enough have been taken. The purpose to which they are to be applied is to feed the hogs, which very soon learn to collect in waiting upon the beach when the crab spearing is going on. Although these bristly gentry appear to devour almost all sorts of food with great relish, it seemed to me that they regarded the crabs as a most luxurious banquet; and it was truly amusing to see the grunters, when the crabs were thrown on shore for them, and were scampering off in various directions, seizing them in spite of their threatening claws, holding them down with one foot, and speedily reducing them to a state of helplessness by breaking off their forelegs. Such a crunching and cracking of the unfortunate crabs I never have witnessed since; and I might have commemorated them more, had not I known that death in some form or other was continually awaiting them, and that their devourers were all destined to meet their fate in a few months in the sty, and thence through the smoke house to be placed upon our table. On the shores of the Chesapeake I have caught crabs in a way commonly employed by all those who are unprovided with boats and nets. This is to have a forked stick and a baited line, with which the crabber wades out as far as he thinks fit, and then throws out his line. As soon as he finds he has a bite, he draws the line in, cautiously lifting but a very little from the bottom. As soon as it is near enough to be fairly in reach, he quickly, yet with as little movement as possible, secures the crab by placing the forked stick across his body and pressing him against the sand. He must then stoop down and take hold of the crab by the two posterior swimming legs, so as to avoid being seized by the claws. Should he not wish to carry each crab ashore as he catches it, he pinches or *squeezes* (as the fishermen call it) them. This is a very effectual mode of disabling them from using their biting claws, yet it is certainly not the most humane operation; it is done by taking the first of the sharp-pointed feet of each side, and forcing it in for the length of the joint behind the moveable joint or thumb of the opposite biting claw. The crabs are then strung upon a string or wythe, and allowed to hang in the water until the crabber desists from his occupations. In the previous article crabs were spoken of as curious and interesting, and the reader may not consider the particulars thus far given as being particularly so. Perhaps, when he takes them altogether, he will agree that they have as much that is curious about their construction as almost any animal we have mentioned, and in the interesting details we have as yet made but a single step.

The circumstance of the external skeleton has been mentioned, but who would expect an animal, as low in the scale as a crab, to be furnished with ten or twelve pair of jaws to its mouth? Yet such is the fact, and all these variously constructed pieces are provided with ap-

propriate muscles, and move in a manner which can scarcely be explained, though it may be very readily comprehended when once observed in living nature. But, after all the complexity of the jaws, where would an inexperienced person look for their teeth? surely not in the stomach? Nevertheless, such is their situation; and these are not mere appendages, that are called teeth by courtesy, but stout regular grinding teeth, with a light brown surface. They are not only within the stomach, but fixed to a cartilage nearest to its lower extremity, so that the food, unlike that of other creatures, is submitted to the action of the teeth as it is passing from the stomach; instead of being chewed before it is swallowed. In some species the teeth are five in number; but throughout this class of animals the same general principle of construction may be observed. Crabs and their kindred have no brain, because they are not required to reason upon what they observe; they have a nervous system excellently suited to their mode of life, and its knots or ganglia send out nerves to the organs of sense, digestion, motion, &c. The senses of these beings are very acute, especially their sight, hearing and smell. Most of my readers have heard of crabs' eyes, or have seen these organs in the animal on the end of two little projecting knobs, above and on each side of the mouth; few of them, however, have seen the crab's ear, yet it is very easily found, and is a little triangular bump placed near the base of the feelers. The organ of smell is not so easily demonstrated as that of hearing, though the evidence of their possessing the sense to an acute degree is readily attainable. A German naturalist inferred, from the fact of the nerve corresponding to the olfactory nerve in man being distributed to the antennæ, in insects, that the antennæ were the organs of smell in them. Cuvier and others suggest that a similar arrangement may exist in the crustacea. To satisfy myself whether it was so or not, I lately dissected a small lobster, and was delighted to find that the first pair of nerves actually went to the antennæ, and gave positive support to the opinion mentioned. I state this, not to claim credit for ascertaining the truth or inaccuracies of a suggestion, but with a view of inviting the reader to do the same in all cases of doubt. Where it is possible to refer to nature for the actual condition of facts, learned authorities give me no uneasiness. If I find that the structure bears out their opinions, it is more satisfactory; when it convicts them of absurdity, it saves much fruitless reading, as well as the trouble of shaking off prejudices.

The first time my attention was called to the extreme acuteness of sight possessed by these animals, was during a walk along the flats of Long Island, reaching towards Governor's Island in New York. A vast number of the small land crabs, called fiddlers by the boys (gecarcinus), occupy burrows or caves dug in the marshy soil, whence they come out and go for some distance, either in search of food or to sun themselves. Long before I approached close enough to see their forms with distinctness, they were scampering towards their holes, into which they plunged with a tolerable certainty of escape; these retreats being of considerable depth, and often communicating with each other, as well as nearly filled with water. On endeavouring cautiously to approach some others, it was quite amusing to observe their vigilance; to see them slowly change position, and from lying extended in the sun, beginning to gather themselves up for a start should it prove necessary; at length standing up as it were on tiptoe, and raising their pedunculated eyes as high as possible. One quick step on the part of the individual approaching was enough—away they would go, with a celerity which must appear surprising to any one who had not previously witnessed it. What is more remarkable, they possess the power of moving equally well with any part of the body foremost, so that when endeavouring to escape, they will suddenly dart off to one side or the other, without turning round, and thus elude pursuit. My observations upon the crustacean animals have extended through many years, and in very various situations; and for the sake of making the general view of their qualities more satisfactory, I will go on to state what I remarked of some of the genera and species in the West Indies, where they are exceedingly numerous and various. The greater proportion of the genera feed on animal matter, especially after decomposition has begun; a large number are exclusively confined to the deep waters, and approach the shoals and lands only during the spawning season. Many live in the sea, but daily pass many hours upon the rocky shores for the pleasure of basking in the sun; others live in marshy or moist ground, at a considerable distance from the water, and

feed principally on vegetable food, especially the sugar cane, of which they are extremely destructive. Others again reside habitually on the hills or mountains, and visit the sea only once a year for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. All those which reside in burrows made in moist ground, and those coming daily on the rocks to bask in the sun, participate in about an equal degree in the qualities of vigilance and swiftness. Many a breathless race have I run in vain, attempting to intercept them, and prevent their escaping into the sea. Many an hour of cautious and solicitous endeavour to steal upon them unobserved, has been frustrated by their long sighted watchfulness; and several times, when, by extreme care and cunning approaches, I have actually succeeded in getting between a fine specimen and the sea, and had full hope of driving him farther inland, have all my anticipations been ruined by the wonderful swiftness of their flight, or the surprising facility with which they would dart off in the very opposite direction, at the very moment I felt almost sure of my prize. One day, in particular, I saw on a flat rock, which afforded a fine sunning place, the most beautiful crab I had ever beheld. It was of the largest size, and would have covered a large dinner plate, most beautifully coloured with bright crimson below, and a variety of tints of blue, purple, and green above; it was just such a specimen as could not fail to excite all the solicitude of a collector to obtain. But, it was not in the least deficient in the art of self-preservation; my most careful manoeuvres proved ineffectual, and all my efforts only enabled me to see enough of it to augment my regrets to a high degree. Subsequently I saw a similar individual in the collection of a resident; this had been killed against the rocks during a violent hurricane, with very slight injury to its shell. I offered high rewards to the black people if they would bring me such a one, but the most expert among them seemed to think it an unpromising search, as they knew of no way of capturing them. If I had been supplied with some powder of nux vomica with which to poison some meat, I might have succeeded.

NO. VIII.

The fleet running crab (epypoda pugnator,) mentioned as living in burrows dug in a moist soil, and preying chiefly on the sugar cane, is justly regarded as one of the most noxious pests that can infest a plantation. Their burrows extend to a great depth, and run in various directions; they are also, like those of our fiddlers, nearly full of muddy water, so that, when these marauders once plump into their dens, they may be considered as entirely beyond pursuit. Their numbers are so great, and they multiply in such numbers, as in some seasons to destroy a large proportion of a sugar crop, and sometimes their ravages, combined with those of the rats and other plunderers, are absolutely ruinous to the sea-side planters. I was shown, by the superintendent of a place thus infested, a great quantity of cane utterly killed by these creatures, which cut it off in a peculiar manner, in order to suck the juice; and he assured me that, during that season, the crop would be two thirds less than its average, solely owing to the inroads of the crabs and rats, which if possible are still more numerous. It was to me an irresistible source of amusement to observe the air of spite and vexation with which he spoke of the crabs; the rats he could shoot, poison, or drive off for a time with dogs. But the crabs would not eat his poison, while sugar cane was growing; the dogs could only chase them into their holes; and if, in helpless irritation, he sometimes fired his gun at a cluster of them, the shot only rattled over their shells like hail against a window. It is truly desirable that some summary mode of lessening their number could be devised, and it is probable that this will be best effected by poison, as it may be possible to obtain a bait sufficiently attractive to ensnare them. Species of this genus are found in various parts of our country, more especially towards the south. About Cape May, our friends may have excellent opportunities of testing the truth of what is said of their swiftness and vigilance.

The land crab, which is common to many of the West India islands, is more generally known as the Jamaica crab, because it has been most frequently described from observation in that island. Wherever found, they have all the habit of living, during great part of the year, in the highlands, where they pass the day time, concealed in huts, cavities, and under stones, and come out at night for their food. They are remarkable for collecting in vast bodies, and marching annually to the sea side, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand; and this accomplished, they return to their former abodes, if undisturbed. They commence their march in the night, and move in

the most direct line towards the destined point. So obstinately do they pursue this route, that they will not turn out of it for any obstacle that can possibly be surmounted. During the day time they skulk and lie hid as closely as possible, but thousands upon thousands of them are taken for the use of the table by whites and blacks, as on their seaward march they are very fat and of fine flavour. On the homeward journey, those that have escaped capture are weak, exhausted, and unfit for use. Before dismissing the crabs, I must mention one which was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time I resided in a house delightfully situated about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun, having in clear weather the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a mosquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light, and composed ourselves to rest, than we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture, and frequently something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise, followed by a peculiar chirping noise. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers, may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but happily the mosquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards daylight they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitors could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally the soldier crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about, until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were thenceforward confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat trap with some corn meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning found it literally half filled with these crabs, from the largest sized shell that could enter the trap, down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves.

The soldier, or hermit crab, when withdrawn from his adopted shell, presents about the head and claws, a considerable family resemblance to the lobster. The claws, however, are very short and broad, and the body covered with hard shell only in that part which is liable to be exposed or protruded. The posterior or abdominal part of the body, is covered only by a tough skin, and tapers towards a small extremity, furnished with a sort of hook-like apparatus, enabling it to hold on to its fictitious dwelling. Along the surface of its abdomen, as well as on the back, there are small projections, apparently intended for the same purpose. When once fairly in possession of a shell, it would be quite a difficult matter to pull the crab out, though a very little heat applied to the shell will quickly induce him to leave it. The shells they select are taken solely with reference to their suitability, and hence you may catch a considerable number of the same species, each of which is in a different species or genus of shell. The shells commonly used by them, when of larger size, are those of the whilk, which are much used as an article of food by the islanders, or the smaller conch [strombus] shells. The very young hermit crabs are found in almost every variety of small shell found on the shores of the Antilles. I have frequently been amused by ladies eagerly engaged in making collection of these beautiful little shells, and not dreaming of their being tenanted by a living animal, suddenly startled, on displaying their acquisitions, by observing them to be actively endeavouring to escape; or on introducing the hand into the reticule to produce a particular

fine specimen, to receive a smart pinch from the claws of the little hermit. The instant the shell is closely approached or touched, they withdraw as deeply into the shell as possible, and the small ones readily escape observation, but they soon become impatient of captivity, and try to make off. The species of this genus (pagurus) are very numerous, and during the first part of their lives are all aquatic. That is, they are hatched in the little pools about the margin of the sea, and remain there until those that are destined to live on land are stout enough to commence their travels. The hermit crabs, which are altogether aquatic, are by no means so careful to choose the lightest and thinnest shells, as the land troops. The aquatic soldiers may be seen towing along shells of most disproportionate size; but their relatives, who travel over the hills by moonlight, know that all unnecessary incumbrance of weight should be avoided. They are as pugnacious and spiteful as any of the crustaceous class; and when taken, or when they fall and jar themselves, considerably, utter a chirping noise, which is evidently an angry expression. They are ever ready to bite with their claws, and the pinch of the larger individuals is quite painful. It is said, that when they are changing their shells, for the sake of obtaining more commodious coverings, they frequently fight for possession, which may be true where two that have forsaken their old shells meet, or happen to make choice of the same vacant one. It is also said, that one crab is sometimes forced to give up the shell he is in, should a stronger chance to desire it. This, as I never saw it, I must continue to doubt; for I cannot imagine how the stronger could possibly accomplish his purpose, seeing that the occupant has nothing to do but keep close quarters. The invader would have no chance of seizing him to pull him out, nor could he do him any injury by biting upon the surface of his hard claws, the only part that would be exposed. If it be true that one can dispossess the other, it must be by some contrivance of which we are still ignorant. These soldier crabs feed on a great variety of substances, scarcely refusing any thing that is edible; like the family they belong to, they have a decided partiality for putrid meats, and the planters accuse them also of too great a fondness for the sugar cane. Their excursions are altogether nocturnal, in the day time they lie concealed very effectually in small holes, among stones, or any kind of rubbish, and are rarely taken notice of, even where hundreds are within a short distance of each other. The larger soldier crabs are sometimes eaten by the blacks, but they are not much sought after even by them, as they are generally regarded with aversion and prejudice. There is no reason, that we are aware of, why they should not be as good as many other crabs, but they certainly are not equally esteemed.

NO. IX.

Those who have only lived in forest countries, where vast tracts are shaded by a dense growth of oak, ash, chestnut, hickory and other trees of deciduous foliage, which present the most pleasing varieties of verdure and freshness, can have but little idea of the effect produced on the feelings by aged forests of pine, composed in great degree of a single species, whose towering summits are crowned with one dark green canopy, which successive seasons find unchanged, and nothing but death causes to vary. Their robust and gigantic trunks rise an hundred or more feet high in purely proportioned columns, before the limbs begin to diverge; and their tops, densely clothed with long bristling foliage, intermingle so closely as to allow of but slight entrance to the sun. Hence the thin, since none of but shrubs and plants that love the shade, can flourish under its perpetual exclusion of the animal-vegetable world. Through such forests, and by the merest foot paths in great part, I was my lot to pass many miles almost every day; and had I not endeavoured to derive some amusement and instruction from the study of the forest itself, my time would have been as fatiguing to me, as it was certainly quiet and solemn. But where-ever nature is, and under whatever form she may present profuse pleasure, if we will condescend to observe with care and faithfulness. I soon found that even a pine forest was far from being devoid of interest, and shall endeavour to prove this by stating the result of various observations made during the time I lived in this situation.

The common pitch, or as it is generally called Norway pine, grows from a seed, which is matured in vast abundance in the large cones peculiar to the pines. This seed is of a rather triangular shape, thick and heavy at the

part by which it grows from the cone, and terminating in a broad membranous fan or sail, which, when the seeds are shaken out by the wind, enables them to sail obliquely through the air to great distances. Should an old corn-field or other piece of ground be thrown out of cultivation for more than one season, it is sown with the pine seeds by the winds, and the young pines shoot up as closely and compactly as hemp. They continue to grow in this manner until they become twelve or fifteen feet high, until their roots begin to encroach on each other, or until the stoutest and best rooted begin to overtop so as entirely to shade the smaller. These gradually begin to fall, and finally dry up and perish, and a similar process is continued until the best trees acquire room enough to grow without impediment. Even when the young pines have attained to thirty or forty feet in height, and are as thick as a man's thigh, they stand so closely together, that their lower branches, which are all dry and dead, are intermingled, sufficiently to prevent any one from passing between the trees without first breaking these obstructions away. I have seen such a wood as that just mentioned, covering an old corn-field, whose ridges were still distinctly to be traced, and which an old resident informed me he had seen growing in corn. In a part of this wood which was not far from my dwelling, I had a delightful retreat, that served me as a private study or closet, though enjoying all the advantages of the open air. A road that had once passed through the field, and was of course more compact than any other part, had denied access to the pine seeds for a certain distance, while on each side of it they grew with their usual density. The ground was covered with the soft layer or carpet of dried pine leaves which gradually and imperceptibly fall throughout the year, making a most pleasant surface to tread on, and rendering the step perfectly noiseless. By beating off with a stick all the dried branches that projected towards the vacant space, I formed a sort of chamber, fifteen or twenty feet long, which above was canopied by the densely mingled branches of the adjacent trees, which altogether excluded or scattered the rays of the sun, and on all sides was so shut in by the trunks of the young trees, as to prevent all observation. Hitherto during the hot season, I was accustomed to retire, for the purpose of reading or meditation; and within this deeper solitude, where all was solitary, very many of the subsequent movements of my life were suggested or devised.

From all I could observe, and all the enquiries I could get answered, it appeared that this rapidly growing tree does not attain its full growth until it is eighty or ninety years old, nor does its time of full health and vigour much exceed an hundred. Before this time it is liable to the attacks of insects, but these are of a kind that bore the tender spring shoots to deposit their eggs therein, and their larva appear to live principally on the sap which is very abundant, so that the tree is but slightly injured. But after the pine has attained its acme, it is attacked by an insect which deposits its egg in the body of the tree, and the larva devours its way through the solid substance of the timber; so that after a pine has been for one or two seasons subjected to these depredators, it will be fairly riddled, and if cut down is unfit for any other purpose than burning. Indeed, if delayed too long, it is poorly fit for firewood, so thoroughly do these insects destroy its substance. At the same time that one set of insects is engaged in destroying the body, myriads of others are at work under the bark, destroying the sap vessels, and the foliage wears a more and more pale and sickly appearance as the tree declines in vigour. If not cut down, it eventually dies, becomes leafless, stripped of its bark, and as the decay advances, all the smaller branches are broken off; and it stands with its naked trunk and a few ragged limbs, as if bidding defiance to the tempest which howls around its head. Under favourable circumstances, a large trunk will stand in this condition for nearly a century, so extensive and powerful are its roots, so firm and stubborn the original knitting of its giant frame. At length some storm, more furious than all its predecessors, wrenches those ponderous roots from the soil, and hurls the helpless carcass to the earth, crushing all before it in its fall. Without the aid of fire, or some peculiarity of situation favourable to rapid decomposition, full another hundred years will be requisite to reduce it to its elements, and obliterate the traces of its existence. Indeed, long after the lapse of more than that period, we find the heart of the pitch pine still preserving its original form, and from being thoroughly imbued with turpentine, become utterly indestructible except by fire.

If the proprietor attend to the warnings afforded by the woodpecker, he may always cut his pines in time to prevent them from being injured by insects. The wood-

peckers run up and around the trunks, tapping from time to time with their powerful bill. The bird knows at once by the sound whether there be insects below or not. If the tree is sound, the woodpecker soon forsakes it for another; should he begin to break into the bark, it is to catch the worm, and such trees are at once to be marked for the axe. In felling such pines, I found the woodmen always anxious to avoid letting them strike against neighbouring sound trees, as they said that the insects more readily attacked an injured tree than one whose bark was unbroken. The observation is most probably correct, at least the experience of country folks in such matters is rarely wrong, though they sometimes give very odd reasons for the processes they adopt.

A full grown pine forest is at all times a grand and majestic object to one accustomed to moving through it. Those vast and towering columns, sustaining a waving crown of deepest verdure; those robust and rugged limbs standing forth at a vast height overhead, loaded with the cones of various seasons; and the diminutiveness of all surrounding objects compared with these gigantic children of nature, cannot but inspire ideas of seriousness and even of melancholy. But how awful and even tremendous does such a situation become, when we hear the first wailings of the gathering storm, as it stoops upon the lofty summits of the pine, and soon increases to a deep hoarse roaring, as the boughs begin to wave in the blast, and the whole tree is forced to sway before its power. In a short time the fury of the wind is at its height, the loftiest trees bend suddenly before it, and scarce regain their upright position ere they are again obliged to cower beneath its violence. Then the tempest literally howls, and amid the tremendous reverberations of thunder, and the blazing glare of the lightning, the unfortunate wanderer hears around him the crash of numerous trees hurled down by the storm, and knows not but the next may be precipitated upon him. More than once have I witnessed all the grandeur, dread, and desolation of such a scene, and have always found safety either by seeking as quickly as possible a spot where there were none but young trees, or if on the main road choosing the most open and exposed situation out of the reach of the large trees. There, seated on my horse, who seemed to understand the propriety of such patience, I would quietly remain, however thoroughly drenched, until the fury of the wind was completely over. To say nothing of the danger from falling trees, the peril of being struck by the lightning which so frequently shivers the loftiest of them, is so great as to render any attempt to advance at such time highly imprudent.

Like the ox among animals, the pine tree may be looked upon as one of the most universally useful of the sons of the forest. For all sorts of building, for firewood, tar, turpentine, for resin, lamp black, and a vast variety of other useful products, this tree is invaluable to man. Nor is it a pleasing contemplation, to one who knows its usefulness, to observe to how vast an amount it is annually destroyed in this country, beyond the proportion that nature can possibly supply. However, we are not disposed to believe that this evil will ever be productive of very great injury, especially as coal fuel is becoming annually more extensively used. Nevertheless, were I the owner of a pine forest, I should exercise a considerable degree of care in the selection of the wood for the axe.

NO. X.

Among the enemies with which the farmers of a poor or light soil have to contend, I know of none so truly formidable and injurious as the crows, whose numbers, cunning, and audacity, can scarcely be appreciated, except by those who have had long continued and numerous opportunities of observation. Possessed of the most acute senses, and endowed by nature with a considerable share of reasoning power, these birds bid defiance to almost all the contrivances resorted to for their destruction; and when their numbers have accumulated to vast multitudes, which annually occurs, it is scarcely possible to estimate the destruction they are capable of effecting. Placed in a situation where every object was subjected to close observation, as a source of amusement, it is not surprising that my attention should be drawn to so conspicuous an object as the crow; and having once commenced remarking the peculiarities of this bird, I continued to bestow attention upon it during many years, in whatever situation it was met with. The thickly wooded and well watered parts of the state of Maryland, as affording them a great abundance of food, and almost entire security during their breeding season, are especially infested by these troublesome creatures, so that at

some times of the year they are collected in numbers, which would appear incredible to any one unaccustomed to witness their accumulations.

Individually, the common crow (*Corvus corax*) may be compared in character with the brown or Norway rat, being, like that quadruped, addicted to all sorts of mischief, destroying the lives of any small creatures that may fall in its way, plundering with audacity wherever any thing is exposed to its rapaciousness, and triumphing by its cunning over the usual artifices employed for the destruction of ordinary noxious animals. Where food is at any time scarce, or the opportunity for such marauding inviting, there is scarcely a young animal about the farm yards safe from the attacks of the crow. Young chickens, ducks, goslings, and even little pigs, when quite young and feeble, are carried off by them. They are not less eager to discover the nests of domestic fowls, and will sit very quietly in sight, at a convenient distance, until the hen leaves the nest, and then fly down and suck her eggs at leisure. But none of their tricks excited in me a greater interest, than the observation of their attempts to rob a hen of her chicks. The crow, alighting at a little distance from the hen, would advance in an apparently careless way towards the brood, when the vigilant parent would bristle up her feathers, and rush at the black rogue to drive him off. After several such approaches, the hen would become very angry, and would chase the crow to a greater distance from the brood. This is the very object the robber has in view, for as long as the parent keeps near her young, the crow has very slight chance of success; but as soon as he can induce her to follow him to a little distance from the brood, he takes advantage of his wings, and before she can regain her place, has flown over her, and seized one of her chickens. When the cock is present, there is still less danger from such an attack, for chancier shows all his vigilance and gallantry in protecting his tender offspring, though it frequently happens that the number of hens with broods renders it impossible for him to extend his care to all. When the crow tries to carry off a gosling from the mother, it requires more daring and skill, and is far less frequently successful than in the former instance. If the gander be in company, which he almost uniformly is, the crow has his labour in vain. Notwithstanding the advantages of flight and superior cunning, the honest vigilance and determined bravery of the former are too much for him. His attempts to approach, however cautiously he may proceed, are promptly met, and all his tricks rendered unavailing, by the fierce movements of the gander, whose powerful blows the crow seems to be well aware might effectually disable him. The first time I witnessed such a scene, I was at the side of the creek, and saw on the opposite shore a goose with her goslings beset by a crow; from the apparent alarm of the mother and brood, it seemed to me they must be in great danger, and I called to the owner of the place, who happened to be in sight, to inform him of their situation. Instead of going to their relief, he shouted back to me, to ask if the gander was not there too; and as soon as he was answered in the affirmative, he bid me be under no uneasiness, as the crow would find his match. Nothing could exceed the cool impudence and pertinacity of the crow, who, perfectly regardless of my shouting, continued to worry the poor gander for an hour, by his efforts to obtain a nice gosling for his next meal. At length convinced of the fruitlessness of his efforts, he flew off to seek some more easily procurable food. Several crows sometimes unite to plunder the goose of her young, and are then generally successful, because they are able to distract the attention of the parents, and lure them farther from their young.

In the summer the crows disperse in pairs for the purpose of raising their young, and then they select lofty trees in the remotest parts of the forest, upon which with dry sticks and twigs they build a large strong nest, and line it with softer materials. They lay four or five eggs, and when they are hatched, feed, attend, and watch over their young with the most zealous devotion. Should any one by chance pass near the nest while the eggs are still unhatched, or the brood are very young, the parents keep close, and neither by the slightest movement nor noise betray their presence. But if the young are hatched, and beginning to take their first lessons in flying, the approach of a man, especially if armed with a gun, calls forth all their cunning and solicitude. The young are immediately placed in the securest place at hand, where the foliage is thickest, and remain perfectly motionless and quiet. Not so the alarmed parents, both of which fly nearer and nearer to the hunter, uttering the most discordant screams, with an occasional peculiar note, which seems intended to direct or warn their young. So close do they approach, and so clamorous are they as the

hunter endeavours to get a good view of them on the tree, that he is almost uniformly persuaded the young crows are also concealed there; but he does not perceive, as he is cautiously trying to get within gun shot, that they are moving from tree to tree, and at each remove are farther and farther from the place where the young are hid. After continuing this trick, until it is impossible that the hunter can retain any idea of the situation of the young ones, the parents cease their distressing outcries, fly quietly to the most convenient lofty tree, and calmly watch the movements of their disturber. Now and then they utter a loud quick cry, which seems intended to bid their offspring lie close and keep quiet, and it is very generally the case that they escape all danger by their obsequies. An experienced crow-killer watches eagerly for the tree where the crows first start from; and if this can be observed, he pays no attention to their clamours, nor pretence of throwing themselves in his way, as he is satisfied they are too vigilant to let him get a shot at them; and if he can see the young, he is tolerably sure of them all, because of their inability to fly or change place readily.

The time of the year in which the farmers suffer most from them is in the spring, before their enormous congregations disperse, and when they are rendered voracious by the scantiness of their winter fare. Were betide the corn field which is not closely watched, when the young grain begins to shoot above the soil! If not well guarded, a host of these marauders will settle upon it at the first light of the dawn, and before the sun has risen far above the horizon, will have plundered every shoot of the germinating seed, by first drawing it skillfully from the moist earth by the young stalk, and then swallowing the grain. The negligent or careless planter, who does not visit his field before breakfast, finds, on his arrival, that he must either replant his corn, or relinquish hopes of a crop; and without the exertion of due vigilance, he may be obliged to repeat this process twice or thrice the same season. Where the crows go to rob a field in this way, they place one or more sentinels, according to circumstances, in convenient places, and these are exceedingly vigilant, uttering a single warning call, which puts the whole to flight the instant there is the least appearance of danger or interruption. Having fixed their sentinels, they begin regularly at one part of the field, and pursuing the rows along, pulling up each shoot in succession, and biting off the corn at the root. The great shock they leave along the rows, when they had been arranged with care, offers a melancholy memorial of the work which has been effected by these cunning and destructive plunderers.

Numerous experiments have been made, where the crows are thus injurious, to avert their ravages; and the method I shall now relate, I have seen tried with the most gratifying success. In a large tub a portion of tar and grease were mixed, so as to render the tar sufficiently thin and soft, and to this was added a portion of slacked lime in powder, and the whole stirred until thoroughly incorporated. The seed corn was then thrown in, and stirred with the mixture until each grain received a uniform coating. The corn was then dropped in the hills, and covered as usual. This treatment was found to retard the germination about three days, as the mixture greatly excludes moisture from the grain. But the crows did no injury to the field; they pulled up a small quantity in different parts of the planting, to satisfy themselves it was all alike; upon becoming convinced of which, they quietly left it for some less carefully managed grounds, where pains had not been taken to make all the corn so nauseous and bitter.

NO. XI.

It rarely happens that any of the works of nature are wholly productive of evil, and even the crows, troublesome as they are, contribute in a small degree to the good of the district they frequent. Thus, though they destroy eggs and young poultry, plunder the cornfields, and carry off whatever may serve for food, they also rid the surface of the earth of a considerable quantity of carrion, and a vast multitude of insects and their destructive larvae. The crows are very usefully employed when they alight upon newly ploughed fields, and pick up great numbers of those large and long-lived worms, which are so destructive to the roots of all growing vegetables; and they are scarcely less so, when they follow the sowing hand along the shores, and pick up the small fishes, which would otherwise be left to rot and load the air with unpleasant vapours. Nevertheless, they become far more numerous in some parts of the country than is at all necessary to the good of the inhabitants,

and whoever would devise a method of lessening their numbers suddenly, would certainly be doing a service to the community.

About a quarter of a mile above the house I lived in on Curtis's creek, the shore was a sand bank or bluff, twenty or thirty feet high, crowned with a dense young pine forest to its very edge. Almost directly opposite, the shore was flat, and formed a point extending in the form of a broad sand bar, for a considerable distance into the water, and when the tide was low, this flat afforded a fine level space, to which nothing could approach in either direction, without being easily seen. At a short distance from the water, a young swamp wood of maple, gum, oaks, &c. extended back, towards some higher ground. As the sun descended, and threw his last rays in one broad sheet of golden effulgence over the crystal mirror of the waters, innumerable companies of crows arrived daily, and settled on this point, for the purpose of drinking, picking up gravel, and uniting in one body prior to retiring for the night to their accustomed dormitory. The trees adjacent and all the shore would be literally blackened by those plumed marauders, while their increasing outcries, chattering and screams, were almost deafening. It certainly seems that they derive great pleasure from their social habits, and I often amused myself by thinking the uninterrupted clatter which was kept up, as the different gangs united with the main body, was produced by the recital of the adventures they had encountered during their last marauding excursions. As the sun became entirely sunk below the horizon, the grand flock crossed to the sand bluff on the opposite side, where they generally spent a few moments in picking up a further supply of gravel, and then arising in dense and ample column, they sought their habitual roost in the deep entanglements of the distant pines. This daily visit to the point, so near to my dwelling, and so accessible by means of the skiff, led me to hope that I should have considerable success in destroying them. Full of such anticipations, I loaded two guns, and proceeded in my boat to the expected place of action, previous to the arrival of the crows. My view was to leave my boat somewhere about half way between the two shores, and as they never manifested much fear of boats, to take my chance of firing upon the main body as they were flying over my head to the opposite side of the river. Shortly after I had gained my station, the companies began to arrive, and every thing went on as usual. But whether they suspected some mischief from seeing a boat so long stationary in their vicinity, or could see and distinguish the guns in the boat, I am unable to say; the fact was, however, that when they set out to fly over, they passed at an elevation which secured them from my artillery effectually, although, on ordinary occasions they were in the habit of flying over me at a height of not more than twenty or thirty feet. I returned home without having had a shot, but resolved to try if I could not succeed better the next day. The same result followed the experiment, and when I fired at one gang, which it appeared possible to attain, the instant the gun was discharged, the crows made a sort of halt, descended considerably, flying in circles, and screaming most vociferously, as if in contempt or derision. Had I been prepared for this, a few of them might have suffered for their bravado. But my second gun was in the bow of the boat, and before I could get it, the black gentry had risen to their former security. While we were sitting at tea that evening, a black came to inform me that a considerable flock of crows, which had arrived too late to join the great flock, had pitched in the young pines not a great way from the house, and at a short distance from the road-side. We quickly had the guns in readiness, and I scarcely could restrain my impatience until it should be late enough and dark enough to give us a chance of success. Without thinking of any thing but the great number of the crows, and their inability to fly to advantage in the night, my notions of the numbers we should bring home were extravagant enough, and I only regretted that we might be obliged to leave some behind. At length, led by the black boy, we sallied forth, and soon arrived in the vicinity of this temporary and unusual roost; and now the true character of the enterprise began to appear. We were to leave the road, and penetrate several hundred yards among the pines, whose proximity to each other, and the difficulty of moving between which, on account of the dead branches, has been heretofore stated. Next, we had to be careful not to alarm the crows before we were ready to act, and at the same time to advance with cocked guns in our hands. The only way of moving forward at all, I found to be that of turning my shoulders as much as possible to the dead branches, and breaking my

way as gently as I could. At last we reached the trees upon which the crows were roosting; but as the foliage of the young pines was extremely dense, and the birds were full forty feet above the ground, it was out of the question to distinguish where the greatest number were situated. Selecting the trees which appeared by the greater darkness of their summits to be most heavily laden with our game, my companion and I pulled our triggers at the same moment. The report was followed by considerable outcries from the crows, by a heavy shower of pine twigs and leaves upon which the shot had taken effect, and a deafening roar caused by the sudden rising on the wing of the alarmed sleepers. One crow at length fell near me, which was wounded too badly to fly or retain his perch, and as the flock had gone entirely off, with this one crow did I return, rather crest fallen from my grand nocturnal expedition. This crow, however, afforded me instructive employment and amusement during the next day, in the dissection of its nerves and organs of sense, and I know not that I ever derived more pleasure from any anatomical examination, than I did from the dissection of its internal ear. The extent and convolutions of its semicircular canals, show how highly the sense of hearing is perfected in these creatures, and those who wish to be convinced of the truth of what we have stated in relation to them, may still see this identical crow skull, in the Baltimore Museum, to which I presented it after finishing the dissection. At least, I saw it there a year or two since, though I little thought, when employed in examining, or even when I last saw it, that it would ever be the subject of such a reference "in a printed book."

Not easily disheartened by preceding failures, I next resolved to try to outwit the crows, and for this purpose prepared a long line, to which a very considerable number of lateral lines were tied, having each a very small fish-line hook at the end. Each of these hooks was baited with a single grain of corn, so cunningly put on, that it seemed impossible that the grain could be taken up without the hook being swallowed with it. About four o'clock, in order to be in full time, I rowed up to the sandy point, made fast my main line to a bush, and extending it toward the water, pegged it down to the other end securely in the sand. I next arranged all my baited lines, and then covering them all nicely with sand, left nothing exposed but the bait. This done, I scattered a quantity of corn all around, to render the baits as little liable to suspicion as possible. After taking a final view of the arrangement, which seemed a very hopeful one, I pulled my boat gently homeward, to wait the event of my solitude for the capture of the crows. As usual, they arrived in thousands, blackened the sand beach, chattered, screamed, and fluttered about in great glee, and finally sailed over the creek and away to their roost, without having left a solitary unfortunate to pay for having meddled with my baited hooks. I jumped into the skiff, and soon paid a visit to my unsuccessful snare. The corn was all gone; the very hooks were all bare, and it was evident that some other expedient must be adopted before I could hope to succeed. Had I caught but one or two alive, it was my intention to have employed them to procure the destruction of others, in a manner I shall hereafter describe.

NO. XII.

Had I succeeded in obtaining some living crows, they were to be employed in the following manner. After having made a sort of concealment of brushwood within good gunshot distance, the crows were to be fastened by their wings on their backs, between two pegs, yet not so closely as to prevent them from fluttering or struggling. The other crows, who are always very inquisitive where their species is in any trouble, were expected to settle down near the captives, and the latter would certainly seize the first that came near enough with their claws, and hold on pertinaciously. This would have produced fighting and screaming in abundance, and the whole flock might gradually be so drawn into the fray, as to allow many opportunities of discharging the guns upon them with full effect. This I have often observed, that when a quarrel or fight took place in a large flock or gang of crows, a circumstance by no means infrequent, it seemed soon to extend to the whole, and, during the continuance of their anger, all the usual caution of their nature appeared to be forgotten, allowing themselves at such times to be approached closely and regardless of men, fire-arms, or the fall of their companions, continuing their wrangling with rancorous obstinacy. A similar disposition may be produced among them by catching a large owl, and tying it with a cord

of moderate length to the limb of a naked tree in a neighbourhood frequented by the crows. The owl is one of the few enemies which the crow has much reason to dread, as it robs the nests of their young, whenever they are left for the shortest time. Hence, whenever crows discover an owl in the day time, like many other birds, they commence an attack upon it, screaming most vociferously, and bringing together all of their species without hearing. Once this clamour has fairly begun, and their passions are fully aroused, there is little danger of their being scared away, and the chance of destroying them by shooting is continued as long as the owl remains uninjured. But one such opportunity presented during my residence where crows were abundant, and this was unfortunately spoiled by the eagerness of one of the gunners, who, in his anxiety to demolish one of the crows fixed upon some that were most busy with the owl, and killed it instead of its disturbers, which at once ended the sport. When the crows leave the roost, at early dawn, they generally fly to a naked or leafless tree in the nearest field, and there plume themselves and chatter until the daylight is sufficiently clear to show all objects with distinctness. Of this circumstance I have taken advantage several times to get good shots at them in this way. During the day time, having selected a spot within proper distance of the tree frequented by them in the morning, I have built with brushwood and pine bushes a thick, close screen, behind which one or two persons might move securely without being observed. Proper openings, through which to level the guns were also made, as the slightest stir or noise could not be made at the time of action, without a risk of rendering all the preparations fruitless. The guns were all in order and loaded before going to bed, and at an hour or two before daylight, we repaired quietly to the field and stationed ourselves behind the screen, where, having mounted our guns at the loop-holes to be in perfect readiness, we waited patiently for the daybreak. Soon after the gray twilight of the dawn began to displace the darkness, the voice of one of our expected visitants would be heard from the distant forest, and shortly after a single crow would slowly sail towards the solitary tree and settle on its very summit. Presently a few more would arrive singly, and in a little while small flocks followed. Careful observation among them is at first rather limited to occasional salutations, but as the flock begins to grow numerous, it becomes general and very animated, and by this time all that may be expected on this occasion have arrived. This may be known also, by observing one or more of them descend to the ground, and if the gunners do not now make the best of the occasion, it will soon be lost, as the whole gang will presently sail off, scattering as they go. However, we rarely waited till there was a danger of their departure, but as soon as the flock had fairly arrived and were still crowded upon the upper parts of the tree, we pulled triggers together, aiming at the thickest of the throng. In this way, by killing and wounding them, with two or three guns, a dozen or more would be destroyed. It was of course needless to expect to find a similar opportunity in the same place for a long time afterwards, as those which escaped had too good memories to return to so disastrous a spot. By ascertaining other situations at considerable distances, we could every now and then obtain similar advantages over them.

About the years 1800, 1, 2, 3, 4, the crows were so vastly accumulated and destructive in the state of Maryland, that the government, to hasten their diminution, received their heads in payment of taxes, at the price of three cents each. The store-keepers bought them of the boys and shooters, who had no taxes to pay, at a rather lower rate, or exchanged powder and shot for them. This measure caused a great havoc to be kept up among them, and in a few years so much diminished the grievance, that the price was withdrawn. Two modes of shooting them in considerable numbers were followed and with great success; the one, that of killing them while on the wing towards the roost, and the other attacking them in the night when they had been for some hours asleep. I have already mentioned the regularity with which vast flocks move from various quarters of the country to their roosting places every afternoon, and the uniformity of the route they pursue. In cold weather, when all the small bodies of water are frozen, and they are obliged to protract their flight towards the bays or sea, their return is a work of considerable labour, especially should a strong wind blow against them; at this season also, being rather poorly fed, they are of necessity less vigorous. Should the wind be adverse, they fly as near the earth as possible, and of this the shooters at the time I allude to took advantage. A large number would

collect on such an afternoon, and station themselves close along the foot-way of a high bank, over which the crows were in the habit of flying; and as they were in a great degree screened from sight as the flock flew over, keeping as low as possible because of the wind, their shots were generally very effectual. The stronger was the wind, the greater was their success. The crows that were not injured found it very difficult to rise; and those that diverged laterally, only came nearer to gunners stationed in expectation of such movements. The flocks were several hours in passing over, and as there was generally a considerable interval between each company of considerable size, the last arrived, unsuspecting of what had been going on, and the shooters had time to recharge their arms. But the grand harvest of crow heads, was derived from the invasion of their dormitories, which are well worthy a particular description, and should be visited by every one who wishes to form a proper idea of the number of these birds, that may be accumulated in a single district. The roost is most commonly the densest pine thicket that can be found, generally at no great distance from some river, bay, or other sheet of water, which is the last to freeze, or rarely is altogether frozen. To such a roost, the crows, which, are during the day-time, scattered over perhaps more than a hundred miles of circumference, wing their way every afternoon, and arrive shortly after sunset. Endless columns pour in from various quarters, and as they arrive pitch upon their accustomed perches, crowding closely together for the benefit of the warmth and the shelter afforded by the thick foliage of the pine. The trees are literally bent by their weight, and the ground is covered for many feet in depth by their dung, which by its gradual fermentation, must also tend to increase the warmth of the roost. Such roosts are known to be thus occupied for years, beyond the memory of individuals; and I know of one or two, which the oldest residents in the quarter state to have been known to their grandfathers, and probably had been resorted to by the crows during several ages previous. There is one of great age and magnificent extent, in the vicinity of Rock Creek, an arm of the Patuxent. They are sufficiently numerous on the rivers opening into the Chesapeake, and are every where similar in their general aspect. Wilson has signalled such a roost at no great distance from Bristol, Pa. and I know by observation, that not less than a million of crows sleep there nightly during the winter season.

To gather crow heads from the roost, a very large party was made up, proportioned to the extent of surface occupied by the dormitory. Armed with double barreled and duck guns, which threw a large charge of shot, the company was divided into small parties, and these took stations, selected during the day time, so as to surround the roost as nearly as possible. A dark night was always preferred, as the crows could not when alarmed fly far, and the attack was delayed until full midnight. All being at their posts, the firing was commenced by those who were most advantageously posted, and followed up successively by the others, as the frightened crows sought refuge in their vicinity. On every side the carnage then raged fiercely, and there can scarcely be conceived a more forcible idea of the horrors of a battle, than such a scene afforded. The crows screaming with fright and the pain of wounds, the loud deep roar produced by the raising of their whole number in the air, the incessant flashing and thundering of the guns, and the shouts of their eager destroyers, all produced an effect which can never be forgotten by any one who has witnessed it, nor can it well be adequately comprehended by those who have not. Blinded by the blaze of the powder, and bewildered by the thicker darkness that ensues, the crows rise and settle again at a short distance, without being able to withdraw from the field of danger; and the sanguinary work is continued until the shooters are fatigued, or the approach of daylight gives the survivors a chance of escape. Then the work of collecting the heads from the dead and wounded began, and this was a task of considerable difficulty, as the wounded used their utmost efforts to conceal and defend themselves. The bill and half the front of the skull were cut off together, and strung in sums for the tax-gatherer, and the product of the night divided according to the nature of the party formed. Sometimes the great mass of shooters were hired for the night, and received no shares of scalps, having their ammunition provided by the employers; other parties were formed of friends and neighbours, who clubbed for the ammunition, and shared equally in the result.

During hard winters the crows suffer severely, and perish in considerable numbers from hunger, though they endure a wonderful degree of abstinence without much injury. When starved severely, the poor

wretches will swallow bits of leather, rope, rags, in short any thing that appears to promise the slightest relief. Multitudes belonging to the Bristol roost, perished during the winter of 1828-9 from this cause. All the water courses were solidly frozen, and it was distressing to observe these starvelings every morning winging their weary way towards the shores of the sea in hopes of food, and again to see them toiling homewards in the afternoon, apparently scarce able to fly.

In speaking of destroying crows, we have never adverted to the use of poison, which in their case is wholly inadmissible on this account. Where crows are common hogs generally run at large, and to poison the crows would equally poison them; the crows would die, and fall to the ground, where they would certainly be eaten by the hogs.

Crows, when caught young, learn to talk plainly, if pains be taken to repeat certain phrases to them, and they become exceedingly impudent and troublesome. Like all of their tribe, they will steal and hide silver or other bright objects, of which they can make no possible use.

Reminiscences of a Voyage to India.

We are tempted to insert, from the same journal, the following Reminiscences of a Voyage to India, written by DR. REYNELL COATES, of this city. They furnish descriptions in a department of natural history but little attended to, and are penned with a skill which will produce lasting fame to the author, should he undertake a more extended effort.

NO. I.

The American public need not be reminded of the folly of those tourists, who, after a week's residence in a capital city, take passage in a line of coaches, and hastily circumambulating a small portion of a great continent, return to launch out into profound disquisitions on national character and the mutability of governments. I am not of this school; but as no one can travel round two thirds of the circumference of our globe, either by land or sea, without acquiring many facts, and making many observations highly interesting to those who quietly enjoy the sweets of social intercourse around the paternal hearth, I hope that these detached reminiscences, which they contribute to my own happiness by recalling scenes of grandeur and of beauty which I can never hope to revisit, may also prove a harmless recreation.

MINUTE ANIMALS OF THE OCEAN.

The innumerable tribes of insects which swarm in every part of the world, delighting us by the brilliancy of their colouring, or tormenting us with their attacks upon our persons or our property, although their armies sometimes render whole countries uninhabitable, destroying every blade of grass in their career; even these seemingly interminable hosts must yield the palm in number, beauty, every thing except destructiveness, to the sky-tinted denizens of the ocean. Every leaf of seaweed, every fragment of floating timber, teems with life in some of its most interesting forms, and the blue expanse of waves is every where studded with animated gems, which sail along its surface or lie hidden in its bosom.

The seaman, as the vessel hurries along, catches occasional glimpses of misty specks floating beneath him, which, to his careless eye, appear like the spawn of fishes, or the slime washed from their bodies, yet in these unpromising and neglected atoms, closer examination discovers beings whose delicacy of structure defies the pencil, and whose tints are rivalled only by those of a summer's evening.

It is much to be regretted that many minds capable of enjoying, in the highest degree, those pleasures which may be drawn from every department of natural history, are arrested on the threshold of the study by the dry and technical systems, which are but the common-place books of the science, but which are too generally regarded as the science itself. Some knowledge of these systems seems indispensable to the grand and general views which constitute the chief interest of many departments of nature; but the minute inhabitants of the ocean possess a charm for every eye, an interest peculiarly their own. In observing their beauties and their manners, the tra-

veller would find delightful occupation, and the tedium of the sea would be forgotten.

Much of my time was employed in catching these minute animals with a net of hunting secured to a cane twelve feet in length, with which practice soon rendered me so adroit, that little escaped me that floated within three feet of the surface. I cannot hope, by mere description, to inspire others with the same enthusiastic admiration which I felt in a personal examination of the wonders of my net; but I trust that, in introducing some of these new acquaintances to your readers, I shall not be accused of making a burdensome addition to their circle.

The vast tract of waters constituting the Gulf stream, stretching itself along the coast of North America, lies like a huge ocean desert, shunned even by the fish, which are seen but rarely within its limits; but on the farther side a counter current travels at a slower pace in the opposite direction. The surface of this current is thickly covered with masses of sea-weed and other floating bodies, swept by the stream from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the southern states, and collected in the eddies. Each little tuft, if carefully taken, and placed in a tumbler or basin of salt water, will display a number of beautiful shrimps, spotted, chequered, or striped with every shade of colouring; a variety of minute crabs, little shells, and not unfrequently fish, in comparison with which the minnows of our creeks are leviathans. Most of these various tribes which have been carried by the current from their native shores, would speedily perish in the unfathomable depths of their own element, if deprived for a long time of the support afforded by their little vessel.

One would suppose that a voyage of three thousand miles, performed in company, and within the narrow confines of a tuft of leaves, would be sufficient to establish a good understanding in the little community; but, alas! the natural propensities to violence and plunder, which not even the lofty attribute of human reason can control, here rage with unrestrained violence; no sooner is this mimic world confined within the precincts of the tumbler or the basin, than the whole vessel displays a system of inveterate warfare. In vain do the smaller shrimps dart through the labyrinth of leaves to elude the pursuit of the crabs; they are speedily torn in pieces, or driven from their shelter to become the prey of some voracious fish, which, flying before the persecution of its larger brethren, thus repays the hospitality of those in whose dominions it seeks obscurity and safety. But this ingratitude seldom passes unpunished. Pent within narrow bounds, and unable to elude pursuit by shooting beyond the grasp of its insulted protectors, a desperate conflict ensues between the fish and the crabs, and in a few hours nothing of the animated scene survives, except some two or three mutilated combatants, who, no longer possessed of their dangerous weapons of offence, or exhausted with wounds, are fain to make a peaceable meal upon the carcases of their former associates. What moral might the observer extract from the high daring and noble prowess of these little aquatics, none of which ever acquire the paltry magnitude of three quarters of an inch! What exquisite stilles might be drawn from such a fertile source to embellish the pages of history, or to be sounded upon the harp of flattery, to swell the festive raptures of the hero!

Nothing is more striking to the naturalist than the contrast between the grandeur and the immensity of power displayed by the angry waves around him, and the delicate and fragile forms which crowd their surface.

The crest of a billow, which causes the tough fir-ribbed vessel to tremble beneath it like a child under the rod of its tutor, passes harmlessly over myriads of beings, which, when removed from their native element, dissolve under the fervour of the sun, or break in pieces by their own weight. Yet, unobtrusive as are these lower links in the scale of nature, escaping by their very humility that destruction which so often overwhelms the proud lord of the creation in spite of all his science and his strength, they are often individually dressed in beauty before which the lily would fade, and the rose hide its blushes; and, collectively, they produce some of the most sublime phenomena, which have even astonished the philosopher, building up islands in the midst of the deep, or, in mimic sportiveness, alarming the mariner with the appearance of unreal shoals, and wakening the lightning of the waters to increase the brilliancy of moonlight, or to render more terrific the gloom of the midnight tempest.

This picture may appear too glowing to many, but in my next I will endeavour to establish its correctness.

NO. II.

MOLLUSCÆ. FALSE SHOALS.

Those who have sought relief from the summer heats at Long Branch or Cape May, have probably noticed, in their ramblings along the beach, certain gelatinous transparent masses deposited by the receding tide upon the sands. They resemble very large plano-convex lenses, and are devoid of colour, except in a few minute points, which appear like grains of yellow sand, or the eggs of some shells embedded in their substance. This has led many to consider them as the spawn of some marine animal.

One of these gellies be placed in a tub of brine immediately after it reaches the shore, the observer will be surprised to find it possessed of animation. The superior, or convex part, will expand like the top of an umbrella, and from its under surface several tinged and leaf-like membrances will be developed. The remains of numerous threads, or tendrils, will float out from the margin of the umbrellæ, following the motions of the animal as it swims around the tub. These threads are often several feet in length before they are broken by the sand; they are probably employed both to entice and secure the prey, and they produce a sharp, stinging sensation, when applied to the skin. It is from the appearance and offensive power of these last organs, that seamen have given the animal the title of the sea nettle, and naturalists the generic name medusa.

I have offered this rude description of the medusa, as a familiar example of the class of animated beings which are the subjects of the following remarks. They are all alike gelatinous and transparent, and many of them melt and flow away when exposed in the open air to the direct rays of the sun.

Of all tribes of molluscs which are scattered over every part of the ocean, the most splendid and the best known is the Portuguese man-of-war (physalia). This is an oblong animated sack of air, elongated at one extremity into a conical neck, and surmounted by a membranous expansion running nearly the whole length of the body, and rising above into a semicircular sail, which can be expanded or contracted to a considerable extent, at the pleasure of the animal. From beneath the body are suspended from ten to fifty or more little tubes, from half an inch to an inch in length, open at their lower extremity, and formed like the temporary receptacles for food, like the first stomach of cattle; but as the animal is destitute of any visible mouth or alimentary canal, and as I have frequently seen fish in their cavities apparently half digested, I cannot but consider them as proper stomachs; and indeed is it a greater paradox in zoology that an animal should possess many independent stomachs, than that the strange carnivorous vegetable, the sarcinae, should make use of its leaves apparently for a similar purpose.

From the centre of this group of stomachs depends a little cord, never exceeding the fourth of an inch in thickness, and often forty times as long as the body.

The size of the Portuguese man-of-war varies from half an inch to six inches in length. When it is in motion, the sail is accommodated to the force of the breeze, and the elongated neck is curved upward, giving to the animal a form strongly resembling the little glass swans which we sometimes see swimming in globets.

It is not the form, however, which constitutes the chief beauty of this little navigator. The lower part of the body and the neck are devoid of all colour, except a faint iridescence in reflected lights, and they are so perfectly transparent that the finest print is not obscured when viewed through them. The back becomes gradually tinged as we ascend, with the finest and most delicate blue that can be imagined; the base of the sail equals the purest sky in depth and beauty of tint; the summit is of the most splendid red, and the central part is shaded by the gradual intermixture of these colours through all the intermediate grades of purples. Drawn as it were upon a ground-work of mist, the tints have an aerial softness far beyond the reach of art, and warranting the seemingly imaginative description given at the close of the first number.

The group of stomachs is less transparent, and although the hue is the same as that of the back, they are, on this account incomparably less elegant. By their weight and form they fill the double office of a keel and ballast, while the cord-like appendage, which floats out for yards behind, is called by seamen the cable.

The mode in which the animal secures his prey has been a subject of much speculation, for the fish and crabs that are frequently found within the little tubes,

are often large enough to tear them in pieces could they retain their natural vigour during the contest. Deceived by the extreme pain which is felt when the cable is brought into contact with the back of the hand, naturalists have concluded, I think too hastily, that this organ secretes a poisonous or acrid fluid, by which it benumbs any unfortunate fish or other animal that ventures within its coils, allured by the hope of making a meal upon what, in its ignorance, it has mistaken for a worm. The secret will be better explained by a more careful examination of the organ itself. The chord is composed of a narrow pair of contractile fibres, scarcely visible when relaxed, on account of its transparency. If the animal be large, this layer of fibres will soupy. A spiral line of blue bead-like bodies, less than the head of a pin, revolves around the cable from end to end, and under the microscope these beads appear covered with minute prickles, so hard and sharp, that they will readily enter the substance of wood, adhering with such tenacity that the cord can rarely be detached without breaking.

It is to these prickles that the man-of-war owes its power of destroying animals much its superior in strength and activity. When any thing becomes impaled upon the cord, the contractile fibres are called into action, and rapidly shrink from many feet in length to less than the same number of inches, bringing the prey within reach of the little tubes, by one of which it is immediately swallowed.

This weapon, so insignificant in appearance, is yet sufficiently formidable even to man. I had once the misfortune to become entangled with the cable of a very large man-of-war while swimming in the open ocean, and amply did it avenge its fellows, who now sleep in my cabinet robbed at once of life and beauty. The pain which it inflicted was almost insupportable for some time, nor did it entirely cease for twenty-four hours.

I might now proceed to describe many analogous animals scarcely inferior in interest, but it is time to notice some individuals of another tribe, residing beneath the surface, and therefore less generally known.

The grandest of these is the heroe. In size and form it precisely resembles a purse, the mouth, or orifice, answering to one of the modern metallic clasps. It is perfectly transparent, and in order to distinguish its fly outlines, it is necessary to place it in a tumbler of brine held between the observer and the light. In certain directions the whole body appears faintly iridescent, but there are several longitudinal narrow lines which reflect the full rich tints of the rainbow in the most vivid manner, for ever varying and mingling the hues, even while the animal remains at rest. Under the microscope these lines display a succession of innumerable coloured scales or minute fins, which are kept incessantly in motion, thus producing the play of colours by continually changing the angle of reflection.

The movements of the heroe are generally retrograde, and are not aided by the alternate contraction and dilatation of the mouth.

The lips are never perfectly closed, and the little fish and shrimps which play around them are continually entering and leaving them at pleasure. The animal is dependent for its food upon such semi-animated substances as it draws within its grasp by moving slowly backwards in the water, and retains them in consequence of their own feebleness and inability to escape the weakest of snares.

Another tribe of the sea-purses, (salpæ,) though much smaller than the heroe, are more complex in structure, and possess a higher interest in consequence of the singular habits of some of the species. They are double sacks, resembling the heroe in general form, but destitute of iridescence.

The outer sack, or mantle, rarely exceeds an inch in length, and is commonly about half as wide. The inner sack is much smaller, and the interval between these forms a cavity for the water which they breathe, and for some of the viscera. Their visible organs are a transparent heart, which can only be seen in the strongest light; a splendid double row of whitish bead-like cavities forming a spiral line near one extremity, and supposed to be either lungs or ovaries; numerous broad, flat, pearly muscles, barely distinguished by their mistiness, and an alimentary canal as fine as horse-hair, with a slight enlargement at one spot, which has been called a stomach. This enlargement resembles both in size and colour a grain of sand. From the base of the animal arises two longer and four or five shorter conical

spines of jelly, curved into hooks at the points, by means of which numerous individuals attach themselves together in double rows like the leaflets of a pinnated leaf. Cords of this kind, composed of forty or fifty animals, were often taken, but they separate and retract themselves at pleasure.

To the gregarious habits of this little mollusc we owe a very singular and striking phenomena, which I have never seen noticed by naturalists, although we frequently witnessed it near the Cape of Good Hope.

The animals are occasionally found associated together in such countless myriads that the sea is literally filled with them, sometimes over three or four square miles of surface, and to the depth of several fathoms. The yellow spots which have been described being the only coloured portions of their body, give to the whole tract the appearance of a shoal or sand bank at some distance below the surface. The deception is heightened by the greater smoothness of the water at these places, particularly in calm weather, for so closely are the animals crowded together, that the water is rendered in a manner less fluid; the smaller billows break around the margin and are lost, while the heavy waves of the southern ocean are somewhat opposed in their progress, and take on in a slight degree the usual appearance of the ground swell. There can be but little doubt that many of the numerous shoals laid down in the charts of this region, but which have never been seen by any but the supposed discoverers, have been immense banks of these gregarious molluscs. In sailing through a tract of this description, in which the progress of the ship was very sensibly retarded, I have dip up with the ship's bucket a greater bulk of the animals than of the water in which they were suspended. How wonderful are the effects produced by the minute links of creation!

C. wishes those of his friends who have devoted themselves to the study of natural history, to understand distinctly that the anatomical and chemical terms contained in these essays, are employed, not in their scientific but in their popular sense, and also that in drawing the organs of the salpæ he has followed Lamarck and Cuvier, without committing himself by any opinions upon the correctness of their generic descriptions, as applicable to this particular species.

No. III.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

As the glow-worm and the fire-fly enliven the night by land, so do many of the molluscs and other marine animals kindle their mimic fires by sea—but on a far grander and more imposing scale.

During a dark night, we watch attentively the advance and retreat of the breakers on the beach, we shall generally perceive the crest of each billow to be illuminated by a faint flash at the moment of its fall; and after the wave subsides, the beach will be spangled with minute but brilliant specks, which shine for a few moments and then disappear. These lights will convey an idea of what is meant by the phosphorescence of the ocean.

At all times, and in nearly all situations, the spray thrown up by the bow of the vessel is thickly strewed during the night with little silvery stars, that dance and whirl about among the eddies, until they are lost in the distance. These luminous particles are generally so small that they are caught with difficulty, and so perfectly transparent, that they can scarcely be distinguished from the drops of brine adhering to the net. Their own radiance, by which they are visible in their native element, is soon lost when brought into the air, for it ceases instantly on the death of the animal. The few specimens which I have examined were either pelagic molluscs or microscopic shrimps; the former being luminous throughout their entire substance, and the latter, like the glow-worm, emitting an intermittent light from a lantern near the tail.

Such were the appearances noticed in most parts of the North Atlantic Ocean, excepting the Gulf stream. The fretful waves of this region, vexed as it is by perpetual squalls, appear to be wrapped in total darkness. But in the tropical regions, and throughout the vast expanse of the Southern and Indian Oceans, the grandeur and sublimity of the night scene were often beyond description. The vivid hues of "the double headed shot clouds," which rise like immense mountains from the water of the western horizon, seemed to fade into twilight only to give place to a still more beautiful illumination in the bosom of the waves. The bow of the vessel scattered far around a blaze of light, which shone

brilliantly under the brightest moon, and was often sufficiently intense to enable us to read upon the deck. Leaning over the stern, our track resembled a vast trough of fire, studded with innumerable floating lanterns and stars, such as fall from an exploding sky-rocket. In the eddies, the whirling of these bodies produced long streams of light like serpents drawn in flame, and occasionally immense globes of fire would roll along beneath the keel, at the depth of several fathoms, yet so intensely bright that the little rudder fish were distinctly visible sporting beneath the cabin windows. These globes are generally as large as a flour barrel, and according to Peron and Lescaur, they are sometimes seen to reach the enormous diameter of twenty feet. I had once the gratification to observe one of these animals within a foot of the surface. It was a medusa, large enough to fill a bushel basket, visible in every fibre by its own illumination.

At these times the crest of every wave resembles a long line of ignited phosphorus, and every dip of the oar, or plunge of the bucket, produces a flash of light, and scatters scintillations on every side. Even the larger fish, when they approach the vessel, are followed by a luminous path like the tail of a comet, and they are often struck with the harpoon, guided by this appearance alone.

The sea at times resembles a field of snow or milk, and Peron asserts that it is often tinged with prismatic colours, varying at every moment; but these phenomena were not witnessed in our voyage.

The strangest of all the modes in which the phosphorescence of the ocean is exhibited, was witnessed near the island of Tristan D'Acunha, under circumstances too impressive to be forgotten.

The night was dark and damp, and the breeze too light to steady the vessel. She rolled heavily over the waves, making it difficult for a landsman to walk the deck. A fog bank, which hung around the northern horizon at sunset, now swept slowly down towards us. The captain ordered the light sails furled in expectation of a squall, and we stood leaning together over the rail, watching the mist, which approached more and more rapidly, till it resembled, in the increasing darkness, an immense wall extending from the water to the clouds, and seemed threatening to crush us beneath it. Just at this moment, a flash, like a broad sheet of lightning, spread itself over the surface of the ocean as far as the eye could reach—five or six times, at intervals of a few seconds, the flash was repeated, and then the vessel was enveloped in the fog. The breeze quickened—the bustle of preparation attracted the attention of every oar, and in a few moments we were bounding along at the rate of ten miles an hour, over waves sparkling in the clear moonshine, but the “lightning of the waters” had ceased. I have always regretted that I did not ascertain by what animal this most singular phenomenon was produced, but the wild interest of the scene banished every thought of the kind. In the course of the night we passed through several beds of the salpa, and it is very probable that the flashes were produced by these little creatures, induced, by a wonderful instinct, to act in concert for some inscrutable purpose.

There are few phenomena in nature which have led to a greater diversity of opinion among modern men of science, than the luminous appearance of the ocean during the night. Some have regarded it as the effect of electricity produced by the friction of the waves; others as the product of a species of fermentation in the water, occurring accidentally in certain places. Many have attributed it to the well known phosphorescence of putrid fish, or to the decomposition of their slime and exuvia, and a few only to the real cause—the voluntary illumination of many distinct species of marine animals, generally analogous to the tribes which were described in the former number of these Reminiscences. Even those authors who have acknowledged the agency of animal life in producing this wonderful appearance, have been in a manner compelled, by its universality, and by the almost incredible multiplication of beings which it infers, to admit the probable co-operation of other causes.

My own observation has led to the conclusion, that the phosphorescence of the ocean is due solely to the peculiar instinct of the molluscs, and some genera of the crustacea.

The electrical hypothesis is certainly fallacious, for were we even to grant the possibility of producing an electric light in an agitated fluid, which is itself an imperfect conductor, similar to that occasioned by the attrition of white sugar or glass in the dark, the acknow-

ledged physical law, that like causes produce like effects, would lead us to expect an uniform diffusion of the phosphorescence over a considerable extent of water under the same latitude and longitude; but this is not the case. A ship will often be enveloped for a few moments in so bright an illumination that a book may be read upon the deck, and at the next instant she may be involved in almost total darkness. Again, electricity is eliminated with the greatest facility in a cold and dry atmosphere; but the phosphorescence of the ocean is most considerable in tropical climates, nor is it diminished by storms or rain. The supposition of a fermentation of the surface is equally unsatisfactory, for such a process would lead to an equable diffusion of light over the whole space in which it acted. But the luminous matter is almost always seen in distinct masses or particles; and the few exceptions to this rule which have been observed, do not admit of an explanation according to the known effects of fermentation. The light eliminated by putrid fish furnishes a more plausible theory, but the very wide extent of the illumination, is, of itself, sufficient to prove its incorrectness. It has been already shown to what an incalculable amount the living inhabitants of the ocean increase, but the reverse is true of the dead. The air and the water swarm with innumerable depurators, who devour every thing that dies, whether beneath the surface or upon it. The albatross, the stormy petrel, the Cape pigeon, some of the gulls, and other marine fowls, which are constantly soaring by thousands over every sea, seize upon all unprotected animals, dead or living, which remain within their reach. The three former birds will follow the ship for days during calm weather, to share the offals thrown over by the cook; and so ravenous is their appetite, that they are frequently caught with the hook and line baited with meat, and trolled in the wake of the vessel. I have frequently seen them bathing their feathers in the grease which floats around the refuse of the cambouse, and skimming it up with their spoon-shaped bills with every demonstration of pleasure. Those bodies that sink by their gravity fill a prey to the fish, and those that are too minute to attract the attention of the larger animals, are speedily devoured by the molluscs. Thus the waters are preserved in a high degree of purity, and probably there does not remain sufficient putrescent matter in a cubic league of water to render luminous a cubic yard. In passing over an extent of ocean greater than the whole circumference of the earth, I did not see a single dead animal of any kind.

The purpose for which this phosphorescence is designed, is lost in conjecture; but when we recollect that fish are attracted to the net by the lights of the fishermen, and that many of the marine shells are said to leave their native element to crawl around a fire built upon the beach, are we not warranted in supposing that the animals of which we have been speaking, are provided with their luminous properties, in order to entice their prey within their grasp?

In quitting the subject of the minute animals of the ocean, I should not neglect to refer the curious to three engravings in the volume of plates to the *Voyage aux Terres Australes*, by Peron and Lescaur, where may be seen the happiest efforts of the pencil in delineating some of these interesting beings. The work is contained in the Philadelphia library, and will amply repay the trouble of a visit.

FINLAND SONG.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

By Dr. John Leyden.

Sweet bird of the meadow,
Oh, soft be thy rest!
Thy mother will wake thee
At morn from thy nest;
She has made a soft nest,
Little rednest, for thee,
Of the leaves of the birch,
And the moss of the tree.
Then soothe thee, sweet bird
Of my bosom, once more!
’Tis Sleep, little infant,
That stands at the door,
“Where is the sweet babe,”
“You may hear how he cries,
“Where is the sweet babe
In his cradle that lies;
“In his cradle, soft swaddled
In vestments of down?
“’Tis mine to watch o’er him
Till darkness be o’er him.”

Biographical Memoir

OF

JOHN LEYDEN, M. D.

From the Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

INTRODUCTION.

The example of such men as the subject of the following sketch is peculiarly adapted for the instruction of the aspiring and energetic youth of a rising republic. His talents were bestowed by nature, but they were improved, enlarged, and brought into service, by his own assiduity and studious research. The vocation of Leyden's father was little above that of a day labourer, and all his household establishment corresponded with his external means. A friend to whom we had loaned the memoir, says:—“I well and fondly remember the time when I partook of the kind hospitality of the patriarch under the roof of their thatched cottage. Their board was humble, and their fare frugal, but the serenity, the cheerfulness, the intelligence, that pervaded the happy circle, rendered the paternal mansion of Leyden a scene which kings and princes might envy.”

Springing from such origin, bursting, by the force of almost unaided genius, through the many obstacles to success, he at an early age took a distinguished rank among contemporary literary characters. He made for himself a name, and what is still more honourable, he left it un tarnished. His principles, based on an immutable foundation, resisted all the allurements of pleasure, and the whisperings of selfishness. Manfully he pursued his course—but his desires scorched beyond the power of accomplishment, and he no doubt fell a victim to his eager pursuit after knowledge. Is there not, however, more attained in such a life than in the three score and ten years of the idler, or the dull and lazy plodding of so many of our race?

Where talent and principle are so finely blended, we have the more confidence in recommending it as an example to the young, while we gratify our senior readers with a delightful biographical sketch of a distinguished man, and that sketch written by Sir Walter Scott. The Poetical Remains of Leyden were collected and edited by the Rev. James Morton, and are in the Philadelphia Library, as well as the “Malay Annals,” and an “Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa,” enlarged and completed by Hugh Murray, Esq. The latter is the basis of a more recent work, entitled, “Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, by Professor Jameson, James Wilson, and Hugh Murray,” republished in Harper's Family Library.

The subject of the present brief memorial will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was descended from a family of small farmers, long settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, Scotland. He loved to mention some traditional rhymes, which one of his ancestors had composed, and to commemorate the prowess of another, who had taken arms with the insurgent Cameronians, about the time of the revolution, and who distinguished himself by his gallantry at the defence of the church-yard of Dunkeld, 21st August, 1689, against a superior body of Highlanders, when Colonel Cleland, the leader of these rustic enthusiasts, was slain at their head. John Leyden, residing in the village of Denholm, and parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, and Isabella Scott, his wife, were the parents of Dr. Leyden, and still survive to deplore the irreparable loss of a son, the honour alike of his family and country. Their irreproachable life, and simplicity of manners, recommended them to the respect and kindness of their neighbours, and to the protection of the family of Mr. Douglas of Cavers, upon whose estate they resided.

John Leyden, so eminent for the genius which he displayed, and the extensive knowledge which he accumu-

lated during his brief career, was born at Denholm, on 4th September, 1775, and bred up, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

"About a year after his birth," says his relative and biographer, Mr. Morton, "his parents removed to Hcnlawshill, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr. Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life.

"Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament."

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year, (1786), when a Mr. W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused and upon the watch. The rude traditional tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory, and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic direction to his own mind, and even, if not all the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a borderer of former times. To this may be ascribed his eager admiration of adventurous deeds and military achievement, his contempt of luxury, his zealous and somewhat exclusive preference of his native district, an affected dislike to the *southron*, as the "auld enemies of Scotland," an earnest desire to join to the reputation of high literary acquirements the praise of an adept at all manly exercises, and the disregard of ceremony, and bold undaunted bearing in society, which might be supposed to have characterised an ancient native of the border. In his early days, also, he probably really felt the influence of those superstitious impressions, which at a later period he used sometimes to assume, to the great amusement of his friends, and astonishment of strangers. It was indeed somewhat singular, when he got upon this topic, to hear Leyden maintain powerfully, and with great learning, the exploded doctrines of demonology, and sometimes even affect to confirm the strange tales with which his memory abounded, by reference to the ghostly experiences of his childhood. Even to those most intimate with him, he would sometimes urge such topics, in a manner which made it impossible to determine whether he was serious or jocular; and most probably his fancy, though not his sober judgment, actually retained some impressions borrowed from the scenes he has himself described.

The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tombstone, and the church-yard green,
Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen:
Oft when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
Heard in the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
Or airy troops unconscion'd, that rustle by.

Scenes of Infancy.

But the romantic legend and heroic ballad did not satisfy, though they fed, his youthful appetite for knowledge. The obscure shepherd boy never heard of any source of information within his reach, without straining every nerve to obtain access to it. A companion, for example, had met with an odd volume of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and gave an account of its contents, which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, who lived at several miles distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden, however, waded through the snow, to present himself by daybreak at the forge door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job, and when he found him, the son of a Valeson, with caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened, or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume, and he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure, for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old; nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, may have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease. At least, the anecdote affords an early and striking illustration of the ardour of his literary eriosity, and the perseverance which marked his pursuit of the means for gratifying it.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike, or a Birmingham knife, would have been to Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. From the new teacher at Kirktown, Leyden acquired some smattering of the Latin language; but ere he could make any progress, the school became again vacant in the year 1786. Next year it was again opened by a third schoolmaster, named Andrew Scott, under whom Leyden gained some knowledge of arithmetic. Thus transferred from one teacher to another, snatching information at such times, and in such portions, as these precarious circumstances afforded, he continued not only to retain the elemental knowledge which he had acquired, but to struggle onward vigorously in the paths of learning. It seems probable that the disadvantage sustained from want of the usual assistances to early learning, may, in so energetic a mind as that of Leyden, be in many respects balanced by the habit of severe study, and painful investigation, which it was necessary to substitute for those adventitious aids. The mind becomes doubly familiar with that information which it has attained through its own laborious and determined perseverance, and acquires a readiness in encountering and overcoming difficulties of a similar nature, from the consciousness of those which it has already successfully surmounted. Accordingly, Leyden used often to impute the extraordinary facility which he possessed in the acquisition of languages to the unassisted exercises of his juvenile years.

About this period his predominant desire for learning had determined his parents to breed young Leyden up for the Church of Scotland, trusting for his success to those early talents which already displayed themselves so strongly. Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in the Latin language. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the College of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned Professor Andrew Dalzell used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, decomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these unorthodox attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to

those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension, and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

The Greek language was long his favourite study, and, considering his opportunities, he became much more intimately acquainted with its best authors than is usual in Scotland, even among those who make some pretensions to literature. The Latin he understood thoroughly; and it is, perhaps, the best proof of his classical attainments, that at a later period, to use his own expression, "he passed muster pretty well when introduced to Dr. Parr."

Leyden was now at the fountain head of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, particularly some of the medical classes,—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church, a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics, under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study: whatever subject interested his mind at the time attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit. It seemed frequently to be Leyden's object to learn just so much of a particular science as should enable him to resume it at any future period; and to those who objected to the miscellaneous, or, as they called it, the superficial nature of his studies, he used to answer with his favourite interjection, "Dash it, man, never mind; if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please." But this mode of study, however successful with John Leyden, cannot be safely recommended to a student of less retentive memory and robust application. With him, however, at least while he remained in Britain, it seemed a matter of little consequence for what length of time he resigned any particular branch of study; for when either some motive, or mere caprice, induced him to resume it, he could, with little difficulty, reunite all the broken associations, and begin where he left off months or years before, without having lost an inch of ground during the interval.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging, the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft, of which it was the supposed scene; and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement,

contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-uals, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish, who began to account this abstracted student like the gifted person described by Wordsworth, as possessing—

—waking empire wide as dreams,
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear;
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer:
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds, and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.

This was a distinction which, as we have already hinted, he was indeed not unwilling to affect, and to which, so far as the visions existing in the high fancy of the poet can supply those ascribed to the actual ghost-seer, he had indeed no slight pretensions.

Books as well as retirement were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies, and not always attainable. But his research collected from every quarter such as were accessible by loan, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that were not otherwise to be procured. The reputation also of his prosperous career of learning obtained him occasional access to the library at Cavers; an excellent old collection, in which he met, for the first time, many of those works of the middle ages which he studied with so much research and success. A Froissart, in particular, translated by Lord Berners, captivated his attention with all those tales "to savage virtue dear," which coincided with his taste for chivalry, and with the models on which it had been formed: and tales of the Black Prince, of the valiant Chandaus, and of Geoffrey Tete-Noire, now recalled the legends of Johnnie Armstrong, Walter the Devil, and the Black Douglas.

In the country, Leyden's society was naturally considerably restricted, but while at college it began to extend itself among such of his fellow students as were distinguished for proficiency in learning. Among these we may number the celebrated author of the *Pleasures of Hope*; the Rev. Alexander Murray, united with Leyden in the kindred pursuit of oriental learning, and whose lamp, like that of his friend, was extinguished at the moment when it was placed in the most conspicuous elevation;* William Erskine, with whom Leyden renewed his friendship in India; the late ingenious Dr. Thomas Brown, distinguished for his early proficiency in the science of moral philosophy, of which he was professor in the Edinburgh College; the Rev. Robert Laidie, Minister of Kelso, and several other young men of talents, who at that time pursued their studies in the University of Edinburgh.

Leyden was also fortunate enough to attract the notice and patronage of Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, the first man of letters who presented the public with a complete edition of English poetry, from the time of Chaucer downwards. The notice and encouragement of a gentleman, whose benevolence of disposition placed all his literary experience at the command of the young student, was of the utmost consequence to the direction of his studies, and was always warily remembered and kindly acknowledged by John Leyden, who, under the doctor's patronage, had also an opportunity of trying his young wings by a flight or two in the poetical department of the Edinburgh Magazine.

In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the College of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured Leyden the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, a situation which he retained for two or three years. During the winter of 1798, he attended the two young gentlemen to their studies at the College of St. Andrew's. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation. The secluded situation also of St. Andrew's, the monastic life of the students, the fragments of antiquity with which that once metropolis town is surrounded, and the libraries of its colleges, gave him additional opportunity and impulse to pursue his favourite plans of study.

* This amiable man, and great orientalist, died within a few months after he had been appointed to the chair of the Hebrew professorship in the University of Edinburgh, in consequence of such a list of splendid attestations of his qualifications, as has rarely honoured the most distinguished scholars.

About the time he resided at St. Andrew's, the renown of Mungo Park, and Leyden's enthusiastic attachment to all researches connected with oriental learning, turned his thoughts towards the history of Africa, in which he found much to enchant an imagination that loved to dwell upon the grand, the marvellous, the romantic, and even the horrible, and which was rather fired than appalled by the picture of personal danger and severe privation. Africa, indeed, had peculiar charms for Leyden. He delighted to read of hosts, whose arrows intercepted the sun-beams; of kings and leaders, who judged of the numberless number of their soldiers by marching them over the trunk of a cedar, and only deemed their strength sufficient to take the field when such myriads had passed as to reduce the solid timber to impalpable dust; the royal halls also of Dahomy, built of skulls and cross-bones, and moistened with the daily blood of new victims of tyranny!—all, in short, that presented strange, wild, and romantic views of what have been quaintly entitled "the ultimities and summities of human nature," and which furnished new and unheard of facts in the history of man, had great fascination for his ardent imagination. And about this time he used to come into company, quite full of these extraordinary stories, garnished faithfully with the unpronounceable names of the despots and tribes of Africa, which any one at a distance would have taken for the conjuring of the conjuror. The fruit of his researches he gave to the public in a small volume, entitled "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the 18th century," crown 8vo. 1799. It is written on the plan of Raynal's celebrated work, and as it contains a clear and lively abridgment of the information afforded by travellers whose works are of rare occurrence, it was favourably received by the public. Among Leyden's native hills, however, there arose a groundless report that this work was compiled for the purpose of questioning whether the evidence of Mungo Park went the length of establishing the western course of the Niger. This unfounded rumour gave offence to some of Mr. Park's friends, nicely jealous of the fame of their countryman, of whom they had such just reason to be proud. And thus, what would have been whimsical enough, the dispute regarding the course of the Niger in Africa, had nearly occasioned a feud upon the Scottish border. For John Leyden happening to be at Hawick while the upper troop of Roxburghshire yeomanry were quartered there, was told, with many exaggerations, of menaces thrown out against him, and advised to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place; but, instead of expediting his retreat, in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, at the time when the corps paraded there, humming sulkily, like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a border song,

I've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrong,
But back to Wamphray I will gang.

His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics, *more majorem*, would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties. The *History of African Discoveries*, Leyden proposed to extend to four volumes 8vo. and had made great preparations for the work; he was in constant communication on the subject with Messrs. Longman and Co., by whom it was to have been published, and some sheets were actually printed, when the design was interrupted by his Indian voyage.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St. Andrew's, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr. Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr. Campbell's, were secure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society, to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr. Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description, and it originated in the following circumstances.

John Leyden's feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St. Andrew's, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete

pieces of poetry in almost every style and stanza which our language affords, from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien settlement, to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, as already mentioned. In this periodical miscellany appeared, from time to time, poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed J. L.; and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794, and the speculations which he formed respecting an author, who, by many indicia, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted. About this time also Mr. Archibald Constable, whose enterprising and liberal conduct of business has since made his name so conspicuous as a publisher, was opening business chiefly as a retailer of curious and ancient books, a department in which he possessed extensive knowledge; Mr. Richard Heber, the extent of whose invaluable library is generally known, was, in the winter of 1794–1800, residing in Edinburgh, and a frequent customer of course of Mr. Constable's shop, where he made many valuable acquisitions, at a rate very different from the exactions of the present day. In these researches he formed an acquaintance with Leyden, who examined, as an amateur, the shelves which Mr. Heber ransacked as a purchaser, and the latter discovered with pleasure the unknown author of the poems which I have already alluded to. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and was cemented by mutual advantage. Mr. Heber had found an associate as ardent as himself in the pursuit of classical knowledge, and who would sit up night after night to collate editions, and to note various readings; and Leyden, besides the advantage and instruction which he derived from Mr. Heber's society, enjoyed that of being introduced, by his powerful recommendation, to the literary gentlemen of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in intimacy. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr. Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad, romance, and border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, effected a welcome reception. And by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar; nor indeed were they at any time much modified during his continuation in Europe; and here, perhaps, as properly as elsewhere, we may endeavour to give some idea of his personal appearance and deportment in company.

In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an active and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions, in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For he was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for learning and literary talent, than to be held a fearless player at single-stick, a formidable boxer, and a distinguished adept at leaping, running, walking, climbing, and all exercises which depend on animal spirits and muscular exertion. Fests of this nature he used to detail with such liveliness as sometimes led his audience to charge him with exaggeration; but, unlike the athletic in Æsop's apologue, he was always ready to attempt the repetition of his great leap at Rhodes, were it at the peril of breaking his neck on the spot. And certainly in many cases his spirit and energy carried him through enterprises, which his friends considered as most rashly undertaken. An instance occurred on board of ship in India, where two gentlemen, by way of ridiculing Leyden's pretensions to agility, offered him a bet of sixty gold mohrs that he could not go aloft. Our bard instantly betook himself to the shrouds, and, at all the risk incident to a landsman who first attempts such an ascent, successfully scaled the main-top. There it was intended to subject him to a usual practical sea joke, by seizing him up, i. e. tying

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him, till he should redeem himself by paying a fine. But the spirit of Leyden dictated desperate resistance, and, finding he was likely to be overpowered, he flung himself from the top, and, seizing a rope, precipitated himself on deck by letting it slide rapidly through his grasp. In this operation he lost the skin of both hands, but of course won his wager. But when he observed his friends look grave at the expensive time which their job had taken, he tore and flung into the sea the order for the money which they had given him, and contented himself with the triumph which his spirit and agility had gained. This little anecdote may illustrate his character in more respects than one.

In society, John Leyden's first appearance had something that revolted the fastidious and alarmed the delicate. He was a bold and uncompromising disputant, and neither subdued his tone, nor modified the form of his argument, out of deference to the rank, age, or even sex, of those with whom he was maintaining it. His voice, which was naturally loud and harsh, was on such occasions exaggerated into what he himself used to call his *sure-tones*, which were not very pleasant to the ear of strangers. His manner was animated, his movements abrupt, and the gestures with which he enforced his arguments rather forcible than elegant; so that, altogether, his first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits, or shy and reserved habits, as well as to all who expected much reverence in society on account of the adventitious circumstances of rank or station. Besides, his spirits were generally at top-flood, and entirely occupied with what had last arrested his attention; and thus his own, or his own studies, were his topic more frequently than is consistent with the order of good company, in which every person has a right to expect his share of conversation. He was indeed too much bent on attaining personal distinction in society to choose nicely the mode of acquiring it. For example, in the course of a large evening party, crowded with fashionable people, to many of whom Leyden was an absolute stranger, silence being imposed for the purpose of a song, one of his friends with great astonishment, and some horror, heard Leyden, who could not sing a note, scream forth a verse or two of some border-ditty, with all the dissonance of an Indian war-whoop. In their way home, his friend ventured to remonstrate with him on this extraordinary exhibition, to which his defence was, "Dash it, man, they would have thought I was afraid to sing before them." In short, his egotism, his bold assumption in society, his affectation of neglecting many of its forms as trifles beneath his notice, circumstances which often excited against his first appearance an undue and disproportionate prejudice, were entirely founded upon the resolution to support his independence, and to assert that character formed between the lettered scholar, and the wild rude borderer, the counterpart, as it were, of Anacharsis, the philosophic Scythian, which, from his infancy, he was ambitious of maintaining.

His humble origin was with him rather a subject of honest pride than of false shame, and he was internally not unwilling that his deportment should to a certain degree partake of the simplicity of the ranks from which he had raised himself by his talents, to bear a share in the first society. He boasted in retaining these marks of his birth, as the Persian tribe, when raised to the rank of kings and conquerors, still displayed as their banner the leather apron of the smith who founded their dynasty. He bore, however, with great good-humour all decent railery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. When a lady of rank and fashion one evening insisted upon his dancing, he wrote next morning a lively poetical epistle to her in the character of a dancing bear. This was his usual mode of escaping or apologising for any *beau* which his high spirits and heedless habits might lead him to commit, and several very pretty copies of complimentary verses were a sort of peace-offerings for trivial encroachments upon the ceremonial of society.

Having thus marked strongly the defects of his manner, and the prejudice which they sometimes excited, we crave credit from the public, while we record the real virtues and merits by which they were atoned a thousand-fold. Leyden's apparent harshness of address covered a fund of real affection to his friends, and kind-

ness to all with whom he mingled, unwearied in their service, and watchful to oblige them. To gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches, and when perhaps that friend had forgotten he ever intimated such a wish, Leyden came to pour down before him the fullest information on the subject which had excited his attention. And his temper was in reality, and notwithstanding an affectation of roughness, as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved. No one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute, he never lost temper, and if he despised the outworks of ceremony, he never trespassed upon the essentials of good-breeding, and was himself the first to feel hurt and distressed if he conceived that he had, by any rash or hasty expression, injured the feelings of the most inconsiderable member of the company. In all the rough play of his argument too, he was strictly good-humoured and was the first to laugh, if, as must happen occasionally to those who talk much, and upon every subject, some disputant of less extensive but more accurate information, contrived to arrest him in his very pitch of pride, by a home fact or incontrovertible argument. And, when his high and independent spirit, his firm and steady principles of religion and virtue, his constant good-humour, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the liveliness of his conversations were considered, they must have been fastidious indeed who were not reconciled to the foibles or peculiarities of his tone and manner.

Many of those whose genius has raised them to distinction, have fallen into the fatal error of regarding their wit and talents as an excuse for the unlimited indulgence of their passions, and their biographers have too frequently to record the acts of extravagance, and habits of immorality, which disgraced and shortened their lives. From such crimes and follies John Leyden stood free and stainless. He was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity, of which he was at all times a ready and ardent assertor, and his faith was attested by the purity of morals, which is its best earthly evidence. To the pleasures of the table he was totally indifferent, never exceeded the bounds of temperance in wine, though frequently in society where there was temptation to do so, and seemed hardly to enjoy any refreshment excepting tea, of which he sometimes drank very large quantities. When he was travelling or studying, his temperance became severe abstinence, and he often passed an entire day without any other food than a morsel of bread. To sleep he was equally indifferent, and when, during the latter part of his residence in Edinburgh, he frequently spent the day in company, he used, upon retiring home, to pursue his studies till a late hour in the morning, and satisfy himself with a very brief portion of repose. It was the opinion of his friends, that his strict temperance alone could have enabled him to follow so hard a course of reading as he enjoined himself. His pecuniary resources were necessarily much limited; but he knew that independence, and the title of maintaining a free and uncontrolled demeanour in society, can only be attained by avoiding pecuniary embarrassments, and he managed his funds with such severe economy, that he seemed always at ease upon his very narrow income.

We have only another trait to add to his character as a member of society. With all his bluntness and peculiarity, and under disadvantages of birth and fortune, Leyden's reception among females of rank and elegance was favourable in a distinguished degree. Whether it is that the tact of the fair sex is finer than ours, or that they more readily pardon peculiarity in favour of originality, or that an uncommon address and manner is in itself a recommendation to their favour, or that they are not so readily offended as the male sex by a display of superior learning,—in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Leyden was a favourite among those whose favour all are ambitious to attain. Among the ladies of distinction who honoured him with their regard, it is sufficient to notice the late Duchess of Gordon, and Lady Charlotte Campbell, [now Bury], who were then leaders of the fashionable society of Edinburgh. It is time to return to trace the brief events of his life.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher of the gos-

pel, and entered upon the functions then conferred upon him, by preaching in several of the churches in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. His style of pulpit oratory was marked with the same merits and faults which distinguish his poetry. His style was more striking than rhetorical, and his voice and gesture more violent than elegant; but his discourses were marked with strong traits of original genius, and although he pleaded an internal feeling of disappointment at being unequal to attain his own ideas of excellence as a preacher, it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his uncommon extent of learning, knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interest of religion.

The autumn of the same year was employed in a tour to the Highlands and Hebrides, in which Leyden accompanied two young foreigners who had studied at Edinburgh the preceding winter. In this tour he visited all the remarkable places of that interesting part of his native country, and diverging from the common and more commodious route, visited what are called the *rough bounds* of the Highlands, and investigated the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moidart and Knoedart. The journal which he made on this occasion was a curious monument of his zeal and industry in these researches, and contained much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public. It is remarkable, that after long and painful research in quest of original passages of the poems of Ossian, he adopted an opinion more favourable to their authenticity than has lately prevailed in the literary world. But the confessed infidelity of Macpherson must always excite the strongest suspicion on this subject. Leyden composed, with his usual facility, several detached poems upon Highland traditions, all of which have probably perished, excepting a ballad founded upon the romantic legend respecting Maolac Coluimby and the Mermaid of Corrie-ruekin, inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, which appeared at the distance of about a twelvemonth after the two first volumes of that work. The opening of this ballad exhibits a power of numbers, which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.* Nor were these legendary effusions the only fruit of his journey; for in his passage through Aberdeen, Leyden so far gained the friendship of the venerable Professor Beattie, that he obtained his permission to make a transcript from the only existing copy of the interesting poem entitled *Albania*. This work, which is a panegyric on Scotland, in nervous blank verse, written by an anonymous author in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Leyden afterwards republished along with Wilson's *Clyde*, under the title of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, 12mo, 1802.

In 1801, when Mr. Lewis published his *Tales of Wonder*, Leyden was a contributor to that collection, and furnished the ballad called the *Elf-King*. And in the following year, he employed himself earnestly in the congenial task of procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first publication of the editor of that collection. In this labour he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which accords before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of the saw-tones of his voice already commemorated. It turned out, that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of anti-

* It will be found at the close of this biographical sketch.—Ed.

quity. His antiquarian researches and poetic talents were also liberally exerted for the support of this undertaking. To the former, the reader owes in a great measure the Dissertation on Fairy Superstition, which, although arranged and digested by the editor, abounds with instances of such curious reading as Leyden alone had read, and was originally compiled by him; and to the latter the spirited ballads entitled *Lord Soulis* and the *Cout of Keeldar*.

Leyden's next publication was *The Complaint of Scotland*, a new edition of an ancient and singularly rare tract bearing that title, written by an uncertain author, about the year 1518. This curious work was published by Mr. Constable, in the year 1801. As the tract was itself of a diffuse and comprehensive nature, touching upon many unconnected topics, both of public policy and private life, as well as treating of the learning, the poetry, the music, and the arts of that early period, it gave Leyden an opportunity of pouring forth such a profusion of antiquarian knowledge in the Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and Glossary, as one would have thought could hardly have been accumulated during so short a life, dedicated, too, to so many and varied studies. The intimate acquaintance which he has displayed with Scottish antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles down to the tradition of the peasant, and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection, which has never been equalled in this department.

This singular work was the means of introducing Leyden to the notice and correspondence of Mr. Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, who, in a journey to Scotland, during the next summer, found nothing which delighted him so much as the conversation of the editor of the *Complaint of Scotland*, in whose favour he smoothed down and softened the natural asperity of his own disposition. The friendship, however, between these two authors was broken off by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse a full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson, it must be well remembered, had written a work against the use of animal food; Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked; and he concluded a tirade to this purpose, by eating a raw beef-steak before the terrified antiquary, who never afterwards could be prevailed upon to regard him, except as a kind of learned Ogre. This breach, however, did not happen till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain.

Meanwhile other pursuits were not abandoned in the study of Scottish antiquities. The *Edinburgh Magazine* was united in 1802 with the old *Scots Magazine*, and was now put under the management of Leyden by Mr. Constable the publisher. To this publication, during the period of his management, which was about five or six months, he contributed several occasional pieces of prose and poetry, in all of which he was successful, excepting in those where humour was required, which talent, notwithstanding his unvaried hilarity of temper, Leyden did not possess. He was also, during this year, engaged with his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem which was afterwards published on the eve of his leaving Britain, and in which he has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. His individual partiality may be also traced in this interesting poem. Cavers and Denholm, the scenes of his childhood, and Harden, formerly the seat of an ancient family from which one of his friends is descended, detain him with particular fondness. The poem was composed at different intervals, and much altered before publication. In particular, as it was originally written, the right or southern side of the Teviot was first surveyed, ere the poet took notice of the streams and scenery of the northern banks. A friend objected, that this arrangement was rather geographical than poetical, upon which Leyden new-modelled the whole poem, and introduced the subjects in their natural order, as they would occur to the traveller who should trace the river from its source to its junction with the Tweed. It is another remarkable circumstance, that the author has interwoven in this poem many passages which were originally either fragments or parts of essays upon very different subjects. This will in some degree account for the similes, in particular, not being always such as the subject seems naturally to suggest, but rather calculated to distract the attention, by hurrying it from the vale of

Teviot to distant countries, to Africa, to India, and to America, to the palaces of Gondar, and the enchanted halls of the Caliph Vathek. Indeed, as Leyden's reading was at all times somewhat ostentatiously displayed, so in his poetry he was sometimes a little too ambitious in introducing scientific allusions or terms of art, which embarrassed instead of exalting the simplicity of his descriptions. But when he is contented with a pure and natural tone of feeling and expression, his poetical powers claim the admiration and sympathy of every reader.

The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life. He had been for two years in orders, and there was every reason to hope that he might soon obtain a church, through the numerous friends and powerful interest which he now possessed. More than one nobleman of high rank expressed a wish to serve him, should any church in their gift become vacant; and from the recommendation of other friends to those possessed of political interest, he was almost assured of being provided for, by a crown pension, on some early opportunity. But his eager desire of travelling, and of extending the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge, had become, as he expressed himself to an intimate friend, "his thought by day and his dream by night, and the discoveries of Mungo Park haunted his very slumbers." When the risk was objected to him, he used to answer in the phrase of Ossian, "Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead," and it became hopeless to think that this eager and aspiring spirit could be confined within the narrow sphere, and limited to the humble, though useful, duties of a country clergyman.

It was therefore now the wish of his friends to turn this irresistible thirst for discovery into some channel which might at once gratify the predominant desire of his heart, and be attended with some prospect of securing his fortune. It was full time to take such steps; for in 1802 Leyden had actually commenced overtures to the African Society, for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of that continent; an enterprise which sad examples had shown to be little better than an act of absolute suicide. To divert his mind from this desperate project, a representation was made to the Right Hon. William Dundas, who had then a seat at the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. Mr. Dundas entered with the most liberal alacrity into these views; but it happened, unfortunately as it might seem, that the sole appointment then at his disposal was that of surgeon's assistant, which could only be held by a person who had taken a surgical degree, and could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in its utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession, (the late Mr. John Bell of Edinburgh,) he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Leyden was, however, incautious in boasting of his success after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relinquish his intention of taking out the degree of M. D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish University for that step in his profession. Meanwhile the sudden change of his profession gave great amusement to some of his friends, especially when a lady having fainted in a crowded assembly, Dr. Leyden advanced to her assistance, and went through the usual routine of treatment with all the gravity which becometh his new faculty. To truth, the immediate object of his studies was always, in season and out of season, predominant in Leyden's mind; and just about this time, he went to the evening party of a lady of the highest rank with the

remnants of a human hand in his pocket, which he had been dissecting in the morning, and on some question being stirred about the muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained. The character of Leyden cannot be understood without mentioning these circumstances that are allied to oddity; but it is not so easy to be both those qualities of energy, application, and intelligence, by which he dignified his extravagances, and vindicated his assumption of merit, far less to paint his manly, generous and friendly disposition.

In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of India-men, in consequence of his appointment as assistant surgeon on the Madras establishment. It was sufficiently understood that his medical character was only assumed to bring him within the compass of Mr. Dundas's patronage, and that his talents should be employed in India with reference to his literary researches. He was, however, *pro forma*, nominated to the Madras hospital. While awaiting this call, he bent his whole energies to the study of the Oriental languages, and amused his hours of leisure by adding to the *Scenes of Infancy*, many of those passages addressed to his friends, and bearing a particular reference to his own situation on the eve of departure from Scotland; which, flowing warm from the heart, constitute the principal charm of that impressive poem. Mr. Ballantyne, of Kelso, an early and intimate friend of Leyden, had just then established in Edinburgh his press, which has since been so distinguished. To the critical skill of a valued and learned friend, and to the friendly, as well as professional care of Mr. Ballantyne, Leyden committed this last memorial of his love to his native land. The last sheets reached him before he left Britain, no more to return.

Upon examining these, it would appear that he imagined his critical friends had exercised, with more rigour than mercy, the prerogative of retrenchment with which he had invested them. He complains of these alterations in a letter, which is no bad picture of his manner in conversation. It is dated from the Isle of Wight, where he states himself to be "like a weathercock, veering about with every wind," expecting and hoping every moment when the boatswain's whistle should pipe all hands on board, and that he may be off from the old island for ever in fifteen minutes. "I fancy," he continues, "you expect to receive a wagon-load, at least, of thanks for your mid-winter skill, in swaddling my bantling so tight, that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you, and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose taste I do not pretend to think any thing like equal to my own, though, before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute; but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere, which greatly brightens the understanding, and furberish the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power, for I sincerely am of opinion, that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the Spectre Ship, in the whole poem; and I defy you and —, and the whole Edinburgh Review, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother's repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode; so you have carted what I liked, and left what I did not care a centime about, for I would not have been half so enraged, if you had omitted the whole episode; and what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad tastes. When — showed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fast brains for originality. Now, my dear Ballantyne, the next I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors — razors of

sacrificion! Now, my dear fellow, farewell; commend me warmly to your good *motherly mother*, and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you, and from you, in my exile, and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be

"Yours, most sincerely,
JOHN LEYDEN."

About the middle of December 1802, John Leyden left Edinburgh, but not exactly at the time he had proposed. He had taken a solemn farewell of his friends, and gone to Roxburghshire to bid adieu to his parents, whom he regarded with the most tender filial affection, and from thence he intended to have taken his departure for London without returning to Edinburgh. Some accident changed his purpose, and his unexpected arrival at Edinburgh was picture-gate, and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink, in Scottish phrase, his *Banaltie*. While, about the witching hour, they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed, "Dash it, boys, here I am again!" The start of astonishment and delight with which this unexpected apparition was received, was subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been since recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy, which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valued friend.

In London, the kindness of Mr. Heber, his own reputation, and the recommendation of his Edinburgh friends, procured Leyden much kindness and attention among persons of rank and literary distinction. His chief protector and friend, however, was Mr. George Ellis, the well known author of the *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*. To this gentleman he owed an obligation of the highest possible value, which we shall give in his own words, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, dated 13th January 1803, from which it appears that a disorder, produced by over intense study and anxiety of mind, joined to the friendly intervention of Mr. Ellis, prevented his sharing, in all probability, the fate of other passengers on board the Hindostan, to which unfortunate ship he was originally destined, and which was cast away going down the river.

"You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for, without his interference, I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in my stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid* told me either to proceed to the Downs, or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £30 or £60 sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr. Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten till four every day, that Dr. Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Talmic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the Hindostan, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town; and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family, as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations, was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the *Hugh Inglis* to Madras, and am at the same time informed, that the Hindostan, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of

the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty persons have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, 'He that is born to be hanged,' &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever."

After this providential exchange of destination, the delay of the vessel to which he was transferred, permitted his residence in London until the beginning of April 1803, an interval which he spent in availing himself of the opportunities which he now enjoyed, of mixing in the most distinguished society in the metropolis, where the novelty and good humour of his character made ample amends for the native bluntness of his manners. In the beginning of April, he sailed from Portsmouth in the *Hugh Inglis*, where he had the advantage of being on board the same vessel with Mr. Robert Smith, the brother of his steady friend, the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith. And thus set forth on his voyage, perhaps the first British traveller that ever sought India, moved neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of extending our knowledge of oriental literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator. This pursuit he urged through health and through sickness, unshaken by all the difficulties arising from imperfect communication with the natives, from their prejudices, and those of their European masters, and from frequent change of residence; and unmoved either by the charms of pleasure, or of that seducing indolence to which many men of literature have yielded, after overcoming all other impediments. And to this pursuit he finally fell a sacrifice, as devoted a martyr in the cause of science as ever died in that of religion. We are unable to trace his Indian researches and travels with accuracy similar to that with which we have followed those which preceded his departure from Europe, but we are enabled to state the following outlines of his fortune in the east.

After a matiny in the vessel, which was subdued by the exertions of the officers and passengers, and in which Leyden distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity, the *Hugh Inglis* arrived at Madras, and he was transferred to the duties of his new profession. His nomination as surgeon to the commissioners appointed to survey the ceded districts, seemed to promise ample opportunities for the cultivation of oriental learning. But his health gave way under the fatigues of the climate; and he has been pathetically recorded, in his "Address to an Indian Gold Coin," the inroads which were made on his spirits and constitution. He was obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached, with difficulty, Prince of Wales Island. During the passage, the vessel was chased by a French privateer, which was the occasion of Leyden's composing, in his best style of border enthusiasm, an "Ode to a Malay Crisis," or dagger, the only weapon which his reduced strength now admitted of his wielding. The following letter to Mr. Ballantyne, dated from Prince of Wales Island, 24th October, 1805, gives a lively and interesting account of his occupations during the first two years of his residence in India.

"Pulo Penang, October 24, 1805.

"MY DEAR BALLANTYNE.—Finding an extra Indian man, the *Keweenaw*, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have not received a single scrap from one of them.—Proh Deum! Mr. Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensible, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the place of Tipoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather 'sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft,' prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely

down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the cutwall, and the admiral, so famous in the Lusit of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The cutwall is only a species of borough-jailiff, while the admiral, God help him, is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I proceeded to Paulgancherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, 'the town of the forest of palms,' which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon, not for the queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: 'Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise.—I understand the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon!' I fear your logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgancherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying however—had I not obstinately resolved on living to have the pleasure of being *revenge* on all of you for your obstinate silence, and perseverance therein to the end. Hearing about the middle of August, that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Any body else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves out-right. I did neither one nor the other, but 'tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon'; after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methusalem. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Prince's or Queen's street. But here I beg your pardon; for, so far from any body, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despised as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan or grand vizier, if you like it, astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the sacred row* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Bramins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull, and Moses' calf, presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the rain-rajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Being on the eve of a new attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a *Mapilla* brig, bound to Pulo Penang, the newly erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea oaths, and the rattling of the dice box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome, semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever, than one that deserved the highest consideration. Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore, or elsewhere; of course, if nobody has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how, in the name of the great eternal devil, is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their

destination, and which do not? I have now despatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect; when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before, leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, when I then farewell, till we meet in either heaven or hell! I write no more, except in crook-backed characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

* Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most pestiferous silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to enquire for any body, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been *dead, damned, and strangled*. It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip silly out of the world, like a knotless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all, and, besides it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary, reaches the remote, and almost inaccessible regions in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal, as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health, and, as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a good many of you have gone 'to kingdom come,' since I bade adieu to 'Auld Reekie.' But methinks I see you, with your confounded black beard, bull neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked up perpendicularly, and the other forms a pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great glistening eyes, and crying, 'But, Leyden!!!! tell me—! what the devil you have been doing all this time!—ch!!' * Why, Ballantyne, d'ye see, mark and observe and take heed—as you are a good fellow, and don't spout secrets in public places, I trust I can give you satisfaction safely.

* When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitred my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two divisions. The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedlar, nor in their views a whit more enlarged; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, public spirit, or patriotism; men, in short, who would sell their own honour, or their country's credit, to the highest bidder, without a shadow of scruple. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find an epithet. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors; and they assert, that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first, as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been draughted from the common professional routine, for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression; so much so, that the commander in chief had assumed all the powers of the Medical Board, over whom a court martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been, from time immemorial, shut out from every appointment, except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a physician's son's choice; first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and, by strict economy, endeavour to collect a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable,

in addition to those of the line itself. You know, when I left Scotland, I had determined, at all events, to become a furious orientalist, *nemini secundus*, but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration, I determined on this plan at all events, and was fortunate enough, in a few months, to secure an appointment, which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon even in a Malabatta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore Survey, and at the same time directed to carry on enquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, &c. of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for; and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and countermarches in the heat of the sun, night marches and day marches, and amid the disgusting details of a field hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way, and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent European, I was obliged long to grope my way; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persian, Hindostani, Malabatta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Sanscrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. You will be ready to ask, where the devil I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves; several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese; and in all these, I flatter myself I have made considerable progress. What would you say were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these? Besides, I have deciphered the inscriptions of Malalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it, and also several *Lodu Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character, in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochim, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated, nor devoid of plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalation of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate, constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are perilous, and bite deadly; and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which, with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was occasionally diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass kettle at midnight! O! I could tell you adventures to outlive the witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg shell or sieve; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation to think how much I have been thwarted by indispotion. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is a very rare ailment to the plague of Egypt, and a yellow fever of America. It is true, I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that 'my doom is not to die this day,' and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified by the fire; and when that happens,

egad I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though I have been obliged to try another, and make an issue in my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, assure them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters; and, lest I should forget, I shall add, that you must direct to me, to the care of Messrs. Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and generally know in what part of this hemisphere I am to be found. But, particularly, you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener, and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes, on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake to play 'Gingling Johnnie' on his fiddle. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water*, (oh, a rec't!) having long abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity. Adieu, dear Ballantyne, and believe me, in the Malay Isle, to be ever yours sincerely,

JOHN LEYDEN."

Leyden became soon reconciled to Puloo Penang (or Prince of Wales Island), where he found many valuable friends, and enjoyed the regard of the late Philip Dundas, Esq. then governor of the island. He resided in that island for some time, and visited Achi, with some other places on the coasts of Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula. Here he amassed the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta a most valuable dissertation on so obscure a subject. Yet that his heart was sad, and his spirits depressed, is evident from the following lines, written for New Year's Day, 1806, and which appeared in the Government Gazette of Prince of Wales Island:—

Malay's woods and mountains ring
With voices strange and sad to hear,
And dark unbidden spirits sing
The dirge of the departed year.

Lo! now, methinks, in tones sublime,
As witness o'er our heads they bend,
They whisper, 'Thus we steal your time,
Weak mortals, till your days shall end.'

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
Resound the festive mirth and glee;
Alas! the days have pass'd along,
The days we never more shall see.

But let me brush the nightly dews,
Beside the shell-departed shore,
And mid the sea-weed sit to muse,
On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah! forgive the bard,
If sprightly strains alone are dear;
His notes are sad, for he has heard
The footsteps of the parting year.

Mid friends of youth beloved in vain,
Oft have I hail'd the joyous day,
If pleasure brought a thought of pain,
I charm'd it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth for ever dear,
Where are you from this bosom fled?
A lonely man I linger here,
Like one that has been long time dead.

Foredoom'd to seek an early tomb,
For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow;
I hasten on my destined doom,
And sternly mock at joy or woe!

In 1806 he took leave of Penang, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect which he produced upon society there, are so admirably illustrated by his ingenious and well-known countryman, General Sir John Malcolm, that it would be impossible to present a more living picture of his manners and mind; and the reader will pardon some repetition, for the sake of observing how the same individual was regarded in two distant hemispheres.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

"Sir,—I enclose some lines,* which have no value but what they derive from the subject. They are an unworthy but sincere tribute, to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigned sorrow. It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr. Leyden. I only know that he rose, by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connection with each other, and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the east. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal.

"Dr. Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the muses, with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays which appeared in a separate form, was *The Scenes of Infancy*, a descriptive poem, in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published with his friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the *Mermaid* is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shown all the creative fancy of a real genius. His *Ode on the Death of Nelson* is, undoubtedly, the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought, and happiness of expression, which never could have been attained but by a true poet:—

Blood of the brave, thou art not lost,
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue:

And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour's daring seed;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.*

"It is pleasing to find him, on whom nature has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking, his voice was loud, and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country; it cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they, even, who could not understand the value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculation on political subjects. He never solicited favour, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of showing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

"It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson

in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his mechanical aids.' He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside the surgeon came in. 'I am glad you are here,' said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, 'you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.' 'Very well, doctor,' exclaimed Leyden, 'you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; I cannot be idle, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round till the last'; and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

"The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear, with perfect good humour, railing on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. 'I entreat you, my dear friend, (I said to him the day he landed), to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community; for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs.'

"His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and, to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an act of parliament in the reign of James relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

"His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days; there were several gentlemen in the room; he enquired if I had any news; I told him I had a letter from Eskdale. 'And what are they about in the borders?' he asked. 'A curious circumstance,' I replied, 'is stated in my letter'; and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned that the moment the blaze which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddesdale swam the Liddle river to reach it. They were assembled (though several of their houses were at a distance of six and seven miles) in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (at a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the Border tune of '*Wha dar meddle wi' me*.*' Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and at its close he sprang from his sick bed, and, with strange melody, and still stronger gesticulations, sung aloud, '*Wha dar meddle wi' me, wha dar meddle wi' me*.' Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.

"These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades of the character

* This lively tune has been called the Gathering of the Elliots, a clan now and formerly very numerous in the district of Liddesdale. The burthen is:

Wha dar meddle wi' me,
And wha dar meddle wi' me;
For my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
And wha dar meddle wi' me?

of this extraordinary man. An external manner, certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects. How trivial do these appear, at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr. Leyden!

"JOHN MALCOLM."

We have little to add to Sir John Malcolm's luminous and characteristic sketch. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto, himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale, was of the most essential importance to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. Leyden's first appointment as a professor in the Bengal College might appear the sort of promotion best suited to his studies, but was soon exchanged for that of a judge of the twenty-four Purganals of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which "jumped with his humour well;" for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the east has pronounced indispensable; for Dr. Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student, which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul,—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers, of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and decyphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear be lost to profane the eye of a Borderer." The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

It is the more necessary to record these facts, as in a newspaper paragraph, apparently drawn up by some personal enemy of Leyden, whose enmity death could not silence, his leaving England was imputed to a desire of money, from which no man was ever more free than John Leyden. To his spirit of distinct independence, Lord Minto, who possessed the best opportunities of judging, bore a splendid testimony, in a speech delivered at a public visitation of the college of Fort William, soon after Leyden's death.

"No man," said his lordship, "whatever his condition might be, ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that within my experience, Dr. Leyden never, in any instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, un contemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity, was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune, which he disdained to court; and amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence of oppression, were not less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described."—*Poetical Remains*, p. lxxiv.

Dr. Leyden accompanied the governor-general upon the expedition to Java, for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent

* General Malcolm's elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his friend is to be found in the poetical department of the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1811.

princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library, in a Dutch settlement, was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly visited, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in a moment, perhaps, most calculated to gratify the feelings which were dear to his heart; upon the very day of military glory, and when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opened to his penetrating research. In the emphatic words of scripture, the bowl was broken at the fountain. His literary property was intrusted by his last will to the charge of Mr. Heber, and his early and constant friend Mr. William Erskine of Calcutta, his executors, under whose inspection his poetical remains were given to the public in 1821, with a Memoir of his Life by the Rev. Robert Morton, a friend and relation of the deceased poet. Acquiescing in the sentiment by which it is introduced, it is not easy to resist transcribing from that piece of biography the following affecting passage:

"The writer cannot here resist his desire to relate an anecdote of Leyden's father, who, though in a humble walk of life, is ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, and has all that just pride which characterises the industrious and virtuous class of Scottish peasantry to which he belongs. Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and, though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realising the little property that had been left, said he was authorised by Mr. Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. 'Sir, said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, 'God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore for you and Mr. Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame!'"

Since that period the *Commentaries of Baber*, translated from the Turki language, chiefly by Dr. Leyden, and completed by his friend and executor, William Erskine, were published, in 1826, for the advantage of Mr. Leyden, senior. It is a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, being the autobiography of one of the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, who, like Cæsar, recorded his own conquests, but, more communicative than the Roman, descended to record his amusements, as well as to relate deeds of policy and arms. He recapitulates his drinking bouts, which were, in spite of Koran and Prophet, both deep and frequent; and the whole tenor of the history gives us the singular picture of a genuine sultan of the ancient Tartar descent, in his strength and his weakness, his virtues, his follies, and his crimes.

The remains of John Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, now repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his ancestors at Hazeldean, to which, with a natural anticipation of such an event, he bids an affecting farewell in the solemn passage which concludes the *Scenes of Infancy*:

The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;

While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reer'd on the confines of the world below,
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean?
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters raked their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise,—
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot,
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream, that long has murmured by?
And we—when Death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

Such is the language of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and of the wise.

From the *Mimstrey of the Scottish Border*—Edited by Sir Walter Scott.

THE MERMAID.

BY J. LEYDEN.

The following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay*, and the *Merman of Corrirekinn*. The dangerous gulf of Corrirekinn lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the syren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story declares, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, while passing the gulf above mentioned; that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children; but, finally, he tired of her society, and, having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One states, that a very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek, much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days.—*Waldron's Works*, p. 176.

Another tradition of the same island affirms, that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land, by some fishers, who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shewn like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak, (though they knew she had the power of language,) they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she should die for want of food; and therefore, on the third night, they left the door open, that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire, what she had seen among the natives of the earth. "Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water, in which they had boiled their eggs!"

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

"Mona, long hid from those who sail the main," explains it, by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems, a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man, who walked upon the beach, that she made love to

him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited, by enchantment, a mist, which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another monkish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of the *Hebridean tale*. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man, (for there were living witnesses of the legend when he was upon the island,) a project was undertaken, to fish treasures up from the deep, by means of a diving bell. A venturesome fellow, accordingly, descended, and kept pulling for more rope, till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skillful mathematician, who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared, that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues, which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth, wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer, when drawn up to the air.

"After," said he, "I had passed the region of fishes, I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the purest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like the sun-beams, reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight, than when the machine, I was inclosed in, grazed upon it."

"On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful building, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and embossed in various figures, with shells of all colours. The passage, which led to one of these magnificent apartments, being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength, to move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though with great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round, of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time, that they were not to be unlashed. I saw several chains, caruncles, and rings, of all manner of precious stones, finely cut, and set after our manner; which I suppose had been the prize of the winds and waves; these were hanging loosely on the Jasper walls, by strings made of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but, I was unfortunately drawn back, through your want of line. In my return, I saw several comely *nermen*, and beautiful *mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm, swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frightened at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species."—*Waldron, ibidem*.

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors, concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Teliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist's system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting *nermen* and *mermaids*, p. 230, *et sequen*. Much information may also be derived from Pontoppidan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.* An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs skugg-sie*, or Royal Mirror, written, as its believed, about 1170. The *nermen*, there mentioned, are termed *hagfströmbr* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state positively, whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *mar-ygna* (sea-giantess), and is averred, certainly, to drag a fish's train. She appears, generally, in the act of devouring fish, which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretended to

* I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*, a work, which, though, in general, as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively, upon the subject of the seas of Norway, the author having thought meet to adopt the right reverend Erick Pontoppidan's account of *nermen*, sea-snakes, and krakens.

guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests, which always followed her appearance.—*Speculum Regale*, 1768, p. 166.

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Rescius, in his life of Frederick II. gives us an account of a syren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The mermaid of Corrivreckin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train, and the Celtic tradition bears, that, when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence, when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's beach how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blanced the lingering bark's delay;
For her he clid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!"

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue!"

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the slithering reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivreckin's surges roar!"

"If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and writhed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,"

* "They, who, in works of navigation, on the coast of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandise, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of a vast magnitude, namely two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, towards the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devours calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck, a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the skippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this hapeth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely that the princes shall die, or be banished; or some tumultuous wars shall presently follow."—*Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J.S. Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontopidan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf, where ocean boils,
The unwildly wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He secured her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

The sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddy waves the chieftain bear;—
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dars his trance eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern, rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams, through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
And field, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, hearst thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the syren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
—"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?"

"Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!"

"And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!"

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in our bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall o'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

—"Though bright thy looks of glistening gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine heats high in every vein.

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast;
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
"Is there no heart for rapture here?"

"These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love;
The bounteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!"

"Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that syren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfold in length her scaly train;
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

"Dwell here, alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain;
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main!"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyrea of ocean ring;

And, when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain;

And, heart-ach'd, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell, for ay, with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy flin her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprang,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea,

And ever as the year returns,
The charn-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

As good poetry is a rarity of late, a few more specimens of the talent of Dr. Leyden are inserted; the Ode to an Indian Gold Coin is probably better known than most of his productions, but is not on that account less worthy of preservation.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in *Chérécá, Malabar.*

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight-converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chérécá's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Tevot lov'd while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled,
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,
Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave!

The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! can'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

MACGREGOR.

Written in *Glenorchy, near the scene of the massacre of the Macgregors.*

In the vale of Glenorchy the night-breeze was sighing
O'er the tombs where the ancient Macgregors are lying:
Green are their graves by their soft murmuring river,
But the name of Macgregor has perish'd for ever.—
On a red stream of light, from his gray mountains glancing,
The form of a spirit seem'd sternly advancing;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,
As the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean;
Like the sound of a stream thro' the still evening dying.
"Stranger, who tread'st where Macgregor is lying?
Dar'st thou to walk unappall'd and firm-hearted
Midst the shadowy steps of the mighty departed?
See, round thee the cairns of the dead are disclosing
The shades that have long been in silence reposing:
Through their form dimly twinkles the moon-beam de-
scending,

As their red eye of wrath on a stranger are bending.
Our gray stones of fame though the heath-blossoms cover,
Round the hills of our battles our spirits still hover;
But dark are our forms by our blue native fountains,
For we ne'er see the streams running red from the
mountains.
Our fame fades away like the foam of the river,
That shines in the sun ere it vanish for ever;
And no maid hangs in tears of regret o'er the story,
When the minstrel relates the decline of our glory.

The hunter of red deer now ceases to number
The lonely gray stones on the fields of our slumber.
Fly, stranger, and let not thine eye be reverted!
Ah! why should'st thou see that our fame is departed?"

A LOVE TALE.

A FRAGMENT.

The glance of my love is mild and fair
When'er she looks on me;
As the silver beams, in the midnight air,
Of the gentle moon; and her yellow hair
On the gale floats wild and free.

Her yellow locks flow o'er her back,
And round her forehead twine;
I would not give the tresses that deck
The blue lines of her snowy neck,
For the richest Indian mine.

Her gentle face is of lily hue;
But when'er her eyes meet mine,
The mantling blush on her cheek you view
Is like the rose-bud wet with dew,
When the morning sun-beams shine.

"Why heaves your breast with the smother'd sigh?
My dear love, tell me true!
Why does your colour come and fly,
And why, oh! why is the tear in your eye?
I ne'er lov'd maid but you.

"True I must leave Zeania's dome,
And wander o'er ocean-sea;
But yet, though far my footsteps roam,
My soul shall linger round thy home,
I'll love thee though thou love not me."

She dried the tear with her yellow hair,
And rais'd her watery eye,
Like the sun with radiance soft and fair,
That gleams thro' the moist and showery air
When the white clouds flock the sky.

She rais'd her eye with a feeble smile,
That through the tear-drops shone!
Her look might the hardest heart beguile,—
She sigh'd, as she press'd my hand the while,
"Alas! my brother John.

"Ah me! I lov'd my brother well
Till he went o'er the sea!—
And none till now could ever tell
If joy or woe to the youth befel;
But he will not return to me."

TO CAMOENS.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DE MATOS.

Seu com o grande e immortal Camões, &c.

Camões, o'er thy bright immortal lays,
Of mournful elegy or lyric song,
How fleetly glide the rapid hours along!
I give to thee my nights, to thee my days.
The harms of fortune and the woes of love,
The changes of thy destiny severe,
I mark with sadly sympathetic tear,
And can but sigh for what was thine to prove.
For thee, mine eyes with bursting tears o'erflow,
Majestic poet! whose undaunted soul
Brav'd the ill-omen'd stars of either pole,
And found in other climes but change of woe.
What bard of feeble fortune dare complain,
Who knows thy fate, and high immortal strain?

TO THE COURIER DOVE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Fair traveller of the pathless air,
To Zera's bowers these accents bear,
Hid in the shade of palmy groves,
And tell her where her wanderer roves!
But spread, O spread your pinion blue,
To guard my lines from rain and dew:
And when my charming fair you see,
A thousand kisses bear from me,
And softly murmur in her ear
How much I wish that I were near!

EPITAPH.

FROM THE LATIN.

Once in the keen pursuit of fame
I, school-boy-like, pursued a bubble:
But Death, before I gain'd a name,
Stopt in and sav'd a world of trouble.

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PERCHED ON THE TOMBSTONE OF ARISTOTOMENES.

"Majestic bird! so proud and fierce,
Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse?"—
"I tell each godlike earthly king,
Far as o'er birds of every wing,
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.

"Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie;
'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest."

Waltham.

BEING THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE,
EDITED BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

The plan of the "Library of Romance," published in London, and edited by Leitch Ritchie, has an object similar to our own—the dissemination of polite literature at a cheaper rate than usual. Instead of three volumes, to which works of fiction have heretofore been extended, Mr. Ritchie confines each author to one, which is sold at about one fourth of the usual price; and we furnish the same matter at about one eighth of even his very reduced London rate. The first of his series contained "The Ghost Hunter and his Family," which, though evincing considerable talent, as a whole is incongruous and extravagant. The second number contains the story of "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," of which we published a short sketch in the "Lives of Banditti." The work now published constitutes the third volume of the Library of Romance, and is the only one received which we have deemed worthy of republication. We consider Waltham to possess claims to attention; the character of Murdoch Macara, the Scotsman, is forcibly sketched and in bold relief; while the numerous incidents of the novel are natural, and highly interesting. The author, though now anonymous, cannot probably continue long unknown; and though he may not be pronounced a Walter Scott, yet the talents, cultivation of mind, and knowledge of the human heart, displayed even in this single volume, entitle him to a high niche in the literary temple.

CHAPTER I.

Arnwood Castle in — shire, the only remaining residence of the barons of that name, who once were mighty men in its neighbourhood, was a much more slightly ruin than structures of so ancient a date commonly are. Having been strongly built at first, partly from the whim and partly from the poverty of its owners, little money had been wasted in patching and disfiguring it with subsidiary buildings; and, excepting a wing of light gothic, only the height of one story, which contained two or three handsome rooms, the old castle still stood in all its heavy strength, and frowned in its original feudal gloom, as the most prominent object in the irregular landscape over which it presided. Every one on his approach admired the relief which the elegant addition which we have mentioned gave to the venerable strength of the huge dark pile, and all were disposed to compliment the taste of the departed lord, under whose superintendence it had been raised. But in truth the praise was less due to my lord of the time, who was little more than a mere man of war, like his ancestors, than to the chance of his stumbling upon a tasteful architect, who, struck with the beauty of a tall tower at the back angle, which was raised in a peculiar taste, and was now known by the name of the Lark's Tower, as well as with the picturesque appearance of a building and grounds too much out of the way of common gazers to be observed, suggested to the owner the idea of the terrace, for the erection of which, if tradition can be believed, he never was fully paid.

Among the undulating grounds, neglected masses of old trees and straggling brushwood, which covered the slopes towards the sea that washed the shore, scarcely a mile distant from the castle, and nearly in its front, there still stood various remains of old buildings—low thick walls, with vaults and caves, and strangely shaped mounds—of which nobody could give any account, except that they had remained there a stumbling block to any sort of comfortable hunting, and a refuge for gypsies, smugglers, and travelling thieves, from time immemorial, who made no sort of scruple of dislodging the lodgers and rabbits from such comfortable quarters, whenever it answered their purpose to appropriate them for the time to themselves. Among these, was an ancient oblong vault, connected with a dilapidated chapel, wherein lay interred the lords of Arnwood, even from the time of Edward the Fifth, and a tall strange looking building, standing in an exposed situation, which might

pass either for an antique pleasure-house, a smaller castle, a watch tower, or a species of landmark or observatory, according to the wish and fancy of the enquirer. This last was called the Pilot's Mark, and stood near the neck of a small peninsula, running into the sea, and beneath a sloping bare sort of headland, which rose black and craggy nearly behind, and went by the name of Hail Hill, probably from its cold seaward aspect and appearance. By the side of the little peninsula and the tower, and between these and the castle, was a small nook of the sea, of a tolerable depth of water, which was known by the name of Pirate's Creek; but so ignorant and incurious were the country people, that not a soul could tell how or whence these names originated.

It may well be supposed that this deserted and uncultivated neighbourhood, which was seven miles distant from any thing like a village, was at the time little frequented by strangers, and no favourite residence even of its own lords in former times, so long as they had more desirable estates elsewhere, and could keep a house in London. Still less, if possible, were its peculiar advantages and comforts perceptible to the common gaze of the proprietor of a modern mansion situated within eye-shot and almost at a stone's throw from the castle,—whose white surface, neatly shaven lawn, and closed windows, seemed to be placed within view of the latter noble fabric, almost in the very spirit of contradiction, and formed one of those harsh contrasts that too often mar, not only the general effect, but the peculiar romance of a scene like this.

In the solitary retirement of the castle the Dowager Lady Arnwood had resided, forgotten by the world, in quiet and meditative seclusion, ever since the death, at an early age, of the late lord. Indeed, scarcely a carriage, by any chance or upon any occasion, entered the old neglected gate, except that of the physician: not even a horseman halted at the threshold, except the post-boy with an occasional letter from her beloved and only son, on his travels abroad; or perhaps the vicar on his careful pony, to pay his distant visit and eat his sober dinner, well seasoned with moral reflections and religious discourse, upon the vanity of worldly grandeur, and the liability of riches to make to themselves wings and flee away.

The Lady Arnwood was, however, surprised one day by the unaccustomed presence of the post-boy just mentioned, fraught with a letter, in whose direction she instantly recognised the hand-writing of her son. Breaking it open, with all a mother's anxious impatience, she hastily read the following:—

"My very dear mother—I presume, that before this reaches you, you will have heard from the mouth of my late tutor, Mr. Johnston, that a difference between us, of a serious nature, the particulars of which it is not necessary now to detail, caused his dismissal a short time since. It is not expedient that I should at present enter upon a defence of charges which perhaps he has not even preferred to you. I had hoped to have been fortunate enough to obtain the company of my friend, Sir Eustace Walford, to the castle, whose testimony would at once have removed any doubt or anxiety that Mr. Johnston's representations may have occasioned, at the same time that his presence would have afforded a relief to the monotony of the scene at Arnwood. He is, however, unavoidably detained by particular business at Paris. You may expect to see me on the day after the receipt of this letter. Believe me, my very dear madam, your ever affectionate son,

ARNWOOD."

It would not be easy to describe the effect of these few lines from her son, upon the mind of Arnwood's sad and anxious mother; or the weight that the letter removed from her spirits, and the satisfaction and pleasure it gave, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the quondam tutor, Mr. Johnston, who had waited upon her on his return from Paris, but who had now left the protection of the castle for ever.

When, however, the news descended to the housekeeper's room on the following morning, from my lady's own mouth, that the young Lord Arnwood was absolutely expected home that very day—never was there in any quarter such a consternation of surprise and important preparation. Mr. Mollison, the generalissimo of butlers, was in a perfect panic, at the fifty hundred things that devolved upon him instantly "to be, to do, and to suffer," on such an extraordinary occasion, and ran about everywhere, doing nothing from not knowing what to do first—rubbing his hands, and giving all sorts of contradictory orders, and wondering above all things that my lady, who must have known what was to hap-

pen on the day before, should have had the cruelty to keep up the news for a whole day, and then let them out upon him like a clap of thunder, without giving him one night to think of all that was to be done.

The first thing he could muster presence of mind sufficient to effect, was to mount up into one of the neglected chambers, and fetch forth an old moth-eaten flag, which it had been the immemorial custom at Arnwood to hoist upon days of emergency, as he said; meaning days when any particular event took place at the castle, at which all were expected to rejoice. But so few occasions of rejoicing of any sort had of late taken place in this lonely building, that the flag was all but gone, being as thin and frail as a cobweb. However, up it must go, and a perplexing piece of business the rearing of it was to the honest major-domo, particularly from the flurry of his mind consequent upon this great event. The old tapestry in the gloomy room above, which in ancient times had been called the banquetting room, was to be shaken out and set in order; the hangings in the green drawing-room, which had been put up at the late lord's marriage, were to be unshrouded; the few remaining servants to be marshalled out in as much state as small numbers and other deficiencies would admit of; and a man to be stationed in the Lark's Tower, under the ragged flag, to keep a look out, and to give a signal to crooked Robert and his old wick, who dwelt at the porter's lodge; and, if time would permit, the whole country round was to be raised to welcome the young heir home to his castle of Arnwood; above all a tit was to be gotten up to please the domestics. As for Mrs. Goodyear the housekeeper, she was no less distracted with business and preparation; she broke two antique china dishes with her own hands in the ardour of scolding the housemaids, and scalded her fore-finger in the most painful manner, by dipping it into a pot to make good her assertion that its contents did not boil.

At length, the numerous affairs below stairs were got into some sort of order. Mrs. Goodyear in gown and cap, with as much comfort as her scalded finger would admit of, and having her little gold watch hanging by her side, with her usual complacency crossed her hands before her, and looked out down the long avenue for the coming of my lord.

But the only person in view was Mark Forward, the footman, and man of all-work, who had early been despatched with an invitation to Lady's Arnwood's favourite, the rector, requesting his company to dinner to meet the young heir; he being the only gentleman, within twenty miles, whom my lady would condescend to invite as a relief to the solitude of her days, and to bear witness to the fallen fortunes of the ancient house of Arnwood.

"Any travellers to be seen on the road as you came, Mr. Mark?" said the housekeeper, looking out.

"Travellers, ma'am, on any road hereabouts? Don't mention such a thing, ma'am, if you please, only to make one's mouth water."

"Then there's no appearance of my lord yet, nor of any strangers whatever, Mark?"

"Nothing o' th' sort, ma'am. Travellers indeed! any where within ten miles of this black old castle—one might as well expect to see a bonfire on Hail Hill, over beyond, or a mermaid singing ballads in the Pirate's Creek, as a traveller here of a whole winter. Not so much as a tinker or a pedlar to enliven us this month past, and even old Alick the fiddler has deserted us. Not so much as a custom-house officer or exciseman ever passes; nor even a smuggler comes near the creek now—neither man nor maiden whitsomever, and a whole-some young fellow like me, wasting my precious youth in an old castle among the rocks. By gad, ma'am, you'll get out of bed some morning and find me hanging on the bough of one of the trees in the wood, like another Absalom."

"And as for me, Mr. Mark," said the housekeeper, surveying herself, "I may deck myself, and dress myself, and I may wear my clothes, and my trinkets, and what signifies how well a woman looks, when there's no one to see her?"

"Well, I can't stop here, ma'am, in this sort o' lamentation. But what, in the name of goodness, is that dangling at the top o' the flagstaff in the turret there?"

"It is the flag, no doubt, that Mr. Mollison hoisted for my lord."

"Flag, ma'am, ho! ho! and he not come home yet, supposing it were a flag. But it's more like one of the brooms that the skippers in the bay put up at the mast-head when their shabby craft is for sale, or as a signal of distress, than any token of rejoicing. Faith the castle itself may be for sale for aught I know."

"Lord! Mr. Mark, do ye think so, and nearly a year's wages due to me?"

"Oh! no fear of us, ma'am," said the wag, whose selfishness was not so ready to take the alarm, "but that is a poor forlorn looking thing that Mollison has hoisted up there, and flutters about too much like the old faded of nobility, so tattered, yet so lofty. Alack a day, Mrs. Goodyear, it's a sad thing altogether, and a lad bargain my young lord has to come home to, come when he may."

It was towards evening that Lord Arnewood found himself approaching his native home, and the daylight of a short winter's day was just dying away, as from a height which he had much longed to arrive at, he first obtained a view of the distant sea and the naked tower of the Pilot's Mark, and afterwards descried the black turrets of Arnewood. The thoughts of the youth had already been none of the pleasantest, nor is a solitary ride of seventy miles on a drizzling gloomy day in February, after a week's sickness, at all favourable to the dispersion of gloomy reflections. Arnewood, amid the torpor of his weary journey, had been striving the whole day to excite in himself feelings of joy at returning to his home, and meeting his remaining parent. But when he first obtained a view of the old castle, standing bleak and solitary, amid irregular, ill kept, woody grounds, where the old oaks shot up their scattered leafless trunks, and spread forth their ragged boughs over the never-ending brushwood—and where not a living soul seemed stirring around, nor a face was to be seen willing to offer him a welcome, nor a sound heard but the harsh sea-breeze whistling in the leafless wood—when he surveyed all this, his melancholy feelings entered to a still more unpleasant and even gloomy feeling.

At length the sad inhabitants of the castle were gladdened by the unusual sound of a vehicle stopping at the entrance, and in an instant all the disposable servants were at the door. Mr. Mollison condescended to open the carriage with his own hand, and greeted his lord with a hearty and comforting welcome; while Mrs. Goodyear was overcome even to weeping when his lordship shook hands with her in the hall, as an old friend.

We tarry not to describe the meeting between the noble youth and the solitary dwager of the castle; which, however affecting to both in the first instance, and productive of a transient feeling of pleasure on either side, soon gave place to the overwhelming gloom superinduced by the dreary solitude of the old castle, and the melancholy reflections on the probable fortunes of their house; which were indeed too well grounded in probability, and altogether of a nature corresponding with the spot in which they were engendered.

CHAPTER II.

The quiet solitude of the castle of Arnewood was but little disturbed by the return of the young lord. In a few days he was seen, without being looked at, gliding out and in, and mounting the narrow stairs of the Lark's Tower, to a small apartment near its summit, which he chose to call his study; and there, while the usual economy of the household went on almost by signs, he was occupied in looking out upon the sea when the weather was stormy, or poring over his books—and all with such perfect stillness, that the whole building you would have sworn was tenanted only by the few birds which built among its sheltered nooks, and the ravens which wheeled and screeched round its lofty turrets. Sometimes, indeed, he was observed on the back of an old hunter, splashing and wheeling among the broken hollows near Pirate's Creek, in weather when even to behold such frightful doings, aggravated the execrable tyranny of Mr. Mollison's rheumatism; and, on other occasions, when the wind blew and blasted so fearfully around the castle, that the man who ventured out of doors found no small difficulty in keeping his head where it was placed by nature, or his feet on the solid earth, the poking major-domo might be found peeping and peering from some of the small loop windows in the tower, and holding up his hands as he descried the young lord flying along the beach in the distance, on his lean hunter, with the spray buzzing round and over him, "as if," as he was wont to say, "seven devils were at his heels."

Some time after his arrival, as the spring advanced, and the weather became more mild and genial, a slight stir took place in the neighbourhood, in consequence of a shipwreck at no great distance—with its various concomitant circumstances, such as the coming and going of persons in authority, the landing and embarkation of men in small boats along the coast, and nightly parties about the Pirate's Creek.

One morning, at this period, just as Lord Arnewood was preparing to go out, a strange, weather-beaten looking man was seen making his way towards the castle, crossing the green sward, and cutting off the angles of the walks where he chose, as he, for despatch and shortness, approached it from the side next the sea. When he had drawn near, he stood before the front entrance, gazing awkwardly about him; until wheeling round, and discovering the door leading into the servants' apartments, he forthwith entered, and was at once confronted by the tall form of Mr. Mollison, who, with great state and dignity, demanded of the stranger what he wanted.

The person so addressed, who was a square-built man, with a shrewd, good-humoured countenance, seemed not of those who are prone to be abashed even by the majesty of a Mollison; but, on the contrary, giving the great man of the pantry a most familiar, and, as the latter thought, a decidedly impudent nod of the head, he began by delivering, with a strong Scotch accent, the following unceremonious enquiry:

"A fine day, friend; is your maister at home?"

"My master! what is it you mean, sir?" said the major-domo, in consternation at such want of respect.

"Ou ay, your maister. I'm sure ye're no the maister yonself, honest man, eh?"

"Honest man, sir, how? what are you? how dare you call me honest man?"

"Ou, indeed, friend, ye'll doubtless no be o'er honest; but I just want the gentleman ye see—the maister of this and black building."

"Master! Is it his lordship ye're enquiring for, my man?"

"Ou, ay, friend, I believe he is a lord: I should mind folk's titles. I want to see him, honest friend."

"You want to see my lord? How dare you speak to me, and of my lord, in this shocking manner. What are you, sir?"

"Pooh! so ye're taking the strunts, are ye? Devil the like o' thee flunkies and servant men I ever saw; and dare na speak to them for pride."

"Servant men, you scoundrel! do you call me a servant man? Ho! Mark, Robin, Will—is there nobody here to dip this impudent Scotchman in the horsepod?"

"Lord, I would like to see the best flunkie that ever licked a plate, put hands on me!" said the Scotchman, smiling contemptuously, and spitting in his palm as he grasped the short stick on which he leaned, while Mark Forward and others of the servants mustered round to witness the rare excitement of a fray.

"What's all this to do?" said Mark, striking in, and rejoicing at the idea of a quarrel. "What are ye all about, gentlemen?"

"Faith, ye're a cecill like fallow," said the stranger, not less pleased at all times than Mr. Mollison himself, at being so addressed: "Ye see I was just speering in the polestest manner at that ill-fared body wi' the meal on his pow, how I would get to see my lord, when, full! he gets up in a passion, and scoggles on me like a turkey cock. Devil sic an a body I ever saw."

"Will you stand there, Mark Forward, and hear me insulted at this rate, by an impudent vagabond?" said Mollison, stamping in a fury.

"Here's a pretty piece of work under my lord's own window," exclaimed the shrill voice of Mrs. Goodyear brought also into the scene; "what is it you want here, good man?"

"I just want ae word of my lord, ma'am," said the stranger, touching his hat with a politeness which was quite remarkable, for contrast with his former roughness.

The sagacious Scotchman, having an instinctive persuasion of feeble influence, and having almost won the favour of Mrs. Goodyear by the politeness with which he addressed her, followed up his advantage by a speech of such rough manliness and potential persuasion, that she soon prevailed upon Mark Forward, who had visibly enjoyed the humiliation of the butler, to take up the stranger's request, and obtain him an interview with Lord Arnewood.

"What is your pleasure with me, friend?" said Arnewood, as the visitor was ushered into his presence.

"I want to take a bit hoose from you, my lord."

"Take a house from me? I have none to let that I know of; and my steward is the man for these matters."

"Ou, I never talk about buzziness to servants when I can get at the maister, my lord, that's my way. Its just a hoose I want, an ye'll gie me 't for a sma' rent—an' a very sma' rent, nae doot, for it's standing here ill, an' bringing in naething that I can see."

"What house is it?"

"Deed, sir—that is, my lord, it can scarcely be ca'd a hoose, an', and as to my rent, I am sure it's worth nae to naething—an' whatever ye'll get for it will be perfect found siller. It's just that auld place doon by the sea-side they ca' the Pilot's Mark, an' it's sadly out o' repair."

"I don't mean to let the Pilot's Mark, my friend."

"On yes, my lord, ye'll let it; it'll aye bring in something in the shape o' siller, and any thing's better than naething; but ye see, my lord, it's no for myself I want it, it's for another gentleman."

"Oh, it's for another gentleman," said Lord Arnewood, smiling.

"Deed is it, my lord, an he's a real gentleman, and sair reduced in the world; an' the poor gentleman has set his mind on it, for ye see he's a little odd in his way, suiced the world went against him, and winna be persuaded; an' I'm sure he'll get his death in it, when the northeasters begin to blast off the sea. But what will be the rent o't, my lord? ye know that siller is siller in three times."

"What is the gentleman's name, and how has he become reduced?" said his lordship, highly amused with the man and his request.

"His name is Waltham, my lord, and he fell into bad hands, and lost a deal o' siller, and his lady died, and—but ye see it's nae my part to speak aboot family affairs."

"And you are his servant, I presume?"

"A sort of assistant, my lord, his principal—that is, his general deed, and man o' business, bath out an' in. And what'll be the rent o' that rack o' a place, my lord?"

"What rent would you or your master offer for the Pilot's Mark, and the seaward land," said his lordship, entering into the man's humour, "if I left it to your own conscience?"

"Hoot, my lord, dinna speak aboot conscience in three times, when siller is se precious. I never heard a gude bargain maker say nuckle aboot conscience on his ain side in his life, whatever he did o' the conscience o' his neighbour; and a bargain's a bargain any how, as your lordship knows."

"But your offer, sir. How much do you offer for the Mark and its appurtenances?"

"Me offer?" said the Scotchman, with a flourish; "Catch me making an offer! Na, na, my lord—it's no what 'I gie, but what 'I ye take, that's my way of doing business."

"Well then, to be short, suppose I offer it to your master for thirty pounds per annum."

"Thirty pounds! such an enormous seem for a perfect limbo, without a lock or a bolt in order. Na, na, my lord, that'll never do."

"How did you come, my friend, to find out in what order it is?"

"Me, your lordship? haven't I been out through't an' in through't, wi' the key I got frae the crooked chief at the lodge? Do you think I'm talking about a blind bargain, all this time? Na, na."

"Well, my good friend, instead of thirty pounds per annum, suppose I offer it to your master for fire, while it is my pleasure to allow him to retain it."

"Five pounds, did your lordship say? Noo, that's something conscientious!—A-weel, a-weel, I suppose we must gie your lordship the five pounds per annum, payn the quarterly, an' possession to be had immediately, and so forth. Noo will your lordship just gie me a bit scrape o' a pen for 't. I like things o' sic importance in black and white."

"No, no," said his lordship. "You must take my word for this, and my steward shall attend to see that this person is a reduced gentleman, as you represent," and so saying, he had some difficulty in getting the Scotchman dismissed without a written memorandum of so good a bargain.

The man was no sooner gone than something struck Lord Arnewood in this matter, to which his unsuspicious good nature had so readily led him to consent. The Pilot's Mark had never been intended for a regular habitation, but had been used by the former lords of Arnewood, for various temporary purposes of their own, either of pleasure or convenience; and there was something like folly, if not degradation to his house, in giving into the possession of a stranger, even upon the plea of benevolence, a pleasure house of the family, erected on a spot so favourable to smuggling or any other illegal purpose—to which it, for aught he knew, might eventually be abused. However, as he had been abruptly led by the importunity and odd humour of this forward Scotchman, to give his word to its being transferred for a time to the possession of the stranger, all that he could now do, was

to give instructions for his being ascertained, whether the professor was worthy of his benevolence, and, in very respect, a fit and proper tenant.

Meantime the Scotchman's boat, which had been kept waiting for him in the Pirate's Creek, soon brought him to a small inn, at a few miles' distance, which having reached, he ran up stairs to the apartment occupied by its master.

"Well, Murdoch, how have you sped?" enquired, as he turned round to meet him, a middle-sized elderly gentleman, with a fine expression of countenance, and a nervous twinkle of the eye.

"Ha, ha, ha!" was all our friend could get out, throwing up his arms and bursting into an obstreperous fit of laughter.

"What does the man mean?"—said the other—"Is his the way you answer my enquiry?"

"Ha, he, he, ha!"—cried our Murdoch, reclining round his head in his unceremonious mirth.

"For God's sake, Murdoch," said the gentleman, "check this unseasonable convulsion, and inform me of the issue of your mission."

"Mission, sir! dianna speak about missions to me! Lord, I'm nae missionary."

"I'm glad to see you in such humour, Murdoch."

"Humour! Odd sir! I've been laughing the whole way frae the mickle castle—laughing by land and sea, 'till the vera boatmen gird'd wi' me, like crawfish. Lord, I never made sic a bargain, 'a' the bargains ever I made."

"Then, I presume, you have got the Pilot's Mark for me."

"Gotten it! ay, and for black nothings! ha, ha, ha! I've often heard, that lords and gentles were fules; but sic a born idiot, as you sweet-mouthed lord, I never saw. To gie away a place like the Pilot's Mark, for thirty pounds a year, it's perfect nonsense."

"Well, I suppose that is cheap enough, Murdoch, as you say so."

"Cheap!—He *sought* thirty pounds—but do ye think I make bargains that way? Na, na, what do ye think of *free*? Na, its true, sir—five pounds a year! as I shall answer,—Ha, ha, ha! You a lord? He's a perfect fule. Kens na mair about making a bargain, than a cow does about a chest o' drawers."

"But, I fear, Murdoch, that you have succeeded through some imprudent narration of my circumstances. I should be sorry —"

"Me, sir! Na, faith! I've kent the worl' ever lang for that. Ca' na man purr indeed? in the days. Na, na—your rogue 'll get plenty of friends, but your purr man's name."

"That was wise—and now tell me, Murdoch, what sort of a man is his lordship?"

"Oo, a weel far'd lad—as plain spoken as you or me; an' quite conversible, for a' his lofty look. But is astonishing how he laughed at me, an' he sic a fule himsel'."

"It would not be astonishing, if I were to laugh heartily at you this moment, Murdoch, if I were in spirits for such an indulgence!" said the gentleman sadly. "But how did you manage to make your way into his lordship's presence?"

"Manage, sir! Ha, ha, ha!—sic a brulzie as I had wi' a whole posse o' mealy-headed scoundrels—but I gar'd them a' stand round—for ye see, sir, there was a soneic woman o' a housekeeper; a widow she was, I could see by the tail o' her coo—an' I soon saw my canniest road; so I set myself to tickle the gray mare,—for ye ken sir, women are women; an' pooh! I was na a blink o' getting in afore his lordship."

"Well, Murdoch, you have managed this business very well; and now I must caution you, when we get there, to keep as much out of sight as possible, and never go towards the castle; and, above all things, keep a shut mouth, if you're to have a day's peace."

"Hard conditions, maister—the last in particular."

"And get every thing as decent as possible, and as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Oo ay, maister, nae fears o' me; an' there's plenty o' lime for white wash, an' I'll make you so genteel; an' Miss —"

"Hush! Hav'n't I told you, Murdoch, never to mention her name."

"Gude sake, maister!" said Murdoch; starting at Mr. Waltham's earnest manner. "Ye put a bung into my mouth, when I offer to speak about the lady, as I were nothing but a sounding bag."

"Murdoch, beware; I tell you your tongue is your only enemy."

"Doevil a bit, sir. It's my only friend. What was

it that got you the Pilot's Mark, that ye hae set your mind on, but my tongue, maister?"

"Not forgetting your thorough impudence, Murdoch. But come, you know what is necessary to be done; and set about it instantly."

"The spring advanced, and still Lord Arnwood persisted in remaining at the castle, living in almost unbroken solitude. Some slight changes had, however, taken place in this retired neighbourhood, which served as materials for the vacant gossip of the slender community, and secured them from the desperation of reading, or thinking, or any similarly troublesome resource of compunctions idleness."

One of the events alluded to, was the preparation which had actively commenced, for the intended coming of Mr. Bolton, the great rich squire of New Hall, at the large staring building, which, as we have already said, overlooked the irregular pleasure-grounds of Arnwood, (over which its out-purper gardens and lands had originally belonged); who, with all his train, was shortly expected to give life and spirit to this deserted neighbourhood. That he would do all this was evident, from the bustle and activity that prevailed among the cloud of tradesmen, artisans, and artists, by whom the quiet solitudes of Arnwood began to be invaded and disturbed; and the endless importations of furniture, provisions, and wines, intended to supply the profuse luxury of the establishment."

The other principal event which employed common gossip, was the strange conduct and appearance, when a sight of them could be had, of the singular occupants of the Pilot's Mark; who had taken up their abode in this lone, starved-looking, and inconvenient building, with such unobserved celerity, and mysterious silence, that it might have been supposed the sea had thrown them up out of its womb, or the clouds dropt them under the lee of Hall Hill, the sterile appendage to their comfortless habitation."

Meantime, the preparation and profusion appearing daily at New Hall, began to excite such envy among the domestics at the dull castle of Arnwood, as no pride of family and title, of which servants always partake, could long stand against. The cook and the kitchen maids began to whisper together in dark dissatisfaction, and the footmen scowled at my lord, and even at their more delicate lady, and began to lay plots and plans, born of rebellious discontent, as their teeth watered at the thoughts of the tempting perquisites of extravagance, and the pleasant and neighbouring windfalls of profusion."

These symptoms (particularly after the eclat of the arrival of Mr. Bolton and his friends at New Hall), had their full effect upon the melancholy dowager and her proud son; who, with the sensitive jealousy of conscious poverty acting upon mental and family elevation, began even to watch the countenances, and to understand the feelings of their own servants."

This state of mind on the part of the young lord, was confirmed by the effect of a serious communication with his mother upon the affairs of their house. The anxious and depressed dowager entered into a long detail of the circumstances that had straitened the property of Arnwood during the life of her husband, which no after economy or prudence had been able to re-adjust; and concluded by laying her serious commands upon him to pay his addresses to the squire's sister, and, by marriage with her, to renovate the honours of their house. We need hardly describe the manner in which this proposal was received. But to Arnwood his mother's commands were sacred, and the restoration of his family paramount to every other selfish feeling, so that he not only consented, but at length indulged the desire of accomplishing the sacrifice.

CHAPTER III.

There was by this time gathered into the mansion of New Hall every variety of people; country squires, and city squires, and jockey gentlemen, and good shots, and five-bar-gate gentlemen, and picture dealers, and villa builders, and musical amateurs, and scuffling gentlemen, and fat ladies and their lean daughters. All these, and more, were congregated at New Hall, all in their turn, and sometimes altogether, compressed into the ample area of the mansion."

Besides these, there were other sorts of zoological varieties rushing in crowds, with vehicles, dogs, and servants, on their backs, or at their tails, as the case happened, towards this hitherto secluded neighbourhood."

How the corks flew, and the wine flowed! while the hall echoed with the fantastic music and the voluble heels of the dancers, and the welkin rang with the huzzas of the guests, until the night wore away in feverish joy,

and the pure morning appeared fresh and odoriferous over quiet dale and woodland.

The contrast between the profuse on-goings at the hall and the economical monotomy of the old castle of Arnwood was indeed very remarkable. Philosophy itself, at least all that Lord Arnwood could muster, was not proof against the tantalising display, and ostentatious waste of wealth, thus held up before the eyes of his calculating economy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the secret repinings and involuntary feelings of irrepressible envy which exist in human nature under such circumstances, should have extended more undignifiedly to the servants at the castle; all of whom, from the great Mr. Morrison down to the very scullions and market-boy, became first discontented and mutinous, and then began to melt away one by one for engagements at the Hall, until Arnwood was in danger of being left without a servant. Even the lofty major-domo began to deliberate upon the expediency of resigning the pride of birth, laying down the emblems of legitimate nobility, and losing the remembrance of buried greatness, for the substantial richness of New Hall; and Mrs. Goodyear was absolutely wild with envy and vexation, at her own lot, since one of the maids who had left the castle and gone to the Hall, had already achieved a husband from the flock of dissolute serving-men domesticated with the wealthy squire."

But Lord Arnwood might glance with as much affected contempt as he pleased over the swarming grounds and smoking chimneys of New Hall. Wealth is wealth; and at length many persons whom Arnwood justly respected began to condescend to partake of the hospitality of his rich neighbour; and after a time, his own pride gave way before the reasonings of his mother, and a few civilities having passed between them, he finally accepted an invitation to spend an evening at the open house of his neighbour."

The remaining servants at the castle thought the world was turned upside down, and that chaos was come again, as they assisted their lord into his carriage to go to dine with Squire Bolton; and his lordship proceeded, reasoning with himself as he went upon the influence of circumstances, and the inevitable necessity to which men and things are forced to submit, and which often brings about the strangest occurrences, and baffles all the calculations of experience."

But Mr. Bolton, who never troubled himself about any necessity but the necessity of company, without which he could not exist, was so far a man of the world that he knew how to assort his guests; and he contrived, on this occasion, to select the best specimen of his friends and companions to meet Lord Arnwood. And in truth, the company of men conversant with the world, even though their knowledge include a familiarity with the worst part of it, cannot, in our opinion, be unserviceable to a young man just entering life, even in a moral point of view; at least, we think we may assert, without danger of contradiction, that a knowledge of the world does not necessarily contaminate the mind or paralyse the feelings; and that in most cases, to speak plainly, a great deal more depends on the soil, than on the seed."

We have made this slight digression for the purpose of accounting for the readiness with which Lord Arnwood fell into the humour of his host and the habits of his company; and though, at first sight, there did appear to be something in the ceremony of the household, if not repugnant to, at least hardly in accordance with, the aristocratic notions and feelings of the guest, yet as there was no lack of that which supplies the want of every other charm—an apparent heartiness of welcome—it would have seemed something worse than coldness or reserve, had he given Bolton cause of suspicion that he was insensible to his advances."

Indeed every body seemed to be met together for the common purpose of unreserved enjoyment. There were few ladies present, and those few offered but little restraint to the preponderating sex; some of whom, perhaps, would have submitted to no such tyranny as the presence or influence of well-bred women is usually supposed to institute."

As it was, Mr. Bolton himself stood out in advantageous relief. He was a man of about five-and-thirty years of age, of a hale rotundity of aspect, in which constitutional good-humour was blended with an acquired shrewdness, rather perhaps to the disadvantage of the former; and every thing in his person, manner, and address, bespoke him a man perfectly well acquainted with the external forms of society up to a certain point—yet with an alloy of positive vulgarity, and offensive grossness."

In a religious devotion to the bottle, however, he was excelled by none, and he applied himself to his congenial duties upon this occasion with a fervour that could not

but prove contagious to his admiring companions. It was too evident that they were all set in for a carouse under the special patronage of Bacchus himself. From these devotees Lord Arnewood with difficulty escaped to the drawing-room, where company, if not more attractive from its intrinsic excellence, yet from other causes more interesting to him, awaited his attention.

Miss Bolton was a female fac-simile of her brother; lively, entertaining and agreeable; with all the factitious vivacity of a young lady educated in London, and with that vocabulary of small talk, which among those most interested in its details, readily passes current for native good sense and polished wit. She seemed by no means disposed to discourage the advances of so altogether eligible a person as Lord Arnewood, but was, on the contrary, bent upon making him her exclusive object of attention for the evening.

It was during an interesting tête-à-tête in which the young pair were engaged, that the other gentlemen entered the drawing-room from below.

"Do you see that squire?" said one of his friends, winking an eye, and his forefinger applied to the opposite side of his nose with peculiar elegance, as he looked across to Arnewood and Miss Bolton, "there's something for you to look at."

"What is it?" asked the squire, who was far from sober, and could not see very clearly.

"Do you not see how Miss Bolton and that young sprig of nobility are flirting? How would you like the title of Lady Arnewood for your sister friend John?"

"My Right Honourable Sister?" was all that the squire could say, parodying the exclamation of Overreach.

"Well, Bolton, what say you? You know we are not marrying men, therefore confess—elucidate."

"I don't know that I would allow Beckey to marry this boy, with all his pride. What comfort would the girl have with a fellow that sits all day over his books in the castle yonder, and can't take his wine of an evening like a gentleman?"

"Nothing very extraordinary in that," remarked a pinched faced person, a rich citizen from the metropolis, "for they say he is mad."

"Mad! hush, he will hear us! But what say you—mad?" said Bolton, who had, after all, some thoughts of trying to match his sister with Arnewood, and was by no means pleased at such a surmise.

"Yes, mad!" said Sir Jacob, coarsely; "I have it from a gentleman who has his tutor and companion, and who travelled with him all over the continent."

"How mad, sir; pray how?" enquired the squire.

"Why, how are half your fashionable people mad? from having too much money perhaps, or too little: or from having too much to do if they are in the cabinet, or too little if they are out; or because my lord is not made a duke; or my lord's sister has married a swindler; or from twenty other causes."

"God keep us out of ear-shot of you when you get fully mad, Sir Jacob," said Mr. Bolton. "But you have not yet said a word in the case of Lord Arnewood."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bolton," replied the other, "I would not speak evil of dignitaries, although Mr. Johnston says this lord is an idiot, and that the very servants call him the mad Lord Arnewood. Who knows, after all, but he may be your brother-in-law ere long?"

"Not so hasty, sir," said a severe looking person, edging in; "you talk as cheaply of men of family and title as if we could buy and sell aristocratical connection on the stock exchange. If you could make out that to be the case, I would speculate to the utmost extent of my fortune."

"Think you so, Hulson?" said Mr. Bolton, a dark scowl coming over his countenance, a frequent and inexpressible expression which interrupted his ordinary and constitutional good humour; "think you lightly of the power of money? I tell you a poor lord may be noble in character as well as blood; but as a man among his equals, and with man's infirmities, he is a daily sufferer, whose case is deeply to be commiserated."

"Perhaps you are right," said Sir Jacob, somewhat amazed at the nature of this remark, so altogether different from his own narrow speculations.

"And I am not to be told," continued Bolton, sternly, "what money can do; I know it, sir, I know it well."

"Well," said Hulson, wishing to revive the original gaiety with which he had commenced, "there they still are—Miss Bolton and this young lord—as prominent as the two figures in the picture of courtship."

"Pon my honour, we are a pretty set of fellows," said the host, changing the discourse, "crowding together here, and leaving the ladies to themselves;" and so say-

ing, and setting the example, the group separated and mingled with the company.

The gentlemen were however, after a short interval, driven again to their wine; and soon became more vehement in their mirth, and more irregular in their conversation. Groups were formed for the expression of more private feelings, according to the degree of friendship subsisting between the parties, and hands began to be grasped, and toasts to be drank, as friendship, inebriety, or good-humour dictated.

In the course of this flow of soul and wine, Mr. Bolton having succeeded in getting Lord Arnewood close to him, talked with considerable freedom, and, as the latter thought, with much good sense, upon various matters foreign and domestic. But his lordship could not help remarking that he occasionally allowed to escape strangely profligate sentiments, and showed a stern decision of character very different from that which, from the rosy good-humour and bluff hospitality of his open countenance and frank demeanour, a stranger might reasonably have given him credit for.

Mr. Bolton, however, seemed anxious to cultivate the friendship of Arnewood; and before they parted, reproaching him for the distance he kept, and hinting at matters which he could not have ventured to speak of in his sober moments, he begged that he would make use of his friendship without reserve, seeming extremely desirous of the honour of serving him. The company at length grew tired of one another, and even of the bottle; the wine became flat and sickening, and the murmur of confused talk, and the shout of the occasional bacchanalian stage began to die away, as the guests dropped gradually off towards their apartments, and Lord Arnewood was suffered to depart.

When he reached the door the moon was shining brightly over the landscape, although it was near day-break; yet, in spite of the lateness of the hour, with the perverseness of inebriety, he would not consent to make use of the carriage that waited, but insisted upon walking across the lawn and through his own grounds to the castle.

Wrapping therefore his cloak around him, he set off to brush the night dew from the green sward, and proceeded on foot over the irregular grounds towards his own home. He managed to pilot his way by the moonlight through the clumps and shrubbery, although sadly perplexed by the dark shadows flung from them over the park; and had mounted one or two of the green slopes which interrupted the plantation, standing still occasionally when he came to an open spot, and gazing upon the scene with excited admiration.

He had approached the side of a line of chestnuts, and was making his way over the sward at considerable speed and in much good-humour with himself, when he heard distinctly a foot tripping in the shadow of the trees almost close to him.

"Who is there?" he called out quickly—but the foot stopped, and no reply was made.

Again he pushed forward, and again the foot went, trip, trip, by his side.

"Come along, friend, whoever you are," said Arnewood, calling out without apprehension, "and let us go forward together."

No answer was returned, but a human figure was now visible, moving in the shade of the trees.

At length, as he began to walk slower, and to keep a look out on the dark side, a man's voice struck up with the not unpleasant warble of a song.

"A pleasant stave enough, friend," said Arnewood, when he had ended, "and the more so that I had no right to expect such entertainment among these bushes and brakes at this hour of the night."

"It's morning, Lord Arnewood," said the voice.

"Faith I believe it is, honest friend," replied Arnewood, pleased at the probability of an adventure.

"You're in high spirits, my lord," said the voice.

"Pretty much so, my invisible friend," said his lordship, "and the morning is beautiful, as you see."

"There are light days and dark days to us all," said the stranger, to his lordship's surprise, although he thought the voice, or at least the accent, was not unknown to him.

"There are so," said Arnewood.

"But there's a time to laugh an' a time to weep, my lord," continued the voice, descending into its natural accent, "an' ye hae heard fine things the night nae doubt," said the Scotchman, drawing near.

"True enough, friend; but had'n't you better give me another stave, since you favour me with your company homewards?"

"Oo ay, I've no refuse a song after your lordship has

been up at the big house there, esting the fat, an' drinkin' the sweet with Dives an' his crew. But mickle ye'll make by that, if ye kenn'd but a'!" and Murdoch struck up these strange lines.

When the hawk parts wi' his wing,
Gentle John, simple John;
And the lark's simple wing,
Gentle John—simple.
When the corbie knaws th' lambskin's head,
An' feeds the crow with flesh and bread,
You may say its news indeed,
Gentle John, simple John;
Gang an' tell your news with speed,
Gentle John—simple.

"A strange ditty, my friend," said Arnewood, beginning to get sobered,—"very strange."

"Oo ay, my lord, but there's many strange things in the world, an' ye see I hae a bit word o' sang just to fit ony thing that happens."

"Have you indeed? But what earthly occurrence can be fitted by the Sybilline stuff you have now uttered?"

"Ay, man, that's just the question!"

"Who are you, friend, crossing my lawn at this unseasonable hour?"

"Do ye no ken me, my lord? Dinna ye mind Murdoch Macara, o' the Pilot's Mark? Faith I'm no afraid to tell my name. An' if I take a short cut through the ground o' this dismal castle, an' gang a bit out o' my road to sing your lordship a sang, an' guide you through the park when ye're a wee waur for drink, odd—isn't that a friend's turn?"

"I the worse for drink? how dare you say so?" exclaimed Arnewood, laughing at Murdoch's plainness.

"Gude faith, my lord, it's naething but a gentleman's case to be staggering hame fou, at twa in the morning. I ken nae better folk than them that tak a drop o' drink now an' then. It's better may be than sitting in an auld turret, or on a rock o' the sea, getting the merliones i' your head, like your lordship and my ain maister. It's my notion that that was the way the folk turned themselves into warlocks, an' took up dealings wi' the devil himsel, langsyne, the Lord preserve us."

"Does your master live in the Pilot's Mark, then?"

"He does, my lord, canny an' quiet."

"Quiet he must be, for I've never seen nor heard of him but from yourself!"

"Ye hae muckle to see an' an' hear baith, my lord, that ye dinna think o' just now; an' my maister kens —"

"Well, sir, what does your maister know?"

"Oo naething; that is, it's no for me to speak about genteel folk's affairs, but my maister is an odd man, an' he kens mair than he says about us all, an' about the drunken young squire above, and about wats to happen, for he's a weery reader o' books, and ye see he's concerned for your lordship, an' grateful because ye gived him the Pilot's Mark to live in; an' he says—"

"What does he say?" said Arnewood, somewhat impatiently, as Murdoch hesitated.

"He says he does not like to hear o' your going to gorge wi' the herd o' cattle up i' the squire's house yonder; for he says that it's like the snare o' the fowler, an' the trap that's hidden among the blossoms and the bonny flowers on the brae;" and the Scot hesitated again and looked up in Arnewood's face.

"Go on, friend; I want to know your meaning."

"Oo, naething, my lord, but he kens the lady that's the squire's sister, and he says you had better be waury; but for all that, he aye says—"

"Every man mair dreas his fate,
An' every bird will hae its mate."

"Does he say so?" said Arnewood, as the man stopped, looking hard at him in the moonlight.

"But ye see, my lord," continued Murdoch—"there now, I've brought you near to the black old castle. Heeh, it's a gruesome looking place for a young gent like you to be living in at the age o' twenty, wi' naething but your sickly lady mother, sittin' a' day listening to the ticking o' the clocks. Oh, oh! When I was your age!—but it's just as Mr. Waltham says:—"

"Every man mair dreas his fate,
An' every bird will hae its mate."

"But I say, my lord, never heed my clavers, only take tent o' the squire, take tent o' the squire! But now, as the ghost in the play says—"

"The cock begins to crow,
An' the day begins to daw,

an' so a sound sleep an' a blythe wakening, my lord."

With this the eccentric Scotchman turned off, and darting into the nearest plantation towards the sea, was instantly out of sight; while Arnewood, somewhat sobered

by this adventure, having reached home, retired to his apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Arnewood's intimacy at New Hall increased daily; and, with that felicity of self-adaptation, which mankind has consented to call habit, he would doubtless have resigned himself to the influence of the society into which he was thrown, and been content to settle down into a better sort of country gentleman—with the additional blessing of a wife in the person of Miss Bolton—had not one or two circumstances occurred in the meantime, rising like beacons to warn him of his danger.

These circumstances, however, it would be difficult to describe, or rather they are not worth the trouble of description; the effect being produced by the thousand almost imperceptible nothings which, occurring and uniting in the still life of society, resemble the coral insects that build islands in mid ocean. Certain small traits of character, in addition, had been discovered in Mr. Bolton, which would not have been visible at a first glance, even in the least artificial natures; and the occupant of New Hall was not one of those men who are said to "improve upon acquaintance."

If, however, the expediency of breaking off all further connection with Mr. Bolton, and of resigning his as yet unannounced pretensions to his sister, had been previously a question with Lord Arnewood, the affair was altogether decided one day at a dinner party at New Hall, by the unexpected presence of Mr. Johnston, his former tutor. This circumstance, of itself an evidence of the squire's real feelings towards him, coupled with the now obvious fact of a recent but close intimacy between the two worthies, was sufficient to stimulate the jealous pride of the young lord, who, impatient of the company at the squire's table, contrived to depart at a much earlier hour than was consistent with the bacchanalian habits of his host.

The mansion of New Hall was situated nearer to the Pilot's Mark than to the Castle of Arnewood; and as it was yet early, although becoming quickly dark, his lordship preferred walking home, taking a circuit by an avenue that skirted the foot of Hail Hill, and in the direction of the lonely building by the sea, called the Mark, towards which he felt an involuntary attraction. After a smart walk he had passed the Mark, and reached a rising ground at the extremity of the plantations belonging to the castle, and above the cliffs; where he stood for some moments inhaling the fresh sea air, and musing, as he looked seaward, upon the still night-scene—when he perceived through the darkness a man stealing up from under one of the green cedar banks which lay between himself and the Mark, and formed a sort of boundary to this part of his property.

"Who comes?" enquired Arnewood, somewhat taken by surprise.

"Who are you that asks?" grumbled the man, in no civil tone.

"You are insolent, sirrah!" said Arnewood, the surliness of the man's reply stimulating still more the angry feelings which the wine and the company had tended to excite.

"I wonder who it is that calls me insolent," retorted the man, drawing near in the dark, for Lord Arnewood had stepped into a narrow pass which ran along the brow of the cliff, and led towards the Pirate's Creek below. "Stand off, I say!" added the unknown, apparently ignorant of the rank of him whom he addressed.

"You pass not without giving account of your business here," said Arnewood, his suspicions awakened; and with more bravery than prudence he stood forward to stop the stranger's passage.

"The devil I don't!" and the fellow came rudely forward.

"Do you brave me?", said his lordship, giving the man a push; "Stand off!"

"Stand off!" repeated the other scoffingly; and in an instant they came in contact and grappled.

Arnewood struggled with the stranger in the dark, more from momentary passion than from any definite spirit of opposition, or feeling of apprehension; but he speedily found that his strength was much inferior to that of the broad, muscular and full-grown man, who held him in his grips. He continued to wrestle bravely with his unknown enemy, until they turned the brow of the cliffs, and a fall being the consequence, they rolled together, Arnewood holding his adversary firmly in his grasp, until they fell over the edge, and were both precipitated a considerable space among the rocks below.

The stranger in a short time recovered sufficiently

from the fall to get upon his legs; though not without several groans at the pain of his bruises, and curses upon the adversary who had helped him to this unlucky adventure; but Arnewood neither moved nor spoke—lying to all appearance dead among the rocks.

"A pretty fellow you must be, to wrestle with Bill Weathersheet," said the large heavy man—looking down on his prostrate antagonist; "and yet working starboard and larboard, as furiously as if you had been as broad in the beam as a first-rate. Confound the rocks and the stones! they have nearly yeave in my hull timbers. Hollo, old fellow!—I think ye ha' gotten a raker in this last tack; Haigh! By the powers, he doesn't stir!"

When the man found that his unknown adversary still lay motionless, with some alarm, and many exclamations, delivered in a mixed nautical phraseology, he began to raise him up and turn him round, until finding that he exhibited no signs of life, he at length lifted the youth upon his back, and in this manner carried him to the Pilot's Mark. When he arrived there, he stopped for a few moments at the low Gothic door of the building, to consider what he ought to do; the result of which reflection led him to give it two or three kicks with his foot, his hands being employed with the burden he carried.

"What's there?" cried a voice within. "Please you to open the door, Mr. Macara," said the man with the burden; "it is Bill Weathersheet, with a pirate, or an exciseman in tow. For God's sake open the door, and let in the living and the dead, or else come out with shovel and pickaxe."

"What's the matter, noo? What is it ye want, Will Weathersheet?" grumbled the voice of Murdoch, as he unwillingly drew the bolts. "Could na ye come in by the back door? Deevil sic an unfortunate body as me alive! Rest nor peace I can get nane. The maister is nae sooner good to bed, an' me set down to draw my breath in peace and quietness, but dunt gangs the door, as loud in this back o' beyond place, as if it were a public change house."

"Here's a bad job, Mr. Macara; just stand out of my way."

"Eh! Lord guide us, what's that? A dead man?" "Shut the door, you Scotch idiot! If he's dead, you may take the hanging on yourself, for keeping him so long outside."

"What do you say about Scotch idiot, ye blackguard? I wish I had you, and your dead game, on the windy side o' the door again; I would teach you manners—for naming Scotchman an' hanging together. Lord! I waver me, what's this? What's this?" exclaimed the Scot in a frenzy of terror, as he looked upon the pallid features of Lord Arnewood, who was now laid on a bench before them.

"I told you it was a bad job," said the sailor, contemplating the body—"but he can't be dead. And he's a gentleman too—Lord, Murdoch, they'll hang us both!" "God forgive you, William Weathersheet, if ye hae murdered the young Lord Arnewood."

"Lord Arnewood?" echoed the man, starting with amazement.

"I tell you!" exclaimed the Scotchman, almost crying, "that is Lord Arnewood, o' the black castle aboon. God forgive you! God forgive you! But I think he's no' dead; he's only in a dym. An the bluid's streaming frae the back o' his head. Haud aff your hands, Will Weathersheet, an' me are no' fit to doctor a lord."

Saying this, Murdoch took the lifeless body in his arms, and telling the man threateningly to stay where he was, he forthwith carried his charge up stairs to a back chamber, muttering to himself all the while, as he went—

"I'll bring him up to the Lady Agatha, if the maister should brain me for it. She's the only one to restore him; an' she'll wash his face wi' a sponge, an' revive him wi' smelling draps, an' she'll dress his head wi' her white fingers, as gentle as a pet lamb, and wi' her vera kindness she'll bring him to—if the life's in him. Och, och! the bonny young lord, that g'ed us this quiet dwelling for a perfect wanworth. Hech, hech! I've aften heard, that lords an' nobles were fules an' tyrants, but there's my ain maister an' Miss Agatha,—an' there's this genty lord, they're every ane kind and considerate, out an' in, and wad na harm a flea. Och, och!"

With many such lamentations the Scot carried Lord Arnewood up, laid him on his master's bed, and set about restoring him; acting, however, by the orders of one who soon made her appearance, and seemed no novice at such benevolent offices, and who commented dressing his wounds and performing the parts of his nurse with an anxiety and gentle skill which were soon successful.

Arnewood was for some time in that state of half-con-

sciousness in which surrounding objects are seen and voices heard, without a distinct perception of the reality of either the one or the other. At first, he felt a soft hand holding his own, and the fingers pressing his pulse. A pale female face seemed sometimes to be close to his, so that he could feel her warm breath upon his cheek; and the long dark hair which fell from her stooping head, while she dressed his wounds, he felt sweeping gently over his neck. Then his awaking eye fastened and dwelt upon a figure which reminded him of a Grecian sculpture, watching in a sitting posture, between himself and the light; and while dreamingly contemplating the features which he was too giddy to see distinctly, he thought the dark hazel eyes beamed upon him with such a lovely expression, that whether sleeping or waking, his involuntary admiration caused a sigh to escape from his breast.

At this moment the figure rose, and seemed to bend solicitously over him; and though his eyes were half closed, he perceived her smile with so captivating a softness, that believing himself to be in a dream, he lay motionless; fearing to break so delicate a vision.

At length he looked long and steadfastly, as if striving against the drowsy confusion of his brain. He perceived himself to be in a small bed-chamber, neatly arranged; the furniture being rather separately elegant than consistently tasteful. The figure of the lady, however, still attracted his interest so exclusively, that as he gazed upon the graceful bend of the body, between himself and the single taper—the neck tangled with long dark hair, and the features perfect in their outline and expression—he was unable to suppress the exclamation—"Lady! how is this? Where am I?"

The lady started, as if suddenly alarmed, and rising up and glancing towards him with a pleased smile, his eyes followed her as she silently glided out of the room.

Lord Arnewood, with swimming head, was making an effort to sit up in the bed, and trying to decide whether he were in a dream or not, when the figure of Murdoch Macara came on tiptoe into the room.

"How do you feel yourself, my lord?" said Murdoch, with all a Scotchman's effort at politeness, and pleased to see the patient looking better.

"I feel strangely," said his lordship; "are you the Scotchman of the Pilot's Mark?"

"Oo ay, my lord. Faith I'm glad to hear your Englished tongue again. God! I got sic a fright wi' you. Faith I thought your lordship had kicked the bucket."

"Kicked what?"

"Oo naething. I see you're no' used wi' Scotch folk. Hech, but I'm glad to hear you speak! I aye think there's little fear o' folk when their tongue keeps waggin'; that was the vera word John Tamson used to say to his wife."

"Oh, my head, my head," groaned Arnewood; his pain and confusion of brain returning.

"Just whisht, my lord," said Murdoch, shaking his head and winking, as one would do to hush a child; "just lie down an' be quiet for a minute, for ye see my lord, you have gotten a sair demish, an' nae doubt your head's whirlin' round."

"What is this that has happened to me, friend?"

"Oo naething, my lord, but just a bit crunt on the crown among the stanes. But it will be hale again the morn. Od, I've seen an Eirishman wad hae gotten his head gawn as braid at night as a pease bannock, an' gin the vera next day the fellow would be deevil a hair the waur o'!"

Having indulged himself with this morsel of talk, while he was prescribing silence to the patient, Murdoch tripped cautiously away, and then returning with Will Weathersheet, they carried Arnewood down stairs, and laying him upon a sort of litter which they had hastily furnished with blankets, in less than half an hour they had him brought to the entrance of his own castle.

Arnewood had sunk again into a half-conscious state as they were carrying him home; but when he found himself in his own apartment (Murdoch being in the meantime occupied in answering the enquiries of the alarmed servants, by telling them that his lordship had merely met with a slight accident) the young lord waved his hand for the domestics to retire, and leave Murdoch alone with himself.

"Where have I been, my friend," enquired Arnewood feebly, "and what has happened to me? for I feel both pain of body and confusion of mind."

"It's naething ava, my lord, but just a bit accident that happened on your road hame frae the muckle hall aboon, wi' a wee drap drink in your head. Od, ye never gang near that place but something happens your lord."

ship. But ye see, there's naething extraordinary in a drunken squabble an' a broken crown."

"But was there not a lady?"

"Lady! your lordship's perfectly in a mistake. Who was about you but only myself an' big Will Wathershead? an' twel he's no like a lady; wi' a pair o' whiskers on his baffs, an' as mickle black hair as wad fill a mattress. Noo, my lord, jist slip to your bed. It's nae good for young gentlemen to let ladies run in their heads."

"I am certain there was a lady," said Arnwood, musing; "I could not be deceived; I am sure of it."

"Hoot, my lord, jist keep yourself quiet. Ye've been dreaming; young men are aye dreaming about ladies. Lordsave! think ye that ladies are to be found on the sea-shore like cockle-shells; an' wha ever heard o' a lady in sic a lonesome place as the Pilot's Mark?"

"Then I have been at the Pilot's Mark?"

"On ay, my lord. But ye're a great deal better noo, an' jist be advised to slip to your rest, and here's my gansey acquaintance, the housekeeper, got up out o' her warm bed to see after you."

The housekeeper and other servants entered as the Scotchman left the apartment, and his lordship was soon settled for the night.

The effect of the fall that Lord Arnwood had met with among the rocks, was more to stupify and confuse him, than of any serious consequence otherwise, for the bruises were but slight, and having once been dressed, began to heal rapidly. The giddiness and swimming in his head, however, and the confused and painful sensation, confined him to bed for two or three days after the accident.

When he awakened on the following morning, he tried to recall with some distinctness, a recollection of the events of the preceding night, but with little success; the impression of a delicious dream with which his slumbers had been visited, and the supposed reality of the previous night, were so mingled together. But among his confused reminiscences of something real, of falling over rocks, and of being carried home in the open air, the most vivid and interesting was that of a strange lady; a figure very different from Miss Bolton's, moving gently about him in an unknown apartment; and he remembered distinctly certain long tresses of hair falling over a beautiful Grecian face, placed between himself and a single taper.

With these were blended some vague fancies about the mysterious tenant of the Pilot's Mark, whom he had never yet seen, and regarding whom he began to be an easily curious; for the notion had taken irresistible hold of him, that this strange person was in some manner, as yet unknown, destined to become linked or entangled with him and his future fate.

And yet he blamed himself for allowing one of whom he knew so little to obtain a footing so near him; as sometimes persons will call themselves, when too late, to account, for doing a thing from motives of benevolence or kindness, of which they do not very clearly see the real end or purpose. And this he did from the very reasonable motive which directs people whose tranquillity is liable to be easily disturbed, and whose feelings are easily affected, to be proportionately cautious how they place these valuable instruments of happiness at the disposal of others.

In consequence of such fancies and reflections, he determined within himself to see the stranger of the Mark, and to ascertain from his own lips what were his station and mode of life; resolving that if he should, from all he could learn, come to any unfavourable conclusions, he would immediately eject him from his present asylum.

Agreeably to this resolution, he ventured down towards the shore on the fourth day after the accident, determined to walk to the Pilot's Mark, and ascertain in person something more satisfactory regarding its mysterious occupant.

He was proceeding leisurely along on the sands, the day being warm and still, watching the slow ripple of the waters upon the shore, and occasionally looking out upon the small craft which lingered on the trembling waves towards the seaward horizon, when he perceived, under the cliffs on his right, the figure of an elderly man, reclining in apparently indolent meditation upon the bank. He judged that this could be no other than the occupant of the Mark, from the little likelihood of any person coming from a distance being so much at his ease in so solitary a spot; but after observing him for a while, his constitutional delicacy overcame his first resolution to address him, and he passed on.

The other, watching Arnwood, and seeming to perceive his intention, after a few moments' hesitation rose and came forward, while his lordship stood still expecting his approach.

The stranger, a man about fifty, his appearance digni-

fied and even impressive, on drawing near raised his hat with respectful politeness, showing a well formed reverend head, quite bald on the top, which added much to the impressiveness of his pale care-worn features, and said "I believe I have the honour of addressing Lord Arnwood."

"You make no mistake, sir," said Arnwood.

"It is full time, my lord," added the gentleman, with tremulous seriousness, "that I should make my acknowledgments to you for giving me (for so I may call it) the retired domicile beyond the creek, which I am assuredly most grateful for. I am the person who occupies the Pilot's Mark, my lord, and your tenant, since you choose so considerately to put a nominal rent upon the place."

"I am happy that it has been in my power," replied Arnwood, "to render you any obligations, but you greatly overrate this trifling service."

"Those who have nothing to give in return, seldom receive an obligation; and when they do, they cannot easily overrate that which is so valuable from its rarity."

"Nay," said Arnwood, interested by the old gentleman's manner, "I trust that favours, more worthy the name than anything you allude to, are not so very rare."

"Retain your opinion, my lord, while you can, but I am an old man," and he shook his head.

"But, sir," said Arnwood, drawing nearer, and wishing to come with delicacy to his object, "there surely must be something peculiar in that case which makes a gentleman express so much gratitude for such an inconvenient solitude as the old building you occupy."

"Every case seems peculiar when considered by itself."

"You will excuse me," said Arnwood, "but I have some curiosity to know why you chose this melancholy spot, or how a person of your appearance should prefer so to seclude himself; and whether you are comfortable in the Mark—and, in short, whether I can further serve you."

"Pray be plain, my lord. You have some suspicions regarding me, and wish to know something of my way of life."

"I wish not to be intrusive, but, in so sequestered a neighbourhood, even our idleness and self-love make the character and actions of others the subject of scrutiny."

"True; and that scrutiny has given me to know, that you are well worthy the confidence of an unfortunate gentleman. As to how I live—I look abroad upon that wide and deep ocean. It is often raging and tumultuous, and swallows up the small and great; but its mighty fury is the sublime energy of nature, which those who have suffered from the treachery and inhumanity of mankind can look upon with admiration; for while these great waters so often engulf the merchant and his gold, they throw gently out upon their yellow sands a simple subsistence to an unfortunate like myself."

"Thus, my lord, I exist, while you allow me to live in this much valued solitude. Do you see that little dark spot in the offing? that is a small boat wherein my poor faithful Scotch servant, Murdoch Macara, and another, are drawing from the prolific deep my means of subsistence and comparative content."

"But, pray do not think me impertinent, sir—your fortune?"

"You are right, my lord," said the stranger. "I had for one once, fortune that I thought inexhaustible; identified, as it seemed, with me and my house. I dreamed, as others do, that it would descend to my posterity also, as it had descended to me. But time is continually unfolding to us the great truth, that we know nothing, and that our presumption never appears more striking than when we attempt to speculate upon human destiny."

Arnwood was unable for a moment to reply to this speech of the remarkable stranger, partaking as it did of a train of thought which his own circumstances had led him to indulge. But his curiosity to learn more of his new acquaintance being strongly excited, he ventured to make the enquiry—

"And pray, how has your property been taken from you?"

"Can you lordship tell me how that cloud in the sky has obtained the fantastic shape it now bears," he replied, looking reverently upwards, "or from what region in the heavens it has come, or where it will be, or what shape it will assume, by to-morrow night?"

"I cannot."

"Can you tell from what point of the heavens the lightning will shoot forth, or where on earth the bolt will fall, or whom it will strike and destroy? If you cannot tell how destruction comes, can you tell how the rose-bud opens in summer? If not, how can I show you the real cause of my misfortunes? Ask any of the ruined men, whom you may see wasting the weary hours

in the neighbourhood of a metropolis, and he will tell you a common-place story, full of wearying details of the harassing calamities of civilised life. He will tell you of fine prospects which totally disappointed him, and promising events which ended in ruin. He will tell you of false friends and hidden enemies; and so could I. All these things are palpable to our senses; but of their hidden springs, or their ultimate end, we are without understanding."

"You have, then, been deprived of your fortune?"

"Yes, my Lord; and while I, its rightful owner, pine here in poverty and solitude, my destroyer wastes it in riot and extravagance. You may imagine the like in that great, great mansion," he added, turning towards New Hall, "which like a bloated upstart, seems to overlook, almost with scorn, your own venerable castle."

"And all this is done to you wrongfully?"

"Truly, my lord, by better wrong."

"And might you not recover it by law?"

"I might not," replied the stranger, with a sad and resigned look.

"And pray, sir, why?"

"The law is not for men when they are poor. The law is a luxury to the vindictive man, or the amateur of legal justice; and the poor have no luxuries except religion and a good conscience, and these are luxuries which but few of the rich have much enjoyment of."

"Pardon me, sir; but if any one has obtained your property illegally, as you seem to intimate, you are surely, wrong in not seeking its restoration publicly. The law would compel him to restore it."

Mr. Waltham again shook his head, and after a pause continued, "The law, my lord, is very good and very efficient, as a general instrument for the distribution of good and evil, in a way that often baffles human calculation; but, like other monsters begotten by civilisation, it is, as I have said, very much subject to the power of money, which I am now without. But even supposing I were able to pay for, and willing to encounter, the anxieties and risks of a chase after justice, I am now convinced I should be only striving in vain against my own fate."

"Your fate," said Arnwood.

"Yes, my lord, certainly."

"Pray explain yourself."

"I cannot explain, my lord."

"No?"

"Men," continued the stranger, "have in all ages made children of themselves, by attempting to explain things of which they are ignorant. For my part, I hold it to be more consistent with reason and dignity to be silent. But I see my boat approaching the shore, and honest Harrold with his fish," said Mr. Waltham, rising and moving towards the sea. "Their dinner will be more luxurious at New Hall than ours at the Mark."

"Can I do you any service, sir," said Arnwood, "by an introduction to Mr. Bolton at the Hall?"

"Mr. Waltham only shook his head, and said, "the gossip of the neighbourhood informs me that you are about to marry Miss Bolton. Do not expend your feelings or waste your time upon what is not to be."

"I am very much obliged to the neighbourhood for the earliness of its information," replied Arnwood smiling; "but how know you? Do you know any thing against the lady?"

"I know nothing of importance either in her favour or against her, my lord, but I am much deceived if she or her fortune will ever be yours."

"You surprise me by the strangeness of your prognostications," said Arnwood; "be kind enough to explain, I entreat."

"It is not to be," replied Mr. Waltham, turning from him and moving towards the boat. "Good morning, my lord."

Lord Arnwood returned home deeply interested by the stranger's conversation, and determined upon taking the first favourable opportunity of meeting him again.

CHAPTER V.

The preparations for an entertainment to be given at the castle on his coming of age, now entirely occupied Lord Arnwood, and required him to go several times to the nearest considerable town; so that his mind was in general diverted from the subject of the conversation just detailed, and the other matters with which his thoughts were usually occupied.

The effect of these engagements, together with his

occasional visits to New Hall, was seconded by his own efforts to prevent his mind from recurring to any thoughts but those of future happiness and good fortune. The only thing that disturbed these ideas, and at times gave him real uneasiness, was a vague and dream-like recollection which haunted his imagination, of a female face and figure, of such romantic beauty and perfection, that he could not bear to dwell upon the real or fancied image, while a union was contemplated with a person so entirely dissimilar as Miss Bolton. Sometimes, while conversing with the latter, and looking in her face as that of his proposed companion for life, the lovely image of the other came so vividly before his fancy, that he felt convinced of the reality of her existence, and that he must have seen such a being, and received at her hands the soothing services which, he dimly remembered, had excited his interest on the occasion of his accident at the Pilot's Mark.

When the morning of the day which he had so long anticipated, at length arrived, he started from his bed at an early hour, and looked out upon the broad landscape, and upwards to the sky, as if surprised to find that this should be like other days, and should come without any distinguishing peculiarity. But truly on this calm morning, "no prodigy appeared in earth or air." The rich green of summer showed every object on brake and woodland, only by the depth and darkness of its various shades of tint, as they seemed yet to slumber under the dewy mist; not a breath moved the leaves on the old oaks of the lawn in front of the castle; and even the bleak sweep of Hall Hill in the distance, receding behind the stalwart nakedness of the Pilot's Mark, seemed to-day to smile with unwonted warmth and enlusive vegetation.

As he looked thoughtfully towards the sea on the left, nothing, he imagined, could be more interesting than its appearance on this his birth-day. A single dark sail lingered far in the offing, beyond which, along the whole horizon, a streak of white light marked the morning sky, and gleamed upon the farther sea; which slumbered so quietly, and murmured so musically soft, that its calmness seemed to convey a reproach to all who, on a morning like this, could suffer their hearts to beat with any vain anxiety about what the day was to bring forth.

A great day this was, however, at Arnwood castle, and an unspeakably great man was Mr. Mollison, the chief servant and director of the external and internal economy of the important affair. Mrs. Goodyear, the housekeeper, had scolded for a whole fortnight past without intermission, which she did mechanically and with perfect good nature, whenever there was anything to do; and the other servants were in a state of excitement, much like the crew of an old laid-up man of war, clearing the deck for an unexpected engagement.

The farmers, his lordship's tenants, for whom he had prepared a dinner on the lawn, shortly after their usual hour, soon began to muster with their wives and daughters; a new flag, which Mr. Mollison had made ready for the occasion, fluttered gaily from the flag-staff on the top of the Lark's Tower, and the park began to assume quite a lively appearance. The Rev. Mr. Stone, the much respected rector of the parish, made his appearance, his old carriage newly painted; and shortly after came Mr. Bolton and his sister, accompanied by Mr. Hulson and Sir Jacob Benson, his particular friends.

Lord Arnwood found it, however, a less easy matter to preside at a banquet, and take the lead in a festive entertainment got up to express joy, than he had supposed; for to "mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad," is infinitely less difficult than to maintain a joyous countenance and affect mirth under the pressure of contrary feelings.

But while his determination was strengthened to make himself agreeable to the Boltons, and condescending to the friends whom they had brought with them, his dislike of the squire, augmented by his conversation with his new friend of the Pilot's Mark, unconsciously increased. His mother had appeared at the table only for a moment, and Mr. Stone, the venerable rector, not seeming to enjoy himself, had retired early, and he was thus left entirely to the society of the squire and his friends. Whether it was that the unavoidable prospect of a connection, the thought of which had always hurt his pride, now more than ever pained his mind, as he contemplated it closely; or that the boisterous course, new and drunken freedom of the New Hall gentlemen were this night more apparent than usual—certain it is that these circumstances, added to his involuntary re-

collection of the mysterious hints of the strange person of the Pilot's Mark, had an extraordinary effect upon his feelings in the course of the evening, and greatly increased the disgust with which he began to regard his guests.

As they went on to drink deep, his perceptions seemed to be sharpened, rather than blunted, by the wine he swallowed, and he perceived evidently that the squire and his friends not only made more free than usual, but that their frank joviality and vulgar coarseness amounted to a disrespect, if not contempt, of himself. Forgetting, therefore, in his indignation, how great a leveler of all conditions is the inspiring juice of the grape, he watched the words and manners of his guests with a critical and haughty jealousy.

Lord Arnwood had remarked on some former occasions, that when Mr. Bolton had drunk freely, he was in the habit of disputing upon the power of money—just as some men contend about religion when they get into the same state; and that praise of the rich, and sneering ridicule of the pretensions of those who were comparatively poor, were always favourite subjects of drunken conversation and congratulatory flattery, as the hour grew late, between himself and his friends.

This night, however, they carried their speculations upon the subject, a topic upon which Lord Arnwood was naturally exceedingly sensitive, to a pitch that roused all his pride of family; and he retorted upon Sir Jacob, one of the squire's friends, in such terms of contempt, as showed that his inward indignation was fast getting the better of his usual efforts at self-command.

"It may appear to you, perhaps, my lord," said Sir Jacob, "that my friend Bolton speaks too strongly; but, after all, what business has any man to think this and the other of himself if his bank account is at low water; or what can a man expect to enjoy in this world, if he cannot pay for it?"

"Very little, truly," said Arnwood, thoughtfully; "but I merely ventured a remark upon the misfortune it is to virtue and good feeling among men, as well as to the general diffusion of happiness, that such opinions should be recognised and applauded; while I expressed a wish that the advantages of commerce could be enjoyed with less of that degrading and unhappy concomitant, which I regret to know is so general in this mercantile community."

"It is not for you or I, my lord," said Mr. Bolton, "to trouble ourselves about the state of society and the diffusion of happiness, and all that."

"Upon my word, I believe not," replied Arnwood; "and yet one cannot help sometimes lamenting that shopkeeping prejudices should have in many instances reached the higher classes, to the destruction of all elevated feeling; and that thus the great national value of an aristocracy is so far lost."

"I should be glad to know what your lordship means by shopkeeping prejudices," said Bolton, warmly. "I can't understand what sort of pride any man can have if it is not in his money and his money's worth; and if you mean by shopkeeping prejudices the practical sense and prudence of substantial men who have made their own fortunes, I say it hardly becomes those to talk against them who have scarcely one guinea to rub against another."

"It becomes every one to speak the truth, sir," replied Arnwood, contemptuously, "to those who have capacity to understand, and a disposition to relish it. But I fully grant that to many it is bitterly unpalatable."

"Truth—ha—ha!—as if there were any want of truth. There is no want of truth as far as I can see, but great want of money in this world," said the squire, winking significantly to his friends. "I wonder what your lordship will treat us with next? The diffusion of happiness, no doubt, or the amelioration of society, ha, ha! I never hear a man talk of these things, but I begin to suspect that his pockets are d——d empty, or that perhaps his coat is out at elbows, ha, ha, ha!"

"And I never hear a man talk as you are now doing," said Arnwood, his wrath throwing completely off his former restraint, "but I strongly suspect that he is a disgrace to his species, and is, in short, to use your own phraseology, d——d worthless."

"How dare you say so to me?" said Bolton, with the greatest wrath: one would think from the way you talk, that you had something to uphold your aristocratic pride; that you were not obliged to borrow money of your own neighbours, who are able to buy you—*young*

man—yes, to buy you, and this old rat-trap of a castle, twice over."

"For God's sake, gentlemen, drop this argument, and this unbecoming language," said the others, now interfering.

"I wish to give no offence, I am sure," said Mr. Bolton, unable to endure the haughty intensity of Arnwood's look of defiance. "But what is the use of a man's money if he must submit to hear such language?"

"You are like people of your stamp, sir," said Arnwood, with more calmness, "if you think that a principal use of it is to furnish an excuse for insulting those who possess it not, yet have pretensions and qualities which throw it into comparative contempt."

"A very likely matter, ha, ha," retorted Bolton, laughing scornfully, "but I have sworn it—and no poor lord, who cannot afford to look over his own door, shall ever form a union with me, or feather his hungry nest with my good money!"

"I have long had a strong suspicion, sir," said Arnwood, with bitter scorn, "that money obtained by (and he whispered a word in Bolton's ear) would bring me neither comfort nor honour."

"What is it you say, my lord?" said Bolton, rising and gasping with horror at the mention of a word which Arnwood had received from Mr. Waltham of the Mark; "take my defiance, and dare to repeat that word again, and—"

"Ha! forget you to whom you presume to offer defiance," said Arnwood; "wretched man, if the mention of a word thus affects you, your defiance I despise."

"You are a villain," exclaimed Bolton, rising and striking the table with violence.

Lord Arnwood made no verbal reply, but taking up the glass of wine before him, threw it into Mr. Bolton's face.

The quarrel had now gone beyond all management, and Mr. Bolton, who seemed perfectly astonished that any man who was not rich should dare to resent his insolence, was quite furious; and was with difficulty restrained by his friends from attempting to knock his entertainer down.

"When shall we meet to settle this," said he, as soon as he could recover breath.

"As early as you please," answered Arnwood, with perfect calmness.

"To-morrow morning, then,—and you shall be my second, Hulson," said Mr. Bolton to one of his friends present.

"Why not to-night?" said Arnwood sternly, and almost happy at the opportunity of giving vent to his roused feelings; "why not this instant; the moon will be sufficient light for such work as this."

The proposal was after some moments agreed to, and pistols being objected to by Arnwood as likely to alarm his mother, it was agreed that they should fight with the small sword, and soon the whole party descended the stairs together.

They proceeded to some distance in the rear of the castle and towards the shore, to find a spot free from shadow.

When they had arrived at a convenient place, not far from the remains of the chapel before noticed, and the family burying-ground, the combatants took their swords and commenced with great fury, particularly on the part of Bolton, who pushed with ferocious desperation; but a few passes showed the superior swordsmanship and coolness of Lord Arnwood. The latter soon assumed the offensive, and pushing his adversary hard, wounded him slightly in the shoulder; when the scream of a female was heard behind them, and instantly a stranger wrapped in a cloak rushed between the combatants.

"Desist—put up your weapons!" said the intruder. All present seemed amazed at this interruption, while the combatants stood breathless.

"And is it you, Lord Arnwood?" said the interrupter of the duel, "how often am I to find you warring against your fate?"

At the sound of the voice, Mr. Bolton started; and when the stranger turned so that the moon shone full on his face, and showed the features of Mr. Waltham of the Pilot's Mark, the former seemed paralysed, and ready to drop into the arms of his second.

"My lord, put up your sword, and seek your home," said Mr. Waltham; "you may as well attempt to stab the air, as to do that which fate has reserved for me to accomplish. Be content, and leave to me the pleasure

or the crime of taking the life of that villain, when the steady finger of Heaven shall point to the day and the hour of his ultimate destiny.

"What is this? How are you here?" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, his choked voice gasping with horror as he stood staring upon the stranger.

"Go, miserant!" said the latter, turning to the squire. "Go, sir. For the present you are safe. Every thing abides its time."

"What can all this mean?" said Lord Arnewood. "How is this, Mr. Waltham, that you interrupt me in taking vengeance on this man?"

"Vengeance is mine!" exclaimed the stranger of the Mark. "It is not for you to talk of vengeance while my wrongs remain unavenged."

Here Mr. Bolton strove to say something to Mr. Waltham, but his agitation was so great that nothing intelligible could be made out. These seconds now interfered, and whispering to Lord Arnewood that his adversary was wounded, the latter was led slowly off the field.

"What brings you here at this time of night, Mr. Waltham?" again enquired Arnewood in surprise.

"This is neither the time nor the place for explanation: meet me on the beach to-morrow morning, and I will explain all; you have been in darkness too long!"—and he prepared to depart.

"But tell me, I entreat you, how knew you we were to meet, and here?"

"To-morrow I will satisfy you," replied Mr. Waltham. "Did I not tell you, that you were not to marry Miss Bolton? But farewell!" and he moved from the spot.

As Lord Arnewood turned towards the castle, he could not refrain from looking round to ascertain whether any one had accompanied Mr. Waltham to the scene just past; and as he watched for a moment, he distinctly observed a female form emerge from the shadow into the open moonlight, when, taking her conductor's arm, the pair proceeded onwards in the direction of the Pilot's Mark.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Arnewood was punctual to his appointment on the next morning, actuated by no slight impatience to hear from the lips of Mr. Waltham such particulars of his history as would, at the same time that they cleared up the mystery attaching to his extraordinary tenant, discover the relation that had heretofore subsisted between him and Mr. Bolton; and while they laid bare the character and former pursuits of one whose reputation, even in a worldly sense, was now more than doubtful, would place him upon his guard against any future overtures or correspondence that might be made or sought by him.

With this view, no sooner was he seated by the side of his new friend, than he besought him earnestly to disclose these events in his life, which more especially related to his neighbour of the Hall.

"On a previous occasion, Mr. Waltham," said he, "you alluded to your own experience, and to events in your past life; pardon my curiosity—but your circumstances seem so remarkable, that it would gratify me much to know something of your history."

"It is painful to me to speak of sad events," sighed Mr. Waltham, pressing his hand on his heart, "but I owe to you any thing you ask, that may even by chance gratify or instruct you. But the tale of a stranger's life, which will occupy some time in the narration, may only weary, without interesting you."

"I feel that what you may please to tell me regarding you, will interest me much!" said Arnewood, "pray proceed."

"You were of age the other day, my lord: I came of age five and thirty years ago, attended by an éclat that seems now astonishing to me, when I think of all that has since happened. Without entering into particulars regarding my forefathers, I shall only say, that my father was of a collateral branch of a noble family, well known in—shire. Having a turn for mercantile adventure, rather than employ his time in pursuits merely fashionable, he entered into various speculations, connected with the public securities, and with our Indian possessions, in which he was singularly fortunate, and amassed riches as if by magic.

"Thus when, by the death of my elder and only brother, I found myself the heir to all the wealth accumulated by my father; and when, under these circumstances, I became of age, there seemed to be no end to the feasting and rejoicing, with which the day was hailed by crowds of worshippingsunshine friends. In like manner, shortly after my father died, there seemed to be

as little end to the property of one kind and another of which I was the inheritor.

"I was now a man of large fortune, and launched into society, and into all the expenses to which I was advised by those who were best fitted to prescribe to me the conduct becoming a rich commoner of England. I kept large establishments in town and country, which I never visited; and laid out grounds and erected buildings for which I had no use. I kept a number of servants who tried to make me vain, if, indeed, it was possible to augment the vanity of which I had so sufficient a share—but these were more a plague to me and a restraint, than an addition to my enjoyments; and, in short, I committed all the enormities, which seem so common-place in the telling, that persons born to much wealth are so prone to fall into in the thoughtless wantonness of abundance."

"Were you very happy, sir, in the enjoyment of such ample means of gratifying your wishes?" said Lord Arnewood, interrupting him. "If I may appear absurd in me to ask such a question,—but did you enjoy life very highly, when you had all this wealth?"

"Not very highly, my lord. But I should have been a churl or a stoic, if I did not enjoy the world very much, in a certain sense, at least for a time. To be sure, this facility of obtaining whatever my wanton fancy wished for, made me something of a voluptuary; and, at length, I often felt wretched and worn out from very satiety, and the want of something that was worth sighing for, but which was beyond my reach. Still it would be to adopt the ignorant cant of preaching poverty and envious vulgarity, if I did not admit, that, upon the whole, I enjoyed life extensively; and that I saw and heard such things as they only whom some natural taste and abundant wealth have admitted into the third heaven of luxury, both in the refined and sensual meaning of the word, can know or conceive.

"I admit with the vulgar, that, although I had twenty houses, I could not live in more than one at a time: nor of my scores of beds, could I use more than very few myself—and the same with the horses in my stables, or the dishes on my table. Yet I will not allow, but that there is much pleasure in the consciousness of having, and being able to enjoy, if men would only use their blessings, as blessings;—and it is glorious to have no care about the sordid wants and petty anxieties which harass nearly all mankind."

"Allow me to ask you," said Lord Arnewood, as he paused, "did you exercise much benevolence in circumstances so favourable to that virtue? I should really like to know if, when you had such means, you were of much service to others in the world, by contributing to lessen the amount of human suffering. You see, sir, I draw upon your candour."

"I cannot say that I did," answered Mr. Waltham. "to any material extent; and to tell you all the reasons would involve disquisitions which must be tedious to you. To say truth, I positively knew nothing of the sufferings of the unfortunate among my fellow men, although I had amply the power to relieve them. In fact, I was quite ignorant of human life and its deprivations; how then could I sympathise with misery which I hardly could conceive; or how should I be expected to relieve suffering of which I was too rich to have the most distant apprehension, and too thoughtless and wanton in the gratification of my own wishes, to understand either the nature or the intensity? In fact, I knew nothing of the world until I myself experienced misfortune and calamity, and learned to know the depths of social sympathy, and the solemn seriousness of even physical evil."

"In my thirtieth year, I was surprised at finding that my money was not inexhaustible; and that, in fact, my affairs were in a state of confusion, which, in the course of the year, became still 'worse confounded.' I was alarmed, and grew thoughtful, at the bare idea of such an impossibility as the miracle that I should not be rich; and waxing serious and romantic, as I became comparatively poor, I began to admire and to hate in good earnest. I discovered also that I had fallen into the habit of talking of the qualities of the heart and understanding, as I came to know my own weaknesses; and I now looked abroad, and discriminated character, and admired beauty—and moreover, I, for the first time in my life, fell deeply and seriously in love."

"I married a lady of no fortune, but the most amiable, I might say the most admirable, of human beings. We retired into the country, where we principally resided for several years, and where I was made the happy father of two daughters, as simple and beautiful as their angelic mother."

"But there was one event happened before my thirtieth year was completed, besides my marriage, which fully awakened me to thought, and prepared me in some measure for the changes that followed. This was the circumstance of my non-election for the seat in parliament I had occupied with perfect credit to myself, and satisfaction to my constituents, for the previous six years. At this election, there started a competitor in the person of a Colonel Corvet, who set about opposing me with the coolness of a military veteran, and the science of a man who was accustomed to, and, if necessary, prepared for any disappointment."

"I hardly knew, however, what disappointment was and making light of the colonel's opposition, because he professed comparatively nothing, I, with the natural reliance in the all-sufficiency of money, put myself to no trouble in trying to defeat what I considered an atrocious impossibility, and merely gave orders to my agents to take care that I was returned as usual, and that no expense should be spared in showing the colonel the folly of his efforts."

"On the first day of the election, and part of the second, my voters were so numerous, compared to those of my opponent, that I only laughed at the impotent ambition of poor men; but what was my astonishment, after having gone home to my house, considering the election finished, when intelligence was brought me that I had lost my seat by a single vote! I started up in amazement and rage, for the purpose of trying if another vote or two could be found, when I was told that the whole number had been already polled, and that the colonel, amid loud cheers, had already been declared duly elected."

"The effect this defeat had upon my feelings at the time, and the wound it gave to my pride, I cannot adequately describe, though I now look back upon the irrational inroad upon my tranquillity, caused by the event with the contempt it deserves. I did not then perceive that, by means of this evil, the wise planner of my destiny was training my mind for the enjoyment of more rational happiness, and, against my will, making me a wiser and a better man."

"Although the loss of the contest helped, in the first instance, to reduce my fortune, it, upon the whole, turned out a happy occurrence; for in the event of success, I should have lived in town in my former style after I had become unable to afford it, and so have hastened my ruin. Still I had much property in the funds, and also in West India possessions;—although I found that my mistake to any thing troublesome had been well taken advantage of by several intermediate persons, who contrived to secure a tolerable profit from my losses by arts of which I was then ignorant."

"Thus, although I lived chiefly with my family in the country, in comparative moderation and economy, events occurred year after year in my affairs, which, in spite of my prudent regulations, were gradually, as I saw with alarm, reducing me to the dreaded situation of an impoverished gentleman. If ever it was true, that riches, in some cases, by the particular guidance of Providence, make to themselves wings and flee away, or that an overruling fate destined one man to be poor and another to be rich, it was exemplified in my history. For, until the age of thirty, every species of property belonging to me became enhanced in value, and, notwithstanding my extravagance, seemed to accumulate; while, after that period, notwithstanding my utmost economy and best management, every thing deteriorated, and was totally lost to me."

"At one time, by the advice of my banker, I was induced to embark largely in a scheme which totally failed, leaving me and several other capitalists to bear the loss to a large amount, while its original projectors contrived to pocket the wreck of the assets; at another, in order to pay off the engagements in which this speculation involved me, I was forced to sell a beautiful estate in Sussex, and took bills for it upon a mercantile house in London, which became bankrupt at the same time with the purchaser, before the bills became due; and thus, besides my former loss, I lost my valuable estate, receiving a dividend of about two shillings in the pound only, upon upwards of seventy thousand."

"In short, without troubling you with particulars which would be as tiresome as a sick man's history of his complaints, every thing I attempted for the recovery or security of my remaining property—every exertion which my anxiety for my now-increasing family prompted me to make, only ended in aggravating the evils they were intended to avert; and in drawing from me, by piecemeal, a property which once seemed to be inexhaustible."

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"I now hasten," continued Mr. Waltham, "to that part of my history which brought me in contact with Mr. Bolton. Alas, there are some men whom we meet in the course of our lives, whose very names come to be pronounced at last with pain, almost with horror!

"The truth began now to be forced upon me, that the anxiety of mind which marked my latter years, was as vain and even blameable as my former wanton thoughtlessness; that there is an overruling providence, or a shaped-out destiny to which it becomes mortals humbly to submit, and which they strive against in vain. I saw plainly that there is an unseen power that taketh down one man and setteth another up, as sure as that cause produces effect; and whether it be the predestination of Saint Paul, or the fate of the philosophers, I agree with the stoic, who holds that there is an invariable succession of things *ab æterno*, the one involving the other, which, in spite of our ignorant wishes or impotent efforts, shall place each of us while we live exactly in such circumstances as are destined for us.

"At all events, after twenty years, during which I incessantly declined in fortune, although I increased in wisdom, I began to be convinced that tranquillity of mind, under unavoidable events, is a greater acquisition than is generally supposed; and I endeavoured, as much as possible, to prevent my thoughts from dwelling upon coming evils, which I well knew it was impossible to turn aside.

"My property, however, was originally so large, and of such various denominations, that, even after the successive misfortunes of twenty years since my marriage, I still retained what many would have deemed a good fortune. But I did not now live at all in the style I once had done, which my acquaintances perceiving, many of them treated me accordingly. This I expected of course, yet still the realisation of an expectation so unpleasant, pained me and filled me with disgust.

"I set myself down with my family in the pleasant city of Brussels; and now my daughters, who were almost women, began to — "Alas, my lord," continued Mr. Waltham, after a pause, "this begins a painful part of my story. I may not talk to you of my daughters, but a father is fond and partial, and the admiration they excited in others confirmed the opinion their mother and myself entertained of them, and enhanced the delight with which we beheld them as they accompanied us, and as we watched every idea they imbibed, and every sentiment they expressed.

"While we lived in Brussels there came a young Englishman, who, in addition to a prepossessing address and a good person, had attained the character of possessing considerable wealth, which, of course, entitled him to an introduction to the principal English families residing in the place,—particularly to those who had unmarried daughters. By this time, although we lived in tolerable privacy, my daughters had begun to attract much attention; and this person, who was no other than Mr. Bolton, contrived after some time to get introduced to my family. Although I seldom saw him, he managed to become a favourite with my wife, and a showy gallant to my daughters, whom he constantly pestered with his attentions.

"At this time I meditated some plans with regard to certain portions of my property; and, having a talent for business, and considerable knowledge of the world, I hinted to him something respecting them. He listened with eagerness, from an apparent desire to serve me; and soon, by artful inquiries and insinuations, drew from me a general statement of the situation of my affairs. By praising my heart and blaming my head in matters of business, with what seemed a manly freedom—smiling at my ignorance, and wondering how I should let advantages slip—showing me in what danger this property was, and how much more productive another might be made—he, in fine, obtained all my confidence, and induced me to grant him powers of attorney to transact business for me in London, and to make various changes, such as he recommended.

"From a natural abhorrence of business which I did not understand, yet with an ominous misgiving of mind, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to execute deeds, which gave him powers over my property, with which I am now astonished I could ever have invested any man. Shall I get rid of the blame attachable to such

conduct as this, by pleading that I was only doing what I seem to have been fated to do? I know not; but as I intended every thing for the best, and was in fact impelled to the imprudence by anxiety for the welfare of my family, perhaps *infatuation*, in the popular sense of the word, will be the better term of the two.

"However, I saw no reason then for doubting that I had done wisely, nor did I even dream that, whatever Mr. Bolton had previously been, I had, by my unlimited confidence, placed a temptation in the way which few men of the world are able to resist.

"After his departure, my wife, who had been declining in health for some time, became so much worse that I grew seriously alarmed, and begged the physicians to say if, by any step that could be taken for her benefit—any possible management, any change of place or difference of air—there was the slightest chance of recovery; for, cost what it would, I was willing to undertake it. They recommended a trial of sea air for a short time, and advised a voyage to the island of Madeira, which we forthwith prepared to undertake.

"My great anxiety was now about my daughters, as I intended to accompany my wife on her voyage, and could neither think of taking them with us to encounter the dangers of the sea, nor was easy at the idea of leaving them behind to incur the perils of unprotected youth and beauty on land. While deliberating on this subject, my thoughts turned to the family of an elderly gentleman of the most retired manners and orderly habits, who, with a single unmarried daughter, lived in a delightfully situated woody lane in the suburbs of the city, and under his roof I proposed placing, until my return, the precious charge of my heir.

"Before I left Brussels, I received letters from Mr. Bolton at London, stating, though in terms extremely brief and vague, that he had executed my orders in most particulars to his wishes, and, as he doubted not, to my satisfaction; adding, that he hoped to see me in Flanders upon my return from the voyage which he understood I was about to undertake. My anxiety about my wife's health, however, was at this period so great, that I thought little of any thing else; and suffering myself to be satisfied with what was stated in this letter, and the arrangements I had made for my daughters, I embarked with my dear dying Angela on our voyage to the island of Madeira.

"But when I at length found myself on ship-board, and my lovely girls weeping at parting from their mother and me, and thought that I was about sailing from the shore where I was obliged to leave them, the grief of a father and a husband quite overcame me; and while I looked in the face of my angelic wife, now hectic and wan with sickness, and then in those of my blooming daughters as they clung to us, my excited feelings became strangely mixed with portentous anticipations of some approaching disaster.

"But I did part from my dear children, and I saw their mother part from them for ever. Alas! I did embrace for the last time my beauteous Eliza. I did receive her affectionate pressure. I did feel her filial kiss upon my cheek. How little did I think then what was to be her fate—that I was never to see her from that hour to the present.—Ah, I am an unhappy man! Excuse me," continued Mr. Waltham, much affected. "this is a sad subject to a father."

"Do not let me distress you," said Arnewood, "I would not hurry you with your story."

"Not to trouble you with the particulars of my voyage, by the time we reached Madeira my dear Angela seemed so much better, that I was induced to contemplate a stay on the island for a considerable period, and we purchased a house and conveniences for that purpose. But the hopes that at first flattered me were, after a residence of some months, totally dissipated, and my wife seemed evidently in an incurable consumption. As she grew worse, an intense anxiety seized upon her to see our children once more, and, fearing the worst, I hastily embarked with her to return to Belgium, from which we had only once heard since our departure nearly a year before. The only vessel I could find was a small one, bound to an obscure port in England, and in this I placed her, knowing the readiness with which we could there obtain conveyance to the asylum where our beloved children were placed.

"We were not more than a few days at sea on our voyage homeward, when a visible alteration took place in my dear wife; and while I watched her in despairing anxiety, I saw death gradually changing those sweet features which had not lost an attraction in twenty years. One night as I sat up with her, the midnight watch having been set, and every thing as silent as death upon the black waters, I saw by the dim cabin lamp which swung slowly over her with the dull roll of the ship, that life was drawing to a close, and that time to her was to be no longer. I saw her beckon to me, and stooped to receive her last words.

"I only heard a whisper or two at first, which I could not understand; but at length she spoke a few words clearly and distinctly: 'Few—few,' she said, 'have lived as you and I have done for twenty years! I have seen misfortune and loss coming gradually upon us, but I praise heaven that no grave has occurred in our affections—alas! I only grrieve that I am taken away from sharing with you whatever evil may be to come. All I wish is, that, if possible, I may be buried in England, and that you may be spared to take care of my daughters, whom I am never to see more.'

"She died! she died, repeating the name of our child Eliza, for whom some ominous anxiety seemed to oppress her.

"Think of my feelings," continued Mr. Waltham, much affected, "for six days after this, as I lay in my small cabin, with the corpse of my dear wife lying cold and changed beside me!

"Will it not appear to you strange, that the first English land we saw one morning was that very headland called Hail Hill; and the first prominent object that struck us, as we drew near the shore, this very building, well denominated the Pilot's Mark, which I now occupy by your benevolent condescension? By a bribe to the seaman, I caused them to land me and the remains of my dear wife in this identical bay, called the Pirate's Creek; and by the permission of your honoured mother, during the time your lordship was abroad, my Angela was buried in that romantic old burying-ground, near the cemetery of your own family."

"My God!" exclaimed Arnewood, involuntarily, as he recollected the evening when Mr. Waltham interrupted his duel with Mr. Bolton near the same spot; "and your daughters, where are they? Surely I saw —"

"The eldest I have never beheld since her mother and myself parted from her in Brussels. Alas! how can I think of it; and that villain —"

"But the other?" said Arnewood, impatiently. "You had two; and this lonely building where you live is no place for ladies."

"She is safe as yet," replied Mr. Waltham, waiving the question; and then, after a pause, he continued thus—

"Shortly after my poor Angela was laid in the earth, I set out alone and dejected to meet my daughters at Brussels. My passage across the channel I thought insufferably tedious; and when at length I drew near to the city where my children dwelt, I could not reason myself out of an impression that hung like the nightmare upon my spirits—a dark, formless, anticipation of astonishment and woe."

CHAPTER VII.

"When I arrived at Brussels, and entered the house in which I had left my children, I thought the very servant who opened the door looked strangely in my face, as if he knew something that he dared not tell me; and instead of my daughters coming to meet me on the stairs, only one, the youngest, after some time, crept slowly into the apartment into which I had been shown, as if ashamed to see me. I asked Agatha for her sister; I looked round in dread; I made twenty enquiries in a breath; but my other daughter did not make her appearance; and the poor child at my knees was only able to answer me by sobs and tears.

"It was some time before I learned the extent of my misfortunes. Mr. Bolton, in whom I had so confided, had found the temptation to use, for his own advantage, the powers I had entrusted to him, too strong for whatever virtue he originally possessed. He gave way to that temptation, and by arts which it would be tedious to un-

fold, not only appropriated the whole of my remaining property to himself, but in order to screen himself from public opprobrium, spread the most infamous reports regarding me in Brussels in my absence, to which city he returned some months after I had left it.

"This man had long loved my eldest daughter, and while I was still rich, and his own possessions inconsiderable, he had paid his court to us both as humbly as if he considered the possession of my child's hand in marriage almost too much for him to hope for. But the moment he was master of my property the state of the ease became totally changed. He retained all his *love* for Eliza, but had lost his *respect*, because she, by his own villany, was now destitute of fortune. He therefore set about turning the impression he had made upon her by his long continued assiduity, to the gratification of his passions, by the accomplishment of her ruin."

"Heavens!" interrupted Lord Aramwood, "and how, Mr. Waltham, when you knew all this of Bolton's character, could you live on my estate and hear of my entertaining, for a moment, the idea of becoming connected with the villain, without giving me such information as would prove a warning to me against so detestable a union."

"There was little occasion for warning you," replied Mr. Waltham, "further than the rhyming hints delivered to you by my servant, Murdoch Macara, which you may remember bearing one moonlight night, as he conducted you home from New Hall—or the word I prompted you to speak in the presence of Bolton, which was the cause of your quarrel. No, my lord, I knew your character too well to apprehend any such union."

"In brief, Bolton had made use of all the usual arts of a crafty seducer to get the poor child into his power; to which indeed the formality of life and unsuitable restraint imposed upon my spirited girls in the family of Mr. Toller, instead of being a preventive, were only too favourable. By false reports concerning me and the posture of my affairs, and by a constant assiduity, more I imagine than from any regard inspired by himself, he succeeded, as I have since heard, in making my unfortunate daughter desirous of an union with him; he then persuaded her to consent to its taking place in private; and next, under pretence of having the ceremony immediately performed, he induced her to leave the house of Mr. Toller clandestinely with him, and no doubt completed her ruin—for there he lives in my very neighbourhood, while I have never heard of my unfortunate child since."

After a few minutes' agitated pause, Mr. Waltham thus proceeded:—

"The flight of my daughter with Mr. Bolton came upon me like a clap of thunder; but it was by degrees only, and in the answers to letters which I wrote to London, that I learned that he had robbed me of my property."

"Conceive my situation, as I sat after receiving this intelligence, musing on my singular fate—now a bereft man, deprived of every thing I had possessed in the world—my child fled I knew not whither, and my poor lonely Agatha sitting at my knees, looking in my sorrowful face like a sinless infant, marvelling that any thing should have occurred in this pleasant world, and on that sweet summer evening, to make one human being unhappy."

"But something was to be done without delay, to realise even the means of present support. I first sold off nearly the whole of the valuables in my house; and having still a little property in the island of Madeira, I determined to return thither with my remaining daughter, to turn it into cash, hoping that in the mean time my friend in Brussels, Mr. Toller, might be able to obtain some intelligence respecting my misled and fugitive child."

"Agatha and myself soon left Flanders; and, as if Providence benevolently intended to reconcile me gradually to my fate, our voyage to Madeira, partly from the fineness of the weather, and partly from the society with which we fortunately met, was more than usually pleasant. My poor Agatha was delighted with the novelty of the voyage, and the excitement on her arrival in a new country; and as I found some difficulty in disposing of my house, we were detained in this agreeable spot for a considerable time. At length, having disposed of my estate there, and turned the value into specie, (being determined to avoid all risk, by having the little that remained in solid silver and in my own keeping,) I set sail with my daughter in a ship bound for England."

"On our voyage homewards it happened that there were no passengers in the vessel save myself and my daughter. The weather was at first dull and rainy; light winds tantalised us at one period with hopes of escaping forward; and at another, boisterous squalls, with

head winds and cross currents, drove us back; and our time was thus spent in alternate struggles and despondency."

"In this situation, cowering alone in the chillness and darkness of my half lighted cabin, or tossed by the fury of the gale, I could not help brooding over the events of my past life, and looking gloomily forward towards the future. I was now declined to the very verge of that poverty which my mind had long anticipated, even when, as yet, it was far from my eyes; and as I thought of Bolton, and the deep and double injuries he had done me, strange thoughts took fast hold of my spirit."

"While I was plunged in such musings, the winds gradually increased in force, and began to rush howlingly along the sea. A great storm arose (as we landmen say), and the billows, mountain high, broke over our heads, while the straining ship danced and dived like a cork amidst the mass of waters. They rose at the summons of the winds like angry monsters on every side of us, and seemed to lash themselves in fury that they could not at once swallow up their prey. Our ship now reeled and groaned in every timber, and the sea cleared our decks and stove in our bulwarks; while the vessel sometimes hung high on the broken wave, and sometimes lay weltering in what mariners call the trough of the sea, like a tired and wounded war horse, after an unsuccessful charge—and the sailors began evidently to be sore afraid."

"It was soon perceived that this state of things could not last long, for our ship was no youngster, and showed every moment more and more the craziness and feebleness of age, when opposed to such a tempest as this. She strained so dreadfully with the roll of the sea, that the very masts seemed ready to work themselves out of their beds, and to tear her asunder by the weight of the rigging; while she laboured over the billows, and trembled, and groaned as they struck her prostrate sides, or passed roaring beneath. In the midst of this scene, the sailors began to look scowling to windward, and then to each other, and I saw some of the hardest of them turn pale as they darted fearful glances into the black hollow of the sea. My daughter and myself, unable to stay below, were lashed to the railing near the poop, and I need not add, she held by me in a stupor of nervous terror."

"I am thus particular in my description, my lord," continued Mr. Waltham, "because I wish to accompany my narrative with some account of my state of mind throughout. During all this time, then, while evident fear sat upon the countenances of the oldest seamen; while the captain himself had ceased to give orders, except the hoarse and appalling cry of 'look out!' 'lay hold!' as he watched each sea that was likely to dash over us, when every thing but our wet and wearied men had been washed overboard—during all this time, I say, I sat holding my daughter in my arms with an involuntary and unaccountable confidence, that, however the scene might end, it would end safely for me! My poor timid Agatha began to receive the same impression from my calmness and confidence; and while the sailors looked with terror downwards, as we hung upon the ridge of the wave, and spoke in broken whispers as they held on by the weather shrouds—and while the captain and mates looked aghast to windward, and began to whisper of foundering at sea—myself and my dear confiding daughter seemed the only persons in the ship who were not filled with trembling and despairing apprehension."

"The cry of 'water in the hold' completed the scene of terror and alarm; and the poor seamen now set about trying the pumps with a degged and ominous silence. A dreadful roll of the ship with a sudden gust of the tempest, next drove our main-top-mast by the board with a crash, while the solitary stay-sail which helped to keep her in trim, was shivered in the uncontrollable fury of the storm. The pumps were now deserted, the vessel laboured more than ever, and the sailors looked with longing eyes along the weltering sea, and round the black and hazy horizon, for any object that might relieve them from the chill sinking of despair."

"What is there in the visible heaven above or in the earth beneath, that can give confidence of deliverance in such circumstances as these? I know not—I cannot see it. It assuredly is not external. It is from on high, and conferred only by the Power who works calmly the consummation of his own purposes, amidst the wildest tempest that ever blew out of the clouds. I, at least, knew, that at the most dreadful moment of this crisis I looked on with the excitement of a spectator, gazing on a scene of terror in which he has no other than a sympathetic concern; for I felt assured that I was to escape here, even if reserved for another death of a more terrible description."

"The wind now began to fall, and the sea became less furious; yet the real danger was not in the least abated, for the ship was in no condition to hold out, and the leak was gaining quickly upon the feeble efforts of the men. As the wind calmed, we lay on the waves like a log; we heard the appalling gurgle of the water which was rising in the hold below; and we felt the ship sinking slowly beneath us. We were three hundred miles from any land. Even our boats had been washed overboard; the vessel was filling fast, and we looked around us and up to heaven for relief in vain. Death stared us in the face, and now the seamen, throwing aside all subordination, descended (as is usual in such circumstances) into the store-room, and pierced the spirit casks, swearing that it would be a double death if they were to go down into the deep to meet a sailor's death, sober. For my own part, I never stirred from my place near the poop, and my daughter was astonished—I was even astonished myself—at my perfect calmness, and my indomitable hope of being still rescued out of the jaws of the watery grave."

"My darling Agatha, trembling, and looking in my face with the serene confidence of an angel; while the racked vessel which hardly kept us from the sea was sinking beneath our feet. I requested a glass of spirits, (for the men, except my servant Murdoch, who was on his knees praying audibly, were not drinking with the greedy regardlessness of despair,) and, on being handed to me, I prevailed upon my courageous daughter and my servant to taste, for we were now faint from abstinence. She drank a little of what I offered, and smiled sadly; saying although she dared not hope, she was now ready to die with her father. We embraced in silence. God bless my inestimable child! She grasped me with the grasp of death. Yet I had not given up hope. I still preserved my confidence, and I told her so."

"The bow of our ship was already under water, and hoped seemed quite gone. I rose up, after embracing my child, to stretch out my benumbed limbs. I saw no one near me but Agatha, for the men were drinking in that part of the vessel which was still out of the sea, and some were lying in a state of intoxication, waiting for death. I looked towards heaven, and towards the horizon. At that instant the sun, which had been invisible all day, but was now setting, shone out brightly through the stormy haze, and cast a yellow beam over the waste of foaming waters. My daughter pointed to his broad disk, and said, 'Father, that is the last sun we are ever to see on earth—look at it!—we are now past hope—we are sinking fast!'"

"I shook my head, almost agreeing with her, when, turning round, I beheld to my astonishment something black between us and the dark heavens to windward. It seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea, for no one had observed it. I could scarcely believe my sight. It was a big bearing straight down upon us, and was not more than a few miles off."

"'Sail ho!' I shouted in rapturous surprise, involuntarily imitating the sailors' cry upon this interesting sight at sea."

"'Sail ho!' echoed every voice on board, from the influence of habit, but in a tone of drunken apathy."

"The captain, however, looked up, roused from his stupor by the cry, and stood staring for some moments upon the approaching vessel, before he was able to speak."

"The word, however, was now caught, and every one jumped up to gaze upon the stranger ship in ecstatic amazement."

"But our vessel was sinking so fast, that life and death seemed suspended upon a moment. The ship neared us—our own deepened into the sea—my daughter stretched out her arms for help—in five awful minutes after, my child and I were safe!—and—"

Mr. Waltham here burst into tears.

"Excuse me, my lord," said the old gentleman, recovering his composure. "The recollection of that dreadful moment, and my child's providential deliverance, are too much for my feelings, even now."

"The impressions made upon me by what I have narrated," continued he, "might have passed away like a vision, but think, my lord, of this very place where we are sitting—this sweeping coast—and these dark woods round the castle of your ancestors, near which my old enemy Bolton has set himself down, as if hiding himself from my sight—think of this incidental spot having been the first land made by the ship which saved us! Think also of our provisions having been so run out by the additional number the vessel had now to provide for, that the captain was forced to put us and the crew of the wrecked ship ashore, in a small port, the nearest to

this very bay, to preserve to himself the means of enabling him to reach the termination of his voyage?"

"It is remarkable," said Lord Arnwood, thoughtfully.

"Think also," Mr. Waltham went on, "that had I taken good bills on London, which were offered me in payment for my property in Madeira, I could have easily kept them on my person, and so retained thus much of what originally belonged to me. But my very anxiety to avoid all risk of loss, was made the instrument of that final deprivation which has brought me to the state at which it seems evident I was fated to arrive. Bills might easily have been saved, but my substantial money, in which I put my trust, I was forced to yield up to the insatiable deep; and I am now, as it seemed inevitable that I should come to be, in the literal sense of the word, a poor man."

"There are strange occurrences in men's lives," said Arnwood; "some call them accidents. I know not what to think."

"But now," continued the narrator, "I had made up my mind to my destiny. I had almost welcomed poverty, solitude, and obscurity. I had resolved to labour with my hands for my subsistence and that of my daughter. It was a consolation for me, in the midst of this, to find that Providence, who mixes all it gives, had thrown me on a spot near where dear deceased wife lay buried, resting in the quiet grave beside this castle, out of view of the sad events which she could not have prevented; I sought from your lordship that lonely house to dwell in, called the Mark, where I might live, and, with my faithful Scotch servant, seek a subsistence out of the sea in which the last of my wealth was for ever lost."

"While waiting here quietly until I saw how Providence meant to dispose of me, and until I should hear of my child, what was my astonishment to find that the despoiler of my fortune and the seducer of my daughter was set down at my very side, and placed in my very path, for the fulfilment of his destiny and mine!"

"I do think and hope, sir, you are deceiving yourself, and drawing wrong inferences from accidental coincidences," said Lord Arnwood, after a pause. "But you have not told me what is become of your other daughter. Surely it cannot be possible that—that she is all this time in that solitary building the Pilot's Mark?"

"Do not ask me of her. I have told you she is safe."

"But is she really in the Mark?" said Arnwood, eagerly; a light breaking in upon his recollection.

"I may not talk to you of her, my lord; you distress me."

"I know. I see it now. Good heavens, and she so beautiful!"

"What do you say? Have you seen my Agatha?"

"I have, I am sure I have! and the interesting vision has haunted me ever since."

"Beware, my lord, of love," said Mr. Waltham, solemnly. "My unfortunate daughter is now a beggar, and you are not rich. Beware, I say. The real evils of life are sufficient in your circumstances, without superadding to them the intense sufferings often springing out of the deep affections and the imagination."

"I will see her. I will, at least, interest myself for her welfare."

"Do not, my lord; do not. Suppress the wild feelings of youth," he added, waving his hand as he prepared to depart; "and wait patiently for the predestined occurrences of your own fate."

CHAPTER VIII.

Some time after the foregoing events, and towards the end of June, a few hours before sunset, two men, in the garb of mariners, sat by the sea-side upon the soft furzy turf, which formed the surface of the little peninsula we have before noticed, that ran into the sea nearly in front of the Pilot's Mark.

One was the large muscular fisherman, who, some time ago, had been the opponent of Lord Arnwood in their struggle among the rocks; and the other was our old acquaintance, Murdoch Macara, of the Mark—his outward appearance more sailor-like than was usual with him at such periods as he had chosen to make himself visible at the castle of Arnwood.

The present was one of those delicious evenings, which at this season of the year reward the Englishman for his endurance of his long cloudy winter and uncertain spring. It was at the time of day when the sun flings a yellow radiance aslant the undulations of the country, and throws one side of every rising object into deep shadow; and now the rich light, reposing on the

western side of the headlands, marked out with picturesque distinctness, the graceful sweep of the shore and bay lying beyond the Pirate's Creek, by the side of which the fishermen pursued their occupation.

The two men were reclining indolently upon the furzy sward, Watersheet purring to himself contentedly, and mending his net, while Murdoch was employed in coiling the lines and busking the books belonging to that department of their amphibious craft of which he took particularly the charge.

"Heh! but summer is a pleasant time," said Murdoch to his companion, "just when the vera air off the land smells o' roses an' sweet-breens, an' the gowans glow up in ane's face, when a body lies down among the warm grass. An' then, the sea patters sae pleasantly o'er the pebbles at your feet, just as it were fear'd to come near you. It's really a sweet night, only for these midgets that bizz about ane's ears. But its nae use of speaking to you, Will Watersheet. No a word frae you—man, ye're perfect stupid!"

"Hum, haw," grunted the other, "what is it you want, Mr. Macara?"

"Don't maister me, William Watersheet. Ye're wonderful life o' maisters in this England, as the paddock said to the harrow. But devil a word o' talk or locularity out o' your head, man, ye'll get out of Robin Graith's mare. Noo, William, isn't it a sad thing that the granty canna stay at home in their ain bannys woods an' lawns in this fine summer time? Do ye think Lord Arnwood has left the Ha' there yet?"

"How should I know? I never remark."

"Never remark! Just like you! Eh, man, Will Watersheet, but you're a pair sowl! Neither can sing nor say, as auld Ramsay says. God, I'm sae happy this bonny night, I could sing till the morning, if I had only guide company to sing to. But the night's coming round, an' I'll hae a sang yet with Rab Roust, when the lines an' nets are set, if I should gang three miles for't. But here goes for want o' better," and the merry Scotchman struck up this ditty with extraordinary melody.

O merry night be when the simmer's sin is down,

An' gaily night we dance by the glint o' the moon,

In my loat or ashore 'twill be all ane to me,

If I hae but my sang, an' gude companie.

O canty on the sea side,

An' chanting by the sea side,

Till the evening bell shall ring us to

Gude companie.

O the bonny berris they sing, in a morning in May;

An' the bonny bells they ring when the bride's gien away;

So gie me a line o' sae soft paves to me,

To tryste to meet it een, for her companie.

O canty on the sea side,

An' chanting by the sea side,

Till the evening star shall light us to

Gude companie.

O the peer he is proud, an' the priest he is sly;

An' the lawyer's are leud and the drinker's aye dry;

But I am a man that likes to live free,

Wi' a drap o' gude drink an' gude companie.

O canty on the sea side,

An' chanting by the sea side,

Till the evening hearth shall brighten to

Gude companie.

"Well done, Murdoch. But I say, who may that be coming yonder?"

"Where?"

"Don't you see some one hauling round on his larboard tack, by the weather-side of Hail-hill? There he luffs just astern of our old hulk the Pilot's Mark."

"Faith, I see him, an' a gentleman too. Black coat, an' a white breechin round his neck."

"What does he stand gazing about the Mark for? Who can he be?"

"Faith I dinna ken. It's no for naething that a gentleman comes wandering about this loesome place his lane. There's surely something in the wind, William; have ye stowed away the wee drap brandy?"

"To be sure, man. But what o' that?"

"I'm no sic an auld smiggler as you, Will Watersheet, an' ye see my conscience is a wee tender about the brandy whenever I think o' the gauger."

"Who do you mean? the exciseman?"

"Oo ay, but that canna be him, for gaugers dinna wear sic braw black coats; but he's coming up to us, faith."

"So he is. Now stand by your weather helm, Murdoch, and be prepared to answer his hail."

"I see do that. But diuna ye be putting in your jaw." The stranger soon drew near at an easy pace, seeming to reconnoitre, as he came, every object in the neighbourhood, and, after a few moments, he addressed the men with—

"Pleasant employment, friends, of a summer's evening."

"I canna say but it's pleasant enough, sir," answered the ready Scotchman, "if it were for our use."

"You seem to be preparing your fishing tackle, friends. Surely, you don't call that a useless employment."

"Lord, sir, I wish you had a trial o't," said Murdoch, with his instinctive propensity to complain; "the vera fishes hae gotten sic notions in their heads in thae enlightened days, that they'll no come near a net. Faith they seem to ken the use o't as well as I do."

"But the books and the bait, my friend," said the stranger, entering into the Scotchman's humour.

"Huiks! odd, sir, I wonder what the times will come to, for ye might as well put doon a bairn's gum-stick as buik or bait either. The vera fishes hae grown sae cunning, that they ken a huik just as well as I would ken a shilling in the fingers o' a recruiting sergeant. An' so they'll no bite—devil a bit."

"But surely you'll allow this is a pleasant evening for your employment."

"It may be pleasant enough to a gentleman like you, sir, walking about with your cane in your hand. But it's little pleasure to pair fellows like us, labouring here in the sun, an' the midges like to pike our vera een out."

"Pray whose house is that tall building beside us?"

"It's my maister's, sir."

"That is a Scotchman's answer, my friend. It is the name of the owner that I desire to know."

"Had'it ye better speer at the door, sir?" answered Murdoch, looking suspiciously up into the stranger's face.

"Have you any objection to answer my question yourself?" said the other, "as I have chanced to make the enquiry of you."

"Oo, surely no, sir. Ye'll be frae New Hall, I dare say."

"You're asking me a question, friend, instead of answering mine."

"I ken bravly what I'm saying, sir. I like a gift for a gift, baith in word an' deed, for, in troth, I never got ought for nought frae the world myself."

"But I think you ought to answer me my civil question, honest man," said Mr. Johnston; for it was the quantum turn of Lord Arnwood who manifested this anxiety to learn something of the possessor of the Pilot's Mark. "I did not expect to be catbished by you when I made so simple an inquiry."

"Oo, I dare say," said Murdoch, who had been taking a sharp view of the countenance of the enquirer. "I canna say but ye look like that sort o' fook, that think they should claut a't the cream to their ain side of the plate—but an eye for an eye, an' a tooth for a tooth, as the gospel says, an' a kick for a cuff, all over the world. So, sir, if there be nae penny there shall be nae pater-noster; an' ye may be just gang as ye came."

"You're a very strange sort of man for a fisherman," said Mr. Johnston, evidently chagrined.

"I'm rather rough an' round in my way, ye see, but I ken a gude fellow when I meet him, an' I can be civil too when I ken my man—just as well as any other body that has nae favour to seek, but what his ain ten fingers can grant him."

"Perhaps you will tell me who lives in that house, which I believe is called the Pilot's Mark, friend?" said Mr. Johnston, addressing Watersheet the sailor.

"I'm rather a stranger, sir, you see," said Watersheet drily, and scratching his head, "and Murdoch there is the only man that takes an observation on this coast, if you can only get the soundings of him."

"You're a pair of obstinate scoundrels," muttered Johnston, as he turned and walked back towards the Mark.

"There he goes grumbling like a bear wi' a sair head," said Murdoch, laughing.

As Mr. Johnston passed the old building, he lingered near, and seemed to take the closest observation of every thing he could see, frequently turning round and looking stealthily at the two fishermen.

"I don't like that fellow," said the Scot, as he watched Johnston until he turned by the back of the old building. "I'll wagger he's fand the smell o' that drap o' brandy ye got frae the smugger, an' that has cost me sae nuckle care. I wish, Will Watersheet, that that confounded brandy was down your throat."

"He's going up to the Hall there, sure enough," said the sailor.

"Do ye think sae? Faith, I'll just step an' watch him. He has a sneaking look; and, Will, ye'll just put the bit keg in the hole o' the cliff, for fear ony thing should happen."

Having said this, Murdoch, gathering together his

fishing tackle, set forward to dodge Mr. Johnston, having much jealous suspicion of all inquisitive manœuvring emanating from New Hall.

The wary Scot took a low road among the plantations that skirted the great park of Arnwood Castle, and was quite close to the square mansion of New Hall, when he observed Mr. Johnston deviate from the road and enter it. Murdoch was about to return by another path which skirted the heathy sweep of Hail Hill, muttering to himself his suspicions regarding this manœuvre of Johnston; when, in passing through a narrow gap in the fence, he observed a young woman meanly dressed, sitting in a nook of the bank opposite to him, and caressing an infant, while she seemed full of grief and despondency, and sobbed and wept in sorrowful bitterness.

Murdoch stood for a moment and watched the girl, who, thinking herself unobserved, indulged her grief and fondled her infant, in a manner which absolutely, as he afterwards expressed himself, took the Scot by the heart to witness it.

"What is the matter wi' you, my bonny woman?" said Murdoch, coming forward and addressing her.

The girl only shook her head, and then tried to conceal her grief by somewhat brightening up her looks.

"Na troth, it's nae business o' mine, my lass. But your greetin' time's nae come yet. Ye're o'er young to be sitting there sorrowing to yourseld under a hedge, pair thing. But ch, woman, that's a braw bairn i' your lap."

This compliment to the infant overcame the young woman's reserve, and looking up in Murdoch's face for a moment, she said,

"Good man, will you do an unfortunate young woman a favour?"

"Hoot ay, my pretty lass! I never could refuse ony thing to a bonny face, an' my life."

"Well, sir, if you could just manage to get this letter delivered to Mr. Bolton of the Hall there," said the young woman, taking a letter out of her bosom and offering it to Murdoch.

"Troth, I'll do that in a trice. But it's but a sma' favour that, my lass, an' the squire's hoose is sae near—it seems scarcely worth asking me to do 't."

"It will be a very great favour, sir, if you could get it given to Mr. Bolton, and particularly if you could see him yourself, and bring me some sort of answer."

"As to that, ye see, my lass, it's now the evening, an' the squire will be at his wine, an' winna be disturbed, nae doubt. Ye ken, pair folk should watch the great folks' time."

"Ah, sir, I have been here the whole of the day, and yesterday too, but Mr. Bolton will not see me, and has given directions to his servants not to take any letter to him from any poor person, upon pain of losing their places. So I have been driven from the door with my baby, and have had no sustenance all day!"—and having given this account of herself, the young woman again relapsed into weeping.

"Dinna grēt, my pair thing," said the Scotchman beginning to melt: "noo just gie me the letter, an' I'll try to get a word o' him. But it'll be a sair job to fight my way through his powder'd flunkies."

"I shall be most grateful, and pray blessings on you, my friend, if you will try," said the girl earnestly.

"But ye see, my bonny woman," said Murdoch, turning the letter, and looking on all sides of it; "I dinna ken, after a' what sort o' business this may be, an' the squire's a man that I'm no the least anxious to see, if it warms to do a rude turn to you, my dow."

"Well, sir," said the girl, weeping afresh, "indeed I cannot expect but that you wish to know something about me before you undertake to do me a service, but if you'll take my word for it, sir, I am a very unfortunate young woman."

"Troth, my dear, I dinna misdoit that in the small-est," said Murdoch; "poverty an' a bonny face at the mercy o' the world! Lord, I could greet for you myself this vera minute."

"And sadly were they taken advantage of to my sorrow," continued the girl, encouraged to tell her story by the spontaneous sympathy of the warm-hearted Scot.

"By Mr. Bolton?" exclaimed Murdoch, throwing up his clenched hand.

"Yes, sir, indeed, to my shame I tell it. But he made acquaintance with me in another part of the country, by disguising himself in a dress like those of my own condition, and calling himself a young tradesman, and by promises of marriage, he —"

"O the confounded scoundrel! But that's one of his old tricks; and he now refuses you a small maintenance, I dare say; while the very steam of what he wastes in

gross extravagance would support a whole family. O the scoundrel!"

"Just so, sir. And he will not now hear me, or receive a letter from me, although he prevailed upon me to conceal his name from the parish; and now I cannot look my father in the face, for his heart is broken about me, and Mr. Bolton at last refuses me the smallest relief."

"God help you, pair lass. But how do you think his seeing this letter will avail you? Woman, he treats the pair like the vera dirt among his feet."

"O dear sir, I don't know; but I read it by the advice of a friend, and I think if he wrote it, he would save me from exposing him and, alas, myself!"

"Well, my pair lassie, just bae patience, an' I'll try to see him," said the Scotchman, going; "noo just be quiet till I come back. Od! I'll look him straight in the face if I can set eyes on him—straight in the face!"

Muttering in this manner, Murdoch turned into the grounds of New Hall, summoning up all his characteristic impudence, or rather bold bluntness of speech, to his assistance, while he tried to make his way into the presence of Mr. Bolton.

"This is a bonny job I've ta'en in hand," said he to himself, as he went, while he looked at the letter, "to carry despatches between a blackguard gentleman and his hizzy. Weel, I am surely a dolt to meddle wi' love affairs that are no my ain. An auld fule—to be ta'en aff my road wi' a bonny face, an' let a silly woman's greetin' get me into a scrape wi' this purse-proud squire! I would rather see the devil than I would see that Squire Bolton. But, pair thing," he continued, thinking of the girl, "a bonny creature! odd, I hadn't the heart to refuse her, sittin' grētin' to hersel' on a braw side, an' a baby at her breast. Lord help up! this is a sad worl'."

Having strengthened his resolution by these reflections, he proceeded boldly up to New Hall.

"By my faith, I think it's my best way to gang straight up to the grand door at once," thought Murdoch to himself. "It's a case o' needcessity, an' what for should I be 'fear'd to face the devil? The pair lass canna starve, so here goes," and he rung the bell at the entrance.

"What do you want?" said a powdered porter, who opened the door. "Who the devil taught you to ring at a gentleman's door, sirrah? Go round to the back of the house, if you have any business here."

"Na, devil a bit," said the Scotchman, doggedly. "I want to see your maister, friend, if you please."

"If you want to see master, come to-morrow at twelve, and go to the back entrance," said the servant, thrusting the half-open door rudely against Macrae.

"Will ye drive the door in my face, ye yimple-faced puppy?" cried the Scotchman, pushing it back and edging himself in. "By my faith, I'll haul the yellow strapples frae your flunky coat, if ye daur to gie me o' your valle-de-sham insolence! I'll just wait till I see your maister; and Murdoch determinedly planted himself on a seat in the hall.

"Faith, you shall wait then," said the servant, astonished at finding his authority disputed by one of Macrae's appearance. "You're a pretty sort of a clown indeed, to suppose that master is going to leave his wine to speak to you. It's a moral impossibility at this time of night."

"I'll let you ken, friend, that it's neither moral nor impossible for your maister to speak to me, upon most particular business," said Murdoch, threateningly.

"What particular business can you have with him?" said the man.

"That's no' for your lugs to hear, I'm sure."

"If you have particular business, have you no letter or card that may be taken up to the squire?"

"Whatever I hae I shall deliver myself, when I see him," said Murdoch, determined not to be shaken either by master or man.

"Then, friend, if you persist in disturbing my master, you must take the consequences."

"I'll take my chance."

"And so you see, friend, if you have a hard head, he has a good stick in the corner there."

"If that be the way o't," said Murdoch boldly, "there'll be a pair o' us at the work, as the hen said to her legs."

"Would you offer to lift your hand to a squire?" said the porter, in increased astonishment.

"Ye had better gie nae mair jaw, my friend, but just gang up an' tell your maister that there's a gentleman wants to see him instantly, upon particular business."

"A gentleman! you're a pretty devil of a gentleman, to be sure."

"Ne'er fash yourself! what I am. Hoot, man, what's the use o' simmering an' wintering a' day. If ye dinna

say it's a gentleman, ye see, your maister'll no' stir for the like o' me, an' if there's any skaith, I'll take the blame. Come, friend, gang up and tell him. It's really a great business."

The servant seeing the determination of the Scot, and chuckling at the idea of the squire getting into a passion and breaking the intruder's head, went up stairs and whispering to one of his fellows, the latter went in to announce this strange visit to his master.

The squire had no company, (except Mr. Johnston, of whom more anon), he having been somewhat confined and interdicted by the surgeon who attended him, until his recovery was complete from the effects of the slight wound he had received in his skirmish with Lord Arnwood. He was, therefore, more sober than usual at this hour in the evening, when the servant entered, and was, moreover, engaged in a discussion with Mr. Johnston concerning the result of his enquiries about the occupant of the Pilot's Mark, and other matters of apparently little concern to him, about which notwithstanding he evinced an anxiety that not a little puzzled and astonished his friend.

When the servant delivered his message, and in answer to Mr. Bolton's enquiries, described the man who insisted upon seeing the squire, a thought instantly struck the latter, and he said to the servant—

"Tell him to walk up."

"Into this room, sir," said the astonished attendant.

"Do as I bid you. Bring the man into this room."

When the servant left the apartment, and in terms of civility proportionate to the respect paid to the stranger by the fact of his master's calling him up to the dining-room, delivered his message, it was not in human nature to resist a twinge of cowardice and dread, when Murdoch thought of going up "before the laird." This unwonted sinking of spirit rather increased than otherwise, as he mounted the richly carpeted stairs, and surveyed the magnificence by which the man was surrounded, whom he was going to face with a message that amounted to a threat. Had he been treated with contempt and opposition, as he expected, he felt that he could have acted his part courageously for the young woman; but this appearance of respect and condescension quite disarmed him, and the natural impression of Mr. Bolton's grandeur filled him with dread. When he had reached the landing-place on the stairs, however, and was just entering the room where sat Mr. Bolton and his friend, a single thought crossing his mind, served to bring back all his courage, and to restore him to a just view of his undertaking. This was the strong contrast of the poor young woman, a victim to the vicious passions of the owner of all this grandeur, sitting weeping on the bare earth without, refused even the crumbs that fell from this Dives' table, although absolutely famishing, with his infant at her breast.

"Come forward, sir," said Mr. Bolton, as the Scot entered with humility. "You live with some one in that high old building by the sea side, called the Pilot's Mark."

"Yes, sir."

"Here, John, hand me that glass," he said, addressing the servant.

"Now, sir, you can drink wine when you get it, I dare say," continued Mr. Bolton, filling up the goblet and winking to Mr. Johnston, as if he would say, "leave the fellow to me."

"I am nae great wine-bibber, sir," said Murdoch, rallying his thoughts from their surprise at all this.

"No, I suppose not, friend," answered the squire. "The Pilot's Mark is a place where wine is not so plentiful as sea-water, I well believe. But come! drink my health, honest friend. Your master and I are neighbours, and I don't even know his name. Pray what part of the country is he from?"

"I came to you on another business than to talk of my master, sir," said Murdoch, setting down the wine which the servant had handed to him.

"Oh, very true, I forgot that," said Mr. Bolton, "but won't you drink? Are you a Scotchman, and can't drink?"

"Devil a fears, sir, as we used to say when we were bairns."

"Yes indeed an' that I can, Just as well as any man."

"Very well," continued the squire, again winking to Mr. Johnston; "I see you're a fine fellow, and can make rhymes too. Now off with your glass, and then I'll hear your business."

"Business first, and drink after," said the Scotchman stiffly.

"What! won't you drink your wine when I ask you?"

"Na—devil a bit."

"No? Why, you idiot—"

"I thought, sir, ye wad'na keep up your civility long, if ye were the least cross'd," said Murdoch coolly.

"Why what sort of a man are you, and what is your business, sirrah?"

"Ye'll find it there, sir, if ye please"—said Murdoch, handing the letter with a stern civility.

"Confound it, how came you by this?" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, tearing open the letter.

"I just fand it, sir, where rich folk dinna gang for pleasure, nor puir folk from choice. I saw it whar the Levite couldna see the wounded man, just by the way side, sir, in sair distress."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that it's neither amang pleasures nor palaces," said Murdoch looking round the room, "nor play-houses either, that ye'll get the like of that. But I would like an answer, sir."

"This is some cursed conspiracy against me," muttered Mr. Bolton; "how came you to know this person, sirrah?"

"It's vera easy for the puir to ken the puir, an' the rich, ye see, ken nacbady but the rich, an' that's the way o' the world."

"Answer my question directly, where is this person now? do you think I am to listen to your Scotch preaching?"

"The puir lass, wi' her baby, sir, is just outside on the cauld lea, where there's neither grand carpets nor red wine to comfort her."

"How can I help that? and how dare she come plaguing me?"

"Och sir! och sir!" said Murdoch with solemn earnestness, "is that your feeling for a puir lass that has trusted to you in the hour of woman's weakness? is na that very letter blotted wi' her tears an' warm wi' the heat o' the bosom, which ye hae deceiv'd an' seduced? an' dinna your ain bairn look up in her face, an' smile, as ye yourself did once, to increase a mother's grief an' a sinfu' woman's repentance? Oh sir," he exclaimed, drawing near, "how can ye sit there easy an' happy drinking rich wine, an' gorged to the throat, an' your puir leman lass, an' bonnie bairn, starving under a hedge!"

"Confound the fellow! am I to be worried in this way about an intrigue with a country wench? I say," continued the squire, striving to take off the seriousness of the affair with a joke, "were you born yesterday? is there any thing more common than —"

"I ken it's o'er common, sir, for gentlemen to practise upon the feelings of innocent thoughtless women, who think men's words are as certain to come true, as that the corn will grow ripe and yellow in har'st, and who fancy that they will get justice when their sorrow comes, as sure as the green braird sprouts up after the spring showers, or the bonny white blossoms cover the thorn bushes, when simmer comes dancing on the south wind; but it's no common, sir—I say, it's no common," continued Murdoch with strong animation, "for gentlemen wha hae plenty, to refuse the sma' consolation o' bit and drop to the puir lass when they hae deceiv'd an' driven to ruin."

"Oh, I see, it's money she wants," said Mr. Bolton with scornful coolness, scarcely having glanced at the letter; "that is the way of them all. There, sir," he added, throwing down a single gold piece, "there is the substantial part of your answer, and barkee, as you are so zealous a friend of this young woman, inform her from me, that I am not to be visited in this way again; if she dares to intrude upon me another time, I will have —"

"But your child, sir?" said Murdoch, looking horrified, as Mr. Bolton paused.

"How dare you say another word, sir? It may be your child instead of mine, for aught I know. Am I to have all the poor of the parish and all their brats saddled upon me?"

"Did you ever read of Corah, Dathan, and Abecram, sir," said the Scotchman, looking unutterable things.

"Corah—what?"

"Corah, Dathan, and Abecram—but ye'll na be a reader o' scripture—the vera earth opened under their feet, an' swallowed them up for their wickedness!"

"Ha, ha! rhyming first and scolding after, well you're a proper Scotchman—only cursedly impudent; take care how you talk in this manner to me, sir."

Murdoch said nothing more, but looking a moment at the guinea, walked sullenly towards the door.

"Here, sir," said the squire, calling him back, "your business is finished, now drink your wine goodnaturally, for I want to speak to you."

"I'll neither eat your bread, sir, nor drink your wine," said Murdoch solemnly.

"No! I will not bear this insolence longer," cried the squire, starting up, "your presumption is insufferable, sir."

"I dinna mean ony disrespect to my superiors, sir," said Murdoch calmly, "for I'm but a puir man, an' no regarded in the worl'; but dry bread is sweet, an' clear water is refreshing wi' peace an' a gude conscience, for ye see the blessing o' the Lord maketh rich an' addeth no sorrow—but the wealth of the wicked, the fat sacrifices of Moloch in the valley of Tophat, and the spiced wines of Ahab on the mount of Gherizim, are but as the stink in the nostrils of gude men, an' bring wrath an' heaviness in the hour of death."

"I wish you a gude c'en, sir," added the Scotchman, and he opened the door and walked thoughtfully down stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without reason that an ominous misgiving had taken possession of Lord Arnwood's breast, when he found, as related in the earlier part of our history, that Mr. Johnston had contrived to make so intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Bolton.

Yet his suspicious apprehensions (if the feelings with which he was actuated when again obliged, as in a manner he was, to sit at the same table with his quondam tutor, could be called such) assumed no definite shape, and settled upon no particular circumstance. For this reason he thought himself actuated merely by that instinctive dislike with which persons of a warm and generous disposition naturally regard those who are gifted with pride, or who have acquired extensively, that worldly prudence and calculating craft, so repugnant to their own feelings.

Arnwood even felt a strange dread of coming in contact with such a man; not from any moral cowardice, or repugnance to combat in a fair quarrel on a fair field, but from a vague feeling of alarm that the other was possessed of weapons which he was willing and ready to exert to his prejudice, such, indeed, as he was himself not aware of, and would have disdained to wield, if he had known them, even in his own defence.

He never could have dreamed, however, nor in truth did Bolton himself suspect, the ambitious project by which the prudent Johnston was smitten, nor the means he had taken to bring that project to maturity. It never even occurred to Arnwood, that it was Johnston who was at the bottom of the unfortunate quarrel between Bolton and himself, by which his views in that quarter were frustrated, and that it was Johnston who had, by gradual insinuations, and insidious hints, and flattering at the same time the squire's pecuniary prejudices, deepened and rendered more intense that person's vulgar contempt for those who were not so fortunate as himself; and finally caused him to treat the young lord with such excessive violence as to bring on the duel and its consequences.

This was the grand secret, nevertheless, which Johnston had aimed at; for, besides that it gratified the natural hatred to Arnwood, which mean and base minds usually bear to the noble and the disinterested, it, at the same time, removed the only obstacle in the way of an arrangement which he and his conscience had for some time past been maturating in concert; that arrangement assuming the agreeable form of a design upon Miss Bolton herself, or rather upon that lady's portion—Miss Bolton being, indeed, rather a necessary adjunct than a principal ingredient in the felicity which Mr. Johnston had chalked out for himself in bold and prominent outline.

It was in indirect prosecution of the same object that he had undertaken for the squire, (with whom he had by this time contrived to get into most convenient intimacy,) to reconnoitre the Pilot's Mark, and to ascertain, if possible, who lived there, and whether its inhabitant was the person who had caused Mr. Bolton such extraordinary agitation on the night of the duel with Lord Arnwood. We have already seen how unsuccessful they both were in their endeavours to extract information out of the shrewd and wary Scotchman; and we now proceed to record a conversation that ensued between these "Arcades ambo," or very pretty rascals, as they sat at their wine, on the evening of the day on which Murdoch had departed from his unsuccessful suit in favour of Mary Reynolds.

"What do you think of all this, Johnston?" said the squire, when the Scotchman had been a few minutes gone, taking a gulp of wine to help him to recover his equanimity.

"Oh! not much," answered Johnston, looking sneak-

ingly, and afraid lest he might let slip a word of disapprobation.

"These are rather unpleasant affairs, these intrigues, sometimes."

"No doubt, sir; yet, after all, what is it?" said Johnston, his natural reverence for wealth serving to reinforce his spirits and confidence after the surprise, and restoring his blindness to any vice in his patron. "Not much do I think of it, Mr. Bolton, I assure you," he continued; "not that I would be thought to speak slightly or with reprehensible lightness of morality, but, my dear sir, these are every-day occurrences; and, unfortunately, the structure of society presses heavily, but necessarily and inevitably, on the lower orders. This is a mere little country intrigue, as you say, with a discontented wench prominent in the picture. There is no suppressing the discontent arising from the ignorant and obstinate pertinacity of such people."

"And, you see, we can make nothing out about that mysterious inhabitant of the tall house by the sea side. Something must be done, Johnston. I tell you what, I wish I had not been so hasty in quarrelling with that proud young man with the word lord tacked to his proper name."

"Then you have changed your mind, Mr. Bolton?"

"No; it has only reverted to its original state, before you changed it, Mr. Johnston."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Your understanding seems very convenient, Johnston. You must be perfectly conscious of the representations you make to me—false representations I now incline to believe—of the lack of sense and the want of prudence of this young man, of neither of which, I must say, have I received, as yet, any proof. The fellow is, to be sure, as proud as if he were worth half a million. Egad, sir, this is a most unfortunate business," added Bolton, as he paused, a sudden memory darting through his brain, of the knowledge that Arnwood had so strangely acquired of his real character, as evidenced by the word he had whispered in his ear on the night of the duel; "and I have you to thank for it, Mr. Johnston, and only you."

"I cannot, for my part, see," said the other, "how it can be called unfortunate to quarrel with a poor nobleman like Lord Arnwood."

"It is very likely that you cannot see, Mr. Johnston. But I wish you had brains to comprehend or eyes to see how I am to persuade him to dislodge this tenant of his, whom I have my private reasons for wishing somewhere else, out of the Pilot's Mark."

"Why, Lord bless my soul! dear sir," replied Johnston, "there cannot be much difficulty in that. Let me reflect how the thing is to be arranged;" and the tutor fell into a profound cogitation, which lasted several minutes, while the squire sipped his wine in silent impatience.

"I have it at last," said Johnston, striking the table with his hand triumphantly; "although I must confess the scheme is hazardous, and not altogether justifiable on moral grounds—but we'll let that pass. You say you want these people out of the Pilot's Mark, and you would, if possible, induce or compel Arnwood to eject them?"

"I do; you know it," said Bolton, peevishly; "what are you driving at?"

"And you doubt your power of being able to effect this?"

"Well, well; I do."

"Now, sir," said Johnston, importantly, drawing his chair close to Bolton's, and laying the fore-finger of one hand on the thumb of the other, "we arrange the matter thus. Every body knows that the peerage list does not contain so poor a devil within its red cover as Lord Arnwood. That's perfectly well known. Well, while young poverty-stricken Hopewell was yet in Paris, you had taken possession of New Hall. During your short stay there, before your departure for London, you had cultivated an intimacy with the Lady Arnwood, which, considering the shortness of your acquaintance, was, I must say, surprising."

"Cut the matter short, Johnston. What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean this, Mr. Bolton," resumed Johnston, with a glance of solemn superiority at the obtuse squire. "Lady Arnwood might have borrowed—might have borrowed, I say—I do not assert that she did, but she might have borrowed a considerable sum of money of you; how, do you understand, eh?"

"Might have borrowed, most sapient Johnston," cried Bolton with a laugh; "and would, no doubt, if she had thought me willing to lend. Might—yes, might is better than right, ha, ha, ha, there's a pun, my boy,—but she

never *did*, wise Johnston; she never *did*, sagacious Johnston."

"Pardon me, sir, but she *did*," and he gave an emphatic leer; "that is—if we please."

"What do you mean, sir? what do you mean?"

"Tut, tut, tut," responded the other, with a familiarity he had never hitherto ventured to indulge, "I didn't think, Bolton, that you were so profoundly dull. Cannot we prepare a document for a given sum—say five thousand pounds—a note of hand given by Lady Arnwood at the time, payable on demand by herself, her executors, administrators or assigns, as the lawyers say—"

"Stop—stop! my friend, that won't do," cried Bolton, alarmed; "besides, how can it be managed? It can't be done."

"Leave that to me," said Johnston; "I'll manage it well enough. I know the turn of the old woman's signature as well as I do my own; the thing can be easily done, if that's all."

"Why, it's no better than forgery!"

"Pretty much the same thing, indeed," said Johnston, coolly; "but my good sir, how is it ever to be discovered? Get the document presented to Arnwood, under pretence of a sudden want of money, if you think proper to state any reasons at all; there will be no power of taking it up in that quarter, depend on it; and then you can make what terms you please, and include these mysterious tenants in your conditions. Now, you perceive, the course is plain enough."

"Plain enough with a vengeance," exclaimed Bolton, shrugging his shoulders; "but what the deuce, Johnston, can be your motive in suggesting this? My own I can understand, and, in some degree, palliate; but yours—I Johnston, you're a deuced rascal, and that's the truth."

"My motives, sir," replied Johnston, not heeding the concluding compliment to his honesty with which Bolton had presaged him, "is justifiable on a religious, nay, on Christian principles. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' Mr. Bolton, is a rule of conduct included in the Christian code; and I was by no means well treated by that young man. Besides, I do and shall ever entertain a deep sense of your kindness to me, my dear sir, and if any efforts of mine—"

"Oh! your humble servant, Johnston," cried Bolton, mimicking, and bowing profoundly; "well, you can manage it, you say. But suppose he were to raise the money—there's a precious hobble we should get our cunning selves into."

"The money, sir! he could no more raise the money than he could raise the devil; to whom, therefore, on the precedent of Mahomet and the mountain, let us cause him to descend. The fellow's too poor to have any friends, and the very mention of money makes him as nervous as an octogenarian with the palsy, ha, ha, ha!"

"Egad, Johnston, then it must be done, though it's rather too bad—if it could be avoided. You have an excellent head, Johnston, for a rascally plan."

"Call it what you please, sir. But won't you then have him in your power?"

"No doubt. But whom shall I get to negotiate this business, for I'm sure I shan't meet him. There is no one could have done it better than you, Johnston, if you had not also quarrelled with him, or rather, he with you."

"He quarrelled with me, certainly, Mr. Bolton, and therefore—"

"You will make this demand as my agent, eh, Johnston?"

"Well, sir, any thing to oblige you."

"Ha! ha! ha!—well, you're very good, upon my soul. You're not averse to being kicked down stairs, as you were before in Paris. Wasn't that the case, old boy? Positively, Johnston, you're a cursed scoundrel. Come, tell me how it was. You know the poet sings,

Some have been kick'd till they knew whether
The shoe was calf's-skin or neat's-leather.

What was the material wherewithal thou wast kicked, good Johnston?"

"Sir, if you had not taken a glass too much, this is language that I should not endure—and—"

"Ha! very true, a glass of wine does make the tongue wag a little too fast; ha! ha! ha!"

"You speak with much freedom, sir, but I'm sure you mean nothing, Mr. Bolton, ha! ha!" and he forced an abject laugh.

"Oh! not in the least, Johnston, I assure you. Well, we must about this business very soon."

CHAPTER X.

We must now transfer our scene to the interior of a small chamber, in the loftiest angle of the lone yet dis-

tantly-seen building, called the Pilot's Mark. The little apartment we speak of was to be approached only by a narrow inconvenient stair from the more commodious and common part of the building, and might have served for a sheltered watch-tower in former times, or it might have been the cell of a monk, or the hiding-place of an outlaw, from its favourable position as a look-out to sea, its narrow-arched form, and its almost inaccessible situation.

A small window in the thick wall at one end commanded a prospect to an immense distance seaward, as well as over, and far beyond, the irregular woodland round Arnwood Castle, which the whole building of the Mark seemed to overlook with a naked and stalwart solemnity. But while from its aspect towards the west and north, this little chamber, in stormy weather, rocked to the blast of the west winds—which swept with deafening noise round its exposed and weather-beaten angles—in summer evenings, when the sky was clear and the clouds gathered in calm masses over the distant sea, it afforded a prospect of the setting sun, such as might have drawn poetry out of the duldest natures, and gone far to compensate an imaginative artist for a lifetime of common-place scenery.

The furniture of this chamber was as simple and monastic as its shape and architectural decorations. A small French bedstead, bearing a mattress, stood at the further end; a few antique prints of the Roman school, decorated the lighter part of the walls; some old books of divinity and chivalrous romance, were shelved in a little recess opposite, and a black crucifix standing on the single ebony table, denoted the faith of the occupant of the chamber.

At the narrow window sat the fair inmate of the chamber alone, on the same evening that the foregoing occurrences were in progress, looking out as usual upon the setting sun, and occasionally turning her large dark eyes languidly towards Arnwood Castle, as if watching the appearance of a human figure among its broad and deserted avenues. At length the sound of a footstep climbing the stair to the chamber seemed to rouse her from her musing; and soon Mr. Waltham came up, stooping through the low doorway, and entering, took the remaining chair opposite to his daughter.

"You seem tired, father," said she, as he wiped his forehead, and leant back on his seat.

"Slightly, my love," he answered. "It is not to be expected but that time and worldly trial should have produced their usual effects on me of my period of life. A little exercise, alas! fatigues me."

"Exercise, alas! Forgive me, father; I almost envy you your free exercise in the open fields abroad, or as you sweep round the margin of the sea. At least, I confess I envy the lambs that I see skipping in the meadows, and the deer that I watch as they gambol through the park and woods of Arnwood, while I sit here caged and solitary."

"You have the luxury at least of telling your complaints to one to whom you can speak without danger, Agatha," said the old man, solemnly; "and for the substance of what you complain of, want of exercise, repine not. The condition of all humanity is, that every one has to complain of having too little or too much of something, that in its proper mean is desirable."

"It was surely unfortunate for me that we should have come to live in this very secluded spot," said the young lady, mournfully.

"We call events unfortunate, Agatha, of which we do not see the end, and which gives us leisure to call up the distorted phantoms of our natural discontent. But unfortunate or not, be patient and contented. It is your fate."

"But without talking of fate, father, could we not have gone to live in that pretty village on the face of the hill which I so much admired as we came along, or even in the sea-port where we landed, or any where in which one could have enjoyed a little society?"

"Society is very good, my love, in proper circumstances. But the babble and scandal of village gossip, the contracted notions of ignorance, and the natural detraction of envy and meanness, no general in small communities, would have brought evils upon you and myself, for which the enjoyment of such society would by no means have compensated."

"Are you sure there are no letters to day, my father?" said Agatha, after a pause.

"I told you before that there were none, my child."

"Alas! and how long are we to linger in this solitude? The sweet summer is now warm and blooming around us, but winter, dreary winter, will come on; and how are we to brood over its dark days and dismal nights in this solitary sea mark? I dread to think of it!"

"I trust events will come round before winter, to remove you to some more agreeable spot. Alas! my child, you have need of fortitude."

"Have I, father? You often alarm me by these strange hints as to the future. Alas! I have no fortitude!"

"Heaven will give it to you in the hour of trial, Agatha. For me," continued Mr. Waltham, covering his face with his hands, "I could meet my fate with composure; but for you, my poor unfortunate child!"

"Why are you ever hinting about your fate, my dear father? You distress me exceedingly. Your fate, methinks, cannot be much worse than it is. You have lost every thing—my poor mother, also, is long gone, and lies buried in yonder quick neck near the sea, beyond Arnwood Castle. What can be your future fate, dear father, after all your misfortunes, but to be better than now, and happier if any change is to be?"

"Alas! Agatha—I can only for the present answer you in the complaining lines of a poet of Scotland, composed to divert his thoughts at sea, while he was blind and comfortless;—poor Hector Macnail.

"Who kens the ills he's doomed to dreas
This side the grave?"

"Then you do not yourself know, father, what you dread or imagine?" said his daughter; "and therefore you may be deceived—for fear is a deceiver as well as hope. And, surely, it is not wise in you to imbue my mind so early with these melancholy views of life."

"Perhaps not, my love; but my excuse is, if I need one, that it is not easy to suppress the thoughts that are uppermost, for, as holy writ saith, 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"But you seem to have something on your mind, dear sir, which you have not told me?"

"You have already given me a reason why I should not speak further in this strain, my child, and it is time enough to be explicit when the events take place. My only reason for talking to you, as I have done, of life is, to save you the cutting pains of disappointment. Disappointment of which so much complaint is made, would hardly exist or be called an evil, were it not for the vain expectations of ignorance, the delusions of youthful fancy, and the wilful absurdities of dreaming hope."

"I am no philosopher, sir, and in truth, I am very lonely and sad in this blank solitude."

"You are an orphan—at least you are motherless, and sisterless, my poor child."

"Alas, father!" and she let fall some tears—"But will you take me out this evening, sir?"

"I suppose I may, my dear. Lord Arnwood has not stirred from the castle for some days, that I have heard of."

"No, sir; indeed he has not."

"How do you know, Agatha?"

"I should have seen him from this window, sir, you know."

"So you would, if you had been watching."

"Dear sir," said Agatha, blushing, "you never told me what you and his lordship had that long conversation about, on the sands below there?"

"How do you know it was Lord Arnwood that I was talking to, my love?"

"Did I not see him that night, when there was the frightful fight with swords, between him and Mr. Bolton?"

"But that was considerably after our conversation on the sands, Agatha."

"So it was. But I have often seen him at a distance, walking solitary like myself through the wood, or riding like the wind along the shore; and I have observed—"

"Agatha, my dear, this is very strange. What sort of man is he?"

"A man, sir? He is quite a youth, that is, a young man. And has really such—a noble bearing, so fiery and so—"

"Agatha!" said the old man, with a look of alarm; "have you ever spoken to him? tell me truly."

"No, sir, indeed I never did."

"Then how came you to describe him so minutely?" "I have seen him, certainly. Alas! it is but little that I can either see or hear in this seclusion. And surely I may be permitted to look out upon the few objects that are to be seen at all."

"I mean not to circumscribe you farther than is absolutely necessary, my dear Agatha; but love is a dangerous passion to young women who are poor, and who do not know the world. And you have no mother, Agatha, to watch over you. Oh God! how strangely I am circumstanced! Why have you that fate? I dare not think—I dare not look forward—Oh, heaven!" and the old man started up and paced the small chamber in great agitation.

"Ah, father," said the young lady imploringly, "do not be angry with me. I cannot bear to see you in this agitation."

"I am not angry with you, my poor unfortunate child," said he, standing still and contemplating her. "It is my anxious love for you, my Agatha," he added, stooping down and kissing her forehead, "that drives me distracted, when I think what is to become of you after I am gone."

"When you are gone, father? Why always talk so? Why distress me by the idea of my losing my sole remaining parent, and my only friend on earth?"

"I cannot help referring to my unhappy fate, my child. I cannot help brooding on the fearful future, though I know it to be as irresistible as it is terrible."

"I know not what you mean, father, by this dark and awful language. Ah! do keep up your spirits and your calmness. I have seen you look with a strange and almost sublime tranquillity over a threatening and raging sea, when every one but yourself was shrieking in despair, at that awful time when we expected every wave to swallow us up in the green gulf of the deep. Now, you are moved and agitated at the mention of a name, the name of an amiable and gentle youth of a noble house, who I am sure would not harm either you or me, and to whom I never spoke."

"Hark!" was not that a tap at the chamber door?"

"It was, sir," said Agatha, rising and opening it.

"Mem, I'm no vera blate, I suppose," said the Scottish tongue of Murdoch Macara, as the door was opened, while he smoothed the lock of hair above his forehead in lieu of a bow, as he stood in the dark of the passage.

"Come in, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham kindly; "you say right; you are not remarkably blate, or modest, as I suppose you mean. Well, Murdoch, you look as if you had something to say."

"Ay, sir, it's just a word or twa about a lass."

"About a girl? What mean you? Where is she?"

"I've brought her into the house, sir."

"Brought her into my house, Murdoch? How is this?"

"And a baby, sir."

"A girl and her baby into this house! Really, Murdoch, this is a freedom that——"

"As bonny a bairn, sir, as ever lay at a woman's breast. Eh, Miss Agatha, if ye but saw it. Pair wee thing."

"Murdoch, really this is a freedom which I could not have expected of you," said Mr. Waltham. "I did not think you were such a simpleton."

"Devil a simpleton, neither, sir," said the Scot, drawing up and looking shrewd; "ye see, sir, the pair lass has just committed a bit of a fore paw, an' only wants to be——"

"And an illegitimate child, too!" exclaimed Mr. Waltham quite in a passion. "Really, Murdoch, if I did not know your character, I should not allow this sort of extraordinary proceeding even to be spoken of."

"Vera weel, sir," said Murdoch, going; "I'll just drive the lass out an' her bit bairn, to sleep on the lee side of Hail Hill, pair unfortunate creatures."

"O father," said Agatha, "hear all that Murdoch has to say before you refuse a lodging to any houseless wanderer. Alas! you know we were almost houseless ourselves."

"I was nae hae spoken to you about the pair lass, sir," said Murdoch, returning, "if she had been any thing like a misleert limmer. But she has neither a brazen face nor a slut's eye, nor she's nae gomeril gawky; but she has been sadly abused an' deceived, siller thing, an' I fand her greeting beneath a hedge, rather than return to the house she has disgraced, or expose the scoundrel who first deceived and afterwards used her cruelly."

"She can stay till to-morrow, if you can accommodate her below, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham calmly.

"May be, sir, ye might do waur than keep her to attend my young mistress there," said Murdoch. "It's a pair hoose without a woman lody, butt an' ben. It wad be sae pleasant to see her bonny young face, coming to the door at meal time to cry the lads into their dinners; and then at night when we were a' at hame, to hear our tales by the fire-side, when the sea bizzes among the rocks in the Pirate's Creek, an' the wind whistles o'er the lum-head. Lord, sir, I ha' na a creature except muckle Will Weathersheet to sing a sang to in this back-o-beyond place. It's a meeserable hoose without a woman!"

"Very true, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham, smiling at the natural poetry that broke in upon the Scot; "but my house now is not like any other house," he added mournfully.

"Ah, father," said Agatha, "permit the poor young woman to remain, at least for a short time, in my service. Do not trust her out from protection on account of——"

"Alas! I dare not mention one who was once——"

"No! do not mention!" said her father sternly. "I have no objection to your having a female servant, but

women's tongues are little to be trusted in circumstances like mine; and why should we expose even our poverty to strangers?"

"Let the young woman get whatever accommodation we can offer for to night at least," said Agatha to Murdoch; on hearing which, he bowed, and groped his way down the narrow stairs leading from the chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

The castle of Arnwood was thrown into even a deeper gloom than that which was accustomed to abide there, by the sudden death of the lady Arnwood. The decease of his mother, to whom he had been accustomed to look up as the only friend left to him in the world; and, indeed, the only remaining motive of existence, affected Arnwood sensibly; and now that she was removed from him for ever, he delighted to dwell, with melancholy fondness, upon the oft-repeated advice, exhortations, and prayers, which only maternal fondness can give forth.

But after the first burst of grief, Arnwood relapsed into his former solitary existence—seen by nobody, and seeking none; and the diurnal duties of the castle proceeded as usual, with slight variation, the important Mr. Mollison and the no less precise Mrs. Goodyear, forming the twin stars round which the meaner planetary domestics were accustomed to revolve.

There was a difference, however, in Lord Arnwood, which was somewhat apprehensively observed by his favourite servant, but even more keenly known to himself. His love of solitude seemed to have returned with tenfold power, and was now growing upon him into a shrinking and haughty jealousy of society, which overcame even his lurking wish to meet and communicate once more with the mysterious occupant of the Pilot's Mark. His abstraction was at times so perfect, that he seemed to forget to supply the ordinary wants of nature, and gave himself up to general and deep contemplation on the condition of humanity.

His bitterness of feeling amounted, on some occasions, to rage and almost madness; and his scorn of common things and of the world caused him to neglect his person, and to wander abroad in all seasons, particularly on the shore or through the woods, where he could find perfect privacy; and sometimes he would stray, amid storm and rain, from midnight until the dawning of the new day. Sometimes he even gloried in his solitude, and stood on the highest point of land he could find, or on some rock jutting into the sea, and let the rain beat upon his face in an enthusiastic communion with nature. At those times he drew in the pure breath of Heaven in the pride of his own thoughts, and his mind working itself into a fever of excitement and proud enjoyment of his being, he felt, as he said, in nearer fellowship with God. But, at other times, a yearning sadness and intolerable weariness would come over him, and he felt that bursting oppression of thought only to be relieved by allowing the wells of the heart to gush forth in the sweet communion of friendship.

At these moments, dreams of some embodied excellence in woman, and recollections of early visions, associated with imaginings connected with the Pilot's Mark, were still the resources which soothed his sad spirit, and at times determined him to rouse himself and once more to go abroad into the world, and at least to ascertain whether he was not acting irrationally and deceiving himself with misanthropic fancies and vague forebodings.

Yet still, the ardent wishes of youth, and an eagerness to retrieve the fallen state of his family, although they often filled his mind with plans and his heart with aspirations, usually ended, when he turned his thoughts that way, in little else but regret and perplexity. To every plan, his pride and his sensitive dignity of mind made objections which he had not yet decision to overcome; and although indeed the general nature of his enquiries endeared him to his species, yet it also deepened his contempt for whatever was base or mean, and widened the separation between himself and the mass of the world, while it inflamed his imagination, and increased his love for meditative solitude.

The only plan his mind suffered itself now to entertain, was the old one of some advantageous marriage, whereby the honours of his birth and title might in some measure be exchanged for wealth, by an union with a house of lower rank. But here again his previous objection to venture again into society, and to seek for such an object, and his proud reluctance to the pursuit, were now increased into absolute repugnance, by still intruding fancies regarding the beautiful vision of the Mark, which mingled with his cherished recollections, and now more

than ever haunted his thoughts, and unsettled his resolutions for the future.

These thoughts occupied him so entirely one mild and still autumnal day, that by the time evening came on, he wandered almost unconsciously along the cliffs above the shore, towards the Mark, with a vague hope, as he drew near the old edifice, that he might meet his mysterious tenant—or that in some way, through the agency of the Scotchman, Murdoch, or by any other lucky chance, he might see or hear something of the lady, who he was convinced was within. He descended to the level sands that swept round the small bay known by the name of the Pirate's Creek, as the early quarter moon appeared high over head, shedding a faint and flickering light upon the waves, and throwing into dark relief the lofty length of the commodore's building in front. He walked on to the very door, but scarcely a light, or the sign of living inhabitant, appeared from any of the small windows distinguishable along its black walls or among its naked angles; and it was only as he passed near a low window, that he heard a soft whispering, and then the voice of Murdoch Macara seeming to answer some one within, in the words of an old song, creaked out with his own fancies:—

"I hae a wee whittle the best o' rule steed,
And with that wee whittle I make my trout creek.
I'll gie'to thee, lassie, an' a mickle beside,
Gin thou wilt come, lassie, an' sit in my plaid.
Sing whinlaw, whinlaw,
Balllaw, balllaw!"

"as the fisher lad sang to the milkmaid,"

"But the baby, think of the baby," answered a female voice in a kind low whisper.

"Oo, ay, the bairn, that's true. But hoot! never heed about the bairn, pair wee thing. We'll feed it wi' brose an' parritch, 'till it grows big, an' we'll send it out to rin on the sands in the warm simmer days. An' then, my bonny lass, we'll grow sober."

Arnwood, as he stood listening at the window, was getting interested in this scene, when he heard the conversation suddenly interrupted by a quick step and another female voice speaking in hurried accents, as if in distress, while she hastily gave some order to the Scotchman. He passed hastily on, wondering what he had heard might mean, and walked round, proceeding at the rear of the Mark by the sheltered path at the foot of Hail Hill, before noticed, leading towards New Hall.

He was pacing slowly on in his contemplative manner, when he thought he heard footsteps pattering rapidly behind him, and stopping to listen, the night being very still, and looking down the path, he perceived a female figure, her head uncovered, and in the simplest dress, coming hastily forward. Arnwood felt his heart beat quick, as the figure approached. The female seemed so occupied that she did not perceive him until she was quite near him, when she gave a half shriek and started a few steps back.

"Be not afraid, madam," said Arnwood, advancing with feelings strongly excited, for he perceived by the stream of light which passed between the birch trees, the features of the lovely unknown who had so long dwelt upon his imagination.

"My Lord Arnwood," said the sweet girl, with perfect self-possession, but much apparent anxiety, "have you seen my father, Mr. Waltham, to-night? Excuse my presumption, but I am obliged to wait ceremony at the present moment."

"I have not," said Arnwood; "but say, what has happened to him? You seem agitated."

"Ah, my lord," said the young lady imploringly, "do not detain me. I must endeavour to find my father."

"But why this agitation? your father will doubtless return."

"I know not the precise meaning of my own apprehensions, but my poor father is in a strange state of mind."

"Let me assist you in seeking him," said Arnwood, while they proceeded silently together; "but what reason have you for going in this direction? This road leads towards New Hall."

"I cannot well account for my fears, but my father has been some time gone, and I dread his meeting with the owner of yonder mansion, Mr. Bolton."

"Why, lady? there is something mysterious in this."

"I cannot tell you now, my lord. I do not fully know myself; perhaps my fears may deceive me. Alas! he is nowhere to be seen, and the night is cold, and——"

The lady looked round her and then in Arnwood's face while she spoke, as if feeling the impropriety of her situation; but the look was so touchingly imploring, that he seized her extended hand as if transfixed to the spot, and was for some moments unable to speak.

"I think there is much of my own weakness in all

"his anxiety," she said, at length, laying one hand on her heart, as she still suffered him to retain the other, "forgive me, my lord, but my poor heart-broken father is the only friend I have left in the world."

"I pledge myself to find your father," said Arnwood, warmly. "But on this condition—that you will suffer me to speak to you for another moment by the light of this moon, and on the sands before the door of the Pilot's Mark?"

"I ought not, my lord; and yet if you find my father, surely I may—I will," and with these words she turned away, and, as Arnwood gazed, slowly withdrew down the path and was soon lost among the shadows of the hill.

As soon as Agatha disappeared, Arnwood proceeded along the busily sheltered path with some haste towards New Hall, and looked round every where as he went, without meeting the object of his search. As he passed in front of the mansion, although the moon was nearly obscured, he distinctly perceived a person enter it by a door in the wing, but of course this could not be Mr. Waltham, and seemed rather to be Mr. Bolton himself. Arnwood was beginning to return slowly towards the Mark, when he came unexpectedly upon a figure pacing hastily backwards and forwards on the turf, in a nook of the shrubbery.

"Who are you?" said a voice accosting him, in a hoarse and broken tone.

"A friend, sir," said Arnwood, drawing near.

"This is very strange, my lord, that you should be here at this moment."

"Why, sir? Why strange?" said Arnwood, in surprise. "Good God! what is that in your hand?"

"Ha! see you the weapon? 'tis a good blade."

"A dagger! what mean you, Mr. Waltham?"

"It is very strange," still repeated the old man, looking in Arnwood's face, "that you should be here at this moment. The will of heaven seems dark to me."

"Come along, my dear sir," said Arnwood, taking him by the arm. "Your daughter seeks you distractedly."

"My daughter! My Agatha! So—oh God, that my destiny were fulfilled!" and he struck his forehead in agony.

"Put up that fearful weapon, sir, or throw it from you—come—"

"Throw it from me! ha, ha!" and Mr. Waltham held out the dagger and laughed wildly, as the moon shone in his face. "I tell you, my lord," he resumed, "were I to bury this piece of fatal steel in the depths of the earth, or throw it into the fathomless sea, the monsters of the deep would cast it up and bring it to me, until, by its means, I had fulfilled my destiny."

"You amaze me by this language," said Arnwood, surveying the pale features of the old man. "Where found you, sir, this dagger, and why do you wear it thus?"

"That little blade," resumed he, looking at the weapon as they walked along, "belonged to my family from time immemorial, and strange traditions have been handed down with it; I know not distinctly their import, I forget even the tales themselves—but this I know, that I cannot lose or get rid of it until I fulfil my fate." "You are in a delusion, Mr. Waltham. This is mere infatuation."

"How confident in their ignorance are the young!" he replied, calmly. "Parlon me, my lord," and as he spoke he took hold of Arnwood's arm, with strong emotion. "Have I not lost every thing that was mine or my father's to lose? Are not my lands and mansions in the possession of strangers? Were not the precious relics of my fathers' house sold by the hammer of the auctioneer? Has not the last of my once great wealth been swallowed up by the yawning debt? All, all gone—all but this accursed dagger. No! I never could lose that."

"It is strange," said Arnwood, thoughtfully; "but let us hasten to the Mark."

"Yes, we may go to-night," added Waltham, musing, "for although the fated man who was my ruin came out and passed before me—though he stood within reach of my very dagger, my arm was restrained. The time destined by heaven was not come to accomplish my just revenge."

"Your misfortunes have affected your mind," said Arnwood, earnestly, "and I fear you are deceiving yourself, even to crime."

"How can I help seeing the manifest indications of fate in the events of my own history? Why did my angelic wife die upon this coast, while I was proceeding to a destination almost contrary? Why was she buried

even in that burying ground behind Arnwood castle, by the permission of your own lady mother, when you were absent on your travels? Why was my favourite daughter the victim of a villain who now glories in prosperity, and rolls in wealth? And why was I, with my remaining child, afterwards wrecked upon this very shore, while on our way to Holland, and planted by Providence beside the very man who had sought this retirement, thinking never to come in contact with us on earth?"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Arnwood, half mentally.

"Oh heaven and earth! what decrees are thine!" continued the old man; and he threw up his arms like Lear, in the agony of his spirit.

"But fortune will yet turn round her unsteady wheel," said Arnwood, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Look abroad in the world," Mr. Waltham continued, with a calmness that was affecting, "and you will see the very contrary of your unsatisfactory assurance. Do you not see that fortune, as we term it, pours favours into the lap of some, as if in spite of themselves, and often follows worthlessness with rewards, as if with a zealous and determined profusion? Do you not see that there are others, yea, whole families, who, in spite of the most anxious endeavours and the best laid plans, are pursued by the same fortune (call it what you will) until they and their calamities are at length swallowed up in the great gulf of destiny?"

"It may be so—"

"Nay, it is so—"

"Sometimes. What you contend for, however, is the existence of a mysterious and inevitable law; and this you cannot establish by a few insulated instances." Waltham did not reply aloud, although his white lips moved as if in speech, and his companion concluded that the unsettled mind of the old man had wandered from the subject.

When they arrived at the Pilot's Mark, however, he turned round, and gazing upon the young lord with a solemn earnestness, "The unfortunate," said he, "have a strange and sympathetic attraction to each other. Methinks your fate is to be in some measure linked with mine. Remember this, my proud youth, there are some men whose whole existence is a demand upon one virtue—*fortitude*. Now, good night, my lord, good night."

Arnwood stood in a sort of stupor for some time after Mr. Waltham had left him, and was still pacing backwards and forwards on the sands before the Mark, when he saw the door open, and the figure of Agatha Waltham came gliding towards him. As she came forward, she presented her hand with the frank ease of true modesty, and uttered a few words of thanks for his attention to her father. Arnwood absolutely trembled with a new and delicious emotion. He muttered his reply like one in a dream. He altogether forgot that it was by his own request she was there; and when, in another instant, she vanished like a spirit from his eyes, he rushed suddenly from the spot, as if afraid of venting aloud the extravagance of his strange intoxication.

CHAPTER XII.

We must now take a peep into the small dining-parlour in Mr. Bolton's house, which, together with its neighbouring and more magnificent apartment appropriated to the same purpose, had, from the squire's first taking possession of New Hall, been the scene of such incessant devastation and extravagant consumption of viands and wine, as few fortunes could long support. Of late, however, the company entertained had been comparatively very limited in number—and indeed was chiefly confined to two persons; one of whom was Lord Arnwood's old tutor, Mr. Johnston, who found it expedient to stick close to the squire, and even to join him in his Bacchanalian habits, to an extent which the economy of his own constitution by no means warranted, and which only seemed justified by the greatness of the stake for which he was playing; and the other was Mr. Hulson, not altogether a saint, as the judicious reader may have surmised, yet still, perhaps, deserving a few words of fair description.

Joshua Hulson, as he appeared at present at the squire's table, was rather a well looking little man, with a knowing black eye, a good shrewd cyprow, and the central and prominent feature of his countenance, which his companions elegantly called the handle of his face, of a consistence and colour, which, if not absolutely resembling Master Radolph's, at least showed that youth, and youth's soundness, had been left considerably behind

by the wearer; and that his virtues, whatever their nature or extent, were, at all events, not those of an abstemious anchorite.

Hulson's late years had been passed chiefly, as we may in common phraseology say—in the society of *gentlemen*—that is, of gentlemen who are every where to be met with by similar gentlemen—who go every where, and are up to every thing, and see every thing, and ridicule every thing that makes the least pretensions to elevation of sentiment—and who vie with each other in the coarseness and heartlessness of bachelor sentiments and society. With respect to the place where such gentlemen meet, we need not be particular, for they are known to every body, from the parties and clubs in town, to the race grounds and watering places. But Hulson had been of late (for it is needless to mince the matter) a good deal of rogue—but then there are degrees in roguery as well as in other accomplishments; and among a crowd of men who have each a share of this quality, or at least, among whom integrity and worth are very scarce, he was "by no means without virtue;" and in fact, taking into account that he possessed very little, he shone forth occasionally as almost a saint, compared with his associates. He had even, hackneyed as he was in the ways of the world, a secret love of virtue and honesty, and an ambition to practise them when circumstances would allow him—but from a long intimacy with the worst side of human nature, he thought these a visionary kind of good for which a man need not ruin and make a fool of himself by adhering to them in a general way. As for high sentiments and fine feelings, he acknowledged that he had felt a twinge of them when he was young and raw, but he thought that, like religion, they were only useful for the poor and the simple, who did not understand how to live in the world.

Johnston, who sat at his elbow, was by no means so praiseworthy a character as our friend Hulson, although he talked like an angel about every thing that was excellent. The two worthies, however, were seated lovingly together over their wine; while the squire—in whom they had of late observed an occasional change of manner for which they could not account—had stolen out and taken a solitary turn in the shrubbery by the moonlight, where he unexpectedly encountered Mr. Waltham, as mentioned in the last chapter.

"What freakish fancy is this, friend Bolton?" said Hulson, peeping through between the candles, behind which he and Johnston sat, as the squire entered the room after his walk. "By the little finger of Bacchus, which has a tendency upwards, here are Johnston and I drinking ourselves into the best of humour in bumpers to the health of our worthy host, and other absent friends (hiccup!)—while you, our said host, are abroad playing will-o'-the-wisp over the moors and fens towards the sea, or walking the ghost under shadow of the black turrets of that frightful old castle beyond the wood. Here, let me fill for you—shall it be Madeira? claret is too cold for a man who has been riding the bogs."

"I return your compliment, gentlemen," was all the squire could force himself to say, gulping down a bumper of the liquor recommended.

"Hey—hah—what?" exclaimed Hulson, shading his eyes with his hand, as he fixed them as strongly as the muddled state of his faculties would allow him, upon the squire's countenance. "Bolton—what the devil is the matter? Have you seen a witch? By the foulest imp that ever grinned over a rag, your face is as pale as a sheet or a shirt (it's all the same), and your teeth chatter like castanets. Here, man, another toothful—now, sir, as the mayor of Norwich said to the king, 'Hold up your head and look like a man!'"

"Do I look pale, Hulson?" said Bolton, recovering himself, and striving to laugh it off; "nonsense! I only felt a little chill from the night air. Come, Johnston, you look as sober as a sexton, and stare at me as if you did not know me. There—fill up like a brave fellow, and take a pattern by Hulson, my excellent 'drouthy eronic.' Hulson, you're a jewel of a drinker."

"I know I am, I know I am—that's right, Bolton," cried Hulson, in drunken triumph at the compliment. "But you shan't laugh us out of a tangible reason for these night rambles. We must know where you have been riding astride your broomstick—for you are not the same man of late. You were as white in the gills when you entered, as though Lady Arnwood's ghost had risen up among the cliffs below, and brought you *volens volens* to Hail Hill, and tossed you over that ugly long dark lighthouse looking what you call it, the Pilot's Mark."

"Johnston, have you nothing to say?" said the squire, turning off the 'free enquiries' of the merrier of his guests; "let us have a fair division of the talk as well

as of the wine. Come, gentlemen, let me hear what your conversation was during my absence."

"We've just had a beautiful dispute about virtue—ha, ha, ha," shouted Hulson. "It is quite *refreshing*, as the canters say, to get into company with a saint. But the worst of it is, I've seen rather too much to be *done*, even by so good a spokesman as our friend Johnston here, so it is thrown away upon me."

"I am glad to hear that you had a lecture read to you in my absence, friend Hulson," said Mr. Bolton; "and I think you would do well to be a little more guided by the doctrines and precepts of Mr. Johnston."

"I would not willingly say an unkind thing to you, Mr. Hulson," said Johnston, "for you are a friend of our worthy host, for whom I have the highest respect; but I am sorry to observe that you almost despise the very name of virtue and morality, and seem to treat the most beautiful precepts with perfect contempt."

"Perfect contempt!—you're very right—perfect contempt—ha, ha," said Hulson. "Now that was a very well turned period. I'll tell you what it is, I am much, much as great a rogue as my neighbours, and I don't wish to say anything particularly unkind; but I do at least despise cant and humbug, and preaching about morals, when there is nothing for it but talk—and I shan't have my wine soured on the passage by a lecture on what no one present, in my belief, has any fair right to pretend to."

"Mr. Hulson, that is a very irrelevant way of speaking," said Johnston. "If you were a man of sense, you would always defend and stand up for virtue and benevolence, whether you practised them or not."

"Should I? ha, ha—well, so I would, to schoolboys and pretty maidens, if the latter did not sometimes make me sverre a bit; but I am sure I would not trouble myself talking much about it to such probates as you, unless it were in jest. No, no—the lawyer's seals and signatures, the world's opinion at hand, and the hangman's halter in straight perspective, are the only things for us gentlemen who are going the broad way. So, Johnston, don't think to gammon me. I've heard enough of the world's talk in my time."

"For heaven's sake, Hulson," said Mr. Bolton, "'assume a virtue,' at least, as Shakspeare advises, for decency's sake."

"Confound your decency," exclaimed Hulson; "it is all decency together, and assumption too, and nothing else, and that is what I complain of; and are men of experience and knowledge, like you and myself, Bolton, to sit here and listen daily to the preaching, about excellence and virtue, of a man who thinks to bamboozle me into an admiration of him on the score of a love of morality, merely by talking prettily about it—when I could swear from that very thing, *a priori*, that he is the greatest rogue of the three of us?"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Johnston, endeavouring to appear indignant. "What have I said to offend you, Mr. Hulson, or to deserve such names? You did not use to be quarrelsome in your cups."

"No more I am, sir, methodist, but I'd quarrel with the devil if he'd offer to humbug me to my face, and try to make me believe him an angel of light, when I know better; but as for you, sir, you have not the spirit to quarrel for the sake of an odd word of truth, even for decency's sake, as you say, and yet you are the worst of the three, sir, you know your own."

"Hulson, what is that you say about the three," said Mr. Bolton; "this is nothing but calling names; you have drank your wine, but you had better not go too far with this sort of language."

"Mr. Bolton," said Hulson, thrusting his two hands down to the bottom of his breeches pockets, his black eyes glancing towards the squire with drunken energy, "I know I am sitting here with my legs under your mahogany, drinking your wine, and I know that I am pretty considerably drunk—but are you about to forfeit the little good opinion I have of you, by assuming the cant of those who have not the spirit to call things by their right names, and upholding this new acquaintance of yours in his abominable whine? Will you pretend to tell me that we are not three very tolerable rogues, and will it mend the matter, if, by canting about virtue, we attempt to hide that fact from ourselves or even from the world? Nay, don't interrupt me, nor turn white in the face about it, as you were to-night when you came in, for a man must speak the truth sometimes, and if you cannot stand it any longer, and have something like a conscience, why cut the connection at once, shake hands with Satan manfully, and turn a new leaf."

"My dear Hulson," said Mr. Bolton, somewhat disconcerted, "I am not used to see you in this vein. I

know we are not saints—but come, don't be so inquisitorial, and let us have a glass of wine and a change of subject."

"With all my heart—come, Mr. Excellence," said Hulson, resuming his good humour and turning to Johnston, "join us at least in swallowing what stands before us. Upon my honour I should not have the least malice against you, if you would only, for common sense and decency's sake, confess yourself to be a rascal."

"We are none of us what we ought to be, Mr. Hulson," said Johnston with a penitent look, and at the same time holding his glass to be filled; "men are but men."

"So they are, that is a very profound saying, friend," replied Hulson, looking at the other with contempt. "But there is a deal of difference between men for all that."

"Well now, sir, drink your wine, and don't be too severe upon poor human nature," said Johnston fawningly. "You know you are not backward in confessing that you are a little of a rogue yourself."

"Yes, but you have a *love* for roguery, and a *taste* for crooked ways, and I have not, and that makes all the difference. I am bad enough, God knows," added Hulson, bitterly, "and I know it; but, by heavens, it goes to the bottom of my stomach to be called rogue, and be at the same time lectured on morality by you."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Bolton, interfering, "will you remember that this is my house, and that Mr. Johnston is my guest; and although you have taken your wine freely, do let us enjoy ourselves and be good friends."

"I'll be friends to no man, sir," said Hulson, getting sorer in his anger, "who offers to speak of religion and virtue in my presence, with no better pretence to the practice of them than any one of us here. I am sober enough still not to suffer my understanding to be insulted by cant. If we are men of the world, and have made our money as we could, and got on in our own way, in the name of reason let us at least talk fairly to each other."

A dead pause here occurred for some minutes, while the squire, who was on the figdigs to talk to Johnston apart about something that lay heavy on his mind, looked across to him with a disconcerted and even wild look; while Hulson, with his brows drawn down and his mouth drawn up, sat watching them both with an expression of piercing enquiry shooting from his black eyes.

"Why don't you speak?" he at length said, in a tone that made the others start—"I will be at the bottom of this look-language, Mr. Johnston: and since I have got on this subject at last, I must tell you that as clever a fellow as I think myself, I positively do not understand your motive for causing the quarrel between our friend Bolton, and Lord Arnwood over the way. Now, sir, as Mr. Bolton and I are older acquaintances than you and he are,—and as I have a strong notion, by those looks between you, and these night wanderings, that you are striving to help my friend to some job that he is not yet bad enough to undertake—I shall take the liberty of insisting upon your saying this very instant what made you take such pains to cause the quarrel with the young lord—in which I myself was not free from blame. This do I for the sake of all parties."

"I cause the quarrel with Lord Arnwood, sir?" said Johnston quailing—"I deny any such thing, and I appeal to Mr. —"

"Appeal to me, sir," said Hulson, thumping the table, "and to no one else, until I am satisfied. I choose to be the judge myself, for you abused my opinion also of the noble youth. Not only did you dwell upon the young baron's poverty—which was bad enough, after you had eaten his bread for years—but poison our thoughts as to his qualities, insinuating that he was every thing that was contemptible, so as to make Bolton, and even myself, treat him cursedly ill, that is the truth; and you thus disappointed Bolton of forming a connection, which would have been a credit and a salvation to him. Now, sir, I say that Lord Arnwood behaved like a gentleman, as he has shown himself, and a man of honour and spirit—and that you were the cause of this quarrel."

"I am sorry you think so, sir," said Johnston coolly—"but I can only say I had no motive in speaking what I thought the truth, but friendship to Mr. Bolton."

"Friendship! pish—there now, Bolton," added Hulson, turning to his host—"By heaven! this man would cant the hangman from his purpose with the rope round his neck; and still you are silent! Well, give me another glass of wine to drown care, for this house will soon be too bad for me to set my foot in, after all I have seen!"—and so saying, he filled a flowing glass, and drinking

it off, flounced indignantly out of the room towards his sleeping apartment.

"There must be something rotten in the state of Denmark after all," said Mr. Bolton thoughtfully, a few moments after the exit of that gentleman—"when my old friend Hulson has taken the alarm. In truth, I don't feel well, Mr. Johnston, and what I was going to say to you has all gone out of my head. You will excuse me, but I must retire."

"If you are ill, sir," said the other, now taking courage, "you were best to retire of course. But if the drunken impertinence of a man who is only jealous because he is not consulted, while another is preferred, be sufficient to tie your tongue or make you waver in your purpose—you have less decision, or, to speak plainly, more weakness of character than I imagined."

"Leave me, sir," said Bolton, in strong agitation; "decision must be built upon thought—to-night I am confused and unwell—we shall talk further—to bed—to bed!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile, although the spirits of Lord Arnwood and Agatha Waltham were considerably raised, since their short interview of the previous night, the situation of the latter in the Pilot's Mark, to which we now return, was by no means to be envied. Among other evils that pressed of late upon her heart and extinguished the hopes of youth, poverty with its iron grip and chilling calculations was fast circumscribing the narrow means to which she looked for some relief from her present strange and irksome situation. The household cares of her little frugal establishment, she, though so young, had taken entirely upon herself, from tenderness to her father, upon whose mind his misfortunes had made such impression that he was becoming every hour more incapable of entering into the most common affairs, either of his family, or of a world from which he thought himself destined soon to be withdrawn.

A single purse of specie, which had been saved to him, when all else was lost, by the shrewd foresight of the honest Scot, had been so much drawn upon on their settling themselves in the Mark, that she almost entirely depended for their subsistence upon the produce of the sea; which the faithful Macara and his companion ransacked for their support, selling the produce at the nearest market town, whence they usually returned with the small stock of provisions necessary for the economical establishment. Of late, however, since the accession of Mary Reynolds and her infant to their number in the Mark—and from the accidents of the sea and the weather, which make the simple occupation of the fisherman as uncertain as the speculations of those who cast their nets for the favours of fortune, on a much more artificial surface and by a much more complex mode—the purse of the old gentleman had been reluctantly applied to more than once, and Agatha dreaded having recourse to it again, afraid to enquire into the actual state of their finances.

She sat this morning, therefore, in her little window in the turret, watching the arrival of Murdoch and his boat, eager to know what was his morning's success. She observed at length the boat approach the shore, but it did not come in towards the Pirate's Creek as usual, the men appearing to wish to land on the contrary side of the little point, and further down in the bay.

Agatha was so anxious that, contrary to the wish of her father, she set off alone to meet Murdoch, and learn what he had caught. The morning was not sunny, but the air was still and sultry; and though she was glad of an excuse to go abroad in the daylight, she neither felt the odorous smell of the country, nor the usual fresh breeze from the sea, and the whole sky, as she tripped along the sands towards the boat, seemed dull and portentous.

"There now, Will Wathersheet," said Murdoch to his companion, as they drew in shore, "just starboard a wee, an' steer for that black stane wi' the towrie on the tap o't like a miller's bonnet—an' so we'll slip up to the Mark by the back way, for Miss Agatha watches us like pussy when we come in by the creek, an' I'm perfect black ashamed to be coming hame at this time o' day, wi' nico naething in the boat, like a fule."

"Who can help it man," said Wathersheet, "such a morning as this?" It is easily seen that you are no regular-bred fisherman, or you would not keep grumbling at a summer calm or a cross-current. But, hilloa! who comes yonder? By the beard of old Neptune, Murdoch, there is the wench that you're singing of in your very sleep, coming down on the sands towards us like a king-fisher."

"That Mary Reynolds? na, faith. Eh, man, Will Watersheet, but ye're a poor judge o' a woman. Ye're a deevilish deal better judge o' could fish soming in the sea than ye are o' warm bits o' bodies like the women, fair fa' them." Starboard your helm, Will!"

"Starboard it is; but I don't know what I'm doing for listening to you—you're always singing, or rhyming, or raving about something."

"Eh but, Will, they're warm sonesie creatures, the lassies—pair things—an' a great comfort to a man, especially when he's down in the mouth, an' like to take the drunks at the warl'. It just does me gude to think about them in my affliction, and as for singing or rhyming, man, if I was na sue ill-humour'd this morning for my bad luck, I'd sing you a lilt to the tune o' 'Ranting roaring Willie.' Here goes on a chance:—

O dinna ye like the lassies, they're welcome aye to me;
O dinna ye like the lassies, they're welcome aye to me,
They're welcome aye to me, though ever sue down and sad,
For many a ranting day the lassies an' I have had!
O dinna ye like the lassies, when poorth tries you sair,
O dinna ye think a sweet lassie would drive away dogged despair.
When she smilies a smile wi' a tear
And joins to good fortune at hand,
For the smilie' her mouth, an' the tear o' her ee,
My heart could ne'er withstand—

"Now that's no sae bad aff hand. Hard a-port, Will!"
"Hard a-port—Fend off there, Murdoch, and give over your chanting. It's not lucky to be singing in this ugly caln over our empty boat."

"Od!" exclaimed Murdoch, jumping ashore. "I'll be whuppet if that's not Miss Agatha herself coming down to question us, when we have na a john-dory in the boat. Will! faith you must speak up this time."

"I'm no orator, Mr. Murdoch, particularly when the world's tide is ebbing—so just give it to the lady yourself, either in prose or rhyme."

"Well, lads," said Agatha, coming forward, "what luck to-day?"

"Miserable, mem! miserable!" said Murdoch.

"That is unfortunate."

"We might as weel fish in Mary Reynolds's potatoe tub as try it this tide, mem," continued the Scot. "The swell is a' frae the suttier, and the sea is as white as meal gruel, an' ye'll as soon bring up the glistening pearls or the red coral as any sort o' fish off this shore to-day."

"And do you think it will not be better by the night's tide?" said Agatha.

"Will Watersheet says that there's the swell o' a blast aff the eastert; an' if that be true our bit cobble will no do muckle gude next tide, I'm thinking."

"Is that the case, William?" said she, addressing the sailor.

"It's moral certain, ma'am," said Watersheet, proud of being spoken to. "It's sure to blow fresh and cast up a sea before midnight; and yet there was Mr. Macara here singing about the lassies as we came in, just like a mermaid before a storm—and that promised no good luck, as I told him."

"Hoot, mem, never heed Will Watersheet," said Macara; "he has no sense; an' as for my rhyming an' singing, faith it's a' the comfort I hae whyles when the worl' girms against me."

Agatha returned home to the Mark with feelings of great concern and anxiety. It was no longer a question of retrenchment and economy, for actual want now stared them in the face; and, in spite of the buoyancy of youth, and the brightness of youthful hope, she shrank in terror at the prospect. She saw she could not defer for an hour longer applying to her father to dole out to her from the remains of his little store, the means of obtaining a supply of provisions, from the nearest market, which was immediately needed. But how to set about that, and effect it without again rousing the old man's feelings, to an extent which she feared to contemplate, baffled all her ingenuity.

Her meditations on the most delicate mode of informing her father of her necessities were mingled with sad apprehensions of the future as she sat musing at the window; and then vague thoughts of Lord Arnwood, and scarcely suppressed wishes for another opportunity of meeting him, induced her to look involuntarily towards the castle, but in vain, for a sight of him until the day was far advanced. She was surprised to find that her father did not walk out as usual to-day, nor indeed had she met him at all, as he partook of his slight dinner in his own chamber, in which, however, it was nothing unusual for him to confine himself for days together. At length, taking courage, she went and tapped at the door, and entering, found him, as usual, sitting occupied with

his few books and papers, which were his chief consolation.

"Agatha, my love, is it you?" he said, as he admitted her; "come in and sit beside me. In truth I blame myself for not enquiring for you, and I am glad you have come of yourself. Sit down, my child, and let me look at you."

"I am delighted to see you so well, and so happy, father," said Agatha, "yet, indeed, I think my disturbing you will be nothing the worse for either of us, for I longed to see you."

"Did you, my dear child? heaven make you happy! How like you are to your heavenly mother this moment, my sweet Agatha! I had just been meditating upon her and her virtues, and that future world where she is now dwelling with spirits of light and glory; and where I am soon to follow her. And yet, the meditation was at an end, and thou hast relieved my solitude again like an earthly angel. God be gracious to thee, my child; and the old man melted into tears as he gazed upon her.

"Father," she said, shedding tears with him: "I am happy to find you so calm even while you are afflicted so deeply. And now, tell me how you have spent your day in this chamber. Surely you are too solitary."

"Solitude is good and becoming in my circumstances, Agatha, for I have had my time of pleasure and joy, such as the world has to give, and now it is time to consider my past life. I have rioted with the rich in my day, and laughed loud with the wanton and the high fid, and gloried in my possessions with the thoughtless and the extravagant. I was in my time one of the

'Gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surrounded.'

—yes, amidst a world where there is much of sadness and suffering, poverty and privation, and where the bitter tear of the afflicted, shed in private and on the sleepless pillow, is seen only by Him who turns not away from misfortune and sorrow—and where the groans of those who have no helper on earth enter only into the ears of the Almighty. I was too ignorant of human suffering, and too thoughtless, to be good. I was too confident in wealth, to feel a sympathy founded on personal apprehension. But heaven laughs at the ignorance of wretched mortals, whose trust is in the spider's web; for, as Job saith, 'we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon the earth are a shadow.'"

"But you were once happy with us, dear father, when we were in Brussels, and when we had no wretched cares for subsistence, and my mother was so amiable, and Eliza was so—alas!"

"Yes—true. Like the same Job, 'when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me, my roof was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch,'—but well may I say now, 'I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came,'—and now I have the satisfaction of knowing what is the portion of my cup, and I am resigned and ready."

"Father, do not talk thus mysteriously—surely something may yet be done for us, to restore you to happiness."

"Nothing can be done, Agatha, until my fate is fulfilled; but I have prayed earnestly to heaven for strength to bear all. From the silence and solitude of this chamber I have bent my knees with tears to the Most High, imploring him to forgive me the sin that I seem impelled to commit, and to bear the frightful consequences like a man, until my struggling spirit is, perhaps, on the scaffold of the criminal, forced from its frail tenement, and carried to a future and an unknown world."

"Gracious heavens, father! what talk you of criminals and scaffolds! Oh! what horrible delusion is this! Think of your virtuous life, and your good name; think of my mother who is in heaven, and of me and my poor sister. Think of the God above us, and the world through which we are to struggle; and do not harbour the thought of crime. Oh, father, your poor Agatha would break her heart at the bare idea."

"Be peaceful and resigned, my child," said Mr. Waltham, striving to affect calmness. "The time at least is yet somewhat distant, although last night it seemed near. But I have prayed, and have obtained some assurance that the period has not yet arrived. But tell me, Agatha, did not I see you outside on the sands to-day?"

"Yes, sir. But it was only for a moment. I went out to know what fish had been caught, for I was so anxious—"

"And why so anxious, my love? I have often told you that anxiety about human events is gross folly, for we

have no power over them. The measure of good and evil is meted out to us, and in respect of our little traffic in the produce of the sea, were you not already aware of its uncertainty?"

"But, sir, our provisions are all consumed, and Murdoch has caught nothing these two days, and I shall require a little of the gold you have left to send to market immediately. That is the cause of my troubling you."

"Certainly, my love, Agatha, are you aware that—My God!" he exclaimed, as he brought out the purse from a little trunk, "there is but one piece left. The other was given for repairs to the boat. My child! my child!"

"Oh, I see it all—I see it all," continued Mr. Waltham, rising and pacing the room in much agitation. "Go, my darling! go and buy provisions. There—it is the last piece, and the consummation of all things is at hand!"

"I cannot leave you in this spirit, father—I will not!"

"Go, my child, and do not try either to tempt or to resist me. What saith Job, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not also receive evil?' No! the draught that heaven affords to man has always been, and always will be, a mixed draught; and the cup that is appointed for us we must drink. Away, my child. What a flash of lightning was that! The very storm that is gathering in the sky is a further evidence.—Away, Agatha—let me reflect, let me prepare, for the hour is come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The feeling with which Lord Arnwood had seen Agatha on the level sand in the moonlight, as mentioned before, and beheld her vanish from his eyes, as she flitted across the little space between the gate of his plantation where they met, and the Pilot's Mark, which she entered, was of a kind to which he had been accustomed, yet unused of late years. Even the few words she had spoken sunk deeply into his heart; and the unreserved opportunity he had enjoyed of contemplating that countenance, and reciprocating glances with those eyes on which he had dwelt so long in imagination, as on a delightful vision, filled him with sensations that resembled intoxication. A reality seemed to be disclosed to him in female perfection, and a felicity made apparent in female society, which, before, he had only contemplated in his dreams. Even now, however, there mingled somewhat of the visionary and fantastic with his impressions. Agatha—the Agatha whom he loved—was a being of his own creation, enchanted by the strong magic of fancy into the form of Miss Waltham. Still it was delightful to dwell upon the pleasing idea that—alone as he had thought himself in the world, and vague or dark as were his prospects—there might be one being who seemed, as he flattered himself, capable of reciprocating his feelings, and to whom his future fate would not be uninteresting.

"What can there be in the sound of woman's voice?" he said to himself, as with spirits of unusual lightness he strode along the moonlight cliffs towards home—"which has the power thus to relieve men's desponding thoughts, to melt their natures, and lighten their hearts into tenderness and joy. What witchery is there in her mere presence! what music in her soothing speech! what charm in her glance of interest and sentiment! what raptures in her smile!—which in all ages has been celebrated for its effects upon man in his moments of the deepest sadness, or the most intolerable oppression." And from these generalising reflections he turned as he paced along—sometimes glancing towards the sea on his right, on which the moon shone dimly far towards the horizon, and sometimes through the vistas of the trees in his own grounds on the left—to a more intense consideration of the face and form of her from whom he had just parted; until the warmth of his fancy, as he looked upwards and around, led him to think with the poet, that the very forms and features of nature sympathised in his admiration.

The feelings of Agatha Waltham were as deeply engaged upon her return to the Mark, as those of Arnwood, and this short interview with a youth on whom her fancy had so much dwelt since the night when he was brought to her wounded and insensible, was a gratification to her cherished feelings, and a relief to her spirits, as precious as Arnwood could have wished in his warmest moments of intoxication. Her father had retired to bed, and she mounted to her little chamber in the turret, and seating herself at the narrow window

watched the young man's progress homeward as far as she could see him by the uncertain light of the moon, with feelings of pure maidenly interest, yet real though unsuspected passion. The pleasing fancies of the moment were so delicious, that, like Arnwood himself, she took no thought either of the difference of circumstances in life that parted them, or of the worldly folly of the dream she was indulging; but after watching at her window until she could no longer trace the receding form of him, whose respectful manner, yet ardent looks, were so flattering to her in her present low estate, she soon after retired to rest, with her heart lighter than usual, and her thoughts busy with the lofty and beautiful imaginings of youth.

When Arnwood awoke next morning, he thought the sun shone more cheerfully in at the chamber window than it had done for months past; that the woods waved around with a calmer beauty, and that he himself enjoyed a purer sense of delight than he had ever experienced since he left the home of his boyhood. Even the sea rolled placid and glorious in its morning beauty in the distance; and the stalwart and antique shape of the Pilot's Mark shot up between his view and the harsh lines of Hail Hill with a picturesque effect which he had never observed before. Undignified as it was compared with the stately castle in which he dwelt, it seemed to him at that moment to contain the pure and simple spirit of all earthly filicity.

His mind was now roused and stimulated, as if by some magical influence, and became again occupied with plans and prospects for the future; and having received an invitation to dine with his mother's venerated friend, Mr. Stone, the rector, he determined at once, with a spirit and decision for which he could not then account, to consult with him regarding a measure which he already proposed immediately undertaking. He did not meet Mr. Waltham on the shore, as he wished, although he had looked for him all the morning; and towards the afternoon, dressing himself with a care now unusual to him, he set off on horseback towards the classical retirement of the clergyman, which Arnwood loved and respected because it was as ancient and gloomy as his own old castle.

As he proceeded thither, and was already nearly three miles from Arnwood, he perceived on the road before him the figure of Mr. Bolton coming towards him, also on horseback—this being the first time he had seen him since their quarrel. There was something of embarrassment in his meeting alone on the road with a man, between whom and himself there had occurred so many circumstances of reluctant intimacy, proposed connection, subsequent insult, and angry midnight strife; and Arnwood was just reflecting, with a feeling of self-contempt, upon the escape he had had from a connection with a man whom he had now learnt to look upon with horror. The object of his meditations, however, drew near, and eyed him, as Arnwood supposed, as if he meant to speak. He was correct, for, when they met, the squire turned his horse's head, and, raising his hat, stood still in apparent embarrassment. All Arnwood's aristocratic pride and moral indignation mounted into his eyes as he observed this, and instead of evincing any inclination to return in the most distant manner Bolton's salute, or to listen to what he meant to say, he merely gazed at him with a look of contemptuous astonishment, amounting to something more than the cut direct of fashion, and passed on.

Arnwood would have thought no more about this incident, merely considering it one of the evidences of the radical degradation of mind, and heartless forwardness of bad men, had he not met on the road, as he proceeded, several gentlemen on horseback, some of whom he had formerly seen at Bolton's, as also carriages and other vehicles containing company, evidently proceeding to New Hall. This caused him to reflect upon several past occurrences which it gave him little pleasure to recall, and also upon several circumstances in which he could not help feeling that his own fortune, as well as that of his interesting friends of the Pilot's Mark, was at present too liable to be affected by this worthless man.

When Mr. Bolton arrived at home after passing Lord Arnwood on the road, he found letters from London and several notes, which had been received by the servants in his absence, the perusal of which seemed to give him serious concern, and to change the feelings with which he expected to have celebrated this his birth-day into the anxiety of disappointment and apprehension. A letter from his law agent in London, giving him private information of a considerable pecuniary loss, scarcely wounded his feelings so deeply as the contents of the notes, which brought refusals, in the shape of cold apologies, from

several individuals and families of respectability with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and whom he had invited to visit him, and partake of the entertainment provided to celebrate this day.

The loss of his money was to Bolton a heavy enough blow, but the mean ambition of which he partook with others of his class, received a still more painful check, by those whose acquaintance he was desirous of making declining his invitation in the decided manner which their refusals intimated. Added to this, the insulting contempt with which Arnwood had just treated his attempted address, when he meant to have tried the effect of an apology for his former conduct, stung him to the quick, and, as he dwelt upon them, made him almost furious from deep-felt mortification.

"Becky," he said to his sister, as she came whisking past him through the parlour, in which he was walking from side to side in solitary agitation, his feelings also regarding Mr. Waltham of the Mark mixing with and rendering his reflections almost intolerable—"Becky, whither art thou hurrying? How is it that you are so constantly busy that you are never to be spoken to?"

"You know what I have to do this morning, Robert," she said; "how can I have time to talk when there is the whole house to look after? And such a dinner as must be on the table by six—and here it is nearly four o'clock already!"

"Curse the dinner! Haven't you servants?"

"But there are twenty things that I must be attending to myself, and when such people are coming as you have asked, one must take some pains to entertain them; or we shan't have a decent acquaintance except that everlasting Hulson, and that eternal Johnston. You know you went and picked a quarrel with the handsome lord of the old castle below, at the very time when I thought—"

—It was very bad of you, brother, and very unfortunate, and—"

"Are you going to reproach me too?"

"No, Robert, but one can never get speech of you for those men who are always with you. I have not even time to reproach you, if I were willing. But now, as there are ladies coming, I wish to be particular, and one so seldom sees a female face in the country that—"

"Don't harass yourself about the ladies, Becky," said Bolton with a bitter expression, "they are not coming." "Not coming! Robert, not coming, do you say, after all?" exclaimed Miss Bolton, letting fall her bunch of keys and her cookery book with astonished disappointment.

"There, convince yourself," said he, thrusting the open apologies into her hand, and pacing the room rapidly.

"The only people whom I cared about," said the sister, "and to send apologies on the very day—what can this mean, Robert?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Becky," said the squire, standing at the opposite end of the room, with his back against the wall, his hands as far down into his lower pockets as he could thrust them, and his feet protruding on the floor considerably in advance of his body, "it is rather a hard thing for me to say, on my own birth-day (and I am now six and thirty), but I have a strong notion that I am a confounded villain, and, what is worse, that people begin to find it out."

"Good Heavens, Robert, what language is this?"

"It is time for me to say something of the kind myself, when my guests begin to call me so in great candour and good humour at my own table."

"Who dares to talk so in this house?"—said Miss Becky; "and I toiling myself morning and night to see after the cooking for them—and the wine that they drink would drown a nation."

"Mr. Hulson told me so only last night," said the squire; "good naturedly including himself and Johnston—calling us all respectable rogues, and plainly insinuating that he thought himself the best of the three. But what was much harder to bear, after I had made up my mind, principally on your account, to apologise to Lord Arnwood, and try to bring him round again, he stared in my face this afternoon as I addressed him on the road, and passed on as contemptuously, as I should do to any one asking me for an alms."

"Heavens! and is there no hope then?—And Sir James is not coming, nor Lady Rooke—nor any of the Lenlies—nor—"

At this moment the housekeeper entered in a bustle, with a string of enquiries relating to the dinner, and interrupted this interesting conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

As the evening advanced, and the gathering storm broke forth, although it was but little beyond the middle

of summer, such a darkness enveloped the sky, as, together with its yellow hue overhead, and its shifting contrasts round the horizon, gave it something unusually awful. At least so thought Mr. Waltham, who sat contemplating the scene from his high window, in one of the turrets of the Mark; and every roll of the thunder, echoing away among the hills, and the every flash of lightning across his eyes, as it clove the dull welkin, increased the agitation of his thoughts, and strung up his nerves into horrid resolution. So deeply impressed was his mind with the one consideration of the fulfilment of his destiny, that he thought the very heavens conspired to urge him on to it; and as the sea began to roar fearfully in the distance, under the dark clouds, in obedience to the sweeping gusts of wind that whitened the tops of its great rolling masses—and as the lightning broke clear behind the black form of Arnwood castle, the towers of which shot up gloomily through the drifting rain—he imagined that the very war of the elements was nunciating to point out to him the crisis when, as he said, all was to be fulfilled.

It was not, however, until late at night, when the storm had subsided, and only occasional flashes of lightning glimmered in the gloom, and the thunder growled faintly at a distance over the sea, that Mr. Waltham sallied forth to seek the accomplishment of his fate. Although he considered that his poverty was now conclusive evidence, the last piece of gold having been changed, and the very sea refusing to furnish from its womb any further subsistence until he should work out the decrees of heaven—yet he said to himself, as, wrapped in his cloak, he proceeded along the pathway towards New Hall—

"I will have a token, as I have had hitherto, that I may know of a surety whether it is really this very night that I am to do the deed. Bolton, my enemy, is now, like Belshazzar of Babelon, feasting in his house and drinking wine out of golden goblets; perhaps calling upon the gods to witness his voluptuousness, and swearing in the face of heaven, by the great golden idol whom the world has set up and worships, that he will never be moved, but that his root shall strike deep in the earth, and his branches shoot forth like Lebanon. And if his hour be really arrived, and I be appointed to come upon him to-night in the midst of his glory, to execute vengeance upon him as Darius the Mede executed the prophesied purpose of Jehovah upon the Babylonish king—thus will I know it—this shall be the token—he shall come out and stand before me! Yea, if his hour be come, he will come out to meet me, even though the storm should unroof the churches, and although his table should be thronged with guests who wait upon his presence, he will leave his house, his warm rooms and his riotous friends, and encounter the heaviest blast that ever blew out of heaven, to obey the unseen bidding of the shadowy ministers of fate."

In the meantime, Mr. Bolton sat drinking with his guests, and the noise of the storm raging without was drowned in the coarse laughter and loud talking within, as the wine circulated and sparkled, and Bacchanalian excitement reigned in the mansion. But he, at whose bidding had arisen the scene of revelry, was wasting his treasures, as it often happens, for the enjoyment of his guests, and his own misery. At least, in spite of all his efforts, he was abstracted, restless, and unhappy; swallowed bumper after bumper in vain, endeavouring to drown mortification, and striving, by the excitement of drinking, to banish thought and enjoy the company of such friends as had condescended to come, and to eat and drink what he had provided.

There was no adjoining to the drawing room, for there was no lady present but his sister, and an obtruded cup of coffee, therefore, was the only interruption of the debauch. But as the night advanced the squire's unaccountable restlessness became every moment more intolerable to himself; a strange impulse was upon him, as had been the case for several nights past, to seek the open air; and from at first rising up and changing his place, and complaining of the heat of the room and mixing among his guests, he at length took advantage of the confusion of an argument, and the grouping of the more zealous or the more inebriated, to slip out of the room; and descending the stairs and seizing his hat in the hall, he rushed out into the night.

He stood for a moment inhaling the fresh breeze as he leaned against a pillar in the portico. The night was stormy, and yet it was now dry overhead; for the rainy clouds had passed off to the westward, and the half-moon, looking out at intervals through the dim and drifting vapours, showed the white foam of the distant sea curling up to the hurricane winds—and its roar came over Bolton's guilty ear like the appalling but sublime menaces of

the Eternal Spirit of the universe. Even the thunder that rolled at intervals, and the lightning that exhibited the dark form of the Pilot's Mark below, and began to flicker in quick summer flashes towards the horizon, seemed to smite him to the heart; and, as he walked unconsciously down the avenue, he looked round with a vague dread, and thought in every bush he saw the vengeful figure and pale countenance of the accusing spirit of the Pilot's Mark, who still haunted his path, and whose way he yet unaccountably felt himself impelled to cross.

He had proceeded down the avenue until he came to a little pass, separating his own grounds from those of Arnwood, and was about to turn an angle, his eyes fixed upon the earth, when looking up he saw an unaccounted object. Was it any living thing? for it moved not. Was it a man? He was afraid to draw near yet ashamed to return; and he resolved to pass it. He gave a hasty glance, not without terror, over his shoulder at the object, as he passed without seeming to notice it; and the pale countenance of Mr. Waltham, the features convulsed, as it seemed by agitation, stared like a basilisk upon him.

Bolton was unable to move or to speak, and shook with terror as he stood watching the object, which he could hardly think real. Waltham slowly dropt his cloak from his shoulders on the grass, and taking two strides forward stood directly before him.

"Who are you?" said Bolton, his voice quivering with a superstitious dread.

"Thou knowest me once, when I was thy victim," said Mr. Waltham in low deep accents, his figure elevated by the excitement of his feelings. "I will make thee know me now; for I am here as thy evil angel to tell thee that thy hour is come."

"God have mercy on me, then!" said Bolton, as if uncertain whether he spoke to a human being or to an evil spirit, "for I am a sinful man."

"Ha! then thou tremblest at length," said Waltham, smiling ghastly in the moon-light; "and fearest to meet the natural recompense of guilt, and quakest under the heavy stroke of deserved fate—miserable coward!" "I have wronged you, sir—I know. I have wronged you—but do not menace me thus. It is not yet too late to—why you? you haunt me thus in darkness and solitude? why am I to meet you in the dead of the night, and even now, when this fearful storm rocks tower and tree, and sears into their holes every living thing—why do you, an old man stalk abroad, and seem to start up out of the very earth before me, crossing my path like a spirit?"

"True—thou son of Mammon—true!" said Waltham. "Like Lear, I wander forth in such a night as this, baring my bald head to the raging tempest, for indeed I am 'a poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man'; but who rendered me houseless? who drove me forth to abide the stormy blast, and what is worse, the contumely of a world that ever shuns and contemns beseeching, hollow-eyed necessity?—Was it not thou? thou representative of throat-cutting avarice; thou worthless personification of modern wealth-worship; thou cowardly hanger on upon bad men's praise; that has bartered thy soul for a little of the world's gold, and ruined me! Ha! thou fellest now! but, wretch, it is only for thyself. Yet why?" he continued, in solemn scorn, after a pause—"what induced thee to leave thy voluptuous mansion and thy wine to wander forth to meet me here under the dripping branches? Did I seek thee? Did I invite thee forth, where no eye sees us but the All-seeing Spirit that searcheth the hearts of the children of men? Why, I say, desertedst thou the house of riot at midnight?"

"I know not—I cannot answer you—I am distracted."

"Ha, ha!" and he laughed wildly in the face of the trembling wretch, who now supported himself against a tree. "I know—I know. Fear walketh in darkness like the pestilence; and horror seeketh to hide itself in the thick darkness of midnight; and conscience strives to drown the haunting cry that rings in her ears in the roar of the bacchanal, or even in the rage of the storm—but in vain. Heaven has planted in thy guilty bosom a presentiment of thine own fate."

"Mr. Waltham," said Bolton, collecting himself, "what seek you at this strange hour? and yet, here I am. I do not shun you—I cannot shun you if I would. Even yet I am ready to—"

"Villain! where is my daughter?"

"I know not; on my soul I know not."

"What have you done with her? Where did you leave her when your guilty passion was glutted? To whom did you turn her over? On what dung-hill did you leave my Eliza to perish? Oh God! Oh God!"

"By heavens, sir! this wrong at least I have not done you."

"What! What say you? Say that again."

"Your daughter is innocent for me."

"Did you not then seduce my child? Is she not guilty?"

"Shall I believe you? or do you sport with a broken-hearted man? Swear!"

"By the eternal heaven, that gazes on us both this dreadful moment, I injured her not."

"God is merciful to me still! God be praised! I shall now meet my fate with composure."

"What fate, sir? I have heard you speak thus before. How do you receive this supernatural intelligence?"

"What power dropped you down at my very side, when I believed that you dwelt in an island abroad, or were drowned in the sea? What agency hath traced me throughout the continent of Europe, and discovered to you my residence in this sequestered spot?"

"The same power," said Waltham, "that shapes out the fate of the whole world's feverish millions; the same agency that hath woven the web of your destiny on earth, which is now spun to its last thread; for brief, after all, is the space wherein guilt is permitted to flourish; and your hour—your fated hour is come!" And the crazed speaker, though himself trembling at what he was about to do, seized Bolton by the throat.

"How mean you?" cried Bolton, struggling with terror.

"What is that gleaming in your hand?"

"Seest thou not? I ah!"

"A naked dagger!"

"And the instrument of thy fate. Come!"

"It is easy done; a stab and a groan, and then—life is but a brittle thing. I would not torture you, as you have not defiled my daughter."

"God in heaven, how your eyes glare! I am a guilty man, but you!—Have I lived to see you turn a midnight assassin—a murderer?"

"Assassin—hah, wretch!"

"I am an unarmed man, let go my throat. Have mercy, and to-morrow—to-morrow I will—"

"To-morrow then will repent of to-night's repentance. Do not mock my arm, it is the appointment of heaven."

"To-morrow I will give you back all I have, to the uttermost farthing. I will, sir! I will—though I should beg through the world. Believe me, I am wretched in the possession of this wealth; and though I know the misery, the wide spread, contumely that poverty brings—to-morrow I will—"

"To-morrow thou shalt never see! Suppose I were so weak as to consent to delay thy doom—some bolt would shoot from heaven to destroy thee. I tell thee thy hour is come. There now! stand up, tremble not at thy just punishment, but say one prayer for mercy—for before this short gleam of moonlight throws us again into obscurity, thy soul shall be on its way to its final account."

"Will you not allow me either time to make restitution, or space to repent? Are you mad? Nay, then, stand off. There is my bosom. Strike! Do not stand idly brandishing your weapon. Strike! I say—I deserve it; strike, and be a murderer!"

"Nay, stand not so; good heavens!"

"Are you afraid then? your lips quiver! you look at me more in pity than in wrath. Unhappy old man!"

"My arm refuses its office—I am sick—the gleam of moonlight has passed away! and I cannot—I cannot!" and Waltham, staggering backwards, dropped the dagger, and fell at full length upon the grass.

Bolton involuntarily lifted the dagger, and as he stood over his prostrate accuser, whose agitated excitement had been more than nature could bear, a fiendish thought crossed his mind—for the man he feared was now in his power, and a slight thrust of the dagger he held would silence his threats for ever. "God forbid! God forbid!" he exclaimed aloud as he thrust the dagger into the earth, and proceeded to raise his enemy to a sitting posture. As the moon again shone forth he perceived the deadly paleness of the old man's features, down which large drops of cold perspiration rained. Bolton stooped down and chafed his cold temples with water gathered from the grass, and assisted him to his feet.

"Then, you are still alive—and I have not fulfilled my fate!" he said with a stony gaze at Bolton.

"No, sir, you are not yet a murderer—but here—" and he lifted the dagger and put it again into his hand.

Mr. Waltham looked sad and disappointed as they stood for a moment in silence.

"You are a curse to me; as I have been to you, old man," muttered Bolton bitterly; then turning round, he walked away, hardly in a state of consciousness, to his own mansion.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meanwhile Lord Arnwood met at the table of Mr. Stone the rectory, where, and his excellent host he spent the night agreeably to his own notions of rational enjoyment. There was present an old retired officer, a Colonel Joyce, with whom Arnwood entered into chat upon military matters and the prospects of young men in the army. In the course of the evening his mind teemed with plans and projects for the future which had for some time occupied him; and to which he was now strongly stimulated by involuntarily recurring to the image of one at present in depression like himself, and lingering over her youthful days in the Pilot's Mark.

Neither the quiet conversation of the company, however, nor their cheerful yet temperate enjoyment of the wine, prevented them from observing the progress of the storm, and contemplating its grandeur, as they sat overlooking a romantic park, under the thick copes of which, where it joined the remains of an ancient forest, they observed the cattle cowering fearfully as they snuffed up the rising gale. The sublimity of the sight called forth the piety of the clergymen, and the serious acquiescence of the other gentlemen; and discussions on the interesting phenomena of "vapours, and clouds, and storms, illustrated by many an anecdote of sudden destruction, and many a comparison drawn from foreign lands, with the knowledge of which travelling had furnished several of Mr. Stone's guests, whiled away the evening much to the gratification of all present.

When the hour of departure came, the storm was still so loud, that their reverend host pressed every one to stay for the night, particularly Arnwood, who had sent away his servants early by another road, with a message to the market town; and as his home lay above seven miles off, this invitation was backed by Colonel Joyce, who meant to take longer advantage of the good clergyman's hospitality. But Arnwood would by no means consent to remain; and the more he was pressed, the more determined he became; for an unaccountable anxiety came over him to be near the inmates of the Pilot's Mark as early as possible; and a kind of presentiment haunted him, that, as he had not seen Mr. Waltham in the morning, nor, in consequence, was able to do what Agatha enjoined, something might have occurred between him and Mr. Bolton. But agreeable society within, and the raging of the storm without, induced him to remain at his kind host's table considerably later than he intended, and it was past midnight before he set out to ride home a distance of seven miles.

The moon waded dimly through the thick thunder clouds as he rode homewards, along a road which was but little frequented; while the wind blew so fiercely that he was sometimes scarcely able to keep his seat upon the saddle. He did not meet, nor did he expect to see any one at this hour, but when he had proceeded considerably onwards, as the road turned off to his left he was somewhat startled to observe four men walking together in a field. After he had passed them, curiosity induced him to turn round once or twice to watch their movements, and he observed them to leap the hedge, and, crossing the road, they darted down a by-path among the meadows.

Arnwood could make nothing of this, although the appearance of so many men on so lonely a road after midnight struck him as somewhat suspicious; but, thinking no more of the matter, he again put spurs to his horse, and set off at a brisk trot. He had got within two miles of the castle, when, just as he emerged from a plantation through which the road passed, a flash of lightning, unusually vivid, darted through the trees beside him. The horse started back with fright, unseating its rider with the sudden motion, and the animal attempting to recover himself, plunged and fell, bursting his saddle girth, and bruising Arnwood's leg in the fall.

Recovering himself quickly, and his horse again on its legs, he found that it was in vain to remount, for, besides the saddle girth being useless, the animal had received a sprain, or other injury, so that it walked haltingly; and he had therefore no other alternative but to proceed the remainder of the road on foot—and, what was worse, to lead his unlucky companion by the bridle the whole way to the castle. This mode of journeying he, after some trial, found exceedingly fatiguing and disagreeable; and as he drew near to a small public house on his right, he began to wish heartily that it were possible to get his horse stabled somewhere for the night.

Without at all expecting such a fortunate accommodation at this hour in the morning, he looked anxiously to-

wards the house as he passed, and to his joy perceived that, although the door was shut, a light was gleaming through a hole in the shutter of one of the side windows; and, going up to the door, he without hesitation knocked for admittance.

He heard a whispering of voices within, as if the people were consulting whether to answer, and, at length, a female voice enquired who the person was that expected admittance at that hour.

Arnwood, without giving his name, briefly told what had happened to him, and begged accommodation for his horse for the night. After some further whispering the bolts were at length withdrawn, and a middle-aged coarse looking female, with black heavy eyebrows, like a cotton—sailed cap half off her uncombed head, and her cotton gown and other parts of her dress hung upon her so as to give her the masculine yet drabish appearance of a woman whom the Irish would call a *street*—put out her head by the half-opened door, and thrusting the dirty swaling candle, which she held aside from the wind, into Arnwood's face, scrutinised his features with her large black eyes, without speaking.

"Your honour don't want a lodging here, I wot," said the woman at length, with more suavity than could have been expected from her appearance.

Lord Arnwood confirmed her surmise, and again said he only wanted his horse taken care of, and leave to rest a few moments after his fall, before continuing his journey homewards.

"Your honour is bruised, I warrant me—ye look whitish," said the woman.

"Nothing of consequence, good woman," said Arnwood; "and if I rested a moment, and you would let me have a little brandy and water, I should be soon well."

"It's past one in the morning; but to be sure there is some stranger-folk in the back room, and they 'll not go, plague o' mine. I warrant me I mon let your honour in a bit; but the horse mon just go in beside the donkey, if it can get through the door-way, for Thomas is long a-bed, an' Sammy wonna stir the stable the night, I know. Here, Sammy."

Sammy, a dogged looking, bush-headed fellow with a knowing leer mixed up with his clownish simplicity, who had been watching behind the door, here came forward, and taking the bridle of Arnwood's horse by the directions of his slutish mistress, proceeded to pull the animal by the head towards the rear of the house. But the boy did this so reluctantly, and cast towards Arnwood such a look under his brows, that the latter, taking the hint, threw him a piece of money, which the youth pocketed with a grin of satisfaction; and soon, as Arnwood followed him, he saw the horse tolerably well housed for the night.

"Now, your honour," said Sammy, as he opened a back-door into the house; "just get in a bit, an' please ye, and I shall rub him down and manage him just all the same as your honour stood by; and if your lordship's honour wants any thing drinkable, just be as quick as possible at this hour, because you mon know—"

"Must know what?" said Arnwood, sharply, surprised to find himself known by the young clown.

"Aw nothing, your lordship, but don't speak so loud, for there's strange men within, an' they might be quarrelsome, you know; an' so Mrs. Crow will give you a tiff o' brandy or sick like, but don't go in further than the door," added the lad, whispering, "and your lordship will just leave the horse to me, an' ye can send for him in the morning; an' take my advice, don't stay long here."

Saying this, the youth shut the door, as he again went out to attend to the horse, and Arnwood stepped forward into the place where he saw the light, which was the kitchen.

The woman rose, as he entered, from her seat in the chimney corner, and handing him the great chair, apologised for placing him there; but intimated that some men on a journey had established themselves in the inner room, so that she had no where else to put him where he would be more comfortable. But she hoped it was no matter, as it was so late, and asked what his honour would please to drink after his fall, offering various mixtures, as she said, to revive him.

Arnwood accepted a little spirits and water, and notwithstanding the caution of Sammy, he sat sipping the beverage at his leisure, from an increasing curiosity to know the meaning of what seemed to be going on, and to ascertain who they could be who kept the house open, at this unseasonable hour,—for so far from there being any appearance of quarrelling, the voices he heard within were suppressed almost to a whisper.

He waited until the persons within called for attend-

ance, and when the door was opened, observed several common-looking men; although from the glimpse he obtained he thought one or two of them had an appearance of black-leg, or ruffian gentility.

"Who the devil is that?" he heard one of them say to the woman, thrusting out his head to look; and after she had shut the door, the whole seemed to examine her as to who it was that had just arrived.

Soon after, Sammy came slipping in, and seeming surprised to see Arnwood still in the house, he made an errand into the room where the men were, and having continued a short time talking in a half whisper, returned and said something to the woman. Arnwood plainly perceived by their looks that the woman and boy wanted to get rid of him, and yet did not know how to urge it with decency, while they allowed the men inside still to remain; and it immediately struck him that these might be the same persons who had attracted his notice on the road—that they had some strange or guilty design—and that although desirous of moving, they were afraid of attracting his observation, as they passed through the kitchen where he sat. As soon as he had formed this conclusion, although he still found himself stiff from the fall, he started up, and paying the woman both in money and thanks for her civility, left the house.

A conviction, however, that there was some mystery in this affair, induced him to watch for a few minutes; when he saw four men issue out by the back door and descend into a sort of hollow which lay at its rear. He stepped through an open gate into the meadow, and while watching the retreating figures began to consider whether it would be worth his while to follow, when he perceived the boy Sammy came cautiously out from the same door. After proceeding to the front as if to ascertain whether Arnwood was yet gone, the lad returned to the rear of the house, and darting down towards the hollow in the track of the men, was soon out of sight among the trees that straggled in the dell.

Arnwood now determined to follow out this night adventure, but by the time he had reached the brushwood where he had seen the boy enter, he lost all trace of his track, and having little light to guide him, wandered on in uncertainty among the bushes. He was so well acquainted with the country, however, that he determined to persevere; for he knew that the little stream near which he found himself, was the same that, after passing through some precipitous hollows considerably in the rear of Mr. Bolton's house, lost itself in the sea beyond Nail Hill and the Mark, and that the strangers' designs pointed in all probability to that quarter.

He walked on a considerable way by the edge of the stream, sometimes imagining that he heard voices before him; until, obstructed by some rock and bushes, he halted; and again ascending the height which shut in the glen—and again descending, perceived on a sudden in an open spot by the edge of the stream, five persons talking together, and all apparently employed upon some mutual undertaking. Arnwood, drawing cautiously near, placed himself behind a tree, and, though perfectly unarned, resolved to obtain some clue to their purpose.

"How do your flints give out, lads?" said a tall man to the others, who seemed to be trying some short pistols, "for if it be as this son of an imp says, we may have to depend more upon the barkers than I should like this morning."

"Mine will do handsomely," said a slim figure, in a frock coat, and sealskin cap, putting himself in a position, and snapping his pistol; but to Arnwood he seemed more like a broken down dandy, or cockney shopman, than a man bent upon a robbery or other atrocity, which he began to suspect was the purpose of this midnight cabal.

"I think we had better consider well before we go farther in the business," said a third, "if it be true what this bumpkin lad says; I never likes to set the bull-dogs again, even though we may have got hold of the stuff—they makes too much noise, does them there; and I've known a good chap obliged to trust pure money in a ditch, from the toll-tale popping o' them lead-crackers."

"Are you sure it was this very night that the squire had company, your devil's baby?" said the tall man, addressing Sammy, who was by this time busy sharpening some instrument upon a stone near the brook. "If you don't give up the very kernel o' the truth, I will pull every long tooth out o' that grinning mouth o' thine. Dost hear, scaramouch?"

"I seed them a going with my eyes, and I seed some o' them a-coming too, didn't I, sir?" and Dame Crow said that was mortal odd, for there was such a storm and thunder and—

"Then there might but few remain, after all," said another of the men, "and we can't be arguing about it

now, when we've come so far; besides, they'll have gone to bed every soul as drunk as owls, for the squire is a rare fellow for stirring up the saw-dust, and sucking the long cork. I heard his fame all the way at Clerkenwell."

"Ay," said the former man, gleefully, "he's got the butler's trot; I know that, Jabers! there's lots o' prime stuff going i' the Hall—it'll be hard but we get a drop o' it."

"So we shall, if we behave like men," rejoined the tall fellow, "but you, Sammy, can't you tell who is likely to be met with in this Bolton's house, for I should wish to know what sort of coves we are like to encounter in the dark, before we commit ourselves inside."

"Are you afraid then, master?" said the youth, with a mocking leer shooting under his square brows.

"Afraid, you whelp! If thou darest to mention that word to me again, I'll make thy ugly jaws rattle like a dice box. Answer my question this instant, gallows-bird!"

"There's none that I knows of residing with the squire," said Sammy, sulkily, "none but two; an' one on um is a tidy little gentleman w' a nose like a strawberry, an' 't'her is a hard-faced man in black, what used to be the tutor to the young lord o' the black castle down by the sea. He'll be the worst, I'm thinking."

"If that is all, we sha'n't have much difficulty," said the other, "besides, as Robin says, they'll have been all drunk before they went to sleep."

"Aw, ay, if they've gone to bed yet," said Sammy, "but may-be not, or may-be they're playing cards, or summat."

"May be, thou art a cross-grained cur," said the second man who spoke, "we were fools to come here by thy report; I shouldn't wonder if this would end in a hanging business by thy unlucky means."

"I wanna wonder myself," said the youth, grinning with apparent satisfaction at the thought.

"Thou'rt truly a son of Satan," said the tall man; "but hark'ee, sirrah, you have not told us who that man was in Dame Crow's kitchen. That was rather odd."

"How should I know?" said Sammy, doggedly.

"Now, by the loop of a halter, Sammy, if I find you shying in the least matter," rejoined the leader, "I'll have you tucked up by the ears, and swung before Dame Crow's alehouse, like a hanging sign, ere daylight this morning."

"I see thinking," said Sammy, "it was no other but the young lord that lives in Arnwood Castle, and keeps looking out the sea-shore by himself, like a hermit. But you needn't mind he—nobody thinks o' um in this part, he's no poor."

"I don't altogether like that neither," again said the tall man, who seemed to be the leader of this covey; "but all I can say is, if there's powder to be burnt, or an odd cut to be given for our own defence, we musn't hang back, and caution must be used particularly in the drawing off; but at any rate there's no time to be lost, boys, for it will soon be day-break, and we may have some delay as well as some play for our money, before we clear the squire's grounds—so quick, and let's trudge."

"I don't much like this business," said a man who seemed older than the others, and sat on the cut stump of a tree, as if ruminating within himself, while the rest were talking. "It's bad enough to bore one's way into a gentleman's house when good people are asleep, and the booty is somewhat dear even at the best—but to talk of burning powder, and shooting and stabbing in the middle of the night, if the gentlefolks turn restive and resist us, which is very likely—I don't like that. For myself, I'd much rather watch outside."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Brunton," said the tall man, stepping up to the last speaker, "I'll have none of your dismaying to spoil my brave fellows, when we are just a-going to enlarge. If you are hen-hearted you might have the sense to keep it to yourself, for I am determined we shall not have all this tramp for nothing, if there should be a broken skull or two—or if even some worthless devil, like yourself, should be despatched to the shades. I told you before that it's no use for gentlemen who have taken to the manly trade of fair robbery, and gone to war with the world, as the lawyers say, *vi et armis*, to stick at trifles in the course of their calling. I tell you, we must all live by our profession (as long as we can), and take care of ourselves like other folks. Isn't that philosophy, Robin?" turning to the next man.

"And good sense too," said a gentlemanly looking ruffian, in a drab great coat. "I don't see why we shouldn't have a pluck at this rascally world by straight forward tangible robbery, as well as greater people who go a little more round about; and if any body gets a knock on the head in the scuffle, merely as a hint to

keep their tongues within their teeth, why that can't be helped when self-preservation is in the case—it's only the innocent suffering for the guilty, and that has been the way of the world ever since Adam delved, and Eve span."

"But this Bolton has a lot of men servants no doubt," said the man who sat on the stump; "and if they get roused, together with the gentlemen, they'll show fight, and lives will be lost, that's certain."

"Fish!" replied the leader, "these rascals are too high fed and comfortable to look any sort of trouble or danger straight in the face. If there was half a dozen of them in a corner, they'd squeeze the very life out of each other with sheer fight and cowardice. No, no."

"Now, what's the use of all this squeamishness?" said the fellow with the great-coat; coming forward, and showing his face blackened—"why this piece of work about easing the squire of a share of his cash, which he robbed others of himself, as I can tell you?"

"Is that the case?" said Brunton, looking up from where he sat.

"It is, in faith; didn't Tom Horsley, that scamping attorney's clerk, tell me of his tricks, and how he cheated a gentleman in Holland by means of the law, and brought his victim to beggary, besides a hundred other jobs a hundred times worse than ours."

"Nay, then, let me see—" said the man called Brunton, jumping up from the stump and buttoning his coat; "there are four of us; besides that young Sammy, who is after all worth half a dozen men in a play like this, if it were only for his sheer wickedness. It is not the danger that I care for in the least, provided there is no throat cutting, so, boys, are you ready?"

"Give yourself a touch of the ebony, Brunton," said the leader; "it will at least help us to fighten the servant wenchies; and there's Sammy has got his face like Othello already—lay, ha!—if the devil himself were only half as ugly as that imp, he wouldn't be such a favourite with the world, I guess."

"Come, gentlemen," said he of the great-coat—"let's tramp; we'll have a glorious adventure of it, if you stand firm and go regularly to the sack, for, trust me, the place is worth a siege, and if there's a drop o' good liquor falls in our way we'll not put it into our eye, I warrant."

"Come then, boys!" said the leader; "and, Sammy, you go forward. You know your post, you bunganan's provider, and you know your recompense either way: eh!" he added catching the boy suspiciously by the neck; "a good handful of hard blunt, and a kick for love—or bark! ee! if thou playest us false—I'll murder thee with my own hands, if I should rise from the gallows foot to do it, an' the crows shall pick the eyes out of thy ugly head."

"Only let me go," said the boy grinning, his white eyes showing vividly through his blackened face by the sudden gleam of the moon—"By jabsers, I haven't had a bit of a night job since we robbed old mother Shude's house, on Badwell Common. So, captain, never fear me, I likes the work—by jabsers, I likes the work!" he repeated, rubbing his hands, "so here I go."

"Thou art a precious babe, certainly," said the leader, as he watched Sammy spring forward up the side of the hollow. "Come, boys, we'll be in sight of the house in five minutes."

On this, the whole party set forward towards the brow of the hollow, their faces blackened and some carrying pistols—while Arnwood still remained in his concealment, uncertain how to act in circumstances so difficult, and so momentous.

CHAPTER XVII.

The anxiety of the young lord, it may be supposed, was not caused by any deep sympathy with the intended victim. On the contrary he acted, or wished to act, entirely upon public considerations, and from a wish to prevent, if it lay in his power, so audacious a burglary from taking place in his own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, what could he do?—for there was now only one man-servant at Arnwood, and if he lost time in walking there to arouse him, it would be too late to go to the Pilot's Mark, where much more efficient assistance could be obtained than at his own castle. This consideration, together with an anxious wish to know what might have occurred to Mr. Waltham or his daughter in his absence, determined him to push forward into his own grounds on the side near to Mr. Bolton's house, and, crossing the park, to proceed direct to the Pilot's Mark; to which it was not improbable that some of the servants from New Hall might fly to give the alarm.

The storm was now entirely over, and he was already

at the boundaries of his own demesne, and within a few hundred yards of the Mark, when, on crossing a corner of the sward he imagined that he heard a voice among the trees close beside him. He stopped a moment, lest any of the reckless tribe he had been watching might have come so far down, when he heard some one from behind the bushes say:

"Hush—sh—I'll swear it was a foot, did yo no hear?"

"No, not I," said another voice gruffly, "it's nothing but the rain shaken off the leaves by the storm, that's wet me to the skin. Give me another bit of cheese."

"Man, ye're a hungry creature, Will Watersheet!" said the Scotch voice of Murdoch Maera, "ye've eaten a' my cheese an' bread too, an' no left me a bite. Deevil a thing ye're gude for this twa days but eating. Ye havena even hugs i' your head like 'thor folk, an' can hear nothing. I tell you I heard a foot as sure as ever I heard Mary Reynolds's squeaking wcan, greeting at my lug in the night time so that I couldna get a wink o' sleep for't, brat. Whisht, Will, wi' your crneling."

Arnwood was glad to hear the Scotch accents of the very man he wished to see, and stepped round to the other side of the bushes.

"Where, do you hear feet noo, ye timber-head?" said Murdoch to his companion as Arnwood approached: "dinna be frightened, man: Lord, will ye never be done wi' that cheese, standing there choking?"

"What's there?" said Arnwood aloud.

"It's me, sir," replied Murdoch, briskly coming forth, wiping his lips, "forbye muckle Will Watersheet ye see. There he stands wi' his mouth fu'."

"What are you doing here, Maera?" said Arnwood.

"Weel it's no possible," exclaimed the Scotchman, taking off his hat, "that it's your lordship, walking the faulds at this time o' the morning when the vera birds are sleeping on the wet branches. This is a strange night."

"So it seems, Murdoch, and what brings you here so late?"

"Me, my lord? Faith I dinna ken. It's just as daft like for me an' Will Watersheet to be playing the ghaist through the park, as it is for your lordship. Od, I believe, the people's bewitched in this whole place, for besides we're a' up at the Mark as if it were twal in the day, I swear I saw black heads and heard voices and noises also about the squire's mansion aboon. I would think little about that, for I ken there's naething but feasting an' drinking going on at the ha' night an' morn, but the noise was outside, and a' was dark within; an' noo here's your lordship jolting among the bushes at three in the morning. I believe the deevil himself's abroad this night."

"But you have not told me what keeps you up, and brings you here, Murdoch. Is any thing wrong at the Mark?"

"Your lordship 'll hae seen my maister, nae doubt," said Murdoch, "od, I'm glad I've met you."

"No, I have not. What of him?"

"An' hae ye really no seen Mr. Waltham, my lord?" said Murdoch aghest.

"Indeed I have not; but what is the matter, is he not at home?"

"He gaed out, my lord, about the dead o' the night when the storm was near the worst, an' has never been heard o' since. Oh! Miss Agatha will be in such distress, for we surely hoped that he might be with your lordship, an' I darca gang back to the Mark without him."

"Heavens! and have you sought all round for him?" said Arnwood, alarmed.

"Up an' down, my lord, back an' fore, along the cliffs an' up to your ain castle, an' back by New Ha' trees, till we're wet into the skin wi' the rain of the a'oon, an' till the hunger came on Will Watersheet in the hamecoming, an' there has been ahint the bushes thrapping at the bread an' cheese like a corbie—the beast!—I wonder he could eat a bite when our puir maister is lost an' gane."

"A pokers on your Scotch tongue," said the sailor, coming forward, "to abuse me fore an' aft when I've done my best. We may just as well eat when we have it, and go home to our hammocks, for Mr. Waltham's slipped his cable for good, that's my notion. I beg your lordship's pardon."

As they talked, they were making towards the Mark, Arnwood giving up all thought of the robbers until he should learn something about the fate of Mr. Waltham. As they came near, they perceived approaching, the figures of two females wrapped in cloaks, who proved to be Agatha Waltham and Mary Reynolds. Indeed the

whole of the inmates of the Mark were in such a state of alarm on account of the old gentleman, that rest had been out of the question the entire night.

Arnwood stepped forward to meet the young lady, and endeavoured as well as he could, to console her, lamenting much that he should have been absent at a time when so strange an event was taking place; and having learnt every thing the agitated girl could tell, he ventured to offer some words of encouragement, and, at his suggestion, the whole party went forward again on the search, towards New Hall.

The morning was now beginning to break, and they had gone some length by the common path, when passing beside a rustic seat he saw Mr. Waltham extended upon it, his pale features partially seen from under the folds of his large cloak, and a naked dagger gleaming on the grass below.

Agatha shrieked at the sight, and clung to Arnwood, fearing to draw near, or to remove the cloak, lest she should be shocked by a confirmation of her worst fears. Arnwood, however, begging her to be calm, proceeded to examine her father, and found him warm, though haggard and wan, and in a sound sleep. His daughter, raising the old man's head, and putting her cheek to his, heafter a short space, sighed deeply, and opened his eyes, then fixing them for a moment upon her, asked faintly where he was.

Agatha explained his situation as briefly as her agitated feelings furnished her with words, when he said, gazing wildly on her,

"Yes, I know you—you are my Agatha—your voice is just like your mother's. Alas! angels guard you, my love, I was dreaming of you. Who is that beside you?"

"Don't you know me, sir?" said Arnwood.

"Lord Arnwood! yes—I was dreaming of you too. Heavens! and you and Agatha hanging over me on this lonely spot. Oh! my dear happy children—too good for this worthless world—if I could only hope that was to be your fate when mine was fulfilled, I should die happy."

"What fate, sir?" said Arnwood.

"I dare not tell my dream to two young hearts like yours—it might mislead you; but you were together, together and happy. God bless you both!"

When they had helped the old man upon his feet, he looked placidly round and upwards to the breaking morning, and said, "What thankfulness do I not owe to heaven, which has delayed my fate a little longer, and forgives my mistaking times and seasons; and betwixt on me, before I die, the consolation of knowing that my eldest daughter is not the victim of seduction. Give me up that dagger."

"Heavens! my father—what do you mean?"

"Peace, my child, and lead me homewards. Heaven's ordinances will be fulfilled. I lost my daughter, who cost me twenty years' cares; I lost my money, which I thought so secure, even to the last farthing; but I never lost this dagger, which cost me nothing—no, I cannot lose it. It sticks to me, and ever gleams in my sight. It follows me in my adversity, and will follow me—until I have put it to its use. Come."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The company at New Hall had separated, or retired to bed earlier than was intended or expected, chiefly on account of the strange and protracted absence of the squire in the midst of their mirth, and his evident inability, on his return, to enter into their spirit or enjoy their company. And when, at length, he himself got to bed, although he had swallowed a considerable quantity of wine, he was too much distracted and agitated to fall readily asleep. He lay in feverish restlessness, forming twenty plans to satisfy Mr. Waltham, without fully restoring his money, or getting rid of him, all of which were objectionable, and coupled with a thousand fears; when, beginning to fall into a disturbed slumber, the pale features of the man whom he had wronged still seemed to haunt his dreams, and strange noises sounded in his ears. He even imagined he heard unusual sounds at a distance in the silent house, and the noise of withdrawing bolts; and then he dozed, and thought himself in a prison, with Mr. Waltham for his jailer. Anon, he imagined himself swinging in the turrets of the Pilot's Mark, with the storm rocking around him; and he heard feet slipping across the floor of his room, when, opening his eyes, he perceived by the dim-breaking light admitted by his casement, the figure of a man leaning over him.

"Who are you? Are you again come upon me?" said Bolton, in terror.

"Be silent, sir!" said the figure—"I am not come to talk."

"And do you still hold to your frightful purpose?" said the squire, rising on his arm.

"Certainly," said the man. "Do you think I am come here for nothing?"

"Could I have supposed that you would have become a murderer for the sake of the world's goods? And to come into my house at midnight for such a purpose! But I deserve it for what I have done."

"So I believe. Come, no more."

"My God! how you are altered," said Bolton, gazing at the man.

"Altered, what! do you pretend to know me?"

"Yes—you haunt my very dreams; if you commit this crime you will not escape, more than myself."

"What does the man mean? To tell me that he knows me in the dark, and that I shall not escape. Do you want me to eut your throat at once, squire?"

"You were not thus determined a few hours ago," said the squire, still, under the delusion of his terror, mistaking the intruder for Mr Waltham.

"To be sure not, but if you will talk of knowing me—"

"Why do you haunt me thus, Mr. Waltham?" added Bolton—with those fearful threatnings? Will nothing but my blood satisfy you?"

"What are you talking about, sir?" said the stranger, amazed; "I don't want your blood, particularly. I want what is nearly as dear to you, though. I want your money. Come! no more talk, for there are my lads just behind. Your keys, squire; instantly." And as the tall man, who was the chief of the thieves, said this, Sammy entered with a light.

"Eh, my keys! what noise is that? who are you? are there really villains in the house?"

"Truly, I believe there are, squire; as great at least as either myself or my companions. There are your clothes, sir—now give me your keys, and if you don't choose to tell me instantly where I may find your cash, this little article with the leaden quid in its mouth will put a stop to your talking and your rascality together." And the fellow held the pistol close to the head of the terrified Bolton.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fellow, taking the keys. "As to honesty, you see, squire, you and I need not argue about superiority in that—only I am somewhat straightforward in my line; but although my face be black just now, and yours confoundedly white—the kettle and the pot need not quarrel about the purity of their vocations, I'm thinking. But which is the key of your own bureau? Come, don't be alarmed! we're only brother scoundrels, you know."

"Oh my God! are you about to deprive me of my money!" gasped Bolton.

"Not your money, squire, begging your pardon," said the man coolly, "although you have managed to get hold of it: and I must now have shares with you, for, you see, every fellow gets his due some time or other, and if it's my lot to be hanged one day for my way of going to work, why that may be as easy for bear as your troublesome dreams, eh? But come here, you devil's limb," he added, addressing Sammy, who was peeping about the apartment; "keep a sharp look out here, let the door be left open, and if this gentleman offers to stir or speak, except in answer to a question, give him the lead at once, d'ye hear?"

"May be he has a barker himself, under his pillow," said the boy, suspiciously. "I doesn't like to watch um."

"Faith, that may be the case, but here, sirrah, this shall be your bastion," said the man, placing Sammy behind a wardrobe. "Now, squire, don't offer to make a riot. Just be honourable and let me get a share of the metal, or faith I'll be a match for you;" and saying this, he went leisurely and carefully to rifle the house.

By this time the inmates, who slept above, were all awake, except Hulson, who had drunk too deep in the former part of the night to be easily disturbed. They lay trembling with terror, while the burglars watched by their beds with pistol and cutlass, or traversed the rooms, occasionally putting questions mixed with threats, to the terrified and half-awakened, and opening cabinets and drawers where they suspected they might find any thing of value. As to the leader of this adventure, he had no sooner turned his back than it at once occurred to him, that, although the squire might not be renowned for valour, yet it was too much to expect that any man who loved his money, would get quietly in bed and hear people rifling his house, with no other immediate antagonist than a boy like Sammy; and having also a suspicion that Sammy, whose fingers, he knew, itched to be at this Spartan exercise, might get tired of his inactive service, to the imminent danger of the whole, he despatched one of the

most determined of his men to relieve the lad, who he thought might be made to act advantageously as his own aid-de-camp, in case any sudden alarm should arise.

But the greatest difficulty the robbers met with was from Miss Bolton and her woman, who slept in one room near that of the squire; and whose alarm was so great that the involuntary and spasmodic shrieks of both, notwithstanding the reiterated threatnings of the man who watched them, endangered their own lives and the success of the burglars, and fearfully added to the general terrors of the inmates, and the horror and apprehension with which Mr. Bolton lay listening to what was going on. Whenever he offered to stir, the man who watched, turning upon him the glare of his dark lantern, scowled jealously on him with his blackened countenance, muttering a curse or threat between his teeth, and raising his pistol; while the squire groaned with distressing and remorseful thoughts of his own past injustice, and the misfortunes now thickly multiplying upon him.

The burglars had ranged through the house for some time before they came to the room where Hulson slept; and it happened that the man named Brunton, who, as we have seen, had gone about this business somewhat reluctantly, was the one who was appointed to keep a look-out in that part of the mansion. Hulson began at first to dream strangely, and then to tumble about as the noises approached, until, at length, opening his eyes and staring as steadily on the black face of the man who stood over him as the swimming in his head would allow him, he at length shouted—

"Hilloa! friend smutty-face! Who are you?"

"You will soon know, sir," said the man.

"Shall I?" he answered, with a slight feeling of terror, and rather uncertain whether he was awake or not. "I say, honest friend, are you a ghost?"

"Not exactly;" and Brunton smiled at the question and the confused look of the little man, whose red nose, as he looked up, strangely contrasted with his white night-cap.

"Then, if you be the devil, you're come at a bad time for me, I can tell you."

"How, sir?"

"Why you see, if you be the devil, I was just about turning me three times round, and growing good, and if your Bedzebbuship would only allow me a little time, I have great hopes of becoming a tolerable saint yet. But it's mighty odd to see you grinning there over my bed."

"You had better be silent."

"Not I—I want to be silent. Tell me honestly, friend, who are you. Are you a robber?"

"Yes."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the little man, rising on his elbow, and staring up at the fellow. "Are you really a regular, honourable, professed robber?"

"Yes, I confess it."

"Coming here to take what you can lay your hands on, in an honest way before one's face? Eh?"

"Just so."

"Give me your hand, friend," said he, shaking the astonished burglar by the hand. "By heaven! you're a man of a thousand."

"I don't much like it, though," said the man.

"You don't! give me your hand again. Now that's just my way; for I tell you what, I'm no great shakes myself."

"That may be very likely," said the man; more and more in surprise.

"No, indeed, friend; I've done several clever jobs in my time that I should like to forget, if I could; but they were all in a gentlemanly way, you know—rather in the higher walks of the art—but, after all, I did them more from the fashion of the thing, and because I had a way of running short of money, than for any particular love for that sort of talent; and really, friend, it is very bad when one thinks of it; but as for this open, avowed, straightforward plan of yours, I can tell you it is quite gone out of fashion, and is absolutely dangerous to a man's neck in these times."

"I am quite sensible of that, sir."

"Are you?" said Hulson, again starting up with animation. "Faith! you do look like an honest fellow, if your face was clean."

"You're a very odd person for me to meet at a job of this kind," said the man, affected. "I hope your honour would not witness against me, and I shall take nothing from you, indeed."

"It's devilish little you would get here, friend, even were you willing; and I'm sure I won't know you again, unless you claim acquaintance with me: but, I say, since you are not black at the hone, although your face is sufficiently smutty, how did you come to take to this sort of

peep-o-day trade, disturbing comfortable people in their beds? These may be no honestest than yourself, I allow, but that is no business of yours, my friend, if the hang-man gets a hold of you."

"It were tedious to tell you, sir," said the man, whose language bespoke an education not quite of the lowest; "but of late there has been nothing but misfortune and scattering in my father's house, (and I have me,) as it went to the bad with the rest. God forgive me, if I something had come over us to lead us all to ruin. If I first began with my sister, who was the favourite of us all at home, for she got a sweetheart who she thought was going to make a lady of her, and quite turned her head with dress and presents, until the scoundrel at length seduced her; and although she did not elope, finding him to be quite a high man and far above her rank, yet she was brought to shame by him, and then ran off, leaving us all in grief, until we scattered ourselves here and there; poverty and ruin came upon us, and here am I at last col-leagu-ing with housebreakers, and in the straight road to the gallows."

"Indeed, I think I know something about that affair. Pray what part of the country are you from?"

"Hampshire, sir."

"And your sister's name? Come, you may trust me."

"If I must tell you, sir, her name is Mary Reynolds."

"By Heaven, I know all about," exclaimed Hulson, thumping the pillow. "I told Bolton that was a rascally business, and I hope your companions will gut the house for him."

"And does your honour know where my sister is," said Reynolds, who had changed his name into Brunton when he joined the thieves. "Ah, if I could find her!"

"I don't know just at present," said Hulson; "but I think, friend, I could trace her for you, if you are really determined to be an honest man; at least, if you could find a Scotchman called Macara, that lives in that tall old building down near the sea, I dare say he could tell you something of her."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the man, falling upon his knees at the bed side, "if you will find out my sister, that comfort may be brought to the mind of my poor broken-hearted father; and if your honour will get me an honest employment, I shall rejoice to quit this dreadful life, and I shall be most faithful in any service."

"Well, I believe you, friend; come get up, and hand me over these black breeches; now, there," he continued, rummaging his pockets and taking out some money—"there is a single guinea for you, for I know that a man cannot even be honest without money to begin with, although I am moderately poor myself; and so, friend, if you mean to do right, meet me exactly at noon of this new day, on the road beyond the lodge of this house, for, you see, it would not do for us to be honest men in private and scoundrels in public—that would be reversing the order of things, you know."

By this time the other thieves had taken all the money and valuables they could find, and were preparing to leave the house; but during the course of their rifling, Johnston, though he had made no attempt to protect the squire's property, had got up, and as soon as his terror would allow him, occupied himself in making such observations on the men who successively watched him, as might hereafter be useful to the ends of vengeance, if the fellows were taken. They they were shrewd enough to observe; and when they found it to be the case, they not only bound him to a chair, but the man who wore the greatcoat, as formerly mentioned, thought fit to propose his being blind-folded, which he himself immediately set about effecting.

While the man was performing this operation, Johnston was praying for mercy, which the other receiving good-humouredly, he ventured to lecture him upon the error of his ways, with broken interjections upon the beauty of virtue, morality, and benevolence, and the danger both here and hereafter of the nefarious course which the robber was pursuing. As the man listened to this, he thought he ought to know both the voice and the style of talk, and removed the bandage for a moment, asking with alarm—

"Do you know me, Mr. Johnston?"

"I have no knowledge of you whatever," said Johnston, staring hard at the other—"and you misname me, that is not my name."

"You are a vile liar, sir," exclaimed the other fiercely. "You are telling me a double lie; but it's of no use talking to you." And without again blind-folding him, he merely inspected and tightened the chords with which he had bound the trembling man. Having done this he shut the door of the bed-room, and going down to the

leader who was dead men," exclaimed as he entered, "Carry, we are busy men!"

"How so?" said the other.

"Here is a fellow called Johnston above, who, together with his father, robbed me of every thing I had, many years ago, by law and so forth, and he knows me as well as I do you. He is one of the vilest scoundrels alive, and he'll hang every one of us merely for the pleasure of it. There must be a light snuff d'out here after all, or we're not safe over to-morrow, and I have good will to the work myself. It is only his due, and I should like to deal with the villain, since it must be done."

"I shouldn't like that. I don't like it. It must not be," said the leader, shaking his head. "We have got a pretty enough haul here, and blood would make a terrible hue and cry in the country. Let me talk to him."

Johnston understood perfectly the nature of their consultation, and was quite prepared, when they came up to the room where he lay bound, for a proposal to screen them and save his own life, which he saw they were ready to take. A thought having just struck him as he sat, he therefore at once addressing the two men said, "that, admitting he knew them, if they would spare him, he would get the scent of pursuit turned off from them, by obtaining a scape-goat for the robbery somewhere in the neighbourhood, if they would in turn be faithful to him, and allow him the service of any one whom they should appoint for an hour."

The two thieves looked at each other in astonishment, as Johnston made this proposal.

"Oh, let him alone for an infernal scheme!" said the man in the great-coat. "I've known him of old. We're nothing to him, bad as we are."

"I don't like it," said the leader again—"it's positively too bad."

"Like it or not—it is perhaps the safest plan for us, if we can trust to the fears of this precious advocate of virtue," said the great-coated man—"it is only making the innocent suffer for the guilty, as I say, and said before, and that is done in one shape or another every day."

This excellent and useful logic becoming at length satisfactory to all parties, Johnston was delivered from his bonds and his fears before the robbers left the house; and the proper arrangements having been made, the plan was ultimately agreed to be carried into effect through the means of Sammy, as we have in due time to narrate.

CHAPTER XX.

In spite of the serious considerations that obtruded themselves upon his mind, of their respective situations, Arnwood continued to indulge his thoughts with the pleasing dream of love, as he still paced before the door of Agatha. He was roused from his reverie by the voice of Murdoch Macara, who, thrusting out his head from one of the small windows beside the door, ejaculated—

"Surely the devil's bizzzy wi' man an' beast this night. If that's no' his lordship ta'en to the walking, like my maister, at three in the morning, an' the wind tirling the kirks, an' blawen an' blawen the vera mools af the graves! I saw the speerit o' the storm glauming along the sea wi' my ain een, an' I heard it sighing and moaning frae 'mang the breakers at the point as plain as a pikestaff. Gude sake, my Lord Arnwood," he continued, elevating his voice from the little window, "gang hame to your bed, an' sleep, if ye please, for if ye gang wandering there, some witch-wife that's fliccing i' the air this bizzzy night 'll whip you aff your feet on the back o' her broomstick, an' whirl you o'er the sea; an' before ever ye get time to speer whar she's gaun, or to say the Lord's prayer, she'll drap you on the coast o' Norwa' like a cockle shell!"

"Murdoch, come out for a moment," said Arnwood; "I want to speak with you."

"What is the matter awa, my lord?" said Murdoch, opening the door. "The wicked one himself is abroad the night, there can be nae doobt, for there's nobody in the hoose can sleep. Poor Mary Reynolds is sighing an' moaning in her dreams—I heard her through the wa'; an' muckle Will Watersheet's ta'en the sulks, an' 'll no gang to his bed. It's perfect awfu'!"

"Murdoch, you had better bring him out too, and any arms you can muster, for there are robbers in the neighbourhood."

"Gude sake! Robbers next? at the castle, my lord?"

"No; at New Hall."

"Poogh, at the squire's? deil nor they haul the vera sheets af his bed!"

"Come, come, Murdoch; it is for the general good. You do not need to object, do you?"

"Me object to anything your lordship bids? Atweel no; an' there's nothing I would like better than to get a grapple wi' the blackguards."

"But there are four or five of them."

"De'il may care. Here's muckle Will Watersheet, an' your lordship, an' myself, an' I'll have the auld bayonet on the end o' a stick; an' as for the rusty sword an' the pronger, your lordship an' Will can just divide them atween you. Faith, there's naething I would like better than a bit brailzie."

They were soon armed as they best could, and off to seek the fray; but by the time they got up to New Hall every thing seemed to be quiet, and, saving that some of the doors and windows were open, nothing appeared to have happened, as far as could be seen from without. Arnwood wished that some one of the thieves might be detained, and was anxious to give what assistance was in his power in ease of a pursuit. Seeing no one, however, he requested Murdoch to tarry near the front door, while he and Watersheet went round towards the rear, to reconnoitre.

The entrance door was half opened as they came up, but again shut; and as Murdoch paced about, it was opened a second time, and a man armed with a sword came cautiously out, and went up to Macara.

"By George, it is the Scotch fisherman," exclaimed the man to himself, peeping forward in the grey dawn—for it was the same servant of Mr. Bolton who formerly had the dispute with Murdoch in the lobby of the mansion. Concealing, however, the sword that he carried behind him, he said, as he went up, "So it is you, Mr. Scotchman, is it?"

"It's just me, Mr. Flunkiey," answered Murdoch. "But if ye war nae sae saucy, ye might ha'e the civility to say to a body, 'gude morning,' or 'kiss my foot,' or something."

"Kiss your own foot, but there are more of you?"

"Troth, are there, an' we'll soon let you see that."

"And where are the rest of your companions? since you are so plain."

"Ou, I'm just as plain as I'm pleasant; they're round at the back o' the hoose."

"I did not think you had turned thief, Mr. Scotchfiddle."

"Thief? what do you say, sir? If ye say that word again I'll break your mealy head."

"If ye're not one of the thieves, what are you doing here at this time of the morning? I know you, sir," added the man, retreating towards the door. "I know you."

"I'll tell you what, friend," said Murdoch, in a tone between angry and serious; "you had better cut in your words, an' no mention that I'm again, or, faith, I'll gar you swallow them wi' as mickle hard steel as 'll gie you the hiccup, I think."

"Pew-hoo?" said the man, mocking and still retreating to the door, "it's no use to try to humbug me, Mr. Sans culotte. You've got nothing to steal in Scotland, and so you come here, and pretend to be a fisherman, the better to rob us. Do you think I'm blind? I know both you and your master, and I'm an excellent evidence against a thief when he's in the dock. So, Mr. Scotchman, your time's up, I can tell you;" and thus saying, he thrust the door in the face of poor Murdoch, who stood somewhat aghast.

After tarrying for a moment on the steps of the entrance he went round the side of the house, to meet his companions in the rear. It was necessary to this that he should cut through a little plantation; which having done, just as he emerged on the other side, he saw a boy with a blackened face start out at the farther end, take the way through the open park which lay between them and Hail Hill, and brush down among the rocks which lay behind it in the hollow through which the stream passed in the rear of New Hall.

Murdoch could not afford more than one look over his shoulder for his companions, fearing he might lose the track of the boy, whom he was impelled to follow by himself in his eagerness to get a grab, as he said, at the robbers. He set off like a shot, therefore in pursuit, and got round through a short cut by the hip of the hill, and then slid himself down the ledges and pushed through the bushes with the speed and sagacity of a setter, in order to intercept the flight of the lad, who evidently was aware of and ran from him. He kept his quarry in sight, however, as, with a natural delight in this sort of chase, he continued to jink his way after him through an angular turning of the little stream, until, as Sammy came down behind a jagged crag, at the farther side of which Murdoch had already planted the stream, and as the lad turned the point round which the himself brawled in the hollow, the Scotchman met him full in the teeth, and catching hold of him by the jacket

lifted him fairly over the stones to the green spot where he himself was standing.

"Ha! have I gotten a grip o' you at last, ye deevil's bueky?" said Murdoch, holding the lad out from him in triumph at arm's length, while they stood panting and gazing, for the morning had now cleared up, and introduced them to each other, revealing the contracted doll in which they were standing.

"What's that in your hand, ye sooty-faced villain?" continued Murdoch, as the boy's white eyes kept gazing on him through his blackened features while he continued to take breath.

"It's a speaking trumpet; should you like to hear it?" said the lad, deliberately elevating and cocking a small pistol which he held in his right hand, and firing it in the face of the unsuspicious Scotchman.

The report of the pistol rattled and echoed through the passes in the dell, but the jerk with which Sammy had accompanied this action, in trying to free himself from the hands of the Scotchman, whom he thought to have shot dead at once, was unsuccessful; for while he stood writhing to get out of Murdoch's clutches, and wondering that the other did not fall dead like a plover—the sturdy northern merely wiped the powder from his cheek, and cleared his eyes from the blinding flash of the pistol, the ball of which, however, had whizzed past and grazed the very tip of his ear as he *hocked* his head to avoid the well aimed little engine, the very muzzle of which had been almost at his mouth.

"Faith, thou's a clever callan, if thou would wash thy face," said Murdoch, good naturedly, as he cleared his eyes. "But thou had better come wi' me, an' I'll gie thee a night's lodging i' the tapie toorie o' the Pilot's Mark, for the hangman 'll get thee soon enough, my braw bairn;" and saying this, he whipped up the lad on his back, securing his pistol, and away he went with Sammy, kicking and sprawling among the bushes.

"Let go the lad, friend," said a hoarse voice, as a hand grasped Sammy from behind a crag, and in an instant the boy was forcibly dragged down, and a slim man with a seal skin cap, stood before Murdoch, whom the report of the pistol had brought to the spot.

"Gang hame an' wash your face, honest man," said Murdoch, "or I'll draw the blude o' you wi' this," he added, shaking the short blade of a sword, that he had exchanged with Watersheet for his old bayonet, in the stranger's face.

"Stop a moment, friend sailor, or whatever you are," said the man, "where did you catch this urchin, and how are you here at this time o' the morning?"

"I caught the little blackguard rinnin' off frae the squire's hoose aboon, an' I just followed him here. But I'm thinking that it's no for building o' kirks that ye're here yourself, wi' your coomy face. But ye see, as for the callan, he's my lawful prisoner taken on the field o' battle, an' he shall go wi' me."

"Did you see no one else but him near the Hall?" said the man anxiously.

"Deevil a ane, friend robber," answered Murdoch, "but an ill-tongued flunkiey."

"And did you not see any thing of B——?" said the man addressing Sammy. "I'm afraid he's turned tail."

Sammy answered in the negative, which seemed very much to disconcert the man, while the boy made another plunge to free himself from the hard gripe of the Scotchman.

"Let the boy go this instant," said the man, catching hold of him, and drawing a long sort of cutlass, "and say nothing of seeing him or us, on your peril."

"I'll just speak when I'm spoken to, and drink when I'm drunken to," said Murdoch, fiercely; "neither mair nor less to save you frae hanging, Mr. Thief."

"Then we'll have a spar for the lad," said the fellow, putting himself in a position.

"That's just what I want, my man," said Murdoch, whirling round the boy behind him with one hand, while he laid on the robber with the other. They had not made more than three or four passes, or rather strokes, when Sammy giving a dive, tried to trip up the Scotchman, just as he was pressing hard upon the other, who began to find that he was unable to defend himself from the quick cuts of his opponent. But the attempt of the boy only served to increase the fury of Murdoch, who still held him fast with one hand while he fought with the other; until he wounded the fellow severely, and made the cutlass spin out of his hand among the bushes. The robber retreated until he stumbled, and fell into the babbling waters of the stream that ran at the edge of the dell.

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Murdoch was running upon him, still dragging Sammy, when on the instant two other men started out from beyond the stream, and both at once grappled with the furious Scot.

"Na then, three to one, forbye a fashions misleert callant drawing at the lither air is o'er mony," said Murdoch, taking breath and staring up in the faces of the great-coated men, and the tall leader, who grasped his collar. "But ye'll let me gang wi' the honours o' war, if I surrender like a gentleman."

"Let the boy go first," said the man.

"He may gang to the devil in his ain time," said Murdoch, throwing Sammy from him; "an' I'll tell thee what, callant," continued he, as the urchin stood grinning and shaking himself at a distance, "thou hadst better keep out o' my way in future, or faith I'll no be sweert to draw thy neck like a poult." "

"I say, Mr. Scotchman," said the tall man, after a moment's consultation with the others, "do you know the value of a throat that you can breathe through?"

"It's no particular valuable to a poor man like me," said Murdoch, wiping the perspiration from his face—"but I ken what you mean perfectly, my friends. And I'll make bairn's bargains wi' you. If ye let me alane, ye'll ne'er be hanged a day the sooner for me, an' that's a bargain."

Having settled the preliminaries of peace on these equitable terms, Murdoch was suffered to depart; and the burglars, who, finding themselves deserted by Reynolds, had sent Sammy as a scout to seek for him when he was discovered by Macara, went to divide their booty and clean their faces after their night's adventure.

Although Arwood and the sailor, not having seen any thing nor been able to hear of the robbers, nor yet of Macara after they parted with him at the squire's door, had by this time gone to their several homes—the Scotchman did not get back to the Mark on this eventful morning without another interruption.

It was now fair day light, and he had got out from the irregular ground through which the stream ran, and was proceeding towards the Mark by a narrow path, at the foot of Hail Hill, chuckling to himself as he went, with delighted thoughts at the pleasant skirmish he had just had with the thieves—when all at once he came "plump" upon a man, who lay comfortably asleep almost at his feet under the shelter of the hill. The man started and sat hastily up, awakened by the sound of Murdoch's approach, and the two for an instant stared at each other.

"Ye hae a white face, however, friend," said Murdoch, first breaking silence. "What are ye doing sleeping here, like a moudiwort?"

"I think you must be the Scotchman that lives hereabout, sir?" said the man getting up.

"Ou ay—it's a gude country to own, friend," answered Murdoch; "Lord, every body kens me!"

"Then perhaps you know one Mary Reynolds?"

"I ken her brawly, friend—the bonniest lass on a' the shore, an' a finer cawn never wash'd a' trout."

"Oh, then, my good friend—will you just bring me to her."

"Bring you to her! I'll neither bring you nor any man to Mary Reynolds. Faith, friend, ye hae a stock o' impudence."

"You seem to be under a mistake," rejoined the man. "She's my sister."

"Ha! so ye are like her, about the een; yet no sic an ee as Mary's—but come awa, honest man. If you're Mary Reynolds's brither, ye're my friend; and the Scotchman and the ex-robber were soon reasonably well acquainted.

CHAPTER XX.

Some change had taken place among the different individuals in the neighbourhood of Arwood Castle, since the eventful night of the burglary lately described. Without referring particularly, at present, to the state of mind of Mr. Waltham and Lord Arwood respectively, we may merely state that the former had recovered much of his tranquility by the affectionate nursing of his daughter, and that the latter was gone to the metropolis—occupied with sundry schemes of future

prosperity, and full of the hopes of love, which entirely dispelled his habitual melancholy, and the effect of the more solemn reasonings of his friend of the Pilot's Mark.

Another change was, that Mr. Hulson had left New Hall on the very day after the night scene before described, after seeing Mary Reynolds's brother, whom he had taken a liking to, for reasons as odd and characteristic, as they were at bottom benevolent and praiseworthy. He was determined, as he said, to have the fellow's intentions sounded, and, if possible, to bring him up in the fear of the gallows; besides he was minded, as he further avowed, to cheat the devil, if he could, after he had thought himself sure of another honest man.

It may be pretty truly said, that on the morning we speak of, Mr. Hulson rose from his bed in better spirits and with a lighter heart than any one else, from the highest to the lowest in the mansion of New Hall; although he acknowledged that his brain still fermented from the effects of the squire's wine, and like Sir John Brute in the play, "his head ached consumedly." But he went up and down the house with the greatest ease, as he surveyed the depredations made upon the plate and other portable valuables, swearing that a more cleanly or gentleman-like robbery could not be effected, either legally or professionally, in the most civilised society; and when Bolton looked rueful and perturbed at breakfast, he laughed in his face, and told him he was glad to find that there were other rogues in the world who insisted upon sharing with him the good things he had amassed.

But he did not forget his engagement with the thief, and was, indeed, so much pleased with the candid congruity between his words and actions, that he determined to be at the appointed place punctually at noon.

"What are you?" said he sternly, as he came up to the man whom he found already on the spot.

"I am the person your honour spoke to last night, and am here by your honour's desire. I am completely in your power."

"Oh, you're my friend, the robber, are you? I've had many friends of your stamp—I have a luck that way. But how am I to know that you are the same man who was my sleeping partner in the robbery? you are too white in the face; the man I spoke to last night was as black as Erebus. But come, come, friend, I mustn't stay talking to you here, you are too honest a man for me to be seen consorting with on a public road, come this way."

Saying this he stepped into a field through the plantation that skirted the road, making a sign to the bewildered man to follow him, and questioning him as he went.

"What is your name, friend?"

"Thomas Reynolds, sir."

"Are you really determined on being honest?—"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is very well that you have obtained my patronage in so hazardous an undertaking. But how shall I know that you are serious?"

"Try me, sir."

"Faith, friend, I must have a trial of myself at the same time; for, in truth, I am only, as I may say, going into training for it in my own person, you see, and may break down if I am hard run. But I say, friend, what are you good for? what can you do, in an honest way?"

"Will your honour name what you want of me?"

"Can you tell the time on a watch without stealing it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are a learned man, friend, and an honest as times go. But tell me, can you curry a horse, or worm a dog, or catch a poacher by speed of foot—or brush a coat, or hand a plate, or tell a lie in a graceful and business-like manner, or—"

"I would rather not do the last, sir."

"Very well, friend, and I would rather not ask you, if the world were not so bad as it is; but you mustn't get too honest upon me, or, you see, in that case you won't suit; and if your conversion is too outrageous, or too sudden, you'll become a greater rogue than ever, I can tell you. But, come, if you are really determined to

turn a new leaf, I'll protect you. Will you swear fealty to me?"

"I will, sir."

"Then hold up your right hand, friend."

"Will that do, sir?"

"Yes; now look up, mind, you are on your oath."

The man sighed as he looked up to Heaven, holding up his hand.

"Now wet your thumb—there," he added, touching the man's thumb, "now, Reynolds, you are my servant, and may bid Jack Ketch go hang himself for want of employment, as far as you are concerned; for as long as you behave yourself, and I have a shilling in my pocket, I'll stand between you and the gallows, and we'll walk the earth two honest men together, and shame the world, just for the rarity of the thing."

"I will serve you with my life, sir," exclaimed the man, affected yet diverted by the manner of his new master. "Now, what shall I do first, your honour?"

"March, Reynolds, instantly out of this neighbourhood, and never look for me until you arrive at the Cat and Tongs in Gloucester, to-morrow evening; now go, and go cautiously."

The first few days after the affair of the robbery were passed by the squire at New Hall in alternations of sullen and perturbed gloom, with paroxysms of agitation. All his visitors had now left him except Johnston, and although, in his better mood, he suspected and almost detested this man, yet, with the weakness of guilt, haunted by the fear of its discovery, and reluctant to make the restitution which in a moment of remorseful anguish he had promised to his wronged victim of the Pilot's Mark, he was glad to unbosom himself to one who was always at hand, although the last person in the world in whom he ought to have confided.

Several violent scenes, however, had taken place between him and Johnston, with which it is needless to trouble the reader. The ex-tutor ultimately gained the entire ascendancy over the unhappy man. He persuaded him against giving up Mr. Waltham's property—against leaving New Hall for a time, as he had proposed—against calling in the mediation of Lord Arwood—and, in short, induced him to change every plan he had formed, till, at length, the result of several days' altercation was the squire's reluctant consent to a line of conduct totally different from that which he had at first meditated.

It was not long after the robbery before a great hue and cry was raised for thirty miles round the secluded neighbourhood of Arwood Castle, regarding the extensive depredation committed in the mansion of the "wealthy and worthy" squire Bolton of New Hall. Country gentlemen began to be greatly alarmed, and justices and magistrates to bestir themselves. Conservators of the peace were everywhere on the alert; local proclamations were posted; and thief-takers were agog; Mr. Bolton was consoled with on his loss, with warmth in proportion as he was not known—so much so, that he would almost have lost every thing over again to achieve the momentary importance the circumstance gave him in the neighborhood; and even Mr. Johnston managed to join the cry with credit to himself, holding out well grounded hopes of being more successful than the police itself in ferreting out the robbers.

CHAPTER XXI.

The effect upon Lord Arwood's mind, produced by the death of his mother and the occurrences of the day on which he came of age, was to give a new impulse to his thoughts, and to make him look with a strange inquisitiveness into the shadowy womb of futurity, for the promises or indications of what fortune might have in store for him. He saw, however, with a mixture of exultation and doubt, that it became him now to "try the world" and all it offered; and accordingly, shutting up the castle, he set off to visit a Sir Bolland Bolland, and such other few friends as remained to him in London.

The observers of the upper world of society know that there are always a few new men on town, who are lords of the ascendant for the time; and who, starting successively into view from their native or their com-

parative obscurity, serve to diversify the monotony of aristocratic life. These enjoy the triumph of feasting hundreds of fashionable persons, and of being talked of, perhaps, by thousands whom they cannot find room to entertain, and are extensively repaid by succoring criticism upon their expensive attempts at greatness, or contemptuous laughter at their abortive presumption.

In this pitiable predicament was now placed Sir Bolland and his family. Lady Bolland, Miss Rachel Bolland, and Thomas Grenadall Bolland, Esq., the only son and heir, all stood the campaign amazingly well, being willing to encounter any thing in such a cause. But poor Sir Bolland himself was almost ready to strike and cry for quarter before the season was half ended; for besides the difficulty which a little fat man encounters in striving to support personal greatness and *impersonal* dignity, Sir Bolland was absolutely "sweated down" into a sort of oily mummy, and lost both his weight, his appetite, and his night's rest, as he said, for no carthly or understandable purpose but to spend money.

It was near the end of the London season, while Sir Bolland's house was invaded by artists of all sorts, connected with the table and the trencher, during the day, and by men and women of many sorts during the night, that Lord Arnwood arrived in town, and with a mixture of diffidence and reserve paid a visit to his old acquaintance. Scarcely had he made his appearance in society when he found himself, greatly to his own astonishment, very much in request; and crowded as were the entertainments of Sir Bolland and of every body else who invited him, and reserved and retiring as his own manners were, he yet discovered that he had involuntarily produced a considerable sensation. His graceful figure arrayed in deep black, the thoughtful and intellectual look of so young a man, together with his title, brought to the recollection of some of the old families a name carrying in it something to be held almost in reverence, and caused him to be observed and talked of, even when he himself wished to be concealed or forgotten.

Arnwood was partly right in the latter feeling; for he could not offer attentions to any lady, and in particular, to the many unmarried female scions of nobility, with whom he mixed, but himself and the late lord's imprudence became the subject of discussion with all ambitious fathers and wary mothers, and his hereditary misfortunes were dragged forth into babbling notoriety. This was a subject upon which he was jealously and painfully sensitive, and when he looked with moralising astonishment at the profuse luxury indulged in by hundreds whom he thought in every way beneath him, contrasting it with the painful economy practised in his own deserted establishment—there mingled more of bitterness in his feelings, than perhaps, if strictly examined, was reconcilable with true dignity of mind.

Emerging as he had just done out of a literary and reflective solitude, and feeling intensely the difficulty of getting a footing for his own ambition—he looked with amazement on the thoughtless, aimless, and comparatively deservless prosperity of Sir Bolland, and a hundred other new people, who were shining brilliantly in the zenith of city extravagance. The clinging consciousness, too, of real talent, became sometimes a set-off against the disadvantages of his peculiar situation. But this solitary pride soon died away, by the very sympathetic influence of the glaring opinion of the world, and left him, unless when hope was strong, in deeper and more gloomy discontent with the world, and at the mortifying indications of his own fortune.

As for Sir Bolland, he had of late crept under a corner of the imperial purple of government, and was even in the prospect of a peerage; how or wherefore no one, so far as Arnwood knew, could tell; for he thought but little and laboured less, talked merely because he was sure to be listened to, and laughed much and often, either because he was fat, or in order to become so. At all events fat he was, notwithstanding the fatigue of standing up often when he longed to sit, and bowing to his guests when bowing was neither convenient to his shape nor inclination. But then there was a compensation even in this, (excepting when he was absolutely over-driven,) for standing and walking gave him additional appetite, and bowing and feasting made him additional friends.

Amidst all this, Arnwood felt some surprise in observing the increasing attentions to himself, and even offered confidence of Sir Bolland Bolland. This he could not account for, as it seemed unconnected with his daughter, whose manner, unlike what it had been in an earlier acquaintance, had become stately, and bore an air of

condescension in addressing him, which made him doubly reserved towards her. And as for Lady Bolland, her head seemed entirely so turned with her lately acquired notoriety, and her husband's importance in the government, that she could only occasionally be sensible that such a person as Lord Arnwood had the privilege of making one at all her parties, and that he was more frequently talked of by the women, titled and untitled, than any other man who was worth talking of, excepting it might be her own son, or Sir Bolland himself.

One morning on Arnwood's paying an early visit, he was taken confidentially aside by Sir Bolland, and conducted into the library with much ceremony, and all the forced dignity and state so laboriously assumed and worn upon the person of a little fat man. Here, after many preliminaries, concerning his own consequence in the present situation of public affairs, and his wish to bring forward every promising young man, he told Arnwood that the opportunity was now come for making his fortune.

Arnwood looked somewhat cold and incredulous at this announcement.

"Nay, my dear Arnwood," said Sir Bolland; "it is in my power without doubt, if you do what I have undertaken to the minister you shall. And all you have to do is to be expeditious, and judicious, and prompt, and secret, and adroit—and above every thing you must be lucky."

Arnwood smiled.

"My dear Arnwood, I see that you consider the business as nothing to a man of your talents, and that you imagine your success certain."

Arnwood smiled again, and said he had no doubt of it.

"Are you incredulous, my young lord, or are you confident? Shall I introduce you to the minister or not?"

"By all means, Sir Bolland. I feel my zeal kindling."

"Tis done, Arnwood, 'tis done. The carriage is ordered at two, and you will consider how much there is at stake, both with regard to your own fortune and for the public good, in what may be proposed to you."

Arnwood could scarcely believe his senses, when the carriage stopped at the door of the minister, and he found himself formally and confidentially introduced, and soon after clothed, and preparations made for a particular and doubtless important disclosure.

"You cannot have much knowledge of mankind, whatever may be your natural talents, my lord," said the minister after some preliminary inquiries; "but your knowledge of history will have taught you that one of the greatest difficulties a statesman has to encounter in the ordering of diplomatic policy, is to get at the real sentiments of foreign potentates, and the true meaning of the proceedings of foreign courts. This will explain the principle of the service which you seem willing to undertake, and upon which you will be required to proceed. It will be a dangerous and uncertain service," the official personage continued, "and even should you be successful, its value will only be such as circumstances will hereafter indicate. But you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you act for a noble and liberal government. And, har'kee, my young friend, a sprinkling of hypocrisy is indispensable; for, remember, you will have to mix with those whose very thoughts are traitors to each other. In a word, I can give you no better advice than you will find combined in the Spanish maxim, 'A light foot, an open purse, and a quiet tongue;'—what say you, young sir, are you willing to embark in the sea of politics?"

Arnwood made such acknowledgments as the occasion demanded.

"Well, then, we shall see, what is to be done;" and the minister, with a gracious but reserved bow, turned to other business, and left Arnwood to the indulgence of a crowd of new hopes and fancies, which his mind, as he returned home, was busy in creating.

Meantime it was bruited about by Sir Bolland, chiefly to show off the confidence that he himself was in with the government, that through his influence the young Lord Arnwood was about to be employed in an important and confidential mission abroad. The change to Arnwood in his reception by the world, was now as extensive as it was decided. Invitations crowded in to him, and every one began to know and to admire him, as is usual in such cases, until the youth himself gave way to the general opinion, and loved all mankind as heartily as mankind seemed to admire him.

This was the moment of Arnwood's triumph, and almost his revenge upon the world. There is an indescribable charm in the first gush of prosperity, the mere de-

lightful because it is not solitary; for man is so benevolent and sympathetic in such a case, that all the world rejoices with, and even magnifies the happiness of the successful. The eyes of the women, in particular, now seemed to beam for Arnwood with universal regard. Their countenances suddenly became lighted up with sentiment; and many were in love with him so deeply, that, in spite of the natural delicacy of that "worm in the bud" which was feeding on their damask cheeks, the feeling was too warm and imperative to be altogether hidden, and in some way or other managed to find its way to his ears.

He now began to forget his Shakspearian maxim about the tide that is in the affairs of men, which, assuredly, was now at its flood with him, and which, had it been taken, as it then offered, was sending him (in one way at least) fast on to fortune. Men, as he unfortunately turned out, were in a mistake about his "affairs," else there would not have been all this flood; but that was no affair of his.

In giving these general statements we had almost forgotten to mention the fact, (an unpardonable piece of forgetfulness in the writer of a private history of this sort,) that by this time Arnwood might have been, nay, was, *almost* in love. We say almost, because the sentiment was involuntarily qualified in his mind, by certain deep-seated recollections, or rather fanciful dreams of his solitary hours, or mixed up with some painfully pleasing reminiscences of the inmates of the Pilot's Mark, near his own castle. The sentiment, too, however generally powerful, was in Arnwood's case at present so mingled with a feeling of gratitude to the fair one, who condescended to evince no doubtful indications of tenderness for himself, that, if stripped and analysed, it could neither be called quite genuine, nor had its roots struck deeply enough to take the place of more secret and unselfish emotions.

The eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lorton had fascinated many before she fascinated the young Lord Arnwood; but she took a greater pleasure in observing the impression she had made upon *his* feelings than in all her previous conquests, simply because she perceived he *had* feeling, which she justly concluded was a quality somewhat rare in her circle; and the single hearted sincerity of his disposition made her attempts at interesting him both a pleasing and a proud experiment. Lady Amelia Lorton was two years older than himself, and the very masculine quality of her understanding, her ready eloquence upon subjects which women generally avoid, or trifle with, together with the soothing tones of her voice, when she chose to address the feelings, were not lost upon a mind like Arnwood's, which was always susceptible to the throbbings of emotion, or the deep-lift influence of passion.

Arnwood was now, in the proper sense of the word, *living*—enjoying existence—looking at the great world, in its most desirable circle—reasoning upon it, gaining knowledge, hoping, admiring, and almost loving. He had not yet, to be sure, attained to any thing in his own fortune; so much the better; for in gaining good, we gain evil also, and all to him was yet imagination and futurity. "But the future," says Dr. Johnson, "carries in its womb the greatest and the purest of all good, for it is ductile to the fancy, and subservient to every demand of the passions."

Lady Amelia Lorton was a pretty woman, or rather she was *noble* to look upon, and at times there was something in her countenance that was awful to a man who can feel the power of a woman's eye. She was accomplished too. But the accomplishments of some women tell for something wherever they appear; those of others, from the want of accompanying taste and understanding, are a weariness and a vanity. So were not the elegant learning and the ready intellectual powers of the noticeable daughter of the Marquis of Lorton; for never were accomplishments rendered more effective in raising admiration or emotion in minds such as Arnwood's. She and the charmed youth met in all possible places, and talked all possible things, as lords and ladies will talk. It answers not our taste, nor indeed our talent, to give details. Behold! are they not written in fifty cleverish books, that shall never be read fifty days hence?

The fancy can easily follow Arnwood through the drawing rooms and dinner parties of high life, with which every reader, high and low, is of course as familiar as he is with his own bed-chamber. He ate of the most piquant French dishes with the most unintelligible names, and drank wines imported by his fashionable host expressly from the moon.

Like the caliphs of the Arabian Nights he walked upon nothing but splendid Persian carpets, and reclined

only on sofas and couches, which he found as common, of course, as the wooden benches in St. James's park. He dined upon plain fare at three o'clock like a tradesman, under the name of lunch, and supped at night too early for a second appetite; which, however, like a wise man, he took care to provide against, the latter being too laborious and complex an entertainment either for satisfaction or enjoyment. The most interesting faces at the dinner table were lost to him, or concealed behind the splendour of plateaux and lustres; and in the lottery of his place among the company, when he did not happen to get near the lady Amelia or some such intimate, he was forced to talk, or listen to, all manner of nothings, interlarded with bad French and Italian, called, somewhat gratuitously, *light* conversation. This, however, he bore philosophically for a time, for the sake of his own private observations; for "fashionable conversation" is, after all, seldom as rapid in the hearing as in the reading.

The kind reader will also, to save time, condescend to fancy Lord Arnwood moving incessantly among saloons and boudoirs of the most splendid description, and attending all manner of soirees, routs, concerts, and masquerades; and will also please to imagine what he said and did. Lady Amelia sometimes hung upon his arm through these crowds, or sat with him in a recess, and from her lips he drank for a time the most seductive eloquence, the most touching sentiment, upon what was truly great or desirable on earth; and again the keenest observations and the most cutting satire upon all they heard and saw around them. At other times, and more generally, he moved about like a philosopher or a simpleton, (convertible terms as the world goes,) and talked idly to people who cared nothing about either what he said or thought, so that what was apparent bore the stamp of fashion; and then he went to bed late in the morning, weary and disappointed, wondering at himself for persisting in so unsatisfactory a life.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lord Arnwood moved about for a time in fashionable society as other people do; for high life, however favourable to affectation and effeminacy, is not without its philosophers, and its moralists too; nor is there any necessary connection between fastidious elegance and conventional refinement, and rapid coxcombry or inanity of mind. The hurry of its engagements, however, and the pleasing gratification to personal vanity, of easy association with men of the highest titles in the country, had its usual effect upon his youthful and sanguine mind; causing him to be insensible to the lapse of time, and to forget that the ordinary occurrences of life were progressing and wearing on, and there were such things as serious or sad events taking place in the lower world.

The first circumstance that awakened him was a sudden turn in our foreign policy, and a report of a change of ministry, with which the newspapers and the country soon rang. In the mean time Arnwood had received neither reward nor service, nor, indeed, any thing but vague assurances and doubtful manifestations of friendship. As the clamour ripened against the proceedings of ministers, he saw with astonishment, that those very measures which had been adopted in consequence of the then popular feelings in favour of them, were the most loudly complained of and reprobated. When he waited upon Lord —, he found him already an ex-minister, and now in agitation, if not disgust, preparing to set out to recruit his spirits and his nerves in the country.

The minister was, however, gracious and kind to Arnwood, and even somewhat disposed to be sentimental in his discourse, as men will be when the untoward events of life oblige them to console themselves for ill-rewarded good intentions, with a moral reflection. He seemed to consider Arnwood as a brother sufferer by the turn that affairs had taken, but the moral reflections, of which there is no lack, applicable to courts and political change, were all Lord Arnwood's answer, and all his present and probable reward.

This disappointment soon came to be known to Arnwood's friends; and its usual effects were deepened by his own consciousness and his foreboding imagination. He met Lady Amelia Lorton in the evening in her father's drawing room, and he thought he saw, at a glance, that she was aware of all that had occurred to him. Whether it was studied, or whether his own consciousness made him sensitive and irritable, her conversation seemed less serious than usual, while he was disposed to be more so; and even her good sense seemed more than ever rough and masculine, and her allusions, accidentally or wilfully, regardless of his feelings.

Arnwood's observations were more keen than usual, but still he had not altogether deceived himself. Lady Amelia really delighted in his society, was interested in him, was proud of him as a connoisseur, nay, even loved him. But her love was not (shall we be understood when we say it?) like the love of a woman. And so she could extinguish it, or sacrifice it to pride, or trifle with it (as she could and did with the object of it), with all the caprice and hauteur of a high born and worldly dame. For some time she teased Arnwood, partly by coquetry with other admirers, and, at times, by cruel allusions to things in which he felt keenly all the disadvantages of his situation. A new favourite in the person of a Colonel Vance, now began to call forth her triumphant "flirtation," and jealousy and wounded pride soon completed the alienation of Arnwood's heart. But if there had been any thing wanting to determine him to retire from scenes which were now a punishment to him, it was supplied in the following incident.

At a crowded evening party at the Marquis of Lorton's, Arnwood found that, either on purpose or by accident, he was in an unusual manner left to himself all night, and was in the uncomfortable state of mind of a proud man when he finds himself in a place where he suspects that he is looked upon as little better than an intruder, or imagines his presence merely suffered until a convenient time arrives for his dismissal by a *couverture*. He had wandered among the crowd, and answered jealously and slightly the salutations of a dozen common acquaintances, and even exchanged a smile and a remark with Lady Amelia, and had at length betaken himself for solitude to a recess behind a pillar. Here he sat down alone to contemplate an old painting, on which the light from a brilliant chandelier now shone, as he thought, most favourably.

The picture represented a young female, in a costume so peculiar, or rather her figure was so imaginatively revealed, by an extravagant and picturesque drapery, that the contemplative spectator was soon riveted by the original and striking conception of the artist. The female was mad, as appeared by the strangeness of her apparel and manner, and the poetic wildness of her eye; but she was so purely beautiful, and there was given to her such a look of speaking pathos, that Arnwood had almost wrought himself into tears as he continued to gaze, and to feed his imagination with the idea of the unhappy girl.

There were other thoughts, also, insensibly linking themselves with the visual fancy before him, thoughts which, of course, could have no other foundation than the mere association of ideas, but which gradually awakened in his heart its deepest and saddest feelings, and plunged him in a reverie which might have seemed a trance. It was as if Heaven had shown him, at sundry intervals, and in divers manners, in reality or in his dreams, such a vision (one repeated vision) of female perfection, as transported his soul to paradise in thought and aspiration, yet never permitted him, even once, distinctly to behold that face and form which still flitted before his fancy.

His mind had wandered back to Arnwood Castle and the Pilot's Mark, as he gazed on the interesting picture before him, when his ear was startled and his attention attracted by women's voices, talking loud (as ladies of rank may talk) behind him, and just beyond the pillar against which he was leaning. He even thought his own name had been mentioned, and naturally interrupting himself to listen, he heard a few words of conversation of that matter of fact species, which was sufficient to recall his mind to this *lower* world.

"You astonish me, my lady," said one, "indeed you astonish me; but the loose manners of the present day are perfectly incredible. In my younger days this impudence would no more have been suffered than —"

"But the antiquity of his family!" interrupted another voice.

"That is the only excuse for it; but, my lady, I am told his whole estate would not make a tolerable allowance for pin money. In short, the boy's presumption ought to be chastised, and for a sensible man like the marquis to permit such a glaring flirtation, I am at a loss to account for it."

"It is love, no doubt," said a cracked old voice, in a sneering tone, "the blind god must bear the blame, he, he, he!"

"The youth ought to be sent abroad somewhere," rejoined the first. "I tell you, my lady, the marquis ought to get him an appointment at the Cape, or about the Ionian Islands, or in Australia, or somewhere else, to prevent titles from becoming contemptible at home, and to keep him out of the way of the women!"

"It is time, methinks, that that unfortunate family were extinct," said the toothless possessor of the cracked voice: "I knew the boy's grandfather, Sir Humphrey of Arnwood—a wild and a bold man he was, and the late lord made things much worse, and here is a youth who would marry his slender person and his father's debts to the eldest daughter of Lorton himself—he, he!"

"But the marchioness has too much good sense to permit the affair to proceed further," rejoined the second speaker; "what do you think, my lady?"

"I have long observed the Arnwood family," said the cracked mumbling voice, "and —"

Lord Arnwood's back was still to the group of old ladies, and his eyes yet fixed upon the fascinating picture; but there was something so peculiar in the tone of this latter voice, that he turned round, and putting his head past the pillar, observed the three old women who were talking. The last face absolutely shocked him—it presented such a contrast to the angelic countenance he had been contemplating in the picture—from its absolutely frightful expression; for the dowager's pale face, crowned with a mass of frizzled white hair, presented a combination of the rheumy imbecility of the lowest beldame, with the demonic malignity of Hecate.

"I have long observed that singular family," mumbled the cracked voice; "I think it is about its last."

"There is little danger, then, of Lady Amelia Lorton, from all the reports," said another.

"Hee, hee!" sung the cracked voice of the aristocratic Hecate, and the expression on the countenance was horrible. "I tell you, the boy will soon begin to wince at the world like his father—and will end the whip by—nay, I can see it—by pistol and lead—or a cup of laudanum—or he may perhaps give himself a fling from the tallest turret of the old empty castle of Arnwood—hee, hee, hee!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Arnwood, rushing from the recess into the crowd, and then into the street. "What a world do I inhabit! The very accursed of the earth, the cruellest of the world's crawling animals—a had hearted old woman, seems to become prophetic when speaking of me. It is high time that I should leave this motley scene of venemous old cats, and aristocratic imbecilities to the gratification of their own peculiar and congenial pleasures. In the retirement of the castle I will writ with kingly resignation for such fruit as the seeds I have sown during my short stay in the metropolis will possibly yield me; and if none ever springs up, why, 'patience, and shuffle the cards!'"

Full of his newly acquired determination, Arnwood waited upon the Marquis of Lorton on the following morning, and solicited such an exertion of his political influence upon any future occasion, as that nobleman might deem it expedient or friendly to extend; and taking a short leave of his fat friend, Sir Pollard, he made the best of his way back again to Arnwood castle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The rich perfume of autumn scented the soft air, and twilight was fast sinking into night, when, after a fatiguing ride, Lord Arnwood at length desisted the shining sweep of the sea on the horizon beyond his own castle, and soon after imagined he discerned a more interesting object, namely, the Pilot's Mark, just relieved by the light colored vapours, which still retained the lingering shadow of day spreading seaward behind it. Soon after, he even fancied he could distinguish a light in the window of the little turret where Agatha slept; and as he continued to contemplate this cold and lonely refuge of adversity, and to contrast the gay crowd in London with which he had mixed for the last few days, and the gorging scenes of heartlessness and extravagance which he had just witnessed, with this cheerless and secluded abode of worth—and further thought of her who would have adorned a palace, continuing to linger away her youth in dull seclusion and yearning penury—a pang of sympathetic anguish shot through his mind, that would have been still more bitter, had it not been accompanied by an undefined hope that he would yet be the means of restoring her to society and happiness. "That black looking tower which seems to rise out of the cold murmuring sea," he exclaimed to himself, as he continued to direct his gaze towards it, "is yet the domicile of my Agatha; of her who has given an interest to my life, and communicated a fire to my bosom, such as none other could or shall give in this world. Shall it ever be mine to restore her and her father to happiness? May I ever hope to make her my own, unite my fortune to hers, under circumstances in which we might be enabled to enjoy together such su-

præme felicity? perhaps—yes, it may really be, after all, that this glorious dream will be ultimately realised."

Entering the castle, affected by such reflections, it may be conceived with what feelings he read the following letter, which he found among others waiting him on his arrival.

"Gloucester, October 18th.

"My Lord,

"Though little entitled to communicate with your lordship, from the slight opportunities I have had of the honour of meeting you, yet, for the sake of others, I take the liberty of stating a circumstance to you which may be of importance to a person to whom, as I am informed, you have extended kindness and benevolence, and who, I believe, at present resides in one of your fishing houses, called the Pilot's Mark.

"Without being myself fully acquainted with all the circumstances, I am given to understand that Mr. Bolton of New Hall, in your neighbourhood, has in his hands and retains, whether justly or not I pretend not to say, considerable property alleged to belong of right to the person in question; which person, as I learn, (through the medium of a man whom I have lately taken into my service,) refrains from suing for it, from some peculiarity of mind or opinion, or from an ill-grounded distrust of the efficiency of the law. Now, the information I wish to give, consists chiefly in this, that I have good reason to know, as well from other sources as from my own observation, that it requires only your judicious interference and influence to induce Mr. Bolton to return to the gentleman to whom you have already been liberal, such property or funds as shall place him quite beyond your humanity, and liberally reward your own benevolent feeling."

"I shall only add, that I am satisfied, that Mr. Bolton is at the present moment quite prepared for your interference, which, I have no doubt, will at once be effectual; and wishing to your efforts every success,

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"H. B. HULSON."

Nothing could be more gratifying to Arnwood's feelings, or give a quicker impulse to his dearest hopes, than the intelligence brought him in this short letter. Hulson's information he saw confirmed by various things that he himself observed, particularly by the offer of Mr. Bolton some time since to address him on the road; and though his pride under ordinary circumstances would have prevented him from ever again communicating with the man who had insulted him so grossly, yet in the cause of Agatha and her father, he rejoined in the prospect of an immediate negotiation with the squire, which he resolved on undertaking on the succeeding morning.

While Arnwood meditated these plans, his single servant, assisted by crooked Robin the gate-keeper, and his wife, prepared his evening repast, which was soon set before him. But by this time the solitariness of his situation in the old empty castle, struck him so forcibly as he insensibly contracted it with the delight of Agatha's society, which now came home to his fancy, with something like anticipated reality, that he was unable to eat; and first starting up and pacing the room in the pleasing indulgence of the hopes with which he was impressed, he at length rushed out, fatigued as he was, into the open air, that he might breathe more freely and indulge with less constraint in the stillness of night, the happy contemplation of the immediate restoration of Agatha, and of his own expected happiness.

He looked wistfully towards the Mark as he walked, but he looked but completely enveloped every object, and he could only distinguish the misty line of the sea below, by its phosphoric reflection of the stars which now twinkled above him. "Surely," said he, "I may venture to go down even to night and enquire for Mr. Waltham. The messenger of good tidings is welcome at every door, and in this world few will venture to blame the freedoms or follies of a prosperous man, as I am at length beginning to be!" and saying this, he without more ado set forward to walk, dark as it was, to the Mark.

When he arrived at the door, and looked up at the small closed windows of the house where his Agatha resided, he observed on one side the fire-light gleaming warm from the top of a lower window, and as he listened, he heard at intervals the quaint chant of Murdoch Macara, mixed in chorus occasionally with the clearer voice of a woman; and even the rough tones of Weathersheet, the sailor, seemed to strike in at times with the others, while a thump on the table, or some such thing, beat time to the more merry bars of the stave—and the whole ended with a burst of cheerful, but not loud, tongues, and the merry noise of laughter.

"Heaven prolong your innocent happiness!" exclaimed Arnwood, half audibly, as he looked up at the window. "What virtuous hearts and pure and peaceful bosoms inhabit this cold dreary-looking pile, to put the gorgeous and the lofty discontented to shame? May blessings rest upon and increase to all within these honoured walls. By Jove, I can refrain no longer! I shall seek admittance forthwith, that I may come in for a share of your homely social pleasure. And I shall have one look, before I sleep, of those eyes, which I still seem to see wherever I go, and which carry love and emotion in every glance;" and so saying, he went up and knocked gently at the door.

It was soon opened by Mary Reynolds, who smiled and courtied as she held the light when she saw who it was, while his lordship could not help observing her kindly as he entered, for she was neat, and almost gaily dressed; and her buxom youthful face, glowing with health and the heat of the fire which she had just left, was surrounded by a cluster of curls sufficiently tastefully arranged to set off a countenance by no means calculated to make a warm-hearted man forget that there was such a thing as love in the world.

"I am delighted to see you all so happy," said his lordship, as he entered the comfortable kitchen, scarcely able to see for the light of a blazing fire, before which an old furnished sword, on which were strung a couple of good-sized fowls, went round agreeably to the ordering of big Weathersheet, the sailor; who, seated in the shade of the chimney, with a face as red, and nearly as hot as the fire, was performing the duties of turnspit, with all the patient equanimity of the hardy race, who are trained to wait upon every wind that may happen to blow.

"Weel, I declare, if that's no his lordship frack the castle!" exclaimed Murdoch Macara, coming forward. "Was there ever any thing so heartsome and lucky, an' the bit supper just ready for the dish? Ye'll excuse me, my lord."

"What is it, my honest Scotch friend?" said Arnwood, good humouredly. "Mr. Waltham is well, I presume, from what is indicated here, and disposed to enjoy himself."

"Wonderfu' weel, my lord, an' mentioned you to Miss Agatha aboon, this very minute. Oh! if your lordship would just be pleased to be hungry the night; but what need I speak? Great folks are never hungry, like us poor bodies, as Nicol Macdougall, the fletcher, used to say."

"You're much mistaken, my friend," said Arnwood, smiling; "and so was Nicol Macdougall—but why this ardent wish to-night?"

"It would just be sic a pleasure for me to see your lordship sitting beside my mistress aboon, if it were the case, and me helping you like your *valley de sham* to the merry thought of 'and o' these burdies that's fizzing afore the fire. Two bonnier chuckies never picked barley—an' there's muckle Will Watersheet sitting at the helm turning them round, wi' a face as red as a Dutch cheese, can hardly keep his fingers out o' the gravy, the creature."

"Upon my honour, Mr. Murdoch," said Arnwood, "these burdies, as you call them, would tempt any one, after a long ride; and that being my condition, I have almost a mind, when I go up stairs, to try your cookery."

"I tell'd ye sae! I tell'd ye sae! as the wi'e said about the mare that cat the mortar stane," snapping his fingers, and turning round and addressing his companions. "Get up, Will Watersheet, an' bring me the dishes—sitting there like a hurtlechion, licking your fingers 'i' the presence o' his lordship. Od man, ye hae nae manly manners, for a' my teaching, than a cadger's foal! Will ye never learn genteelty, ye sea porpus?"

"Will your lordship be pleased to walk up stairs?" said Mary Reynolds, curtsying, having herself ran up and down again, during the Scotchman's palaver.

When Arnwood entered the small arched apartment above, which was used by the inmates as a sitting-room, he found a table covered for supper, the candles lighted, and a fire blazing with an air of much comfort. The old gentleman advanced to receive him, which he did with the greatest warmth, his countenance bespeaking not only inward tranquility, but good humour, and spirits almost amounting to gaiety.

"I am very grateful for the honour of this visit, my lord," said Mr. Waltham, shaking Arnwood by the hand—and, indeed, your presence is most happily timed. You come, as we are sitting down to supper, with the smiling countenance of youth and hope, and the sun-burnt visage of the traveller, like the welcome messenger of good tidings."

"What news, I have, sir, is rather of a cheering kind, certainly," said Arnwood, returning the old gentleman's affectionate pressure.

"Agatha, my love, you must bid Lord Arnwood welcome," said Mr. Waltham, as his daughter stood hesitatingly near him.

"You are indeed *well come*, my lord," said Agatha, as she held out her hand, her eyes glistering with emotion as they met his.

They sat down, Arnwood beside Agatha, and Mr. Waltham opposite, as their little supper was placed before them by the neat hands of Mary Reynolds, seconded and directed by the proud officiousness of Murdoch Macara; and never did morsel of Heaven's bounty taste more sweet than did their homely meal to this little company in the square stone chamber of the lonely Pilot's Mark; and never was conversation between three persons for the time more intensely interesting and delightful. Mr. Waltham, who had recovered much of his serenity from the constant nursing of his daughter, as well as the success of the fishermen since the storm—by which the evil day he dreaded was put off—and who was particularly disposed to be cheerful this evening, having received intelligence that his eldest daughter was safe, and was in Paris—in comparatively good spirits; and as he sat opposite Arnwood and Agatha seemed to observe with delight their looks of love, and the pleasure they took in each other's society. "My children," he said, "do not look with fear and awe of me, as if the fugitive happiness of your time, and the blissful feelings of youth were cruelly to be scared away, or damped and crushed by an old man like myself, who has already had his day in the world. Knowing that you are virtuous, I neither encourage nor forbid you to love and be happy; for the marriages of wavering mortals are made in heaven; and from thence issue the decrees from whose power you cannot escape, and which shall bind you, or separate you for ever."

"Your career in the world, my lord," he continued, addressing himself to Arnwood, "has begun with some adversity, but this may only serve to enhance the pleasure of bright days to come. As for me, I would not willingly again indulge the soothing delusions of hope, which would only serve to agitate and unhinge my mind from that calmness and submission with which it becomes me to prepare for my fate. Nothing, my lord, tends more to weaken an already debilitated and irritable mind, than exciting alternations of hope and apprehension; and now, as I am reduced to the condition of poverty which was predestined for me, my new-raised hope would, I am convinced, infallibly: end in certain and more depressing disappointment."

"I am sorry, Mr. Waltham," said Arnwood, "to be obliged to repeat, that I am convinced your wrongs have caused you to delude yourself in your despair, as much as ever visionary was deluded by hope. But even if I should be unsuccessful, as I well believe I shall not, in inducing Mr. Bolton to restore your property, will you not, for your daughter's sake, consent to empower me to seek redress for you by public law?"

Mr. Waltham shook his head, but made no reply. "Let us not talk of these sad subjects, father," said Agatha. "Let us be happy again, as we have heard something of my dear sister."

"Ah! if she were here with us this happy night," said Mr. Waltham; "how much the pleasure of this little meeting would be enhanced; but she is well, although I am still in the dark as to how she is situated, and Heaven's mysterious will towards us all be done. Will you drink with me a health to my absent daughter, my lord?"

"Most gladly, sir," said Arnwood, filling his glass; "and I feel convinced, from this night's promises, my good sir, that many happy days are yet in store for us all."

"I do hope so," said Agatha, with brightening looks; and conversing thus the night wore away, until Mr. Waltham seemed to catch at his revived hopes of life, and almost joined Lord Arnwood in laughing at his late fancies.

A few moments' conversation with Agatha, as they lingered together before parting for the night, in which they, in hurried and broken whispers, and with looks still more expressive, congratulated each other upon more matured hopes and happy days in prospect, coupled Arnwood's bliss; and he left the Mark with all the proud feelings of his ancestors revived in his heart, and all the warm hopes of youth glowing in his bosom.

He had crossed the open sandy spot immediately in front of the Mark, and entered his own plantation by the wicket towards the sea, when he heard a rustling among the trees to the left, and instantly perceived the figure of a man coming cautiously towards him. "Who goes there?" he shouted, as the figure drew near.

"A friend, sic-like as I am," said the Scotch tongue of

Macara; "I would ken your lordship's voice as weel as ye were my born brother, though ye were to sing a mile distant through the wood, like a mavis."

"What are you doing, wandering at this time of the night, friend Murdoch?"

"It's a' for the best, my lord, as weel as it was that bonny moonlight night when I met your lordship coming blathering hame sae gude-humoured and tovy from—I beg your excuse, my lord, I'm a plain spoken body—) frae that squire's at New Ha' aboon; an' I'm thinking ye'll be the better o' me to gang hame to the castle wi' you the night, for fear o' skaith."

"Pshaw—what should I fear! Go home to your bed, Murdoch."

"Deevil a bit, my lord, 'till I see what's gaun to happen."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you, my lord, there's some new deevilry agog the night, an' that I'll answer for. I both saw and heard it."

"You saw a ghost, and heard the wind whistle, I dare say. Never trouble yourself with following me, I can go home myself."

"Weel, my lord, if ye just let me tell you what I saw. Ye see, while your lordship an' my canny maister, an' bonny Miss Agatha, were taking your crack aboon in the Mark, after picking the bane o' the bits o' burdies that Will Watersheet wad ha' burnt to a cinder, only for me, an' I was sitting cosily talking to Mary Reynolds by the light o' the fire—for Watersheet was sound asleep, the heavy-headed nowt—crick-crick, I hears some odd noise. But whether it was within or whether it was without, I couldna say, yet something I still heard, till at last, up I gets frae side o' Mary Reynolds, purr thing an' a' to see what might be stirring."

"Come, Murdoch, be brief!"

"Weel, my lord, deevil a thing I could see or hear, but the black waves moaning in shore, but Providence put it into my head to take the bit road up back by the foot o' Hail Hill; when just as I gets near to the squire's muckle house, whitter goes a wee fellow past me in the dark, an' off like a shot across the upper corner o' the park. Deevil's in you, said I, but I'll see what ye're after! an' in five minutes I was up to the slap through whilk he had divvied into the squire's ground, an' then I saw the little blackguard carouching with a man."

"What man?" said Arnwood, impatient at Murdoch's long story.

"I could amaise swear, my lord, it was that man that used to sneak about and try to pump me about the Mark. They ca' him Johnston."

"But what seemed to pass between them?"

"My lugs wer' na just lang enough to hear, my lord, but it could be no good that made a gentleman like him be whispering without wi' sie a deevil's pet at twal at e'en. But whatever it was, or whatever it is in the wind this precious night, I can swear that is the same blackguard callan that was among the robbers that robbed the squire's house, and an arranter little thieft's apprentice is no unchanged. I think they ca' him Saumy."

"Well, Murdoch, what do you infer from all this?"

"I'm neither prophet nor priest, my lord, to say; but I'm certain it bodes no good to somebody."

"Well, you had better go home and protect the Pilot's Mark, and I will try to protect the castle against all invaders. Meantime, I shall not be willing to have my good spirits disturbed by any such alarm as you give."

"Aweel, my lord," said Murdoch doubtfully, "I've tell'd you my tale, an' so a sound sleep an' a lhyth waking, an' mony better wishes than that, if they would do you any gude—an' God defend you frae skaith an' scorn till the new day."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The new day did come in, sunny and cheerful, in spite of the strange alarm of Murdoch on the previous night, and Lord Arnwood rose in the best spirits after a long sleep, which had been mingled only with soothing visions of Agatha, and placid anticipations of future joy. He ordered his breakfast to be served in his favourite room in the Lark's Tower, and as he sat musing on the future, while the cheerful beams of morning gleamed over the extensive prospect, his fancy glowed with pride in the survey of the picturesque possessions of his ancestors, still entailed to him and his heirs. His spirits danced with delicious imaginings as he thought of his Agatha yet becoming lady of this romantic property, and their happy little ones, giving additional life and lustre to the old halls of the now empty building—or one day room-

ing at large among the red deer that yet sported in the irregular park beneath.

As he farther dwelt at his solitary meal on these pleasing anticipations, he smiled as he reflected on his former irrational despondency—"As if," said he to himself, "life were not full of promise to the active and the prudent, or as if I—a young man—were, like the ruined Mr. Waltham, to be checked in my career by a false and dismal philosophy, or guided by a fanciful and gloomy infatuation. I need not now recall the ridiculous notion that at one time took such possession of me about my being fated to be the last of my house and title, excepting it may be to laugh at the crude notions of youth, and to contrast early fears and fancies with their present nearly realised falsification." Indulging in these pleasing musings, he dressed, and prepared to ride to New Hall by noon, to endeavour to make as beneficial an arrangement as possible for his interesting friend Mr. Waltham.

He had scarcely completed his morning's toilet, however, and was pulling on his gloves to set forth, when the post brought him the following note:—

"London, 18—.

"MY DEAR ARNWOOD,

"The disappointment I felt this morning in waiting upon the Right Honourable Mr. Y— was actually as great as yours can be on the perusal of this. In short, after many apologies, and much smooth politeness, he informed me that your lordship not being in parliament, (a strange excuse, for he knew the fact before,) it was impossible to complete the appointment he had intended for the noble representative of the ancient house of Arnwood—which, of course, he exceedingly regretted; and it came out in conversation, that the said appointment had been long ago promised to the younger brother of the bishop of Redborough, who, in fact, had already received it!"

"I need not say how much this news disconcerted me, after my saying all over town, that the thing was yours; but, in truth, *entre nous*, if it is worth while making a secret of it, the minister is tottering. That is the general opinion in the select circle who are in the secret of every thing, and wherein I have the honour of bearing a part; and you will see that there will be a change shortly."

"Let us see you at the park shortly, and believe me to be, my very dear Arnwood,

Yours always,

"BOLLAND BOLLAND,"

"Heavens and earth! am I the fool of the most foolish!" exclaimed Arnwood, throwing the letter to the other end of the apartment, "to have believed for a moment the word, and swallowed the representations of this frivolous idiot, and his flatterers. Or was the minister in league with him to deceive me—pish!—but why should I put myself in a passion about the deceptions and hollow promises of courts? They have been proverbial in all past time, since Mordecai the Jew sat sullen and unwearied at the gate of Ahasuerus. Let me see, at least, if my money be safe," he added, opening his escritoire, "yes, six thousand there, and seven hundred odd there; and another and inferior appointment money will make me sure of, and two thousand guineas will do that at once. Let me forget this little disappointment, and proceed at once on my interesting mission to New Hall."

The words were hardly uttered, when he observed two persons pass the window, and immediately after, the servant announced Mr. Simkin and Mr. Johnston, as desiring admittance into the presence of his lordship. Arnwood could scarcely help feeling a sort of qualm come over him at the very name of Johnston, and at the idea of his having the audacity to seek admittance into his presence. But he had scarcely time to wonder within himself what could be the purport of this visit, when the two were ushered into the room.

"Your business, gentlemen?" said Arnwood, as they stood hesitatingly before him.

"You may be surprised, my lord," said Johnston, "at my having ventured to wait upon you, after certain circumstances that—"

"That I do not desire to have recalled, sir," said Arnwood haughtily.

"I do not wish to remind your lordship of any thing unpleasant, and indeed the business I am come about is not at all so unpleasant as it may at first appear. But at any rate, that I undertook it with the greatest reluctance, I can testify—"

"I can attest the same," said his companion, bowing with a professional air.

"Our visit is respecting an offer that my friend Mr. Bolton is disposed to make to your lordship regarding a sum of five thousand pounds, which your lordship owes

him as the heir and representative of your late mother the dowager Lady Arnwood, some time deceased, and—"

"Five thousand pounds; borrowed by Lady Arnwood of Mr. Bolton," exclaimed the young lord in astonishment; "surely, this must be a mistake, I never heard of such a loan;" and he took the bond in his hand and gazed at it long and minutely to the infinite trouble and sore concern of Johnston, who fidgeted about strangely. "I certainly never understood—"

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said Mr. Simkin, striking in, "there is no such thing understood or recognised in law, as an *understanding* between parties, unless it can be shown in writing, which, as I learn, your lordship is unprepared to show, and therefore we are come to discuss the main proposition which we have the honour to make to your lordship."

"You are a lawyer then, sir?" said Arnwood to the solicitor.

"I have the honour to belong to the profession, my lord," and Mr. Simkin bowed as he said this with a consciousness of being honoured by the acknowledgment of his lofty station in this lower world.

"In one word, gentlemen, come you with a hostile purpose from Mr. Bolton," said Arnwood, "for I was just going to pay a visit to him?"

"The law is never to be considered hostile, my lord," said Mr. Simkin complacently, "when every thing is done according to precedent and the practice of the courts, and—"

"Mr. Bolton is not at New Hall to day, my lord," said Johnston, interrupting the man of law; "he is absent, and will be much occupied for a time upon the business of the late audacious robbery. But in short, he is determined upon recovering this five thousand pounds, if your lordship does not think fit to comply with the conditions upon which he consents to waive his claim—which conditions, I must say, are most liberal."

"What are the conditions?" demanded Arnwood with an indignant smile.

"Simply, my lord, that you will give him the immediate use and possession of a certain antique pleasure house and premises appertaining to your lordship, commonly called the Pilot's Mark, to be held by him for seven years from the present date, and particularly that your lordship will undertake not to countenance or harbour a certain individual called Waltham in any house or building belonging to you, but that he, and those with him, be instantly sent forth from this neighbourhood as suspicious characters, and—"

"How dare you bring me such an infamous message, sir?" said Arnwood, indignant at the proposal.

"It is a mere matter of business, my lord," said Simkin, now taking a part, "that we are come upon; upon which we expect your lordship's pleasure or answer, without any unnecessary heat."

"I cannot conceive," replied Arnwood, his anger giving way to astonishment, "why Mr. Bolton should act thus, or that his meaning is really as you say, to give up this sum of five thousand pounds either at present or in prospect, on such unaccountable conditions."

"It is Mr. Bolton's pleasure or his whim, or what you please," said Johnston; "and I don't see why a gentleman should not be gratified when he can pay for it."

"Ha! ha! very true," said Arnwood, smiling scornfully; "but what evidence have I that this is really Mr. Bolton's wish regarding that unfortunate man in the Mark whom I had thought he was weary of persecuting?"

"There are very strange surmises regarding that individual whom your lordship is pleased to harbour, in connection with certain facts which took place at the late robbery; all inquiry respecting which may be quashed by your lordship instantly banishing him and his from this neighbourhood, and giving up possession of the Pilot's Mark; and, in short, I would advise him and your lordship as a friend—"

"Do you presume to speak of yourself as my friend! or the friend of any unfortunate gentleman? I do not believe you, sir, even in your assertions about Mr. Bolton. I do not believe that he is such a villain as your message would imply. I will wait upon him myself in the cause of the distressed and ruined Mr. Waltham."

"As you please, my lord," said Johnston, with a sneer of cold triumph. "Your lordship has, no doubt, your reasons for this condescending interference. But this will serve to indicate the reception you are likely to meet with, while it will verify the truth of my assertion;" and, thus saying, he threw down for Arnwood's perusal the following paper:—

"New Hall, 17th Oct. 18—

"Mr. Johnston is empowered to require Lord Arn-

wood in my name to obtain for me instant possession of the Pilot's Mark, and the banishment from the neighbourhood of certain persons who now occupy it; upon his failing of payment of five thousand pounds, owing to me, as the representative of the late Lady Arnwood.

(Signed) "ROBERT BOLTON."

"Mr. Simkin," said Arnwood, after two or three turns across the room; "if I mistake not, I am not liable to be compelled to pay my mother's debts unless at my own option or convenience."

"You are quite liable to be compelled, my lord, having acknowledged the debt as your own since your mother's decease, as I am informed by Mr. Bolton, in the presence of this gentleman."

"Is that the case, Johnston?" said Arnwood, with an incredulous smile of astonishment.

"It is, my lord," answered Johnston, with a dark expression of face. "But it will be unnecessary for your lordship to give yourself any uneasiness about the money. You have only to join your creditor in sending these mysterious people about their business, and give him the Pilot's Mark for a time,—a most liberal offer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Arnwood, as he paced the apartment, "how glorious it is to have the means of defeating the machinations of villains—have you my mother's bond, Mr. Simkin?"

"It is here, my lord."

"Your entire demand against me, sir?"

"Five thousand and seventy-three pounds, covering interest and all expenses."

"Now, sir, there is your money and Mr. Bolton's answer. Five thousand, and the balance in gold. It is right?"—and Arnwood reckoned out the amount, while Johnston stood petrified with astonishment and horror.

"Now, gentlemen, have you any more business with me?" said Arnwood, as he placed the bond carefully in his escarot with the designedly overheard remark,—
"I shall see to the correctness of this most scrupulously, depend upon it."

"Our business is finished, my lord," said the lawyer, with the grace and satisfaction with which a lawyer usually receives and buttons up money.

"Then your lordship is determined to protect and countenance these suspicious characters in the Mark, in despite of the wishes of Mr. Bolton?" said Johnston, recovering his evident mortification and amazement.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnston," said Arnwood, with contemptuous scorn, as he turned away without deigning a reply; and the lawyer and Johnston, with different views of the success of their morning's business, slowly left the apartment.

The reader may well imagine that, weak and unprincipled as Bolton was, he had not been brought to adopt a line of conduct so unexpected by the ardent and generous Arnwood, and so fatal to himself if discovered, without much internal conflict between his remaining disposition to justice and prudence on the one hand, and his rapacious avarice on the other. Although he at first unquestionably intended to compromise with his conscience, and endeavour to conciliate Mr. Waltham, by giving up to the latter a part of the wealth of which he had unjustly robbed him—yet, having in the perplexity of scarcely resolved good, and the temptation to further criminality, unhappily fled to Johnston for counsel, the latter soon showed him that he had only two lines of conduct to choose from. The one to which the squire was inclined, he treated with ridicule and contempt, as being not only pusillanimous, but dangerous; and, although not without much bitter and reproachful altercation, he at length contrived to induce him to adopt the one which implied an adherence to, and an extension of, the original guilt.

It may appear strange that Mr. Bolton, conscious as he was of being himself one of the most rapacious of wealth-worshippers, should have penetrated the motives of Johnston in giving the advice he did. But by this time his mind was so wretched, and so disturbed by anxious indecision, that he had lost his natural shrewdness; while Johnston, as is evident, had become the evil angel of the guilty man—not only from a fear of the diminution of the sum he had promised himself with Miss Bolton—but also from a hope that he should, from his increasing influence over him, be able to prevent Bolton himself from marrying, and so ultimately inherit his whole fortune.

Arnwood was still sitting in the seat into which he had thrown himself after Johnston and Simkin had left the room, gazing with the most pining earnestness into the empty grate, without seeing any thing, when he was aroused from his stupor by his servant announcing a

gentleman, who waited to see him in the next apartment. Arnwood would have shunned, if it had been possible, the necessity of speaking to any stranger in his present state of mind. Thinking, however, that a moment would suffice, he desired the stranger to be shown in, as we shall duly record in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

A late event in our history, as well as some others in progress, requires for their further explanation to transfer our scene to a romantically situated, old-fashioned mansion, about eight miles distant from that coast in the secluded neighbourhood of Arnwood castle, near which the reader has been so long detained. The mansion we refer to, was called Saltham Hall, and had been for centuries in the possession of one of those old families, who, accustomed to consider the wealth and local honour which had so long descended from father to son, as a right hereditary and unalienable, by which they were exempted from the common vicissitudes of humanity, never dreamt that it was possible, in the nature of things, that the family of Saltham should not live at Saltham Hall, or the scions of so ancient a line be otherwise than persons of property and consequence.

The last inheritor of Saltham Hall, therefore, (a widower with two children,) was astonished and confounded beyond measure, when the course of events foreign to our story, brought about so impossible a circumstance, as that they should be deprived of the antique home of the family, and sent adrift into the world, to which they were strangers, and which refused to recognise their claims to indulgence, before they finally took their places among the lower orders—from which the family had probably, some generations before, originally sprang. Nor was amazement less, upon seeing that the turning of the wheel of fortune had given the noble and patriarchal mansion of their fathers, into the possession of Mr. Jonathan Wragg, some years before a tradesman in London, who had outbid every other purchaser—and who, in the course of a year or two, had even exhibited the intolerable presumption of working himself into the magistracy, and assuming the style and title of Squire Wragg, of Saltham Hall.

Many were the wise reflections and profound aphorisms upon the fickleness of fortune, and the mutability of all earthly good, with which the aged Mr. Saltham endeavoured to console himself for the loss of his estate, over his poor district, and in his obscure lodging in London. The reflections, however, it must be confessed, although deeply fraught with wisdom, had never entered his head until these last days; far less had the former hunting and fighting squires of Saltham ever troubled their brains with such everlasting truisms and unnecessary philosophy. Very different were the meditations and conclusions of Mr. Jonathan Wragg, the new proprietor, as he walked upon a terrace on his house-top in the cool of the evening like king David of old, and surveyed the picturesque woods and parks of the fine English demesne, of which he was now master. Concluding with the great chancellor Bacon, that man was the architect of his own fortune, he applauded himself for many acts in his past life, of which most men are incapable, or, at least, would be deeply ashamed; and looked with proportionate pity and contempt upon the complaining and the unfortunate; particularly if they had not as hard a check upon the ways of the world as himself.

Mr. Wragg was a pretty good specimen of a prosperous man of the modern school, in this high-minded, commercial country. A couple of bankruptcies in his trade, and various other dirty adventures through which he had passed in his early career, had pretty well hardened whatever feelings he originally possessed, and fairly set him up in the world: till at length, by means of a connection with his brother, a clever solicitor, he was enabled to amaze his compeers by the purchase of a fine estate.

Mr. Wragg having obtained the commission of the peace in this remote neighbourhood, performed its duties with a troublesome and dangerous officiousness. The old entry rans, were either too indolent and fond of pleasure to attend to the duties of the trust, or they chose to live mostly in London, or on the continent; and thus, in the ordinary course of events, by which certain men get up in the world, Wragg made himself known every where, and was in the possession of every means that could serve his interest, or forward his popularity. But something too much, perhaps, of so common and contemptible a character.

The recent robbery at New Hall, naturally made such important personages as Mr. Bolton and Mr. Wragg

known to each other, and after some time brought them together. But it was not until repeatedly urged by Johnston, in furtherance of his own views, that the former was brought to decide upon taking a morning's ride to Saltham, to consult with the worthy magistrate, upon the steps necessary to be adopted in order to bring the delinquents to justice, wherever they might be found—and, more particularly, to impress Mr. Wragg with suspicions of the harmless inhabitants of the Pilot's Mark, and so pave the way for certain steps against them, if such a course should be deemed necessary.

Mr. Wragg was sitting in his summer parlour one morning like Eglen, the fat king of Moab, enjoying the pleasure of looking round him, and doing nothing; when his sight was gladdened by observing a vehicle stop at his door, from which Mr. Bolton stepped forth, accompanied by Johnston, evidently on a visit of business. Mr. Wragg instantly arose to receive them, which he did with that kindness and cordiality with which the proverbial fowls of a feather have at all times delighted to flock together, and hail each other's presence; and after many salutations the three worthies commenced their consultation.

"Undoubtedly, sir," said Wragg, after a little conversation, "you are, as you say, somewhat unfortunately situated, in your remote neighbourhood. In respect of that security of our property, which is the very central purpose of all our valuable institutions, and you being the only gentleman of real substance within many miles of you, it is little to be wondered at that you should be exposed to depredation. For as for Lord Arnwood—as the young man who inhabits the black castle near you is styled—between ourselves, I have ascertained pretty well what is the weight of his purse, ha, ha! and lords are all very well where they don't ask for credit; but you and I, Mr. Bolton, you and I could buy this lord and his old tumbling ruin twice over, with his title and his pride into the bargain, ha, ha, ha!"

"I have something that I can call my own, certainly, sir," said Bolton, modestly; "but New Hall is nothing to this noble mansion of yours, Mr. Wragg."

"You are pleased to overrate my bargain, sir, though it was a bargain," answered Wragg with a chuckle, that was ludicrous even to Bolton; "though, to be sure, I ought to have something to look at for the money I gave. But concerning this abominable robbery; if there be any one whom you suspect, sir, of being accessory thereto, or of receiving your property, and so forth, the law puts it in my power as a magistrate to grant a warrant upon proper information, and I shall be most happy to—"

"Your readiness to oblige, sir, is most praiseworthy; in fact, there is only one person whom I suspect, that is to say, not altogether suspect, but—"

"Pray who is he, sir?"

"I do not think it necessary to give his name, nor to trouble you further, than to make an inquiry or two, at least until I learn more; for, in fact, if the person in question will only leave the neighbourhood, which, perhaps, he may yet be required to do by my neighbour, Lord Arnwood, who at present is pleased to protect him—"

"Lord Arnwood protect him! just allow me to make a memorandum of that important fact. I always make memoranda; nothing like regularity in business. Now, sir, the name of the suspected person, if you please."

"I would rather give a general description than name him at present, Mr. Wragg, although—"

"Oh, sir, I fear you will defeat the ends of justice by your leniency. But just favour me with some account in your own way of the man suspected."

"He is a strange, mysterious person, apparently reduced, residing near the sea, and pretending to live by occasional fishing, but—"

"Well, sir, proceed."

"My friend Johnston can describe him further," said the squire, turning adroitly round to draw what he aimed at out of his pliable companion.

"In plain words," said Johnston, glad of an opportunity of showing his zeal, "this individual is a great eyesore to my respected friend here, and lives in a large suspicious-looking place, called the Pilot's Mark, having certain men employed ostensibly as fishermen. He has the countenance of a young nobleman, who is as poor, comparatively, as himself, but to whom, for particular reasons of delicacy, I forbear too pointedly to allude."

"I see it clearly," said Wragg; "and though I would not be ready to put such a name as that of Lord Arnwood on paper in an official way—you understand me—yet the reduced state and palpable poverty of the man you talk of is a most suspicious circumstance, connected with other things; so that the temptation to robbery being immense, an example ought to be made for the

protection of property. In short, I feel for your situation, Mr. Bolton. Shall I take your information, sir, are you willing to salute the calf-skin on the subject? as we used to say in the city."

"Allow me to decline at present," said Bolton, "and, unless you hear from me again, I wish the matter to drop." "Permit me to observe," replied Wragg, assuming the consequence of office, "that this leniency to persons so suspicious is not at all to be commended, Mr. Bolton. And, in fact, as the sword of justice is, in a sense, put into my hands for the protection of our lives and fortunes, I myself will volunteer to inspect the suspicious spot—and don't you think if I called upon this Lord Arnwood, just in a friendly way, I might be able to draw something out of him that might be of importance in the affair? Upon my honour, gentlemen, I shall do this very thing. I shall do it, really."

"It is too much, Mr. Wragg—too much, sir," said both, smiling.

"It is only my duty, gentlemen—my bounden duty. Our properties are too sacred to lie thus at the mercy of thieves, or, at best, most suspicious characters. It has always been a maxim with me through life, gentlemen, to suspect needy wretched people—persons without property or consequence."

This doctrine greatly emboldened the squire in his intended proceedings against the unhappy Waltham; and now Mr. Johnston and he bowed and retired, leaving little Mr. Wragg in a short reverie, which he broke abruptly by starting up, seizing his hat, and making the best of his way to Arnwood castle.

We have before advised the reader that an intimation was made to Arnwood by his servant, of the presence of a stranger who requested an interview. Although, in his present state of mind, he could easily have dispensed with company, yet, uncertain whether the business might not be urgent and of consequence to himself, he desired that the stranger should be admitted.

A thin, smart-looking little man, in black, with a short neck and beetle nose, a square powdered head, red freckled face, and globular protruding eyes, was ushered, with many bustling bows, into his lordship's presence."

"My name is Wragg, my lord; your lordship has often heard of me, no doubt," said he, advancing, and smirking familiarly.

"I fear I have not had the pleasure, sir."

"No? can it be possible? But, to be sure, your lordship is rather out of the way of—that is—the weather is very hot, my lord—"

"Your business with me, sir," said Arnwood, impatiently.

"Oh, there has been a most extensive and alarming robbery in your neighbourhood, my lord, and—"

"Well, sir—"

"In short, my lord, I have the honour to be in the commission of the peace, as your lordship may have heard, and in a discussion with a brother magistrate; whom I called upon for advice in this important affair, concerning the best means of discovering the perpetrators of the late nefarious robbery, I was advised (indeed it was at my own suggestion) in accordance with the hints of the respectable sufferer, Mr. Bolton, to wait upon your lordship upon the business. And as I am determined to do my official duty with zeal, for the protection of our properties, and to probe every thing suspicious to the bottom, I came to have a little private conference with your lordship regarding this alarming affair."

"Your conference with me, sir, must be very useless, for, in fact, I can say little on the subject of the robbery, having been from home ever since; and, in plain terms, the conference must be short, for at present I am busy."

"Indeed!" said the little man, chagrined, and incredulously, as he looked round the room and saw no show of papers or business. "Besides, my lord," he continued, "I meant to have taken the trouble of walking with your lordship through the grounds of this castle, that we might inspect in person certain old buildings and ruins, so likely to afford concealment to suspicious persons on the coast; particularly a certain tenement called the Pilot's Mark, and if your lordship had leisure, and would do me the honour to—"

"I cannot now, sir," said Arnwood, more and more annoyed; "besides, I think it quite unnecessary."

"That is very strange, my lord, after so much property has been lost by a gentleman so near you. Are the dwellings and goods of men of property not to be protected?"

"If I am to discuss this matter with you, sir," said Arnwood haughtily, "I answer, that in this free country there is no want of protection for men of property and power. It is the poor and unfortunate that are apt to be the sufferers."

"This is singular language to me, my lord."

"Very likely, sir, but so much the worse for the feelings and properties of those who have little wealth to spare."

"And does your lordship refuse to assist me in my enquiries, and to accompany me through the suspicious parts in your neighbourhood?"

"I shall give every assistance in my power for the ends of justice, when regularly called upon in case of any suspicious person being found; but there are none such that I know of in this immediate neighbourhood; and, in short, I think any such inspection ill-timed, unnecessary, and, perhaps, officious."

These last words were spoken by Arnwood in a brief and determined way, that showed he was resolved not to be betrayed into another word of discussion with the impertinent intruder; and, ringing the bell, Mr. Wragg was prevented from further annoyance by a sternly civil dismissal. The chagrined and chop-fallen little justice, therefore, bustled awkwardly out, with a speech on his tongue, took his departure, and, after wandering about in uncertainty till he tied himself, to no purpose, turned for consolation towards New Hall.

The evening was somewhat advanced when Arnwood proceeded in the direction of the Pilot's Mark, for the express purpose of calling there, urged by a presentiment of evil, which, however the incredulous may doubt its existence, does, nevertheless, sometimes "cast its shadow before" to warn us of approaching calamity.

He was not a little surprised, on entering the house, at the non-appearance of Macara or the sailor; and the gloom and silence that reigned around, seemed to announce the occurrence of some sudden and undefined calamity which Arnwood's fears were not slow to shape out and to magnify.

Proceeding silently, but in haste, up stairs, and receiving no answer to his repeated tapping at the door of the sitting room—which ceremony he performed in lieu of an introduction by the servant—he entered slowly, and discovered Miss Waltham, her head resting in her hands, upon the back of her chair, and her bosom heaving with convulsive sobs.

She started, as a soft pressure on her shoulder recalled her to consciousness, and raising her head, Arnwood perceived not only by the traces of tears, but by the disorder of her hair, and the paleness of her face, that she had been, and was still, under the influence of extraordinary agitation.

"Tell me, Agatha, I implore you," cried he, surprised and concerned, "what is the cause of this excessive grief?"

"Excessive grief! ha, how can you say so, my lord?"

"What mean you, Agatha? how is this?"

"Can any grief be called excessive under this new, in this last, this heart-breaking misfortune?"

"What misfortune, Agatha? can any new trouble have happened since I left you, so happy and so full of hope last night?"

"Then you have not heard? Why should you hear?"

"No, Agatha; I have heard nothing. Oh! do not keep me in suspense."

"My father! my poor, unfortunate, heart-broken father!" and she was unable to proceed for tears.

"Good heavens!—what are you about to tell me? How is he? Where is he?"

"Gone—gone—dragged from me by ruffians, and the house—oh, I shall go distracted!"

"For mercy's sake, let me know all, Agatha. Who dragged him? whether has he been taken?"

"To a jail; to a common jail—to a dungeon—to be placed at the bar like a common felon; to be judged; to be examined and witnessed against; to be tried for his life; to be accused of theft, of robbery—perhaps to be—oh, God of heaven, keep me in my poor senses!"

"This is dreadful—dreadful!" but be calm, Agatha. What could they possibly allege against your father? It must be some error—some mere mistake—some—"

"Whatever is alleged against the unfortunate, is presumptively true," said Agatha, earnestly, but collectedly, interrupting him; "and the world has not leisure to reason against its own ready surmises. In short, my father is accused of being accessory to the robbery at the house of that dreadful villain, Bolton—and there is proof, my lord—good proof—and he has been hurried off to prison. Ah! Arnwood, my honoured, only friend," she continued, clasping her hands, "had you seen the steady resignation—the placid calmness with which the sad and humbled old man gave himself up to the officers—whom he piously called heaven's menials, appointed to conduct him to his fate—had you but observed that suppressed look of grief, and heard—oh! could you have heard the

low struggling sigh which scarcely heaved his bosom, yet with which his heart was bursting, as he bade me farewell, you would have—you would—oh my father!—my father!"—and the unhappy girl sunk down, overpowered by emotion.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Arnwood—"this is dreadful!"

"But I have not told you all—do not interrupt my sorrow while I tell you how the dear old man looked in the midst of his grief. When I rushed after him—when I pleaded with him to suffer me to share his imprisonment—when, in my distraction, I even knelt at the feet of the ruffians who were dragging him forth, and implored them to allow me to follow him to his horrid cell—had you seen how my father raised his bent figure as he held up his hand to heaven, and swore, with the passionate dignity of misery, that the person of his unhappy daughter should never be polluted by entering the walls of a felon's jail—unless the last necessity of bidding farewell to an unhappy parent should force her to waive the delicacies of her nature, and require her to penetrate the abodes of wretchedness and crime—and he looked, my lord, at that moment—he looked," her figure seeming to expand, as she stood loftily in the moonlight, and extended her arm upwards in the abandonment of her sorrow—"he looked like some sublime personification of human woe, and his voice sounded like a prophecy of his own fate!—Oh God! oh God!—Happy, happy mother! who hast gone to thy quiet rest, and hast not lived to feel the unutterable anguish of this dreadful hour!"—and the unhappy girl again burst into tears.

"But, surely, Agatha," said Arnwood, after a pause, "there must be something more than you have told me about this strange occurrence."

"Sit down beside me," she answered, "and I will tell you all."

"The first intimation I received of this new misfortune," she went on, "was in the perturbed looks and broken surmises of our servant Macara, who came with breathless haste into the room where I sat; and presently two mean-looking men entered the apartment, while the Scotchman clandestinely retired to a back passage, to observe what was to happen. The men began to peep strangely about, and to question me with looks of horrid familiarity. At length they proceeded unbidden up stairs, and were met on the landing-place by my dear astonished father, while I followed trembling with indefinite terror. The strangers then produced a paper, and said they were ordered to search the house for property, belonging to Mr. Bolton, of New Hall. My father, with the calm dignity of innocence, ordered them to proceed; and when I beheld with horror the officers bring out several pieces of silver plate, which they found hidden in the passage near my unhappy father's own bed."

"Crucious heaven! this is incredible."

"The men exclaimed, 'Here is direct proof against you, sir—sufficient proof to hang any man; but I would advise you not to say a word that may criminate yourself, for all that,' added one of them, holding out the articles, and addressing my amazed father."

"And your father; could he reply to this?"

"Alas! my lord, after staring for an instant at the man, he burst forth into a wild fearful laugh, that shocked me still more than the occasion of it; then letting his arms drop idly by his side, he looked solemnly upwards, and thanked heaven that his unhappy fate would soon be accomplished."

Arnwood groaned aloud.

"After my poor father had intimated that he was ready to go; the men said they had orders to find a person named Macara; but when I looked round, I observed that our warm-hearted Scot had made his escape, and that only Mary Reynolds was left, who wrung her hands distractedly as she wandered weeping through the house. I cannot tell you more, but that when I found that my father was gone and our ruin complete, I sunk into a state of insensibility from which, when you entered, I had but just revived."

"And is it thus you submit to your father's desolation, Agatha? And does he submit to be sent to a jail, and tried for a vilely-imputed crime, without one effort to free himself, and turn the tables on his hidden enemy? If his opinions lead him to this conduct, they are monstrous."

"What is it you mean? What could my poor father do against wealth and worldly cunning in a case like this? If heaven does not open a way for him to escape, it will at least enable my distressed parent and myself to bear it."

"God above!" he exclaimed as he gazed upon her face, on which a beam of the moon now shone brightly—"that

so much beauty and virtue should thus suffer, while thousands of wretches—but I shall become profane. And yet, Agatha, in the midst of degradation, obscurity, and disappointment, let me say one thing—let me give utterance to one word—let me say—

"For heaven's sake, Arnwood," cried Agatha, interrupting him, "do not speak and gaze thus passionately. Do not say any thing at a moment like this."

"You know what I would say, Agatha; I see you know that my interest for you is intensely selfish—and yet, I will say it. By the heaven that now looks down upon us, I love you, Agatha!"

"For God's sake do not talk so," she said, weeping distractedly as she witnessed his ardour; "do not speak of love. I must not hear you."

"And do you refuse my love, Agatha?" he exclaimed almost fiercely.

"No, Arnwood; dear Arnwood, no! but do not look so. Do not speak of love to me. I am a poor outcast, unhappy girl—"

"It would be an aggravation of our mutual misfortunes," she continued more calmly—"and is an aggravation of them, at this moment—for thus it ever is with deep feelings and ardent wishes under the frowns of fortune. And yet, I confess I have had the imprudence to permit myself to feel for you—" and she looked up in his face in the moonlight, while the tears streamed down her cheeks upon her clasped hands—"to feel for you—a sentiment—deeper even than gratitude."

To describe the ecstasy of the lover, as he clasped his mistress for the first time in his arms, would be superfluous. Agatha did not refuse, in the excitement of sorrow and of passion, to pledge Arnwood her troth as they stood together; they vowed themselves to each other with an awful, yet somewhat forbidding solemnity.

The night breeze sighed sadly over the sea, and the moon was quite down, as they yet lingered together in silent sadness. Yet they felt and appreciated, even amid their sorrow, the unspokeable consolation of that pure sympathy, which, like the white stone mentioned by the Prophet in the Apocalypse, "No man can know save him to whom it has been given to taste thereof."

CHAPTER XXVI.

We cannot describe the consternation with which the poor Scotchman witnessed the search at the Pilot's Mark, and its consequences; little time was left for consideration. From a small recess in the wall of the Mark, in which he had planted himself, for the purpose of gathering, as well as eyes and ears would permit him, what was going forward, he heard his young mistress scream, and immediately after his own name inquired for. Slipping quietly down the narrow stair-case, and through a back passage, and just managing to obtain a parting salute from Mary Reynolds, with a hasty injunction to keep up her spirits, and to stay close by her mistress until he should make his re-appearance under more promising circumstances, he set off in search of Weathersheet, whom he naturally deemed in similar jeopardy, and away they started, urging their flight for the shore together.

"Rin, ye devil, rin," was the cry with which he continued to goad the sluggish energies of the sailor, who, floundering away by his side with a heavy and awkward roll under the cliffs, made what speed he was able, from the mere habit of passive obedience to his more spirited messmate, but without the smallest understanding wherefore he was thus compelled to put forth such unwonted energy.

"Will ye not rin, ye lumbering sto?" cried Murdoch, as the sailor began to flag. "De'il nor ye fa' into the hands o' the beagles, for ye taigle me three knots at least by the log."

"It's loup any harder I shall positively founder, and turn, keel up, over these stones and sea-weed," said the sailor, blowing like a whale. "I shall haul in canvass directly as soon as we weather this point to larboard, if the devil himself was in chase."

"Confound you, rin, for five minutes longer, at least, for they can see us from the Mark as plain yet as I see the naked flagstaff o' the auld castle aboon; an' if the beagles, an' the lawyers, an' the squires catch pair ful-lows like us, just now, we'll be hgged in wi' the misfortunes o' my pair maister, an' hanging or Botany Bay will be the least o't."

"Not a leg further," said the sailor, stopping doggedly by the point, "until I know better what all this crowding of canvass is about; and if the bailiffs or pirates, or whatever else, come alongside, why we'll have a yard-arm and yard-arm set-to for it, that's all."

"Just a wee bit farther, Will," said Murdoch, sooth-

ingly, and pulling him along. "I tell you innocent or oo, we're fleeing frae danger and trouble; fleeing like birds frae the snare o' the fowler. But, truly, sic a bird as you for flight, Will Watersheet, I never yet saw take the wing."

"I'll pull an oar with any man," said Weathersheet, chafed, "but blow me if I founder myself in this land chase, at least until I know from what quarter the foul weather comes, that drifts us so far out of our course; and even now, I shall very soon tack about, if the devil should be to face, unless I get proper sailing orders, and learn what land's a-head."

"Weel, ye see, William," said Murdoch, as they slackened their pace, "some men are born to trouble an' vexation just as the sparks flee upwards, an' nothing will stop or avert them but the strong hand that sends gude an' ill to man; an' so my pair maister has been in naething but frae ac misfortune into another ever since I knew him, until now—'till at last they have accused him o' this robbery at the Pilot's; an' his distracted proud heart 'll be broken a way an' another, I can see—that 'll be the end o't."

"And you have left him at his last pinch, just when his pumps won't work any longer, and he's going down to Davy; you Scotch lubber—I'll not pull another oar with you on this cowardly course; if his old hulk can't be kept longer above water, I'll stick to his broken timbers to the last, and then I'll go down with him into the deep, like a seaman."

"Hooley, William Watersheet—hooley a wee, till I've tell'd my tale. What gude would we do to gae back to put ourselves into the jaws o' a jail an' the law, without a shilling to pay for justice, an' without ac word said for us but our ain tale, which would be nae mair minded by judge an' jury, than I would mind a blast o' wind frae the loon side o' Hail Hill. An', ye see, as you an' I were without doubt wandering about New Ha' that morning, an' I was seen by one o' the squire's fat funkeys at least, wi' a sword in my hand, I tell you, without saving our pair heart-broken maister, who was out himself that dreadful night—why or wherefore is beyond my ken—circumstantial evidence, an' the squire's siller, an' thae long-tongued lawyers, would hang us baith as clean as leeks."

"And what, in God's name, do you mean to do, and where are you bringing me?"

"To Lunnion, Mr. Watersheet."

"To London? are you mad? I'll go to the North Pole or the Red Sea first."

"To Lunnion we shall go, as straight as we can steer, if the wind will bid fair," said Murdoch determinately; "an' noo ye're lauch'd, William Watersheet, an' under my command—an' if ye rautin on the road, by my faith I'll hae you informed against, an' hanged by the way, before ye even get a sight o' the muckle punch-bowl that's whumlet on the top o' St. Paul's."

Weathersheet was so accustomed to succumb to the superior intellect of the ready Scot, that he made no reply, but continued to plod on. As they passed under the old burying ground at the rear of Arnwood Castle, the sailor pondered confusedly, as he went, upon the probable plan of his messmate, which was beyond his comprehension, but which he at length ventured to inquire about more particularly.

In answer, Murdoch thus continued: "An' so, William, we maun just go to Lunnion by back roads an' bye roads, if we can, for ye see that is the place for a' the blackguards, an' thieves, an' thief-takers in the kingdom; an' we'll find out who really robbed the squire's hoose, an' particularly anent a wee thief they ca' Sammy, whom I shrewdly suspect of hiding the silver things in the Pilot's Mark, to turn the scent off the real thieves, an' to get our pair maister and us into this trouble; for I'll gie my bible oath I saw him, or his like, lurking about last night among the planting, though Lord Arnwood phood an' phood at me for saying it. But that's not all—dinna interrupt me, Will Watersheet—I mean to get another thing in Lunnion that'll do mair for the obtaining o' justice in this, the ease o' my demented maister an' myself, than ought else under Providence. I mean to get siller, William, siller!"

In short, the talkative Scotchman informed his companion that, having a brother in London, who was a thriving man, it was his intention to proceed forthwith to him, and get from him the means of procuring such evidence and such legal assistance as would probably obtain an effectual and speedy acquittal of Mr. Waltham, as well as himself and Weathersheet. As for their present flight, he argued that by it they would not only avoid the misery and ultimate risk of commitment and incarceration under so serious a charge, but would be enabled by their exertions to avert a misfortune, under which their unhappy master was too likely to sink.

It being far in the afternoon when Murdoch and his companion took their flight from the Mark, by the time they had travelled about eighteen miles, it had been long dark, excepting an occasional dim light which the moon threw over the lonely landscape. The spirits with which the poor travellers had set out were completely gone, and they began to feel sorely tired and distressed, and to look wistfully around them without speaking, for some house of entertainment or rest.

"Och, och! Mr. Macara, but this land travelling is a sad thing," at length said the sailor ruefully,—as he limped lamely along. "Give me a whole day's heaving at the windlass rather than this; I wonder who would travel by land as long as there was a fathom of sea, or even fresh water, to sail over. Do you not see any sort of caboose-house ahead, Murdoch, over this dismal moor, for I am confoundedly hungry."

"Come awa, Watersheet," said the Scotchman encouragingly. "Ye're a vera gude fellow, except for that constant yearning in your stomach."

"O, that I were sitting this minute, as I ought, on the weather-bow of my poor master's yawl," said the sailor sorrowfully—"just coming in with my fish after the night-tide, and looking out for the cobbles in the Pirat's Creek. But there is nothing here to remind one of the sweet sound of the waves along shore at Arnwood."

"Or the sweeter sound o' Mary Reynolds's frying-pan, skirling wi' the fish for supper; an' the bleezing fire gleaming frae the Mark as ye gang hame wat an' weary, an' the smell o' the butter an' the ingans like Arabia! humph! man, it's enough to gie ane the cramp! the stomach to think o't."

"Murdoch, are you sure you have nothing at all of the prog left?" said Weathersheet, earnestly, his mouth gushing water at the Scotchman's tempting description.

"The devil a morsel," said Murdoch, with a look of despair.

"God help us! and no port ahead! To be upon short allowance so early in our trip, and beating about here without chart or compass and nothing in the bread-room, neither prog nor grog. I cannot hold out, I'll leave to!" and poor Weathersheet, folding his legs under him with the grace of an elephant, tumbled himself down on the soft sod by the edge of the country road on which they proceeded.

"I'll tell you what, Will Watersheet," said Murdoch, calling also a halt, and seating himself beside his grumbling companion—"if your stomach would only keep quiet, we're a devilish deal better here under the wide sky, although it be black an' dark even now, an' lying sea soft on this bonny green turf, that smells like a rose, than in the stone-room under the jeweller's lock an' key in Barechester jail wi' our sorrowful maister; och, och! an' there's your Mary Reynolds, an' our sweet lady Agatha—sitting by themselves greeting their cey blind, nae doubt, in the Pilot's Mark, while we are on a pleasant jaunt to Lunnion."

As they continued to murmur and comfort each other alternately, while resting on the sod, the extreme stillness and solitude of their situation was after some time broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, which they heard long before the traveller drew near the spot where they sat.

"There's some comfort for us at last. I hear a fit!" said Murdoch rousing himself—"get up, Will Watersheet, and let us hail this fellow. He'll at least be able to tell us our way; get up, man, an' put yourself in sailing trim, an' let us not be lying here under a hedge like two tinklers."

With some difficulty the wearied sailor was induced to take to his feet again, and forward they were trudging slowly, as a stout man in a light grey coat, and carrying a bundle, came up at a good pace.

"Good night, good night," were the words exchanged between the three, as the stranger would have passed.

"It's weary walking in the dark, friend," said Murdoch, striving to keep up with him.

"But you were sitting, or lying down just now," said the man somewhat suspiciously.

"Ye hae gude sight in the dark, neighbour," said Murdoch undauntedly. "Tweel we were just resting by the road side, an' might hae dozed a bit, the pudsacks were croaking as musical beside us; but if ye maun ken the truth, sir, we could nae sleep a wink for hunger."

"The log book never told truer," said Weathersheet, determined to speak up when food was mentioned, "and so we must follow you, sir, like two sharks in the shallows, to find our reckoning, as well as to fill our stomachs."

The man was at first a little startled at this pithy appeal from so powerful a man as Weathersheet, but after

a little further colloquy, principally with the Scotchman, he promised to briog them where they should have something substantial to satisfy their hunger; "but as for lodging, my friends," continued he, gruffly, "sheets and feather-beds are not to be had within ten miles, and if you can't wait the night watch, like brave fellows, why, you may sleep on the sod like many better men."

Our travellers were too glad to hear of victuals, to be very curious about what further this speech might import, and on the three trudged together, when turning up a narrow lane, it soon brought them to a small square house, which, neither quite like a cottage nor an ale-house, stood naked and dark by the side of the solitary path. They were admitted by a door at the end into a place more like a storehouse for grain than aught beside, and the stranger striking a light, a large loaf of household bread, with meat, cheese, and other provender, was produced, and set before the hungry men; upon which Weathersheet in particular soon made a sensible impression, washing the whole down with long draughts of sour ale, the acid quality of which was never perceived by the eager imbibers, until they were filled to the throat.

"It'll be a dear job this, I'm fear'd," said Murdoch, in a monitory whisper to his companion, as, beginning to slacken in his own efforts, he continued to look with astonishment on the destruction of provender and liquor by the voracious sailor. "What do ye think the man'll charge for that sour drink, Will Watersheet?" he added, as soon as the stranger's back was turned.

"First let us make sure of it," said Weathersheet, speaking as well as his crammed mouth would allow him.

"Godsake, man, will ye never be done worrying at that dry cheese," said Murdoch, losing all patience as he watched the endless devourer; "ao" then ye drink the man's sour broust, just like a whale, never considering that sax an' sapience is a' the siller I hae to carry us to Lunnon."

"Trust in providence, Mr. Macara," said the sailor, with his usual careless expression, after another enormous draught of the ale.

In spite, however, of the calculation of the cost, Murdoch's heart was beginning to warm wonderfully, after another good draught of the readily supplied drink; which, though sadly acid and stale, did not lack strength, and he and the stranger began to talk and crack jokes together in the most jocose and harmonious manner. In this pleasant chaffing the sailor soon joined also, when his mouth was cleared; and when the host next talked with pride and envy of the marine occupation, addressing himself to the former, nothing could exceed Weathersheet's delight, until their good understanding ended in the stranger proposing to try how he should look in the round jacket and canvass-covered hat, which, he said, so well became the other. This frolic was followed by Weathersheet putting on the light-coloured great coat and hat of the man, amid the compliments on his improved appearance, of the others.

"But what'll be to pay for our entertainment, friend?" at length, said Murdoch, his mind running forbodingly on the cost of all this good cheer.

"Do I look like a Jew or a publican, in this manly dress?" said the stranger proudly, as he strode backwards and forwards in the sailor's clothes. "Do I not rather look like the gallant son of a profession which would scorn to exact payment from the hungry and the needy, whom they alight upon in the course of the hazardous voyage of life, with the signal of distress hung out? Don't mention money, friends, for what you have eaten and drank; but if you will do me a kindness, let me have the pleasure of wearing this coarse, yet enviable, seaman's jacket, and I will give you in exchange the garment with which I have just parted; although, in point of money's value, what I give is more than double worth what it is my humour to take in exchange for it."

The Scotchman was making his acknowledgment for the stranger's hospitality with the gratitude the occasion demanded, while Weathersheet was surveying himself in the other's drab coat, and discussing in his own mind the strangeness of the proposal and the impossibility of such an event in his life as his ever becoming the wearer of so unseaman-like an article, when he gave a look to Macara, with his accustomed submission, to ascertain what the Scotchman's mind was upon so doubtful a point. Murdoch looked first at the quality of the coat and then at the jacket, and soon gave his opinion in a whisper, with a decision which at once settled the business.

"The coat is superlative double-milled clath," he said, "and worth three o' that tarry blue jacket o' yours, Will Watersheet. The man maun be mad to offer you

sic a bargain, forbye the hat. Aye, catch at a bargain when ye can get it—that's my advice."

The exchange was in consequence of this monition instantly agreed to, not without some sulky uneasiness on the part of Weathersheet; and soon after, Murdoch and he rose to depart, their spirits having been further enlivened by a stiff bumper of brandy which the stranger produced from a stone bottle he had raked out from under some flax at the further end of the apartment.

"Ye're a generous, honest fellow," said Murdoch, shaking the man heartily by the hand as they stood at the door; but hearing a sort of giggle at the moment, and chancing to look upwards to the ceiling he perceived the head of a boy thrust down between the joists, the face adorned with a grin. The sudden apparition as suddenly vanished, and he caught only a single glimpse of the countenance of the concealed urchin: yet there was time enough for the idea of that very Sammy of whom he was in quest, to flash across his mind. Murdoch, however, had not a moment to ascertain the fact, but instantly departed; and as it was completely dark, the stranger further offered to conduct our travellers to the nearest public road, which he did, leading them across several fields, so that when they found themselves at length on hard ground they were perfectly unable to tell in what direction the house stood in which they had been entertained; and forth they proceeded by themselves with all the suspicion on the mind, at least, of the Scot, which the strange conduct of the man, and the unexpected appearance of the boy, whom he was almost assured was Sammy, gave rise to.

Before they had proceeded two miles further, however, the dreary solitariness of the way—by it was now perfectly dark, and the remaining fatigue of the previous day, together with their hearty supper and drink, became quite overpowering; and Murdoch, after two or three vain efforts to look abroad through the darkness, finding the turf by the road-side temptingly soft, proposed a halt, which was gladly acceded to by his drowsy companion, and down they both slid upon the luxurious sod, and in two minutes their cares and suspicions were forgotten in heavy and profound repose.

CHAPTER XXVII.

They who have drained the cup of voluptuousness to the dregs, have never in their lives, probably, enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on a road side in the open air, under circumstances that made it so delicious to our weary pilgrims; who never stirred or awakened until the sun began to shine through the transparencies of their eyelids, and the warbling of the lark began to mix in their slumbers with the soothing dreams of morning. The travellers were awake betimes; and having shaken themselves in the primitive and natural manner that the patriarchs did of old when they slept in the fields by night, they set forth highly refreshed and in immensely good spirits, to pursue their journey.

After walking some hours, they entered a pleasant village, and were just debating in which of the inviting public houses they might best satisfy their renewed appetite, of which Weathersheet began again to complain, when they observed a crowd round a post on which was placarded a hand-bill, which naturally also attracted their attention, and they stopped among the rest to read it. The paper proved to be a notice, or local proclamation, regarding a robbery lately committed in this neighbourhood, and particularly describing, with a view to his apprehension, a robust man wearing a light great-coat, as one of the persons supposed to have been concerned in it. The heart of Murdoch came to his mouth at the perusal; and pulling the graping sailor by the arm, he hurried him out of the village without his breakfast, and with no other satisfaction than a few hasty exclamations and oaths, in language so terribly Scotch, that even Weathersheet could not make much meaning out of it, while he patiently and admiringly submitted to the will of his companion. But all nature is furnished with what Paley calls compensations, and animals who do not reason are generally compensated by a large share of stubbornness, which, with them, answers all the purpose of reflection, saves much time and knowledge, and, besides, a most useful and easily understood substitute for decision of character.

Accordingly, Will Weathersheet, by the time they had proceeded about a mile from the village, and were almost within hail of a small public house at a cross road, with a white board over the door, and the smoke curling temptingly from the chimney, began to mutiny a second time, and deliberately brought to, swearing that

he would not pull another oar unless it were into port for breakfast.

"What do ye mean?" said Murdoch, gazing indignantly at him as he stood stock still, "standing there looking behint you, like Mrs. Lot?"

"What is the use of our running ourselves out like a sand-glass?" said the sailor; "the morning watch is long gone, and we shall have breakfast, or put helm up, by gad."

"De'il be in your wame, Will Watersheet; but ye'll be hanged for yet. Will ye no come on?"

"Not a fathom till I see the breakfast kettle; and if we are to be hanged let us die with a full belly. Besides, Mr. Scotchman," added the seaman, looking as if he would argu, "what is the use of running all the log off the reel in this confounded scrape, as if there was no one aloft to mind us poor fellows? If you were a thorough seaman instead of a half and half land lubber, as you are, you would know that it is no use shifting to windward, and that fair and foul weather come alike from heaven: so all we have got to do is to stand by the canvass, and pull and pump until the gale blows out; and if we go down, why our time's come, an' it'll!"

"By my sang," said Murdoch, "ye talk just like my maister himself. Lord help us! we maun just submit, and I wadna be surprisid but we were a' hanged thegither, like the three weavers o' Thurbowton."

Discussing thus, in humbler language, they entered the public house, and soon a clean and substantial breakfast was laid before them, of which they took, as the Scotchman said, "ample pennyworths." They were just discharging their reckoning, and preparing for the road, when two men of that equivocal half-gentlemanly appearance, and air of town-breeding, which carries such weight in country parts, entered the house. The two strangers looked at each other, and smiled knowingly, as they entered; and when Weathersheet got up to depart, they stepped forward and politely begged that, as he was just the picture of a person for whom they were in search, he would condescend to consider himself their prisoner.

"I've made sure of my breakfast, however," said the poor fellow to Murdoch, after he had recovered from his first surprise; "this comes of my hauling down my jacks and sailing under false colours, but it is all one," he added, gallantly, as the man brought him out.

"What do you follow us for, my friend?" said one of the men to Murdoch, for the latter, without speaking, was proceeding along with them.

"He's an innocent man that you are taking up, sirs," said the Scot; and I mean to gang before his betters wi' him, and see him righted."

"Do you, faith! you have much to do, friend, if your business is particular in the line of righting the innocent, that I can tell you. Then I suppose you mean to go into the dock to plead guilty yourself, Mr. Don Quixote the second? If so, come along."

"I'll tell my tale before your betters, when we're brought there," said Murdoch; "for right's right and truth is truth, all over the world."

"No doubt, honest friend; but right and truth, like many other good things, are not always the readiest at hand; but if you will interfere with our business, what is your tale, if it please your Scotchmanship?"

Murdoch here entered into the story of the changing of the clothes, but was quite unable to enlighten the inquirers as to where the house was situated in which this was said to have taken place, and other subsidiary matters.

"I'll tell you what, my man," said the fellow, "take a friend's advice, and keep clear of this business, if you do not wish to run the hazard of getting a free passage round the Cape, or an acquaintance with a certain professor, who will trouble you with a line to the other world; you had better leave your friend to himself, for although his stomach may be a little deeper than yours, as you say, his tongue is not quite so long; and as for his innocence, let the justices find that out for him."

"I told you before that it's no use striving to beat up in the wind's eye," said Weathersheet. "I know it will chop round if it has a mind, and if it has not, why we must find founder and go to Davy, that's all."

"It's nae use in me either, rinnin' myself off my legs then, and sleeping on road-sides at night," said the Scot, despondingly, "for there's naething goes right wi' either my puir maister or me for years by-gone, an' truth an' justice hae left the world, as far as I see; but whar are ye gaun to take William Watersheet, lads?"

"To the county jail to be sure; and if he can give a good account of himself, his stay will be the shorter."

"Devil a word he can speak for himsel, pair chield, if he should be hanged for it outright. I tell you *fu* gaug wi' him an' speak up for him."

"You'll speak yourself into a stone room, and perhaps worse," said the man, and they all urged Murdoch to leave them and keep himself out of trouble; to which, with much difficulty he at last assented, first forcing half of the little silver he had in his pocket upon his unfortunate comrades. "Noo, sirs," he said at parting, "be sure the lad gets his meat, and he'll do bravely; but if ye hunger him, my fegs, the sooner ye hang or banish him the better."

With many injunctions and good advices, Murdoch at last suffered himself to be torn from his reckless comrade, and taking different roads, the Scot proceeded doubtfully and disheartened by himself, to finish his journey to the great metropolis.

As Murdoch paced along, musing upon late events, the principal source of that inward vexation and despondency which he could not suppress, arose from his uncertainty as to the present prudence, or the probable effects of the steps he had taken. Dwelling sadly, as he went, upon his master's incarceration, he was inclined to blame himself for not accompanying him to prison, or, at least, remaining in the way, in case any turn in the old gentleman's fortune might make his (Murdoch's) own evidence useful to his exculpation. This was the sordest thought of all, and was often associated with ideas of his weeping mistress and Mary Reynolds, lingering about the Pilot's Mark, perhaps wondering at his absence, and looking sadly for his re-appearance; till at length the poor Scotchman was in fifty moods whether he ought not to return at once, and take his chance of what fortune had in store for him.

He still moved on mechanically, however, and as, on the following evening, he drew near to London, the expectation of meeting his brother, whom he had not seen for many years, and the thoughts connected with their early days, spirited him up, and induced him to hope better from the prosecution of the plan which first determined him to leave home. He would not suffer any qualms to cross him about his reception, but entered the city in good spirits; and after buffeting his way through many streets and turnings in the great Babel, and flinging back with interest the jeers of the cockneys at his Scotch tongue, and his barbarian look, he at length made out his brother's house, situated somewhere in the elegant vicinity of Barbican.

"There's a fine night, mem," he said, as he stepped into a well-filled snuff-shop, first looking all round him, and then addressing a fat woman behind the counter, with an awful lust, and a more awful expanse of lace and ribbons on her head.

"Good evening, sir," said the lady politely; "what do you please to want?" and she mechanically took up the snuff scales.

"Is the laird at hame, mem?" said Murdoch, delighted with his reception, and the goods and gear he beheld round him.

"The laird?" said the fat lady, haughtily, displeased at Murdoch's freedom of manner. "Whom do you mean, good man?"

"Isn't this William Macara's shop, mem?" said Murdoch taking another look round him.

"This is *Mister* Macara's shop, if it please you," said the lady, tossing her head like a duchess.

"Oo, nae doot, mem," said Macara, civilly—"to be sure, his father was ca'd Mr. Macara afore him, but mair ordinarily, Deacon Macara o' Dumbarton—a sposable man was the Deacon, an' wore a cocked hat. Is your gudeman at hame, mem? for ye see, mem, I'm his brother."

The fat snuff seller turned green and yellow at this declaration, for while Murdoch and herself were talking, two other Barbican ladies of her acquaintance had entered the shop, and were prevented from addressing her by their wonder at her condescension in holding discourse with such a Hottentot.

The lady never deigned our friend the condescension of an answer to his enquiry, but broke forth into a shower of how-d'ye-dos to her gaudy visitors, whom she shook by both hands with all the warmth of female poepry, while she left poor Murdoch standing as still, and looking as silly as the wooden Highlander who stood taking his everlasting pinch, for a sign to the passers by, at the door of the establishment.

Murdoch's drooping spirits were raised shortly, however, after standing for a time like an idiot, as he said, in the middle of the shop, by the appearance of his brother; who, red and rosy in face, and broad and

buxom as an alderman, accompanied by a similarly comfortable tradesman, entered the shop. All Murdoch's early recollections crowded into his mind upon meeting the companion of his boyhood; who, though his manner now carried the precision of a man conscious of wearing a character, and his language was of that execrable mixture called cockney Scotch, received his humble brother with considerable warmth and kindness.

But Murdoch had the wit to observe, in the course of the evening, and at the setting forth of supper, that his presence seemed to give embarrassment, particularly to his brother's wife, and no entreaties would induce him to sit down at their table; so that he was entertained by himself in a small back parlour, where he was appointed to sleep. All this, however, was made up by the feeling with which his brother seemed to listen to his story, and the interest he appeared to manifest for him, which brought tears of fraternal gratitude into Murdoch's eyes; and he retired to rest delighted to find that he had yet a friend and a brother amidst his troubles, and that prosperity did not always render men callous to the misfortunes of their friends.

Next day, however, things were an appearance of alteration with the comfortable tobaccoist, and the first feeling seemed to have died wonderfully away. He now talked only of his trade, and his own comfort and greatness, and when Murdoch began to press him slightly regarding finance matters, he answered by giving him good advice, and blaming him with much suavity, and professed interest for his welfare, for attaching himself to such a falling house as Mr. Waltham's. In short, Mr. William Macara, tobaccoist, of Barbican, like many of higher station, was one of those worthy men, (if a Scotchman so much more characteristic,) who have great admiration of generous and sympathetic actions, and, at first, a sort of intention to enact them themselves, when the occasion is presented; but who lose the stomach actually to perform such feats, so soon as reflection allows their naturally narrow and gripping spirit to regain the ascendancy.

Poor Murdoch was sorely chop-fallen when this ordinary discovery of worldly knowledge did burst upon his unsuspecting and sanguine feelings, and his first tried remonstrances, and then his spirit rose into reproaches. But all this only made the matter worse, and determined his brother to get rid of one, who not only wanted him to give away money, but to plead guilty to certain faults and errors in his ways, a thing that was monstrous to think of, in any man who was independent. Accordingly as Murdoch began to feel indignant, and to take the high hand in sentiment, Mr. William Macara, tobaccoist, &c., with the special countenance and counsel of his wife, took the high hand in tangible power and might; and, finally, the petitioner and his complaints were driven forth out of a house which he only disturbed, as an impudent ne'er-do-well, who *deserved* to be unfortunate.

Our hapless Scot would have gone to Dow street to give at once all the information he was in possession of, both as to the robbery and Sammy, whom he was convinced he had seen a second time in the strange cottage. But the natural faint-heartedness and apprehension of misfortunes, and the moral cowardice which are so apt to hang over the consciousness of an empty pocket, together with his want of knowledge of the town, completely scared him; and as he was determined to submit to any privation rather than be beholden to his brother, he wandered about London for a time without any particular object, resolving to wait until he should see how Providence would dispose of him and his unhappy master.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The private examination of Mr. Waltham, before commitment for trial, was soon hurried over, and was sufficiently conclusive against him; for opinions of guilt or innocence, like all other opinions, are much affected by inclination and prejudice. The proud sensitiveness with which he shrunk under the insulting and degrading questions that were put to him, was considered as evidence of conscious guilt; and his very silence, and look of piety and melancholy resignation, were turned against him, as the cunning acting of a mysterious plunderer, and the hypocrisy of a hoary but unfathomable villain.

Arnwood had an interview with him in the outer court of the prison, which was neither of long duration, nor at all satisfactory, at first, to the ardent spirit of the latter. For, instead of Mr. Waltham's sanctioning and

co-operating in the plans he suggested, to bring about his acquittal, the old man begged of him earnestly to give them all up, and literally to do nothing *directly*, for the present, for fear of inveigling himself, and making matters worse, as appearances stood; but to leave the issue to time and the merciful disposal of Providence, making, if he pleased, only such indirect enquiries, and taking such measures, as might become useful in connection with whatever events might transpire in the interval preceding the trial.

The very calmness and heart-broken resignation of Waltham, under his wrongs and sufferings, now thrust, as he was, into this horrible place, among the worst of society, were dreadful to Arnwood to witness; but there was one subject in which the sufferer could not well command his feelings, and which he seemed carefully to avoid, and this was his daughter. A word—a look—and a grasp of the hand from Arnwood, were sufficient to satisfy him upon this point.

In the mean time, the disconsolate Scot, when he found all his pleasing dreams vanished, and himself driven forth upon the wide world, a stranger in the great city, without even a character, and no dependence, as he said, but on Providence and his wits, became as sad and miserable as thousands are prone to do under the same circumstances. Being forced to abandon, for the present, his intentions with regard to his master, and obliged to turn his efforts to the procuring of immediate subsistence, he naturally smelt his way towards the West End, and sagaciously planted himself behind great houses and about stable lanes, to catch, in his humble way, the windfalls of fortune.

He spent about a fortnight in such endeavours, but this, as the season when the town was empty, and the great houses shut up, fortune, "the jade," never troubled herself to make one movement in his favour. It was in vain that he put himself upon short allowance, and looked starvation in the face, with all the bravery of a man who had been hardened by the world, and all the tough abstinence of his country. It would not do; and eschewing Dow street and all his former plans, for fear a worse thing should befall him, he at last, with a heavy heart, and many wise reflections upon the remorseless progression of misfortune, set out to measure his way back, at least to the point where he had left his companion Weathercock.

He had plodded his weary way a considerable distance from London, when lingering for a while in front of an inn, in a pleasant village through which he passed, his attention was attracted by a spruce, sleek serving-man, who was regaling himself at an open window near the door, with a lusty joint of cold meat, and a buxom jug of ale before him, and causing the maidens of the house to laugh incontinently at his wit while thus pleasantly occupied. Murdoch could not help casting in at the window that look of expressive misery which a man whose mouth waters at others' good things is apt to give; but which, of course, greatly diverted the fellow, and gave opportunity to a pleasant joke, which made the wenches, who idled near, laugh above measure. However, one of the females thought fit to give the gallant a hint; and in order to show off a little before them, he forthwith addressed Macara.

"You seem rather low in the larder, old chap," said he, as Murdoch came up, and looked wistfully in at the meat and ale.

"Something toom in the inner parts, I'm free to confess, sir," said Murdoch with becoming humility.

"It is a melancholy thing to see so respectable a man as you evidently appear to be," said the footman, winking to the girls, "in this sort of unfortunate plight. Will you condescend to engulf a portion of this pale-butt? It is an imperial renovator, is the home-brewed, and will give you an edge like Goddard's razor-strop."

"Ye're a cecvil fellow and hae a pleasant eloquence," said Murdoch, so grateful for the glass and compliment, that his natural shrewdness had almost forsaken him; "and indeed, as ye say, friend, it's a sair pity to see a Scotch gentleman, the son of Deacon Macara o' Dumbarton and Suss, obliged to be thankful for a bit an' a drop by the road-side, on his journey."

"So it is, indeed," answered the valet, with pretended pathos, and taking the hint, "and as you are pleased to hint, and as I have heard, that Eatwell is bono brother to Drinkwell, suffer me, Mr. Deacon Macara, to affront your worship with this bone; which, if properly applied, will be of great benefit to the empty viol of your sounding music case, and this lump of a loaf-heel will be of particular service to your idle mastication, to remind them of busy days gone by; so, please

you, catch this bone, and *commence*!" and he benevolently thrust the meat and bread into the hands of the hungry man.

"Deed, sir, the bane's no to be gined at, in time o' need," said Murdoch, with a sigh of injured dignity—but his pride and courage began to revive with every tug he gave at it, and every suck at the ale. He had nearly finished anatomising the bone, and was licking his chops and answering the wit of the charitable servant with increased spirit, when the noise of a carriage approaching made the latter start, and doffing his grieflessness, and bounding to the door as it came up, he greeted it with all the acquired humility of an obedient laquay.

A travelling carriage with four post horses soon came up, and stopped at the door. "Any intelligence, John?" enquired a voice from within, the moment it stopped.

"None whatever, sir," said the servant.

"Did you inquire particularly where I told you?" said the voice of a female, in a tone of anxious eagerness.

"I did, my lady, and they never heard of any such person," said the man.

A few words of murmuring sadness at some disappointment, was indistinctly heard, but the voice of the female struck Murdoch, as he listened, with sensations unaccountable to himself, and coming a little forward he tried to get a look of the fair complainant.

"Ah! to let us drive on," said the lady, leaning back in the carriage, but as she took her hand from her eyes, Murdoch obtained a glance of a beautiful and youthful face, that made him almost sink to the ground where he stood, from the effect it had in some rapid imagination or recollection that flashed at the moment through his brain.

"Mount and follow us," said a gentleman from within, to the wit-sporting servant, and before Murdoch had time to recover his bewilderment, the latter had mounted the horse which was held at the door, and the whole set off and were instantly rattling before him though the village.

"I'll have another look o' that bonny leddy's face, if legs an' lungs will hold out," said Murdoch determinately, "what's to hinder me to run a dozen miles after this comfortable refreshment," and away he set off at a rapid highland trot to follow the carriage.

He still managed to keep the vehicle in view, running with great bravery, when he perceived coming forward on horseback from a cross road, a smart little gentleman with a red nose, and a white hat, who, as he came up, turned round and looked at him, as if doubtful whether to follow or pass on.

"By the ruby pimples of Bacchus's nose and the wings of Mercury's heels, if that is not the very man!" cried the gentleman, following Macara. "Hilloa! Mr. Scotchman! are you running for a wager, I'll back you against time, six to one, by gad."

"I canna speak to you, sir," said Murdoch continuing his race; "I'm running after a leddy."

"By the kee-buckle of a highland poney, you *shall* speak to me, sir," said Mr. Hulson, "or I'll take you prisoner. Pull up, I say! if you run after ladies at that rate, Mr. Scotchman, you'll founder my mare."

"Oh sir!" said Murdoch hesitatingly, stopping and taking breath, "dinna stop me, if ye please, fear following the coach, for if I have the sight of my ain c'en, an' any skill o' the sound o' a woman's voice, that is the daughter o' my pair broken-hearted maister, wha has been lost these three years, an' she's seeking him, nae doubt, an' he's seeking her, an' may die without ever the satisfaction o' seeing her."

"Your head's crazed, friend; besides, you're perfectly unable to proceed another step," said Mr. Hulson, as Murdoch stood panting with exhaustion. "It is in vain for you to attempt impossibilities."

"Deed, I believe sae," he answered resignedly, "naething gangs right wi' me mair than my maister, an' time an' chance, God's will an' man's mercy, must just make us or mar us, for I can do nae mair," and the poor Scot threw himself down on the road side, and covering his face with his hands, a few tears burst forth to relieve the oppression of his feelings.

Mr. Hulson, and the servant who accompanied him, set about soothing and encouraging him, and having explained that his presence was particularly wanted at a town about ten miles distant, besides giving him hopes of yet being able to trace the strange lady, they at length persuaded him to get up and proceed along with them.

It appeared that Mr. Hulson, being accidentally in the neighbourhood, and in fact having passed the night at the

house of the magistrate before whom Weathersheet was carried, was present at his examination. The circumstances which then came out, induced him and his friend to exert themselves in tracing out further information regarding the robbery, the result of which was, that they succeeded in capturing the boy Sammy, under circumstances of considerable suspicion. But unfortunately it happened that Reynolds, Mr. Hulson's servant, having had a severe fall in London, was laid up in a hospital there, and there was no one to speak to the lad's identity; after some delay, therefore, fearing that Sammy would be discharged for want of evidence, Mr. Hulson determined to ride up to London, either to find out Murdoch, or by means of his own servant to clear up the matter of the robbery, and get both Weathersheet and his unfortunate master, if possible, acquitted. Having, however, fortunately met with Murdoch on the road, he hoped to get all explained, and the Scot was forthwith examined upon the subject.

But Mr. Hulson, with the sanguine feelings of a naturally honest and open mind, had calculated without his host; for although, on the evidence of Macara, the boy was fully committed by the cautious and experienced magistrate, yet the circumstances regarding the two others appeared to him so improbable, or romantic, that he detained them, likewise, in custody.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is now high time that we should recall our reader's attention to that portion of Waltham's history in which the abduction of his eldest daughter by Bolton is referred to. Bolton was one of those men in whom strong passions, an instinctive bias towards evil, and a natural recklessness of consequences, are so constitutionally blended, that they leave the moral power utterly helpless and insufficient. The last named of these infirmities, the recklessness of consequences, was, however, in Bolton, anything but the hardness of a character conscious of its own wickedness, and resolved at all hazards to gratify its impulses and abide their results. In a word, there was a strange deficiency of the reasoning faculty in this man, with a remarkable alacrity in sinking into the gins and pitfalls of villainy and baseness.

"He held this maxim ever in his view,
What's basely done, should be done safely too."

Accordingly, his best caution was cunning, and his highest courage a feeling of secure impunity.

It was now that Mr. Waltham and his wife were gone, and his two daughters placed under the care of one who was likely to rest satisfied with extending to them such protection merely as his roof-tree, or his hearth afforded, that Bolton began to feel his spirit expand, and a fair field open for his operations. With the knowledge that Mr. Waltham was utterly at his mercy, he was assured that his daughter, after a short period, would be no less at his disposal; and if there should still be any compunctious and unreasoning virtue remaining, why, the old gentleman might easily be pacified, and the young lady rendered quiescent and resigned under the new circumstances by which he meant to surround her.

With these views and intentions he proceeded to set about his congenial task without delay. But here he found much greater difficulty than he had at first expected. In spite of the sedulous and delicate attentions which he had heretofore paid her, it was clear even to his own apprehension that he had succeeded in creating no very favourable impression upon Eliza Waltham; and it was obvious that any project meant to be successful, must be one of profound secrecy and consummate deceit. He revolved in his own mind, therefore, the best means of obtaining possession of her person first, and afterwards of compelling her to such terms as he should deem it expedient or honourable to offer.

It was one morning, about a fortnight after the departure of Mr. Waltham, that Bolton called at the house of Mr. Toller, with whom the daughters of his friend were resident, and requested a private interview with the elder on the plea of a particular communication which he was intrusted to make to her.

"I am sorry, Miss Waltham," said Bolton, with an expression of anxiety and concern in his face, "to be the medium of unpleasant intelligence; but a little awkward matter has occurred—don't alarm yourself—I entreat—your father—Miss Waltham—"

"What of him?" cried the alarmed girl, "tell me, sir, at once; surely nothing has happened—"

"Why, no," said Bolton, with a grim smile, intended for consolation; "no, nothing but what a little promptness

will dispose of;" and he drew some papers from his pocket with an air of business.

"Oh! tell me, sir, how I can be of service—what can I do?"

"Why, madam," said Bolton, "my London agent was to have met your respected father at Antwerp, to furnish him with funds to proceed to Madeira."

"Well, sir?"

"He did so, bringing with him bills on Paris which he thought, reasonably enough, there would be no difficulty in negotiating there, but—"

"But what, sir?" cried Eliza, surveying the hesitating Bolton with surprise.

"Well, not to keep you in doubt, the house in Paris has failed, and the London drawers with whom they were connected have also stopped payment."

"Is that all, Mr. Bolton?" cried the young lady, greatly relieved by this disclosure, "that can surely have been but a temporary inconvenience—my father—"

"Ah! my dear Miss Waltham," said Bolton, pressing her hand, with a tender smile of mingled pity and interest, "you are, I perceive, quite unaware of the nature of these things. Madam, the ruinous effect of such a failure—the extent—"

"For heaven's sake, sir, be more explicit!"

"Your father, Miss Waltham, is now in Paris—whether he was compelled to proceed upon the first intimation of this intelligence,—and there must remain, until an arrangement, which you alone can effect, be completed."

"Tell me, in mercy, Mr. Bolton, how my assistance can be of any avail?" cried the distressed girl, "and I will instantly render it to my poor father!"

"Thus, then, we are situated," continued Bolton; "your father, with a prudence which I cannot sufficiently commend—for the protection and support of his family, was pleased to make over a portion of his property in your name; and it will be necessary, in order to remove this little untoward business, that you should assign the property to him; or, in other words, your presence in Paris is required before he can be extricated from his present situation."

"Let us fly at once, sir!" exclaimed Eliza—"I will instantly acquaint Mr. Toller with the urgency of the case, and place myself under your protection."

"Do you not think, Miss Waltham," said Bolton, as though respectfully tendering advice—"that that gentleman had better remain ignorant of this transaction, and, indeed, of your projected journey? I must confess, there seem to me many objections to his being made a party in this matter."

"I cannot myself see," said Miss Waltham, hesitating, "what possible objection there can be to Mr. Toller's knowledge of the circumstances?"

"The circumstances?" returned the other; "my dear madam, you alarm me; you do indeed;" and he shook his head and lowered his brows meditatively, as though he were pondering on the best means of convincing her of the imprudence of such a step. "I feel it impossible, Miss Waltham," he resumed, after a pause, "to furnish you with such facts as must at once show you the ruin such a course would occasion. Let me, however, impress upon you the necessity of your instant departure for Paris—I cannot answer for the consequences to your family, should you delay it for a single hour."

In brief,—by half intimations and doubtful shadowings forth of evil, Bolton prevailed upon Eliza Waltham to accept his protection to Paris; whither she set out with him on that very evening, without acquainting Mr. Toller or her sister—or leaving any clue whereby her destination might be discovered.

It was clear to Bolton, that the most politic and safe method of proceeding—after he had entrapped his intended victim, was so to act during the journey, as should excite no suspicion in her breast, of his immediate or ultimate intentions regarding her. His demeanour was, accordingly, of the most respectful kind; and as the unhappy girl had hitherto been instructed to believe him one of her father's best and most zealous friends, and his present apparently gratuitous friendship was another and a strong evidence of his anxious desire to serve herself and her family to the utmost of his power, she was less disposed to suspect his real motive or intentions. Bolton, for his own part, well knew, that once arrived in Paris, the chances of detection or discovery were by very many degrees lessened—if not altogether extinguished; and he waited, therefore, in the calm consciousness of security, till their arrival in that city should place her utterly and for ever in his power.

Upon their entrance into Paris, Miss Waltham was somewhat surprised, instead of being conducted instantly

to her father, as she had expected,—to be ushered into a handsome hotel, with an assurance that Mr. Waltham should be sent for forthwith. Hour after hour, however, elapsed, without the appearance of that gentleman, and vague forebodings of evil, and apprehensions of she knew not what, began insensibly to occupy the breast of his daughter.

"Permit me to insist, Mr. Bolton," she at length felt herself constrained to say, "that I be without delay conducted to my father. Surely, every hour is of imminent consequence to his peace of mind; he cannot be well, or he should have been here long ere now."

"Why, madam," replied Bolton with a careless air, leaning back in his chair, and looping his thumbs in his waistcoat, "as to that, I dare say the old gentleman is well enough; let us, if you please, drink his health," filling a glass at the same time, "and his safe arrival at Madeira."

"What mean you, sir?" cried the astonished girl, "is not my father in Paris?"

"Forgive me, my lovely Eliza," said Bolton rising, "if I confess that he is not; you know, my dear Miss Waltham, that love has many strange devices, and this is one of them—the excess of my passion for you may, perhaps, plead my excuse, and if the devotion of my life!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Miss Waltham, also rising and retreating a step, till the instant consciousness of the insult offered to her, recalled her to reason, while it filled her with indignation; "do you think, sir," she said calmly, advancing towards him, "that this contrivance to place me in your power will avail? You little know me," and she rang the bell with violence. "I will at once depart again to Brussels, and under the roof of Mr. Toller!"

"Jack Toller knows all," interrupted Bolton in triumph, "an accessory in the affair, my particular friend and colleague, and therefore, my spirited girl, you must stay with me," and he drank off a bumper of champagne.

At this moment a nondescript being, who, informed that the new comers were English, had been assorting from the ruinous storehouse of his memory such portions of the English language as were not altogether too faded for ready use, entered the room, enquiring—

"Did madame or monsieur want any thing?"

"Order me a carriage instantly, if you please," said Eliza to the smirking attendant.

"A carriage, madame, dere is no carriage."

"Begone, begone, fool," cried Bolton; "no carriage is wanted," and he slipped a retainer in his palm.

"Sacre!" cried the Frenchman, "what a noise is dis, you will distract de gentil-homme in de nest apartement!" and, shrugging his shoulders and eyebrows, he retired with a kind of inverted smile on his plastic visage. "Come, come," said Bolton, turning on his victim a look of determination, and seizing both her wrists with one hand, while he pointed with the other to her vacant chair, "sit down, and let us talk this matter over quietly. What reason on earth can there be for this foolish conduct? Look at me;—your father's friend, how can you suppose this any thing but an innocent stratagem to gain possession of my Eliza; be seated, and compose yourself."

"Betrayed and lost for ever," cried the unhappy girl, as she sunk into her chair in a passion of tears. "Oh! my father! how could you leave your children to the mercy of this villain!" and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

Bolton was all this while drinking his wine with a great deal of tranquillity, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes at intervals directed to the daughter of Mr. Waltham with an expression similar to what may be conceived of the gaze of an alderman upon a newly imported tortle.

"Nay, nay, Eliza, this is unkind," said he, at length, taking up the bottle and filling a glass, "you do me injustice by supposing me guilty of deliberate duplicity or baseness; but, my dear girl, what could I do? Jack Toller dared not appear to consent to your elopement with me during your father's absence, and I was compelled to resort to this measure, upon my soul I was; come now, drink this glass of wine, it will revive you," and he placed his hand upon her shoulder to enforce the request.

"Contaminate me not by your touch," cried the spirited girl, springing from her seat, and attempting to thrust him from her with all the little strength of which she was mistress, "approach me nearer and I shall demand assistance from below."

"Confound the little vixen—but this won't do," muttered Bolton between his teeth. He had just drunk sufficient to stimulate his native impudence into brutality. Gazing at her for a moment with a pair of burning

eyes, he began to sing, "Come live with me and be my love," in an alarming falsetto, and commenced dancing towards her with extended arms.

Miss Waltham, as he approached, uttered a piercing and protracted shriek, which for a moment paralysed Bolton himself, and in a minute after the door was burst open, and a young gentleman strode into the apartment.

"What in Heaven's name, is the matter?" said he, as Miss Waltham clung to his arm for protection.

"Oh! save me, save me from that man."

"What am I to think of this, sir?" said the stranger, addressing Bolton: "will you explain?"

"Think what you please, and go to the devil," said Bolton, swaying to and fro; "hand over that woman to me—that's all—she's my wife."

"Oh! no, no, no," sobbed Miss Waltham; "tis false—take me away from that man, and I will bless you for ever!"

"It appears to me, sir," said the stranger, turning sternly to Bolton, "as well from the appearance of this young lady, as from your own manner, that there has been some villain's work here. I shall take the liberty of affording my protection to this lady. 'Come, madam'—and he moved towards the door.

"Will you, by—" exclaimed Bolton, buttoning his coat; "no, no, young gentleman, that won't exactly answer my purpose;" and as he made towards Eliza, the stranger obstructed his progress.

The struggle that now commenced between the two was but of short duration, for the stranger, a young man of five-and-twenty, was far more active and powerful than Bolton; who, besides, not having foreseen the present emergency, had not contributed to the firmness of his footing by any exemplary display of temperance. Shaking Bolton violently from him, the stranger made to the door, from which Miss Waltham had already escaped; but, as if recollecting himself, advanced again towards him, and said, "I do not know, sir, that you are entitled to the assurance I am about to give you, that the young female now under my charge shall be, in every respect, taken due care of; as for yourself, if you require to see me, I am easily to be found during my stay in Paris; and, throwing his card upon the table, he disappeared.

"Fool, idiot that I was!" exclaimed Bolton, when the stranger was gone, "to let the girl escape in this absurd manner—but I am doomed to disappointment and misery in every thing that concerns that infernal Waltham and his family. And who, I should like to know, is the young spark that has superseded me in so masterly a style?" he continued, looking up the card from the table—"Sir Eustace Walford! Walford! Walford!" mused Bolton, "sure I should know the name—a Lincolnshire family—ha! the young baronet just come to his fortune—hum—an awkward affair this, upon my soul!" and the sobered sot fell into a long and profound reverie.

It would appear that Mr. Bolton's meditations were of no agreeable nature, for he paced up and down the room muttering curses and imprecations—all his original brightness and florid splendor of cheek exchanged for the whiteness of malignant rage. Finding no rest for his troubled thoughts, he seized his hat and sallied forth into the street to a neighbouring café, the appearance of which seemed to invite him; and entering was soon buried in contemplation in one of the boxes, apart from the rest.

Not long, however, had he been thus situated, when a precise figure, habited in black, with an important walking stick in his hand, was seen to be moving over the floor with a formal but quiet step. As he approached the object to whom he seemed to be directing himself, and which, indeed, was no other than Bolton himself, a smirk was projected gradually into his countenance, and now, bowing and cringing before the other, he looked like an anxiously busy undertaker about to descend upon the curious felicity of his newly-contrived patent coffins.

"Sure my eyes do not deceive me," he lisped at length, "Mr. Bolton, is it not? this is too great a happiness!"

"Who the devil are you?" said Bolton, eyeing the sable one with no friendly aspect; "I don't know you, never saw you before in my life, to my knowledge."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, you have seen me before, years ago, I admit," replied the other, with a low bow; "my name is Johnston, and many years back, I had some transactions with your revered father, when you, dear sir, were but an interesting lad. You are altered,

Mr. Bolton; manhood has improved you—in fortune also—may I hope—ch?" and Mr. Johnston slid into a seat.

"Ha! Johnston, I am devilish glad to see you," cried Bolton, partially rising from the almost incumbent position in which he had been indulging, "give me your hand, my good fellow; I had forgotten you, upon my soul; well, how does the world use you, what are you about?"

"Why, dear sir," said Johnston cantingly, "it is a bad world, but there's no help for it. I was, till this very day, tutor to the young Lord Arnwood, a headstrong young man, very much so; we parted on bad terms, but I bear the youth no ill will."

"What! Lord Arnwood of the castle? the deuce you were, why I have just purchased—"

"I have heard it, my dear sir," interrupted Johnston, in a faltering tone, "I have heard of your purchase of New Hall in that neighbourhood; you are a thriving man, Mr. Bolton, yes you are, don't shake your head. I know it, and am very glad to hear it, upon my sacred word I am."

"Johnston," cried Bolton earnestly, rising of a sudden, "can you do me a service? but I know you can; come with me to my hotel and take a bottle with me."

"Too happy, dear sir, too happy," returned Johnston, bustling for his hat, and really glad of an opportunity of ingratiating himself in a quarter more likely than that which he had just relinquished, of furnishing lining for his decayed pockets. "I am quite at your service in any capacity that may afford me the means of showing how much I am your very humble servant."

"Well, my dear Johnston," said Bolton, when they were quietly seated over a bottle, which, indeed, rarely came unwelcomed to Bolton, and was not altogether congenial to the other, so long as his own purse suffered no disparagement or diminution by the indulgence in it; "I want you to do me a particular favour," and here he recounted the events we have just related.

"It is, as you say, an awkward affair, certainly," quoth Johnston, when his companion had concluded.

"What, my dear sir, would you have me do?"

"I would have you keep a keen eye upon the spark and the young baggage—eh, Johnston? while I return to Brussels and tell some confounded lie in that quarter; what say you, my boy?"

"Why, under all circumstances, and sinking the morality of the thing, which I cannot altogether approve," cried Johnston, smiling forgivingly, "we must even do so," and he drank off his glass with the air of a professor of moral philosophy.

These preliminary plans being settled, our two worthies became the best friends in the world, and it was late in the night before they retired to rest to recruit themselves for the operations of the morrow.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Now, Mr. Scotchman, here you are a free man again," said Mr. Hulson to Macara, who was just discharged from durance; "and your master's trial will be on in three days; now, whether will you go to the assistance to him, or recommence your crazy chase after the lady?"

"Are ye sure he had heard naething of her when you left, sir?" said the Scotchman.

"Perfectly certain."

"Noo, sir, ye said ye would help me to seek the lady, an' if ye will, I'll rin after her frae this to Johnny Groats. Oh, sir, will ye come?"

"It will be more important for me to look after Mr. Johnston. His evidence may be of great importance on the trial, for I must tell you, Macara, there have been strange doings at New Hall within these few days. Bolton and Johnston have quarrelled, and I have no doubt threatened to 'peach upon each other.'"

"Decivil, nor they search ane another's een out," said Murdoch, "if I only get a sight o' my master's bonny daughter before the trial—so, sir—oh! will ye just get me a bit money that has lang wind and needs little meat, an' I'll ride the country until I find her."

After some farther colloquy, the Scotchman was accommodated, and off he set—his only confidence being in his natural impudence and sagacity, and, in the expectation that through the medium of all possible post-boys and serving men, whom he should meet, he might at last trace out the lady.

Mr. Hulson volunteered to accompany and assist him in his search, having also some views of his own in regard to Bolton, who had unaccountably left New Hall—

and Macara having been somewhat triumphant in his outward man, agreeing to act the part of servant, away they set two days together.

For two days they travelled without making out any intelligence on which they could rely; and in the evening of the second, Mr. Hulson, stopping at a cross road which led to the house of an acquaintance on whom he intended to call, sent forward Murdoch to the next town to make sure of dinner, or, at least, to order supper and accommodation for the night.

It was a consolation to Murdoch, as he went along, that if he had been as yet unsuccessful in tracing the lady, the town to which he was going was not above a day's journey from Barchester, the assize town; so that he should, at least, be able to see Mr. Waltham on the following evening, when as he thought all might yet be well. When he reached the inn door, to which he was directed, he found it quite a handsome establishment, and determining to be waited upon like a gentleman, he halted in front, and giving his horse to the ostler, stepped boldly into the hall.

He found, however, that the "saucy seum," namely the waiters and servants, of whom he found a crowd in the lobby, paid little attention to his orders, and less to his enquiries, being all in a bustle about company who were at dinner above stairs; till at length one of them, running along carrying an armful of dishes, asked him, without the least respect, either to lend a hand in carrying up the second course to the company above, or to get out of the way until his betters were attended to.

Murdoch having a natural turn for industry, mechanically took hold of a dish of partridges, and now assuming a business-like look, at once followed the others up stairs. Whether, however, he began to recollect on his way that he was the son of Deacon Macara of Dumbarton, or whether it was sheer ill-breeding that prompted him—instead of giving away the dish that he carried to the servant at the door, he passed on in the bustle, and walked straight into the apartment among the company.

The first thing the Scot set his eyes upon, as he turned himself in the centre of the lofty room, was the jolly face of the servant, who, a short time ago, had regaled him with meat and ale at the inn door; and glancing to the company at the table, with his heart in his mouth, he discerned at once the beautiful features of Mr. Waltham's daughter, whom he well remembered from a girl, and of whom he had so long been in anxious pursuit. He was so riveted to the spot that he completely forgot himself and his situation, and uttering an involuntary cry of surprise, he missed his purpose in endeavouring to give away the dish that he held to the attendants, and let it fall at his feet.

The attention of the whole company as well as of the servants was by this time attracted to the man. Lady Walford raised her dark eyes and directed them towards Murdoch with a look of doubtful enquiry; but the momentary hectic that lighted up her transparent countenance, soon subsided, and she relapsed into that look of placid resignation so characteristic of her unfortunate parents. Sir Eustace only laughed and made some observation on the attendance at country inns; while, in the meantime, before Murdoch could recover his speech, he found himself absolutely driven forth from out of the apartment by the waiters and servants, with sundry undetected epithets, and muttered curses upon his Scotch awkwardness, to which it was by no means convenient on the instant to reply. He was not even clear, so great was his confusion, that by the time he was jostled out of the room and had reached the landing-place, the hinder part of his person had not been visited by the foot of some one of the better bred domestics, in a manner to which hardly became the son of Deacon Macara of Dumbarton thus tamely to submit.

"Heh! but it's wi' my many kicks an' cuffs that a poor man gets through the world!"—he said at length, drawing breath as he descended the stairs. "But de'il may care, the bit an' the buffet is only some folks' lot, an' it has aye been mine, but I hae found my maister's daughter, an' we'll a' be happy an' joyfu' yet! Och! what a blessed meeting it'll be, but I'll no say a word till the gentry aboon hae taken their dinner, an' then I'll kick every hunkie in the place wi' my ain foot."

Meditating an exploit of this kind, when the tables should come to be turned, and upon what he should say to the lady above, Murdoch waited patiently for some time in the hall, every moment also expecting the arrival of Mr. Hulson. The only thing he could learn as he tarried regarding Sir Eustace and his friends was, that they had been twice at the present inn, as they travelled, within the last few days.

Murdoch was just drinking in this information from

the gossip of the servants, when three gentlemen on horseback stopped at the entrance, and presently dismounted and entered the inn. On hearing Mr. Hulson's voice among them, the Scotchman ran forward, and recounted the success of his diligent researches with a triumphant pride, which not even his joy at the discovery enabled him altogether to keep in the background.

"Where are these well-timed people, my sagacious friend?" cried Hulson, in a transport, making his stick rebound from the floor on which it was with such energy caused to descend; "by my faith, Macara, we shall be too much for the rascals yet!" and as he spoke, the Scot was already on the way trotting up stairs and mumbling unintelligible transports.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Hulson, as he entered the room without ceremony: "there is one here, I am told, interested in the fate of Mr. Waltham, and —"

"I am that person, sir," cried Sir Eustace, rising and approaching the stranger; "speak, my dear sir!—have you any information touching the residence, or the fate of Mr. Waltham?"

"Waltham," repeated Hulson, looking in the other's face; "is it possible, sir, that you are the son-in-law of the mysterious tenant of Lord Arnwood, who is now in such jeopardy?"

"What is it you say, sir? know you Lord Arnwood, — what mysterious tenant?"

"Oh! dinna ye ken him?" exclaimed Murdoch, coming forward. "Oh, this is a happy day! Oh, your pair father will be saved yet as sure as a gun—an' I'll gang ma' wi' joy."

"What of my father?" exclaimed a female voice as a young lady rushed forwards;—"What voice is that?" and Lady Walford, supported by Sir Eustace, fixed her eyes on Hulson, and then on the Scotchman.

"Your father is safe, lady," said the Scotchman, with tears of joy. "Oh! now I see ye havena forgot your Murdoch. What a joyful meeting it will be, considering your father's deep distress."

"My father's distress!" exclaimed Lady Walford;—"where is he? let me see him! tell me, honest Murdoch, where I may go to him, and Agatha, and —"

"Your father, my lady, is at this moment in sadness and sorrow," said Murdoch; "but God above hears the groans of the prisoner, and frees them that are doomed to die."

"Prisoner! doomed to die!" and Eliza grew pale, and clung to her husband for support.

Mr. Hulson now addressed himself to speech, and in a succinct manner explained all the peculiar circumstances attending Mr. Waltham's case, both before the robbery and since his committal to Barchester jail; concluding with an elaborate resumé of those after occurrences which, by the blessing of God, he hoped would be available in the prostration of the deeply laid scheme whereby Waltham's ruin was sought to be accomplished.

"Well, my friends," said Hulson, as he concluded; "what say you to our instant departure for Barchester; where I have drawn into a focus an accumulation of evidence which I cannot but think will be successful. Your friend Weathersheet and the egregious Sammy will be there." He continued, turning to Murdoch; "together with his worthy coadjutor, who by this time will, doubtless, have recovered his own drab great coat.—And now, let us be gone."

This arrangement was joyfully acceded to by the party, and having ordered post-chaises they set forth, not a little anxious and impatient for the result of the trial, which was, in all probability, once more to return Mr. Waltham to tranquillity and honour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In the mean while Lord Arnwood had been indefatigable in his attentions to Agatha, during her father's constrained absence from the Pilot's Mark, and in constant communication with Waltham himself, as often as the prison regulations permitted his visits. But, in spite of all the consolation which he was able and solicitous to afford him, it was too evident that the unhappy prisoner drooped strangely, and that, whether from inward anxiety, or the length of his imprisonment, or both, Waltham was rapidly sinking into a state of weakness and exhaustion, which Arnwood much feared no result of the trial, however fortunate and satisfactory, would suffice to counteract.

Arnwood had, indeed, received, during the pending trial, several indirect overtures from Bolton, through the medium of Johnston—to the effect, that if Waltham and his family would quit the country, he would forego the prosecution, and, moreover, prepare the execution of a

deed, whereby a sufficient stipend should be secured to the latter during his life time, with a provision for his family after his death.

But Arnwood, without consulting Waltham, peremptorily rejected every offer of this nature. With a perfect knowledge and scorn of Bolton and his minion Johnston, whom the former, neglecting his usual prudence, had chosen as his agent in this matter, the young man chose to indulge that implicit reliance upon immutable justice and an all-seeing Providence, which not only "shape our ends," but prepare and encourage us in a concurrence with them—and he waited, therefore, without losing a jot of heart or hope, till the day of trial, in which he thought he saw the hour of deliverance should come round.

Bolton, however, and that unflinching lover of morality, his colleague Johnston, were upon no such easy terms with each other or themselves. Those two gentlemen, seated in a small parlour at New Hall, and encouraged by the amiable presence of the small but important Justice Wragg, were, early on the morning of the trial, fortifying themselves against the influence of a keen autumnal air, by the absorption of brandy, in which the justice, with many shrugs and sniffling protestations of dislike, declined a participation. That worthy functionary, indeed, after many compliments addressed to Bolton, upon his public spirit in thus making an example of a delinquent for the special benefit of the country, took his myriad-bowling leave, having to attend the judge in an official capacity on his procession to the court-house.

Bolton and his friend, thus left to themselves, relapsed into an awkward and uncomfortable silence, which was, however, soon broken by the former.

"I'll tell you what, Johnston," said he, "curse me if I like this morning's business at all; we shall never get the old gentleman comfortably hanged or transported!"—and he drained his glass. "That prig Arnwood, whom you, Johnston, like a fool and a rascal as you are, instigated me to insult and quarrel with, will be too much for us, I fear."

"Really, Mr. Bolton," returned Johnston, with a serious and offended air, "this is language which I am not accustomed to; you know that I was not the cause of that rupture; besides, what power can a poor devil like him possess—a man of your property —"

"It won't do, Johnston, it won't do," interrupted Bolton, with bitterness; "I tell you it won't do in a case like this, and you know it."

"Well, sir, we must take our chance, that's all," said Johnston, with assumed composure, but quailing wretchedly; and as he spoke he buttoned his precious black coat closely, and felt his walking stick, shaking himself as though the coldness of the morning affected him.

"And where, I should like to know, is that scoundrel Hulson?" demanded Bolton. The other shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, but said nothing.

"Ah! Johnston, we've got ourselves into a precious pickle; we have, indeed," continued Bolton, "but there's no help for it, and now it's time to be off, so take your hat, and keep up your spirits, my boy; and he slapped his companion on the shoulder, "and when we return, we'll make a night on't, my old buck, eh?"

Mr. Johnston slowly received his hat, which the other placed with a familiar thump on his head, and with a grievous sigh, accompanied his friend to the court.

It is hardly necessary to say that a great sensation had been created in the neighbourhood by the robbery at New Hall, and the committal of its suspected perpetrators; and still less so, perhaps, to inform the reader, that in a remote county the assizes are an event of no slight importance, and the cause of no small excitement to the inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, that the court should have been crowded upon this great occasion.

At length, the arrival of the judge proclaimed the trial at hand, and the unhappy prisoner was in due time placed at the bar. Certainly, if the appearance of a man under such circumstances were at any time an evidence of his guilt or innocence, (and that, in the minds of the spectators at least, such evidence is of no small weight, is well known,) Mr. Waltham must at once have been proclaimed guilty. During his confinement he had worn away to a skeleton, his eyes were sunk deep in the sockets, and the hair still remaining on his temples had turned to a bleached and arid whiteness. The serenity of his pale countenance, and the composure of his eye, however, which was ever and anon directed at Bolton with a steadfast and scrutinising gaze, went far to counteract the unfavourable impression which his first appearance had excited.

The prosecutor's case was stated at considerable length, and with great clearness and precision, by the counsel

employed for that purpose, and nothing was left untold that could, even by the most subtle ingenuity, be supposed to refer to any other party than Waltham, aided by his servant Macara, who had not hitherto been discovered. Indeed the whole of the evidence went to fix the commission of the robbery upon them alone. Mr. Bolton by this time had regained sufficient composure to detail with all the damning accuracy of a prosecutor acting upon public grounds, his interview with Waltham in his own garden; the attempt of the latter to murder him, and the subsequent robbery in his own room; the perpetrator of which, as well from the manner as the ineffectual attempt to disguise his voice, he solemnly believed to be the prisoner. Mr. Johnston, also with much solemnity of measured phrase, deliberately swore how he had been in like manner placed in bodily fear, and maltreated in his sleeping apartment by a person to whose identity he had no hesitation in swearing; and he accordingly denounced and incriminated the *Impious* Murdoch, who was by this time perspiring and clenching his hands together in an obscure corner of the court.

The evidence of the servant was next taken, who proved satisfactorily the fact of Macara's warlike appearance before the door of the house, brandishing a drawn sword, and otherwise evincing hostile intentions; and now the crowd gazed at each other, and next at the prisoner, with a manifest expression of belief, that Waltham's case was henceforth utterly hopeless. Mr. Wragg, likewise, the small but great Mr. Wragg, looked around, but for a different purpose. That indefatigable justice met many a welcome and approving glance from the gentry within eye-shot; an ample reward for his promptitude in bringing so heinous an offender to condign punishment, and accordingly he rubbed his hands and indulged himself in an extra pinch of snuff with a marked emphasis and appropriate action.

Waltham, who had, during the trial, appeared to stand at the bar in listless apathy, being called upon for his defence, raised his eyes to heaven, and seemed about to speak, for his lips moved, but no sound came from them; at length, he directed his eyes towards Arnowood, motioning faintly with his hand, and sank back in a state of insensibility.

Lord Arnowood having been sworn, proceeded to relate, with a coherence and minuteness that admitted not of doubt,—the period of his departure from the house of Mr. Stone—the proceedings at the ale-house—the questionable appearance of the men, and of Sammy in particular, and the subsequent conversation between them which he had overheard in the fields. He further deposed to the search that he had made, at the instigation of the prisoner's daughter, for her father, and his success, in company with Agatha, the sailor and Murdoch; and lastly, his expedition to New Hall, reinforced by the two latter, in an attempt to preserve the property, or to secure the robbers.

Great was the astonishment of the court upon the hearing of this evidence. The judge leaned back in his seat in unquiet and doubtful expectation—Bolton and Johnston exchanged looks with each other, of nearly equal value and apparent similarity. Mr. Wragg blew his nose with startling violence, and applied to his box with a more than usual celerity—and the spectators arranged themselves in their seats, as if awaiting some further and more important disclosure.

Nor were they disappointed. "May it please you, my lord," said the owner of that voice, as he seemed to arise from the crevices of the floor, and by degrees to expand into and to assume the form of a short man with a red nose and a pair of piercing eyes—and no sooner were these words uttered, and this vision seen, than the prosecutor and his principal witness changed respectively into ghastly white and forlorn purple,—“may it please you, my lord,” proceeded the little man, whom the reader will, without our instruction, have conjectured to be Mr. Hulson,—“I think I have evidence by me, and now in court, which cannot but prove satisfactory to all parties”—and he took a cool survey of the assembled Bolton and the trembling wo-begone tutor. And here Hulson, who was perfectly a man of the world, and knew with marvellous exactness all the technicalities and nicer shades of the law, laid before the court a mass of accumulated evidence which acted altogether as a demolition of the sworn statements of the prosecutor and his accomplice, and concluded by causing his man Reynolds to mount the witness-box, to the almost irrepressible curiosity of the court.

Reynolds, in his turn, disclosed fully his passive participation in the robbery at the Hall, giving up the real names of his accomplices, with such further particulars

as his exclusive knowledge of the parties enabled him to afford—and now the aspect of affairs began to assume a more favourable colour for Mr. Waltham.—And now Johnston, with a peculiar presence with which a man in his circumstances is wont to be gifted, began

To see as from a tower, the end of all, and decided in his troubled mind, that it was high time he should be as far distant as possible from the present scene, in as short a space of time as human locomotion could enable him to transfer himself; and was stealthily receding from the court.

“May it please you, my lord, to order that gentleman in black to remain in his place,” cried Hulson, addressing the judge; and in a moment the hapless Johnston was quietly conducted under the protection of an officer, back to his seat—“we have more evidence behind, which it may be interesting to him to hear,” and as he spoke, the discomfited fugitive glanced audibly.

“My lord,” resumed Hulson, with the composure of an adept, and in a professional tone, “we have obtained permission from the magistrates at — to produce, under charge of an officer, two worthies whom I wish to introduce to the court; here, you gentleman in the great coat, step forward, and, for once in your life, let us hear the truth from you.”

The person who now made his appearance in the witness-box, was the very man who, as our readers will doubtless remember, had entered into a compact with Johnston at New Hall, on the morning subsequent to the robbery; that on certain conditions, the suspicious of its guilt was to be glanced off upon another. He was, however, not so thoroughly a scoundrel as to coincide in this arrangement without feeling some compunction; and having been convicted of robbery in another place, and hopes being extended to him by Hulson, that a confession of the truth in this instance would probably stand him in good stead in the other quarter, the fellow very willingly came forward to exculpate Waltham, and at once to own the fact, namely, that it was at Johnston's instigation suspicion had been made to fall upon the unfortunate tenant of Lord Arnowood.

When the gentleman in the great coat had concluded, Mr. Johnston, with a vast effort, raised himself to his feet, and essayed to speak; but his dry and swollen tongue refused its wonted office in his parched mouth, and he sank down upon his seat with a deep groan, gasping with convulsive throes. Nor was the agitation of Bolton less perceptible or intense. He had fallen back upon the bench, the seat of which his hands grasped unconsciously, and the cold sweat stood upon his brow in direful drops, which he had no power to wipe away. These symptoms were closely observed by all present, who now felt of a surety that the prisoner at the bar was altogether innocent of any participation in the robbery, however strongly one fact even to the present moment, stood in array against him.

The elucidation of this mystery was reserved for Master Sammy. That graceless and ungainly imp had been won over by similar assurances on the part of Hulson; and he told, without reserve, that Johnston, on the morning after the robbery, accompanied by their common friend with the great-coat, had called at Mistress Crow's almshouse, in which he (Sammy) officiated as an insufficient factotum; and had handed over to him a portion of plate, for the value of which Johnston had indemnified the other, instructing him how best, in the absence of Macara and the other inmates, he might secrete it in the Pilot's Mark; which he had, accordingly, accomplished a few days afterwards; although nearly discovered by the Scotchman, who, it will be remembered, had overheard the escape of somebody in the neighbouring plantation, and had communicated his suspicions to Lord Arnowood.

“Whew!” uttered loudly Mr. Justice Wragg, at the conclusion of this climax of evidence; and the whole court was in a ferment of audible whispers; while the Scotchman danced about in the back-ground in a frenzy of joy, and Weathersheet hitched up his trowsers with a severe but expressive grin of satisfaction.

“There is no need, gentlemen, to trouble you, I perceive,” said the judge, addressing the jury, who simultaneously recorded a verdict of acquittal: “nothing, therefore, remains, but that I should order into custody the individual, who, for purposes best known to himself, has pursued this mysterious line of conduct. I see no reason to suppose Mr. Bolton a party in this transaction.”

Bolton breathed again, and again Johnston attempted to speak, while the former grasped him impudently by the arm; but once more his tongue refused utterance,

and he was borne away in the safe custody of a jailer, in a state of despair which altogether defies our powers of description.

Mr. Waltham, upon the conclusion of the trial, had fallen upon his knees, with his head buried in his hands, striving with emotions too vast for utterance, and for which his labouring bosom could find no vent; at length a heavy burst of tears relieved him, and he sobbed aloud in the court, in the fearful accents of overpowered manhood. He was, however, speedily raised by the whirling Macara, and conducted to his joyful but weeping family, unconscious of the few words of kindness and congratulation addressed to him by the judge.

“My lord,” said Sir Eustace Walford, stepping forward and addressing the judge, who was about to leave the court, “may I crave your attention for a moment? We have indisputable evidence to prove that this person,” pointing to Bolton, “has wronged the unfortunate gentleman lately at your lordship's bar, in the most flagitious and wicked manner;” and he made a rapid statement of the transactions between Waltham and Bolton, as narrated in an earlier portion of our history. “Not now, not now,” cried Waltham, coming forward; “let him go—his guilt be upon his own head—I forgive him—let him depart in peace.”

“Mr. Waltham, this is a perversion of justice, and a wrong done to your family,” returned Sir Eustace; “surely —”

“Sir Eustace Walford,” said the judge, “for I know you, sir, all this is very extraordinary; but it has nothing whatever to do with the trial just concluded, and therefore I can take no cognizance of it. A magistrate is in court, and to him you must address yourself.”

Bolton now perceived, of a surety, that the period was arrived when the reprisal, so long deferred, was to fall upon and overwhelm him, and he acquiesced in silent stupor to the proceedings about to be commenced.

Vast was the astonishment of Mr. Wragg, and not a little scandalized was the worthy justice, at this sudden reverse of situation on the part of his quondam friend; and, if not absolutely chagrined, much did he marvel, when the nature of the statements wrung from the exhausted and reluctant Waltham, compelled him to commit fully that respectable proprietor of New Hall; which, nevertheless, after due care and precaution, he felt himself constrained to do.

And now these extraordinary matters having been concluded, Mr. Waltham was conducted to the bosom of his family once more, there to partake of a degree of happiness which may be much more easily conceived by our sensitive reader than set down by us in the place; to the enjoyment of which transports we accordingly leave him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The feelings of Mr. Bolton, when his mind was at last awakened to the awful consciousness of his situation, in the cell of his prison, were various and equally fraught with materials for the most intense anxiety and dread. He knew too well (for the horrible fear of detection had for years accompanied his waking thoughts and his dreams by night) the precise position in which he had now placed himself. He saw all his cunning designs and ingenious devices of fraud rolled back upon himself, with the punishment, disgrace, and ruin which attend the disclosure of them; nor could he suggest, even in aid of the clinging desire of preservation, any one circumstance that might be brought as a legal palliative, in mitigation of the sentence which he now foresaw he had brought upon himself, and which surely awaited him.

But very little remorse mingled with Bolton's feelings at the present moment. The remembrance of the subtle forgeries which he had executed in order to gain possession of Waltham's property, with the base and cold-blooded scheme of systematic plunder by which he had been enabled to destroy that person and his family, did indeed weigh heavily upon his spirits; but the sole source of his affliction arose from the knowledge that these facts would press irresistibly against him at the trial; and the forcible restitution of wealth obtained by such means, of itself a great, but now a minor, cause of misery, served to fill up the measure of his wretchedness to the very brim.

He was sitting in the rafel indulgence of these meditations, his clasped hands pressed closely between his knees, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, when the entrance of some person into his cell aroused him. It was Waltham.

Mr. Justice Wragg had been applied to in the morning by that gentleman, for permission to visit the unfor-

lunate man in prison. That punctilious magistrate started many objections to this request. There must be no tampering with the prisoner, there must be no collusion or connivance between the parties, the law must take its course, the ends of justice must be fulfilled—and a great many other obstacles suggested themselves to the exemplary Wragg. But being with difficulty satisfied that such aims or ends were contemplated, he at length extended his acquiescence, and Mr. Waltham was admitted into the prison.

"I am come, Mr. Bolton," said Waltham, mildly, after a pause, "since we shall never more meet in this world, and as in all probability our permitted time is drawing to a close, to exchange forgiveness with you before we both depart, and to assure you that all the past shall be forgotten by me. Come, sir, raise up your drooping spirits," and he pressed Bolton's arm.

"You are come, Waltham," returned the other sullenly, "under a show of contemptuous pity to insult and triumph over me; content yourself with the prospect of your restored property, and trouble me no more: begone."

"Mr. Bolton, you do me wrong; by the highest heaven you do!" he added with tremulous emphasis, "this is not the place, this is not the time for insult or triumph; no, no, it is not for me, murderer as I might have been, to insult you, Bolton," and the hot tears gushed into his eyes, as with a difficult effort he forced down the emotions that were rising in his throat.

"Ha! ha!" retorted Bolton, with a sneer, "this is a sorry contrivance, Waltham. Canting, my old gentleman; but it won't do. Do you suppose," he resumed sternly, "that I don't see through this, Mr. Waltham? Do you think me a fool? No, I'm no fool," and a momentary glow of triumph suffused his countenance. "Come, come, sir, you'll get nothing out of me, depend on't; what I have done has been done long ago—recover it if you can, and as you best can, and let the law take its course;" but as he said these words, his voice faltered, and his recent paleness returned.

"Unhappy man, you are mistaken," said Waltham, moved by the obstinate sullenness of the other. "I had hoped to have found you in a more becoming frame of mind, but farewell," and he motioned to depart; "I will, if possible, see you again, before—"

"Stop!" cried Bolton, raising his head from his hands, "tell me openly, what did you come for?" and he rose and advanced to Waltham. "Have you any proposal to make? any arrangement? is there any plan by which this trial can be forgone? tell me at once, Waltham," and he gazed anxiously in his face, "can you save my life?"

"I implore you, Bolton," exclaimed Waltham agitated, "to dismiss such hopes from your heart; the trial cannot be averted—cannot—I say—no human power can hinder it. God knows it was not my seeking. Remember besides, (but why should you compel me to remind you?) the circumstances of our connection, of my implicit reliance and confidence in you, of the forgeries, of—"

"I know it all," cried Bolton, "why do you creak it in my ears thus, you canting old preacher?" You have at last obtained your wish and murdered me," and he threw himself into his seat. "But that," he resumed, springing to his feet, and clenching his hands which he shook violently in Bolton's face, "think not that you have triumphed over me. I shall be even with you yet; you shall not survive me,—you cannot. I tell you, sir, our fates are linked together, and we'll go down to the grave together; or should you survive me, which you cannot, think you that my blood shall melt into the earth? No! it will reach up to heaven and call down curses on that hoary head; but that can't be, Waltham, you are to die."

"Merciful God!" cried Waltham, oppressed with superstitious horror, which a long and fruitless search into the mysteries of his fate had rendered of frequent occurrence in his breast. "What dreadful foreknowledge is this? Oh! powers of mercy, look down upon this wretched man, and render him fit for eternal life; for me, do with me as you will," and a faintness overspread his weak and trembling frame.

"Waltham, Waltham," resumed Bolton more calmly, and laying one hand upon his shoulder as he gazed sorrowfully in his face: "you have destroyed me, have you not? you are my murderer; now will I show you that, villain as I am, I have the advantage here. Did you not come forth at dead of night, wandering stealthily about my grounds, and for what purpose, to murder me? is it not so? answer me."

"I did," said Waltham with a groan.

"Did you not raise your armed hand against me? did I not bar my breast to you and bid you strike? why not

then have fulfilled your purpose? was there no time—no opportunity—no escape?"

"The hand of heaven withheld me."

"The hand of heaven!" repeated Bolton with scorn, "the fear of the gallows, old man—the dread of the hangman, and the hope of catching me in your toils, which you have at last done. How did I act upon that occasion? You had placed yourself in my power—you know what motives I had for ridding myself of your hated presence—that my life depended upon it—and that yours once taken, I was secure for ever. I allowed you to go untouched, unhurt, to your friend Arnewood, that you might concert measures for my destruction."

"You did, I confess it," exclaimed Waltham, overpowered; "but not to meditate further vengeance upon you. Oh! Bolton, Bolton, how could I have befriended you, had you but permitted me. But, oh! that cursed desire of what must destroy us—money—there was your ruin. But it is needless to recall the past; hear, then, the last prayer, perhaps, that I shall ever raise to heaven," and as Waltham invoked mercy on the wretched Bolton, and implored that in the bitter hour of death he might find acceptance with God, the big tears streamed down his sunken cheeks.

"Are these tears real?" cried Bolton, affected; "or are they but the ready waters of dissimulation? If real, they imply sympathy and concern for my dreadful situation—you can save me—I know you can—intercede for me—drop this prosecution—you can do it—make any terms you please, I will abide by them—the whole of my fortune shall be at your disposal—my future life shall be devoted to you—it shall, Waltham, by heaven it shall." And as he urged these terms, a hideous anxiety shook his whole frame, and he grasped Waltham convulsively by the arm.

"Oh! swear not, Bolton," exclaimed the old man, shuddering with horror; "to the performance of duties or the making amends, which, alas! fate has too surely bidden you to accomplish. Once more I entreat you to be calm, and to resign yourself to your destiny. This dreadful scene must be gone through—consider for a moment. What if I could avert it, which cannot be, there is Lord Arnewood—Johnston confessed all last night—that note of hand for £5000, purporting to be the handwriting of Lady Arnewood, was—"

"Oh! my God!" groaned Bolton, "then it's all over—that villain Johnston has undone me! Well, let me prepare for my fate—death, Waltham, it will be death—death without redemption. Well, well, well," he continued, in a measured tone of bitter calmness, and he struck his clenched hands together—"courage, my old fellow, and it will soon be over—there's no outwitting the devil, is there, Waltham? he must have us at last. Yet, yet," he resumed, and a cold sweat of horror burst through every pore, "to die—in such a manner too—to be tied up by the neck—to be hanged, Waltham, like the sign of a fool at the door of the devil's house, inviting all brave scoundrels to enter—ha! ha! he ha!—a pleasant prospect, and he laughed long and wildly. "I'll tell you what, Waltham," said he, subsiding suddenly into calmness, "you must save me—must—must—I say, do you hear me?" and he whispered in Waltham's ear, "I must not die in this manner—the scorn of the virtuous and the laughing stock of the vile—I tell you it must not be—if there's power in earth, or heaven, or hell, you must find it—come, come, tax your ingenuity—give us a specimen of your invention, eh? what say you?"

"Wretched man!" cried Waltham, recoiling from him, "you know not what you say; do not talk thus, I beseech you. There is yet time to propitiate heaven; be collected and avail yourself of the space permitted you."

"Oh, misery, misery!" exclaimed Bolton, "my brain will burst asunder—I see it's all over—there is no hope for me," and he threw himself despairingly on the ground. "Waltham, you have murdered me!"

Waltham knelt down beside the unhappy Bolton, and endeavoured by entreaties and prayers to reassure and to console him, but without success. Overcome by the impending horror of his situation, a hard and violent breathing, and spasmodic groans that seemed to tear his bosom asunder, burst from the wretched culprit, over whom the old man prayed in silence. Rising at length, and drawing a book from his pocket, Waltham laid it gently by the other's side, and pressing his unconscious hand closely between his own, slowly departed from the prison.

"Gone—gone?" exclaimed Bolton, lifting his head from the ground, and supporting himself on his elbow; "then there is no chance left for me, and I shall never see him more. What is here?" he resumed, perceiving

the book which Waltham had left by his side—"The Holy Bible!—ha! ha! light reading for a man like me—will this save me?" and he seized it and pored over a page—"very sufficient consolation for my precious soul, I perceive,—cant—cant—will it preserve my life?—no," and he threw it scornfully from him. "The stuff may do to scare women with. Oh! blessed God!" he almost shrieked—"Becky, Becky, my poor dear sister!" as a sudden thought of the friendless and deserted girl knocked at his breast—"who shall protect you when I am gone? Oh! I did not think of that," and tears gushed from his eyes, as a remembrance of the kindness and affection of the only creature he had ever loved smote sorely in his bosom. "That dear girl at least will live to pray for me when all the world beside shall curse me and spurn at my grave!" and the wretched Bolton's heart melted within him as he sobbed like an infant upon the ground; and in this moment nature once more owned him for her child, and pity and mercy turned not away from his remorse.

In the meanwhile Mr. Waltham returned to the inn, where his family was anxiously awaiting his arrival, oppressed by mingled sensations of grief, horror, and apprehension. The denunciations of Bolton had been seized upon with a morbid avidity by his anxious mind—at all times more susceptible of melancholy than of cheerful impressions, and now, relaxed from long suffering, and enfeebled by sickness and imprisonment, he fondly cherished the belief that his departure from a world of care and misery was inevitably nigh at hand. In vain did his daughters strive, with tender assiduity, to wean him from the contemplation of such fruitless and unavailing fears, and endeavour to inspire him with better hopes, and to open to him brighter and more cheering prospects: he clung, with an obstinate faith and confidence, to evil, to a fancy which now had taken entire possession of him, and only shook his head mournfully, in uncommunicative silence, to all the solacing assurances that were addressed to him. Nor were Lord Arnewood and Sir Eustace more fortunate in their exertions to awaken him to a sense of his newly-acquired happiness. While he sympathised with the gloving hopes and anticipations of the young men—he felt that the world had no longer any charms for him, and society could well afford to relinquish any further claim upon his co-operation; and Murdoch retired from the room with fatal forebodings, and a face of gloomy elongation, as he heard these sentiments, to the companionship of Weathersheet; who listened with exemplary attention to such details as his friend deemed it proper or pleasant to enter into, and ruminated upon the same with equal wisdom and solemnity. As for Hulson, he swore, with an enormous oath, that such desponding philosophy was all humbug and nonsense, and, moreover, a flying in the face of good fortune, which could never come too late; and he broke Waltham to start fair with him, and commence, as Weathersheet phrased it, "on another tack." For his own part, he meant not only to turn over a new leaf, but to begin a new volume altogether, and he made no doubt of his ability to write the word "Finis," in good legible characters, with a strong pen, and improved ink.

The jailer had visited Bolton two or three times during the day since Waltham's departure, and had found him at each successive period more calm and collected. He had had an interview with his solicitor and arranged the course of defence which it would be expedient to pursue, and despatched a letter to his sister; after which he had betaken himself to reading, and requested that, if it were conformable with the regulations of the prison, he might not be interrupted. It was not until midnight that the jailer, upon visiting the prisoner for the last time, discovered, upon entering Bolton's cell, the unhappy man stretched upon the earth weltering in his blood. He had destroyed himself with a penknife which he had been incautiously permitted to retain, or which had been neglected to be taken from him, and had thus ended his crimes, and evaded that retribution which a tardy justice was at last awakened to inflict.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As the evening advanced, the despondency of Mr. Waltham increased with painful rapidity, and communicated itself to the rest of the family, assembled, as it might have been naturally supposed, for a more genial and philosophical purpose than that of converting occasions of happiness into instruments of misery. But Waltham was not the man to resist—even he possessed the power—sensations that were too much in unison with his own feelings, or, rather, impressions which the morbid sensitiveness of his own mind had created;

and was at all times for referring that sinking and depression of spirit, to which every man is more or less subject, to a direct manifestation from above, exhorting him to prepare for his fate, or to fill up the measure of his destiny. But, in truth, this eternal and fruitless apprehension of fate, and its immediate or ultimate operation on ourselves is, wherever it exists, a disease rather properly to be treated by the physician than combated by the philosopher. As a doctrine, it is an absurd truism, staring itself into profundity—the harmless “che sara, sara,” of the Italians, changed into a withering and baleful mockery of philosophy—whereby we, insensibly, by substituting circumstances of our own formation, create, as it were, the very fate we apprehend. The highest triumph of this philosophy is

“To make a solitude, and call it peace.”

and while we manufacture our own misery, fondly to believe it a foreign importation.

This digression has been forced upon us by reflecting upon the former portion of Waltham's history and opinions, acting upon, as the latter did so strongly, and influencing, the great truth which we are about to relate; and is not intended for the benefit or instruction of those who are fond of speculations to which there can be no possible end, and whereto no satisfactory answer can be discovered.

Waltham was sitting with his two daughters by his side, and Sir Eustace, Lord Arnwood, and Mr. Hulson around him, which gentlemen were, partly at the convivial instigation of Hulson, but chiefly from the happy termination of the proceedings of yesterday, disposed to look upon human life and its enjoyments with an eye of sympathy, and a desire of participation. “My dear girls,” said Waltham, pressing his daughter's hand between his own, “do not believe that I also am sensible of the blessings we now experience through the mercy of heaven—or that I am so much occupied by my own feelings as to be insensible to the prospects which I now perceive are clear and open before you. You, my dear Eliza, whom I have been permitted to see once more before I die, have been returned to my heart all that my fondest hopes could desire, in the possession of an honourable and a high-minded man—and you, my own Agatha,” and he beckoned Arnwood to draw near, “must live to bless our young friend, and the preserver of your father. What do you say, Henry,” he added, addressing Arnwood, “will you accept my Agatha?” Arnwood looked his gratitude in silence, and took the hand of Agatha with fervour, while the beautiful girl blushed, and smiled through her tears. “For me,” continued Waltham sighing, “the world has no longer any occasion; it is the will of heaven that I should depart, and it is by His mercy that I am permitted to do so in peace.”

“Egad, Waltham,” interrupted Hulson, threatening to demolish the table with his fist, “you make the young people quite miserable by this double distilled essence of woe, which you are helping them to so plentifully. By my soul, they look at this moment like personifications of the four quarters of the year, all met together, doubtful of receiving their rent, and you the unfortunate tenant unable to pay it. Come, let the light peep through that winglass, which has been standing before you, like the draught of a desponding patient, for the last half hour; no heel-taps, sir, I insist;” and Hulson pounced upon the decanter.

“I deserve your reproach, sir,” replied Waltham, smiling faintly, “and will no longer be a restraint upon the happiness of my children. Gentlemen, good night!” and briefly invoking a blessing upon his daughters, he retired to his own apartment.

But not to rest did Waltham betake himself to the privacy of his own room. A horrible despondency settled upon his soul, and fearfully agitated his weak and overwrought frame. His past life obtruded upon his memory with fearful distinctness, and each particular event seemed to stride back into the present like an exaggerated shadow, eclipsing for the time, nay extinguishing, all other affections. He remembered, as though it were but yesterday, the joyous season of his youth, when he was a jocund and happy boy in the home of his prosperous and affectionate father; the period of his early manhood, flattered by false friends and encumbered by superfluous and unprofitable wealth, was recalled to him; and the bitter self-consciousness of his partial dependence upon fortune and her capricious changes, renewed itself in his mind. His wife rose out of the grave, purged of the impurities and defilements of death, and stood before him in all the beauty of her virgin innocence; and his young children clasped him once more

with the ardent pressure of infantine love. And now he lived over again, in retrospect, the period of his stay at Brussels, and of his first acquaintance with Bolton; and events came forth out of oblivion, which, but for the intensity of the present hour, had never more been remembered. He thought of Bolton's wrongs and the injuries that Bolton had heaped upon him; of the almost miraculous manner in which he had been cast upon the same shore, and directed, as it were, by Providence, to the very spot in which his destroyer had hoped to conceal himself for ever. He dwelt with fruitless remorse upon the scheme he had conceived of anticipating and accomplishing the behest of Heaven by the death of Bolton; and the palliatives to Bolton's guilt, manifested in his conduct to him on the night of his meditated revenge, fell upon his heart like a blighting curse, and a denial of mercy. He would have prayed, but his knees knocked together, and were locked in inflexible rigidity, and his lips were sealed up. Wherever he turned, there Bolton was, and his face was white as death, and his eyes looked sorrowful reproach at him. The very air teemed with unnatural and hideous life; and a noise far above thunder, which imagination creates out of intense silence, rang like a knell in his ears.

In the meanwhile, Lord Arnwood, Sir Eustace Walford, and Mr. Hulson, were seated in deep conversation in the room below, speculating on the future prospects of the Waltham family, and making arrangements for the short journey to Arnwood Castle on the morrow, whither it was proposed the whole party should immediately repair. The young ladies had retired to rest some time before. Just as they also were about to separate for the night, the waiter entered and informed them that a messenger from the prison requested an immediate interview with Mr. Hulson. Upon being shown in, the chief turnkey acquainted them in full with the particulars of Bolton's suicide, and handed Mr. Hulson a letter written by the former immediately before his death (for the wafer was still wet) in which, after confessing every thing that could elucidate the transactions between him and Waltham, and arraying the method whereby ample restitution might be made, he confided to Hulson the protection of his friendless sister after his death. “Robert Bolton dead,” exclaimed Hulson, when the messenger had left the apartment, and the tears started into his eyes, which he brushed away lastly; “well, it is better it should be so than otherwise, perhaps. You see here, gentlemen,” he added, turning to Arnwood and Walford, and handing to them the letter, “the end of a man bad enough, heaven knows, but made the victim of one of the basest soundrels in existence, your late tutor, my lord, Johnston; whom I yet hope to see in henn. Yes, I will protect your poor sister, Bolton, I will, by heaven!” and Hulson, whose very virtues required spiritual sustenance, drank off a glass of brandy and water.

It now became a matter of deliberation whether Mr. Waltham should be apprised of this event forthwith. It was judged better, after much dispute, to acquaint him at once with this intelligence, that his mind, by being permitted to dwell upon the past alone, and relieved from further anxiety and dread of the future, might acquire gradually its natural and elastic tone.

Lord Arnwood was, accordingly, deputed to convey this circumstance to Mr. Waltham, and ascended slowly to his bed-room. He knocked long, and at last loudly for admittance at the door, but no answer was returned. Enraged, therefore, which he did with an undefined apprehension of evil, he discovered Mr. Waltham seated in his chair by the table, his eyes unclosed, and his hands clasped as though in prayer. The candles were still burning, but dimly. It was evident that they had not been snuffed for hours, and the shadows slept upon the walls in gloomy and motionless obscurity. Arnwood touched him gently on the shoulder, as if to wake him to consciousness, but he moved not; he took his hands within his own, but started to find that they were cold and rigidly compressed. Not a breath stirred within him; and his face, though calm and placid, was of an ashy paleness—Mr. Waltham was dead! The violence of his emotions, operating upon a naturally weak constitution, and encouraged by the morbid indications of his crude philosophy, had been too much for him to bear; and he had sunk under it,—together with the reaction of his spirits consequent upon the result of the trial, and the reinstatement of himself and his family in the estimation of the world and the respect of society.

We pass on, for the reader can better imagine than we can possibly describe, the transition of Mr. Waltham's family from a state of comparative happiness to a situation of renewed affliction; and the degree in which this unexpected event altered the relative position of all parties.

Mr. Waltham was buried by the side of his wife in the cemetery belonging to Lord Arnwood, and the body of Bolton was conveyed to the New Hall, where the last offices of affection were paid to it by his disconsolate sister.

And now that we have drawn our history to a close, we deem it not only expedient, but decent, respectable, and considerate, to detain our reader no longer than, while we take up the few loose threads of narrative that still remain, we are absolutely required to crave his attention. As we have not troubled or perplexed him much by the introduction or intrusion of reflections of our own into our narrative, so we forbear to take him by the button at this last moment; a movement which we ourselves consider an impertinence, and which he, however indulgent, reader, would probably deem, like the citizen and his wife in the old play, upon the entrance of the dancing boy, “all riddle-raft!” We go on, then, to omit from our pen certain rays whereby—

“With a short-levelled rule of streaming light”

they may be enabled to view, in short, and for a moment, the after fate of the other and minor personages of our history.

Lord Arnwood was in due time united to Agatha Waltham, and through the influence of his friend the Marquis of Lorton, was, on a change of the ministry, presented to an official situation of considerable emolument and honourable distinction. He accordingly spends the chief portion of his time in the metropolis, occasionally, however, visiting Arnwood Castle, which he has repaired and modernised, and within whose newly-beautified walls the estimable Mrs. Goodyear, and the venerable Mr. Mollison, still continue to exercise divided, and it behoves us, as historians, to record, occasionally disputed sway. Lady Arnwood is, equally with her lord, partial to the neighbourhood of the castle, from the recollection of former times and associations connected with them.

It will not fail to be in the memory of the reader that Sir Eustace Walford was the means of preserving Eliza Waltham from the designs of Bolton; and it only remains to us to state, that having heard from her own lips the particulars of her father's history, and impressed more and more deeply every succeeding day by her beauty and amiable qualities, he solicited and gained her hand in marriage before they left Paris, from whence they proceeded to Brussels, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the destination of Mr. Waltham. From Mr. Toller, however, (who, it is needless to say, was no party to the machinations of Bolton,) they were able to learn nothing, but that he had returned from Madeira, and taken with him his youngest daughter, but whether no one was able to say. Sir Eustace and his lady had subsequently returned to England, with a determination to avail themselves of every possible opportunity of discovering the fugitives, when they were fortunately recognised by Macara.

Mr. Johnston was, after due course of law, transported to New South Wales, where, having a clear field for renewed operations, and by virtue of a becoming respect for the external interests of religion and morality, he contrived to succeed very well. But, unfortunately, committing some exemplary act, which appeared to the obtuse understandings of the legal authorities inimical to the interests above referred to, Mr. Johnston was eventually hanged, much to his own astonishment and mortification.

Mr. Hulson was as good as his word. He contrived to reform while there was yet a virtue in doing so; and in a few years was enabled to confirm and perpetuate his good resolutions by obtaining the hand of Miss Bolton, with whom he has said—confirming it by an oath of emphasis—he lives as happy as such a rogue as himself deserves to exist.

We should pass over the most pleasant part of our duty, did we omit to mention that honest Murdoch Macara, at his own request, led to the altar Mary Reynolds, on the very day that gave his young mistress to Lord Arnwood. He lives at the Pilot's Mark, which, by his own ingenuity, aided by his staunch friend and disciple, Will Watersheet, he has converted into a handsome and comfortable establishment.

And “muckle Will Watersheet” resides in the neighbourhood, with unimpaired digestion and still inexhausted appetite. “The various turns of fate below,” as especially shewn in the history of his late master, were pondered upon by him deeply, but in silence; and the moral lesson to be derived from them is ever and anon enforced and rendered easy and familiar, by the sage counsel and weighty exhortations of the benevolent Scot.

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Memoirs of Dr. Burney,

ARRANGED

From his own Manuscripts, from Family Papers, and from Personal Recollections;

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

"O could my feeble powers thy virtues trace,
By filial love each fear should suppress'd;
The blush of incapacity I'd chase,
And stand—recorder of thy worth!—confess'd."

Anonymous Dedication of Evelina, to Dr. Burney, in 1778.

FROM THE LONDON EDITION, IN THREE OCTAVO VOLUMES.

INTRODUCTION.

Some of the reviewers have found fault with the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, as being rather the autobiography of the daughter than the life of the father. This appears to us, however, a recommendation; but the chief interest of the work will be found in the rich and new anecdotes furnished of the celebrated characters of the day, with whom Dr. Burney and his daughter were on intimate terms of social intercourse. The *ana* of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and others, possess a charm which no mere detail of Dr. Burney's habits could afford. It is gratifying to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings form the charm of our leisure hours; to have their private and familiar sayings and doings so fully portrayed; to have their feelings, their passions and peculiarities, depicted with truth and vivacity, and observe how individuals who filled so large a space in the public eye, acted in the domestic circle.

Who does not acknowledge the fascination produced in the work of the sycophantic Boswell? While the man is despised and laughed at, his life of Dr. Johnson remains a master-piece of biography, and the literary world regrets that there have not been more Boswells. To the work of that author, and others of the same period, this Memoir may be considered as a connected chain—an addenda, rendering us more intimately conversant with the great originals.

The style of Madame D'Arblay has also been found fault with; and to those who are familiar with her early writings as Miss Burney, it will be a little astonishing to observe the awkward stiffness of many of her paragraphs. But her meaning is seldom obscure, which is, after all, the object to be attained. It has been well remarked that, in "analysing literary compositions, we should attend to the difference which subsists between that species of merit founded on the direct interest and attraction of the incidents and ideas which are employed, and that other sort of merit founded on the skill and dexterity with which materials are combined, and the justness of the relations which we are able to trace among its parts." The pictures in the present instance, we believe, will be valued, though the casket may be somewhat inelegant. The author certainly betrays unbounded vanity, but it is harmless, and even amusing.

There are parts of the English edition that would be entirely uninteresting beyond the precincts of Great Britain—some of these we have taken the liberty of omitting, believing that our readers will be more gratified than if the whole had been retained. We conclude with the opinion of the London Metropolitan Magazine, "this work will be universally read and generally liked."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE, OR APOLOGY.

The intentions, or rather the directions, of Dr. Burney, that his memoirs should be published; and the expectation of his family and friends that they should pass through the hands of his present editor and memorialist, have made the task of arranging the ensuing collations with her own personal recollections, appear to her a sacred duty from the year 1814.*

But the grief at his loss, which at first incapacitated her from such an effort, was soon afterwards followed by change of place—change of circumstances—almost of existence—with multiplied casualties, that, eventually, separated her from all her manuscript materials. And these she only recovered when under the pressure of a new affliction that took from her all power, or even thought, for their investigation. During many years, therefore, they have been laid aside, though never forgotten.

But if time, as so often we lament, will not stand still upon happiness, it would be graceless not to acknowledge, with gratitude to Providence, that neither is it positively stationary upon sorrow: for, though there are calamities which it cannot obliterate, and wounds which religion alone can heal, time yet seems endowed with a secret principle for producing a mental calm, through which life imperceptibly glides back to its customary operations. However powerless time itself—earthly time!—must still remain for restoring lost felicity.

Now, therefore,—most unexpectedly,—that she finds herself sufficiently recovered from successive indispositions and afflictions, to attempt the acquittal of a debt which has long hung heavily upon her mind, she ventures to reopen her manuscript stores, and to resume, though in trembling, her long-forsaken pen.

That the life of so eminent a man should not pass away without some authenticated record, will be pretty generally thought; and the circumstances which render her its recorder, grow out of the very nature of things: she possessed all his papers and documents; and, from her earliest youth to his latest decline, not a human being was more confidentially entrusted than herself with the occurrences, the sentiments, and the feelings of his past and passing days.

Although, as biography, from time immemorial, has claimed the privilege of being more discursive than history, the memorialist may seek to diversify the plain recital of facts by such occasional anecdotes as have been hoarded from childhood in her memory; still, and most scrupulously, not an opinion will be given as Dr. Burney's, either of persons or things, that was not literally his own; and fact will be essentially be the basis of every article, as if its object were still lent to earth, and now listening to this exposition of his posthumous memoirs with her own recollections.

Nevertheless, though nothing is related that does not belong to Dr. Burney and his history, the accounts are not always rigidly confined to his presence, where scenes or traits, still strong in the remembrance of the editor, or still before her eyes in early letters or diaries, invite to any characteristic details of celebrated personages.

Not slight, however, is the embarrassment that struggles with the pleasure of these mingled reminiscences, from their appearance of personal obtrusion: yet, when it is seen that they are never brought forward but to introduce some incident or speech, that must else remain untold, of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Bruce—nay, Napoleon—and some other high standing names, of recent date to the age, yet of still living curiosity to the youthful reader—these apparent egotisms may be something more, perhaps, than pardoned.

Where the life has been as private as that of Dr. Burney, his history must necessarily be simple, and can have little further call upon the attention of the world, than that which may belong to a wish of tracing the progress of a nearly abandoned child, from a small village of Shropshire, to a man allowed throughout Europe to have risen to the head of his profession; and thence, setting his profession aside, to have been elevated to an intellectual rank in society, as a man of letters.

"Though not first in the very first line" with most of the eminent men of his day, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, soaring above any contemporary mark, always, like senior wranglers, excepted.

And to this height, to which, by means and resources all his own, he arose, the genius that impelled him to fame, the integrity that established his character, and the amiability that magnetised all hearts,—in the phrase of Dr. Johnson,—*to go forth to meet him*, were the only materials with which he worked his way.

Dr. Burney both began and dropped an introduction to his life, as appears by a marginal note, in the year 1782. This was not continued or resumed, save by occasional memorandums, till the year 1807, when he had reached the age of eighty-one, and was under the dejecting apprehension of paralytic seizure. From that time, nevertheless, he composed sundry manuscript volumes, of various sizes, containing the history of his life, from his cradle nearly to his grave.

Out of the minute amplitude of this vast mass of matter, it has seemed the duty of his editor and memorialist, to collect all that seemed to offer interest for the general reader; but to commit nothing to the public eye that there is reason to believe the author himself would have withheld from it at an earlier period; or would have obliterated, even at a much later, had he revised his writings after the recovery of his health and spirits.*

MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY.

Charles Burney was born at Shrewsbury, on the 12th of April, 1726, and was the issue of a second marriage. Mr. Burney, senior, finally, and with tolerable success, fixed himself to the profession of portrait painting, and quitting Shrewsbury, established himself in the city of Chester.

From what cause is not known, and it is difficult to conceive any that can justify such extraordinary neglect, young Charles was left in Shropshire, upon the removal of his parents to Chester; and abandoned, not only during his infancy, but even during his boyhood, to the care of an uncultivated and utterly ignorant, but worthy and affectionate old nurse, called Dame Ball, in the rustic village of Andover. His reminiscences upon this period were among the most tenaciously minute, and the most agreeable to his fancy for detail, of any part of his life; and the uncommon gaiety of his narratory powers, and the frankness with which he set forth the pecuniary embarrassments and provoking mischances, to which his thus deserted childhood was exposed, had an ingenuousness, a good humour, and a comicality, that made the subject of Andover not more delectable to himself than entertaining to his hearer.

The education of the subject of these Memoirs, when, at length, he was removed from this his first instructress, whom he quitted, as he always protested, with an agony of grief, was begun at the free school at Chester. It can excite no surprise, his brilliant career through life considered, that his juvenile studies were assiduous, ardent, and successful. He was frequently heard to declare, that he had been once only chastised at school, and that not for slackness, but forwardness in scholastic lore.

His earliest musical instructor was his eldest half-brother, Mr. James Burney, who was then, and for more than half a century afterwards, organist of St. Margaret's, Shrewsbury; in which city the young musician elect began his professional studies.

He was yet a mere youth, when, while unremittingly studious, he was introduced to Dr. Arne, on the passage of that celebrated musician through the city of Chester, when returning from Ireland; and this most popular of English composers since the days of Purcell, was so much pleased with the talents of this nearly self-instructed performer, as to make an offer to Mr. Burney, senior, upon such conditions as are usual to such sort of patronage, to complete the musical education of this lively and aspiring young man, and to bring him forth to the world as his favourite and most promising pupil.

To this proposal Mr. Burney, senior, was induced to

* The year of Burney's decease.

* A fourth volume, of Correspondence, is announced by Madame D'Arblay, to appear at some future day.

consent; and in the year 1774, at the age of seventeen, the eager young candidate for fame rapturously set off, in company with Dr. Arne, for the metropolis.

DR. ARNE.

Arrived in London, young Burnby found himself unrestrainedly his own master, save in what regarded his articulated agreement with Dr. Arne.

Dr. Arne has been, professionally, fully portrayed by the pupil who, nominally, was under his guidance; but who, in after times, became the historian of his tuneful art. Eminent, however, in that art as was Dr. Arne, his eminence was to that art alone confined. Thoughtless, dissipated and careless, he neglected, or rather scorned at, all other but musical reputation. And he was so little scrupulous in his ideas of propriety, that he took pride rather than shame in being publicly classed, even in the decline of life, as a man of pleasure.

Such a character was ill qualified to form or to protect the morals of a youthful pupil; and it is probable that not a notion of such a duty ever occurred to Dr. Arne; so happy was his self complacency in the fertility of his invention and the case of his compositions, and so dazzled by the brilliancy of his success in his powers of melody, which, in truth, for the English stage were, in sweetness and variety, unrivalled—that, satisfied and flattered by the practical exertions and the popularity of his fancy, he had no ambition, or, rather, no thought concerning the theory of his art.

The depths of science, indeed, were the last that the gay master had any inclination to sound; and in a very short time, through something that mingled jealousy with ability, the disciple was wholly left to work his own way as he could through the difficulties of his professional progress.

MRS. CIBBER.

Young Burnby, now, was necessarily introduced to Dr. Arne's celebrated sister, the most enchanting actress of her day, Mrs. Cibber; in whose house, in Scotland Yard, he found himself in a constellation of wits, poets, actors, authors, and men of letters.

The most social powers of pleasing, which to the very end of his life endeared him to every circle in which he mixed, were now first lighted up by the sparks of convivial collision which emanate, in kindred minds, from the electricity of conversation. And though, as yet, he was but a gazer himself in the splendour of this galaxy, he had parts of such quick perception, and so laughter-loving a taste for wit and humour, that he not alone received delight from the sprightly sallies, the ludicrous representations, or the sportive mimics that here, with all the frolic of high-wrought spirits, were bandied about from guest to guest, he contributed personally to the general enjoyment by the gaiety of his participation; and appeared, to all but his modest self, to make an integral part of the brilliant society into which he was content, nay charmed, to seem admitted merely as an auditor.

GARRICK.

Conspicuous in this bright assemblage, then hardly beyond the glowing dawn of his unparalleled dramatic celebrity, shone forth with a blaze of lustre that struck young Burnby with enthusiastic admiration.

With Thomson, the poet, his favoured lot led him to the happiness of early and intimate, though, unfortunately, not of long enduring acquaintance, the destined race of Thomson, which was cut short nearly in the meridian of life, being already almost run.

Burnby next set to music the *Mask of Alfred*, and the principal airs in the English burletta called *Robin Hood*, which was most flatteringly received at the theatre; and he composed the whole of the music of the pantomime of *Queen Mab*.

He observed at this time the strictest incognito concerning all these productions, though no motive for it is found among his papers. *Queen Mab* had a run which, at that time, had never been equalled, save by the opening of the *Beggar's Opera*; and which has not since been surpassed, save by the representation of the *Duenna*.

The music, when printed, made its appearance in the world as the offspring of a *society of the sons of Apollo*; and Oswald, a famous bookseller, published it by that title, and knew nothing of its real parentage.

Sundry airs, ballads, cantatas, and other light musical productions, were put forth also, as from that imaginary society; but all sprang from the same source, and all were equally unacknowledged.

The sole conjecture to be formed upon a self-denial, to which no virtue seems attached, and from which reason withdraws its sanction, as tending to counteract the just

balance between merit and recompense, is, that possibly the articles then in force with Dr. Arne, might disfranchise young Burnby from the liberty of publication in his own name.

EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

The first musical work by the subject of these memoirs that he openly avowed, was a set of six sonatas for two violins and a bass, printed in 1747, and dedicated to the Earl of Holderness; to whose notice the author had been presented by some of the titled friends and protectors to whom he had become accidentally known.

The earl not only accepted with pleasure the music and the dedication, but conceived a regard for the young composer, that soon passed from his talents to his person and character.

FULK GREVILLE.

While connections thus various, literary, classical, noble, and professional, incidentally occurred, combating the deadening toil of the copyist, and keeping his mind in tune for intellectual pursuits and attainments, new scenes, most unexpectedly, opened to him the world at large, and suddenly brought him to a familiar acquaintance with high life.

Fulk Greville, a descendant of *The Friend of Sir Philip Sydney*, and afterwards author of *Characters, Maxims, and Reflections*, was then generally looked up to as the finest gentleman about town. His person, tall and well-proportioned, was commanding; his face, features, and complexion, were striking for masculine beauty; and his air and carriage were noble with conscious dignity.

He was then in the towering pride of healthy manhood and athletic strength. He excelled in all the fashionable exercises, riding, fencing, hunting, shooting at a mark, dancing, tennis, &c.; and worked at every one of them with a fury for pre-eminence, not equalled, perhaps, in ardour for superiority in personal accomplishments, since the days of the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

His high birth, and higher expectation—for a coronet at that time, from some uncertain right of heritage, hung almost suspended over his head—with a splendid fortune, wholly unfettered, already in his hands, gave to him a consequence in the circles of modish dissipation that, at the clubs of St. James's street, and on the race ground at Newmarket, nearly crowned him as chief. For though there were many competitors of more titled importance, and more powerful wealth, neither the blaze of their heraldry, nor the weight of their gold, could preponderate, in the buckish scales of the day, over the elegance of equipment, the grandeur, yet attraction of demeanour, the supercilious brow, and the resplendent smile, that marked the lofty yet graceful descendant of Sir Philip Sydney.

This gentleman one morning, while trying a new instrument at the house of Kirkman, the first harpsichord-maker of the times, expressed a wish to receive musical instruction from some one who had mind and cultivation, as well as finger and ear; lamenting, with strong contempt, that, in the musical tribe, the two latter were generally dislocated from the two former; and gravely asking Kirkman whether he knew any young musician who was fit company for a gentleman.

Kirkman, with honest zeal to stand up for the credit of the art by which he prospered, and which he held to be insulted by this question, warmly answered that he knew many; but, very particularly, one member of the harmonic corps, who had as much music in his tongue as in his hands, and who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra.

Mr. Greville, with much surprise, made sundry and formal enquiries into the existence, situation, and character of what he called so great a phenomenon; protesting there was nothing he so much desired as the extraordinary circumstance of finding any union of sense with sound.

The replies of the good German were so exciting, as well as satisfactory, that Mr. Greville became eager to see the youth thus extolled; but charged Mr. Kirkman not to betray a word of what had passed, that the interview might be free from restraint, and seemed to be arranged merely for showing off the several instruments that were ready for sale, to a gentleman who was disposed to purchase one of the most costly.

To this injunction Mr. Kirkman agreed, and conscientiously adhered.

A day was appointed, and the meeting took place.

Young Burnby, with no other idea than that of serving Kirkman, immediately seated himself at an instrument, and played various pieces of Geminiani, Corelli,

and Tartini, whose compositions were then most in fashion. But Mr. Greville, secretly suspicious of some connivance, coldly and proudly walked about the room; took snuff from a finely enamelled snuff-box, and looked at some prints, as if wholly without noticing the performance.

He had, however, too much penetration not to perceive his mistake, when he marked the incautious carelessness with which his inattention was returned; for soon, conceiving himself to be playing to very obtuse ears, young Burnby left off all attempt at soliciting their favour; and only sought his own amusement by trying favourite passages, or practising difficult ones, with a vivacity which showed that his passion for his art rewarded him in itself for his exertions. But coming, at length, to keys of which the touch, light and springing, invited his stay, he fired away in a sonata of Scarlatti's, with an alternate excellence of execution and expression, so perfectly in accord with the fanciful flights of that wild but masterly composer, that Mr. Greville, satisfied no scheme was at work to surprise or win him, but, on the contrary, that the energy of genius was let loose upon itself, and enjoying, without premeditation, its own lively sports and vagaries; softly drew a chair to the harpsichord, and listened, with unaffected earnestness, to every note.

Nor were his ears alone curiously awakened; his eyes were equally occupied to mark the peculiar performance of intricate difficulties; for the young musician had invented a mode of adding newness to brilliancy, by curving the fingers, and rounding the hand, in a manner that gave them a grace upon the keys quite new at that time, and entirely of his own devising.

To be easily pleased, however, or to make acknowledgment of being pleased at all, seems derogatory to strong self-importance; Mr. Greville, therefore, merely said, "You are fond, sir, it seems, of Italian music?"

The reply to this was striking up, with all the varying undulations of the crescendo, the diminuendo, the peeling swell, and the "dying, dying fall," belonging to the powers of the pedal, that most popular masterpiece of Handel's, the Coronation Anthem.

This quickness of comprehension, in turning from Italian to German, joined to the grandeur of the composition, and the talents of the performer, now irresistibly vanquished Mr. Greville; who, convinced of Kirkman's truth with regard to the harmonic powers of this son of Apollo, desired next to sift it with regard to the wit.

Casting off, therefore, his high reserve, with his jealous surmises, he ceased to listen to the music, and started some theme that was meant to lead to conversation.

But as this essay, from not knowing to what the youth might be equal, consisted of such inquiries as, "Have you been in two long, sir?" or, "Does your taste call you back to the country, sir?" &c. &c., his young hearer, by no means preferring this inquisitorial style to the fancy of Scarlatti, or the skill and depth of Handel, slightly answered, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir;" and, perceiving an instrument not yet tried, darted to it precipitately, and seated himself to play a voluntary.

The charm of genuine simplicity is no where more powerful than with the practised and hackneyed man of the world; for it induces what, of all things, he most rarely experiences, a belief in sincerity.

Mr. Greville, therefore, though thwarted, was not displeased; for in a votary of the art he was pursuing, he saw a character full of talents, yet without guile; and, conceived from that moment, an idea that it was one he might personally attach. He remitted, therefore, to some other opportunity, a farther internal investigation.

Mr. Kirkman now came forward to announce, that in the following week he should have a new harpsichord, with double keys, and a deepened bass, ready for examination.

They then parted, without any explanation on the side of Mr. Greville; or any idea on that of the subject of these memoirs, that he and his acquisitions were objects of so peculiar a speculation.

At the second interview, young Burnby innocently and eagerly flew at once to the harpsichord, and tried it with various recollections from his favourite composers.

Mr. Greville listened complacently and approvingly; but at the end of every strain, made a speech that he intended should lead to some discussion.

Young Burnby, however, more alive to the graces of melody than to the subtleties of argument, gave answers that always finished with full-toned chords, which as

constantly modulated into another movement; till Mr. Greville, tired and impatient, suddenly proposed changing places, and trying the instrument himself.

He could not have devised a more infallible expedient to provoke conversation; for he thrummed his own chosen bits by memory with so little skill or taste, yet with a pertinacity so wearisome, that young Burney, who could neither hearken to such playing, nor turn aside from such a player, caught with alacrity at every opening to discourse, as an acquittal from the fatigue of mock attention.

This eagerness gave a piquancy to what he said, that stole from him the diffidence that might otherwise have hung upon his inexperience; and ended him with a courage for uttering his opinions, that might else have faded away under the trammels of distant respect.

In the subject of these memoirs, this effervescence of freedom was clearly that of juvenile artlessness and overflowing vivacity; and Mr. Greville desired too sincerely to gather the youth's notions and fathom his understanding, for permitting himself to check such amusing spirits, by proudly wrapping himself up, as at less favourable moments he was wont to do, in his own consequence. He grew, therefore, so lively and entertaining, that young Burney became as much charmed with his company as he had been wearied by his music; and an interchange of ideas took place, as frankly rapid, equal, and undaunted, as if the descendant of the *friend of Sir Philip Sydney* had encountered a descendant of Sir Philip Sydney himself.

This meeting concluded the investigation; music, singing her gay triumph, took her stand at the helm; and a similar victory for capacity and information awaited but a few intellectual skirmishes, on poetry, politics, morals, and literature,—in the midst of which Mr. Greville, suddenly and gracefully holding out his hand, fairly acknowledged his scheme, proclaimed its success, and invited the unconscious victor to accompany him to Wilbury House.

The amazement of young Burney was boundless; but his modesty, or rather his ignorance that not to think highly of his own abilities merited that epithet, was most agreeably surprised by so complicate a flattery to his character, his endowments, and his genius.

But his articles with Dr. Arne were in full force; and it was not without a sigh that he made known his confined position.

Unaccustomed to control his inclinations himself, or to submit to their control from circumstances, expense, or difficulty, Mr. Greville mocked this puny obstacle; and, instantly visiting Dr. Arne in person, demanded his own terms for liberating his Cheshire pupil.

Dr. Arne, at first, would listen to no proposition; protesting that a youth of such promise was beyond all equivalent. But no sooner was a round sum mentioned, than the Doctor, who, in common with all the dupes of extravagance, was evermore needy, could not disguise from himself that he was dolourously out of cash; and the dazzling glare of three hundred pounds could not but play most temptingly in his sight, for one of those immediate, though imaginary wants, that the man of pleasure is always sure to see waving, with deceiving allurements, before his longing eyes.

The articles, therefore, were cancelled; and young Burney was received in the house of Mr. Greville as a desired inmate, a talented professor, and a youth of genius; to which appellations, from his plesantry, gaiety, reading, and readiness, was soon superadded the title—not of a humble, but of a chosen and confidential companion.

Young Burney now moved in a completely new sphere, and led a completely new life. All his leisure nevertheless still was devoted to improvement in his own art, by practice and by composition. But the hours for such sage pursuits were soon curtailed from half the day to its quarter; and again from that to merely the early morning that preceded any communication with his gay host: for so partial grew Mr. Greville to his new favourite, that, speedily, there was no remission of claim upon his time or his talents, whether for music or discourse.

Nor even here ended the requisition for his presence; his company had a charm that gave a zest to whatever went forward: his opinions were so ingenious, his truth was so inviolate, his spirits were so entertaining, that, shortly, to make him a part of whatever was said or done, seemed necessary to Mr. Greville for either speech or action.

MISS FANNY MACARTNEY.

New scenes, and of deeper interest, presented themselves ere long. A lovely female, in the bloom of youth,

equally high in a double celebrity, the most rarely accorded to her sex, of beauty and of wit, and exquisite in her possession of both, made an assault upon the eyes, the understanding, and the heart of Mr. Greville; so potent in its first attack, and so varied in its after stages, that little as he felt at that time disposed to barter his boundless liberty, his desultory pursuits, and his brilliant, though indefinite expectations, for a bondage so narrow, so derogatory to the swing of his wild will, as that of marriage appeared to him; he was caught by so many charms, entangled in so many inducements, and inflamed by such a whirl of passions, that he soon almost involuntarily surrendered to the besieger; not absolutely at discretion, but very unequivocally from restless impulse.

This lady was Miss Fanny Macartney, the third daughter of Mr. Macartney, a gentleman of large fortune, and of an ancient Irish family.

In Horace Walpole's *Beauties*, Miss Fanny Macartney was the Flora.

In Greville's *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, she was also Flora, contrasted with Camilla, who was meant for Mrs. Garrick.

Miss Fanny Macartney was of a character which, at least in its latter stages, seems to demand two pencils to delineate; so diversely was it understood, or appreciated.

To many she passed for being pedantic, sarcastic, and supercilious: as such, she affrighted the timid, who shrunk into silence; and braved the bold, to whom she allowed no quarter. The latter, in truth, seemed to stimulate exertions which brought her faculties into play; and which—besides creating admiration in all who escaped her shafts—appeared to offer to herself a mental exercise, useful to her health, and agreeable to her spirits.

Her understanding was truly masculine; not from being harsh or rough, but from depth, soundness, and capacity; yet her fine small features, and the whole style of her beauty, looked as if incant by Nature for the most feminine delicacy: but her voice, which had something in it of a croak; and her manner, latterly at least, of sitting, which was that of lounging completely at her ease, in such curves as she found most commodious, with her head alone upright; and her eyes commonly fixed, with an expression rather alarming than flattering, in examination of some object that caught her attention; probably caused, as they naturally excited, the hard general notion to her disadvantage above mentioned.

This notion, nevertheless, though almost universally harboured in the circle of her public acquaintance, was nearly reversed in the smaller circles that came more in contact with her feelings. By this last must be understood, solely, the few who were happy enough to possess her society; and to them she was a treasure of ideas and of variety. The keenest of her satire yielded its asperity to the zest of her good-humour, and the kindness of her heart. Her noble indifference to superior rank, if placed in opposition to superior merit; and her delight in comparing notes with those with whom she desired to balance opinions, established her, in her own elected set, as one of the first of women. And though the fame of her beauty must pass away in the same oblivious rotation which has withered that of her rival contemporaries, the fame of her intellect must ever live, while sensibility may be linked with poetry, and the Ode to Indifference shall remain to show their union.

The various incidents that incited and led to the connection that resulted from this impassioned opening, appertain to the history of Mr. Greville; but, in its solemn ratification, young Burney took a part so essential, as to produce a striking and pleasing consequence to much of his after life.

The wedding, though no one but the bride and bridegroom themselves knew why, was a stolen one, and kept profoundly secret; which, notwithstanding the bride was under age, was by no means, at that time, difficult, the marriage act having not yet passed. Young Burney, though the most juvenile of the party, was fixed upon to give the lady away,* which evinced a trust and a partiality in the bridegroom, that were immediately adopted by his fair partner; and by her unremittingly sustained, with the frankest confidence, and the sincerest esteem, through the whole of a long and varied life. With sense and taste such as hers, it was not, indeed, likely she should be slack to discern and develop a merit so formed to meet their perceptions.

When the new married pair went through the customary routine of matrimonial elopers, namely, that of returning home to demand pardon and a blessing, Mr. Macartney coolly said: "Mr. Greville has chosen to

take a wife out of the window, whom he might just as well have taken out of the door."

The immediate concurrence of the lovely new mistress of Wilbury House, in desiring the society, even more than enjoying the talents of her lord and master's favourite, occasioned his residence there to be nearly as unbroken as their own. And the whole extensive neighbourhood so completely joined in this kind partiality, that no engagement, no assemblage whatsoever took place, from the most selectly private, to the most gorgeously public, to which the Grevilles were invited, in which he was not included; and he formed at that period many connections of lasting and honourable intimacy; particularly with Dr. Hawkesworth, M. Boone, and M. Cox.

They acted, also, sundry proverbs, interludes, and farces, in which young Burney was always a principal personage. In one, amongst others, he played his part with a humour so entertaining, that its nickname was fastened upon him for many years after its appropriate representation. It would be difficult, indeed, not to accord him theatrical talents, when he could perform with success a character so little congenial with his own, as that of a finical, conceited coxcomb, a paltry and illiterate poltroon; namely, Will Fribble, Esq., in Garrick's farce of *Miss in her Teens*. Mr. Greville himself was Captain Flash, and the beautiful Mrs. Greville was Miss Biddy Bellair; by which three names, from the great divination their adoption had afforded, they corresponded with one another during several years.

The more serious honour that had been conferred upon young Burney, of personating the part of father to Mrs. Greville, was succeeded, in due season after these gay responsals, by that of personating the part of god-father to her daughter; in standing, as the representative of the Duke of Beaufort, at the baptism of Miss Greville, afterwards the all-admired, and indescribably beautiful Lady Crew.

Little could he then foresee, that he was bringing into the Christian community a permanent blessing for his own after-life, in one of the most cordial, confidential, open-hearted, and unalterable of his friends.

ESTHER.

But not to Mr. Greville alone was flung one of those blissful or baneful darts, that sometimes fix in a moment, and irreversibly, the domestic fate of man; just such another, as potent, as pointed, as piercing, yet as delicious, penetrated, a short time afterwards, the breast of young Burney; and from eyes perhaps as lovely, though not as celebrated; and from a mind perhaps as highly gifted, though not as renowned.

Esther Sleep—this memorialist's mother—of whom she must now with reverence, with fear—yet with pride and delight—offer the tribute of a description—was small and delicate, but not diminutive, in person. Her face had that sculptural oval form which gives to the air of the head something like the ideal perfection of the poet's imagination. Her fair complexion was embellished by a rosy hue upon her cheeks of Hebe's freshness. Her eyes were of the finest azure, and beaming with the brightest intelligence; though they owed to the softness of their lustre a still more resistless fascination; and they were set in her head with such a peculiarity of elegance in shape and proportion, that they imparted a nobleness of expression to her brow and to her forehead, that, whether she were beheld when attired for society; or surprised under the negligence of domestic avocation; she could be viewed by no stranger whom she did not strike with admiration; she could be broken in upon by no old friend who did not look at her with new pleasure.

It was at a dance that she first was seen by young Burney, at the house of his elder brother, in Hatton Garden; and that first sight was to him decisive, for he was not more charmed by her beauty than enchanted by her conversation.

So extraordinary, indeed, were the endowments of her mind, that, her small opportunity for their attainment considered, they are credible only from having been known upon proof.

Young Burney at this time had no power to sue for the hand, though he had still less to forbear suing for the heart, of this fair creature: not only he had no fortune to lay at her feet, no home to which he could take her, no prosperity which he could invite her to share; another barrier, which seemed to him still more formidable, stood imperviously in his way—his peculiar position with Mr. Greville.

That gentleman, in freeing the subject of these memoirs from his engagements with Dr. Arne, meant to act with as much kindness as munificence; for, casting aside all ostentatious parade, he had shown himself as

* The bride's sisters, the Misses Macartney, were privately present at this clandestine ceremony.

desirous to gain, as to become, a friend. Yet was there no reason to suppose he proposed to rear a vine, of which he would not touch the grapes.

To be liberal, suited at once the real good taste of his character, and his opinion of what was due to his rank in life; and in procuring to himself the double pleasure of the society and the talents of young Burney, he thought his largess to Dr. Arne well bestowed; but it escaped his reflections, that the youth whom he made his companion in London at Wilbury House, at Newmarket, and at Bath, in quitting the regular pursuit of his destined profession, risked forfeiting the most certain guarantee to prosperity in business, progressive perseverance.

It was then he first felt the torment of uncertain situation; it was then he appreciated the high male value of self-dependence; it was then he first conceived, that, though gaiety may be found and followed, and met, and enjoyed abroad, not there, but at home, is happiness! Yet, from the moment a bosom whisper softly murmured to him the name of Esther, he had no difficulty to believe in the distinct existence of happiness from pleasure; and—still less to devise where—for him—it must be sought.

When he made known to his fair enslaver his singular position, and entreated her counsel to disentangle him from a net, of which, till now, the soft texture had impeded all discernment of the confinement, the early wisdom with which she preached to him patience and forbearance, rather diminished than augmented his power of practising either, by an increase of admiration that doubled the capriciousness of his passion.

Nevertheless, he was fain to comply with her counsel, though less from acquiescence than from helplessness how to devise stronger measures, while under this nameless species of obligation to Mr. Greville, which he could not satisfy his delicacy in breaking; nor yet, in adhering to, justify his sense of his own rights.

But a discovery the most painful of the perturbed state of his mind, was soon afterwards impelled by a change of affairs in the Grevilles, which they believed would enchant him with pleasure; but which they found, to their unspeakable astonishment, overpowered him with affliction.

This was no other than a plan of going abroad for some years, and of including him in their party.

Concealment was instantly at an end. The sudden dismay of his ingenuous countenance, though it told not the cause, betrayed past recall his repugnance to the scheme.

With parts so lively, powers of observation so ready, and a spirit so delighting in whatever was uncommon and curious, they had expected that such a prospect of visiting new countries, surveying new scenes, mingling with new characters; and traversing the foreign world, under their auspices, in all its splendour, would have raised in him a buoyant transport, exhilarating to behold. But the sudden paleness that overspread his face; his downcast eye; the quiver of his lips; and the unintelligible stammer of his vainly attempted reply, excited interrogatories so anxious and so vehement, that they soon induced an avowal that a secret power had gotten possession of his mind, and studiously exiled from it all amusement, curiosity, or pleasure, that came not in the form of an offering to its all absorbing shrine.

Every objection and admonition which he had anticipated, were immediately brought forward by this confession; but they were presented with a levity that showed his advisers to be fully capable of conceiving, though persuaded that they ought to oppose his feelings.

Disconcerted, as well as dejected, because dissatisfied as well as unhappy in his situation, from mental intricacies what were its real calls; and whether or not the ties of interest and obligation were here of sufficient strength to demand the sacrifice of those of love; he attempted not to vindicate, unreflectingly, his wishes; and still less did he permit himself to treat them as his intentions. With faint smiles, therefore, but stifled sighs, he heard with civil attention, their opinions; though, determined not to involve himself in any embarrassing conditions, he would risk no reply; and soon afterwards, curbing his emotion, he started abruptly another subject.

"They thought him wise, and followed as he led."

All the anguish, however, that was here suppressed, found vent with redoubled force at the feet of the fair partner in his disappointment; who, while unaffectedly sharing it, resolutely declined receiving clandestinely his hand, though tenderly she clung to his heart. She would listen to no project that might lead him to relin-

quish such solid friends, at the very moment that they were preparing to give him the strongest proof of their fondness for his society, and of their zeal in his benefit and improvement.

Young Burney was not the less unhappy at this decision from being sensible of its justice, since his judgment could not but thank her, in secret, for pronouncing the hard dictates of his own.

All that he now solicited was her picture, that he might wear her resemblance next his heart, till that heart should beat to its responsive original.

With this request she gracefully complied; and she sate for him to Spencer, one of the most famous miniature painters of that day.

Of striking likeness was this performance, of which the head and unornamented hair were executed with the most chaste simplicity: and young Burney reaped from this possession all that had power to afford him consolation; since he now could soften off the pangs of separation, by gliding from company, public places or assemblages, to commune by himself with the countenance of all he held most dear.

Thus solaced, he resigned himself with more courage to his approaching misfortune.

The Grevilles, it is probable, from seeing him apparently revived, imagined that, awakened from his flights of fancy, he was recovering his senses: but when, from this idea, they started, with light railery, the tender subject, they found their utter mistake. The most distant hint of abandoning such excellence, save for the moment, and from the moment's necessity, nearly convulsed him with inward disturbance; and so changed his whole appearance, that, concerned as well as amazed, they were themselves glad to hasten from so piercing a topic.

Too much moved, however, to regain his equilibrium, he could not be drawn from a disturbed taciturnity, till shame, conquering his agitation, enabled him to call back his self-command. He forced, then, a laugh at his own emotion; but presently afterwards seized with an irresistible desire of showing what he thought its vindication, he took from his bosom the cherished miniature, and placed it, fearfully, almost awfully, upon a table.

It was instantly and eagerly snatched from hand to hand by the gay couple; and young Burney had the unspeakable relief of perceiving that this impulsive trial was successful. With expansive smiles they examined and discussed the charm of the complexion, the beauty of the features, and the sensibility and sweetness conveyed by their expression: and what was then the joy, the pride of heart, the soul's delight of the subject of these memoirs, when those fastidious judges, and superior self-possessioners of personal attractions, voluntarily and generously united in avowing that they could no longer wonder at his captivation.

As a statue he stood fixed before them; a smiling one, indeed; a happy one; but as breathless, as speechless, as motionless.

Mr. Greville then, with a laugh exclaimed, "But why, Burney, why don't you marry her?"

Whether this were uttered sportively, inadvertently, or seriously, young Burney took neither time nor reflection to weigh; but, starting forward with ingenious transport, called out, "May I?"

No negative could immediately follow an interrogatory that had thus been invited; and to have pronounced one in another minute would have been too late; for the enraptured and ardent young lover, hastily construing a short pause into an affirmative, blithely left them to the enjoyment of their palpable amusement at his precipitancy; and flew, with extatic celerity, to proclaim himself liberated from all mundane shackles, to her with whom he thought eternal bondage would be a state celestial.

From this period, to that of their exquisitely happy union,

"Galloped apace the fiery-footed steeds,"

that urged on time with as much gay delight as prancing rapidity; for if they had not, in their matrimonial preparations, the luxuries of wealth, neither had they its fatiguing ceremonies; if they had not the security of future advantage, they avoided the torment of present procrastination; and if they had but little to bestow upon one another, they were saved, at least, the impatience of waiting for the seals, signatures, and etiquettes of lawyers, to bind down a lucrative prosperity to survivorship.

To the mother of the bride, alone of her family, was confided, on the instant, this spontaneous, this sudden

felicity. Little formality was requisite, before the passing of the marriage act, for presenting at the hymeneal altar its destined votaries; and contracts the most sacred could be rendered indissoluble almost at the very moment of their projection: a strange dearth of foresight in those legislators who could so little weigh the chances of a minor's judgment upon what, eventually, may either suit his taste or form his happiness, for the larger portion of existence that commonly follows his majority.

All plan of going abroad was now, of course, at an end; and the Grevilles, and their beautiful infant daughter, leaving behind them Benedict the married man, set out, a family trio, upon their tour.

Rarely can the highest zest of pleasure awaken, in its most active votary, a sprightliness of pursuit more gay or more spirited, than Mr. Burney now experienced and exhibited in the commonly grave and sober career of business, from the ardour of his desire to obtain self-dependence.

He worked not, indeed, with the fiery excitement of expectation; his reward was already in his hands; but from the nobler impulse he worked of meriting his fair lot; while she, his stimulus, deemed her own the highest prize from that matrimonial wheel whence issue bliss or bane to the remnant life of a sensitive female.

It was in the city, in consequence of his wife's connections, that Mr. Burney made his first essay as a buskeeper; and with a prosperity that left not a doubt of his ultimate success.

Scholars, in his musical art, poured in upon him from all quarters of that British meridian; and he mounted so rapidly into the good graces of these who were most opulent and most influential, that it was no sooner known that there was a vacancy for an organist professor, in one of the fine old fabrics of devotion which decorate religion in the city and reflect credit on our commercial ancestors, than the Fullers, Mankeys, and all other great houses of the day to which he had yet been introduced, exerted themselves in his service with an activity and a warmth that were speedily successful; and that he constantly recounted with pleasure.

Anxious to improve as well as to prosper in his profession, he also elaborately studied composition, and brought forth several musical pieces. But Mr. Burney, whether from overstrained efforts in business; or from an application exceeding his physical powers in composition; or from the changed atmosphere of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Wiltshire, for the confined air of our great and crowded city; which had not then, as now, by a vast mass of improvement, been made nearly as sane as it is populous; suddenly fell, from a state of the most vigorous health, to one, the most alarming, of premature decay. And to this defilement of strength was shortly added the seizure of a violent and dangerous fever that threatened his life.

The excellent and able Dr. Armstrong, already the friend of the invalid, was now sent to his aid by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Home, who had conceived the warmest esteem for the subject of these memoirs. The very sight of this eminent physician was medicinal; though the torture he inflicted by the blister after blister with which he deemed it necessary to almost cover, and almost day alive, his poor patient, required all the high opinion in which that patient held the doctor's skill for endurance.

The unsparring, but well-poised, prescriptions of this poetical Æsculapius, succeeded, however, in dethroning and extirpating the raging fever, that, perhaps, with milder means, had undermined the sufferer's existence. But a consumptive menace ensued, with all its fearful train of cough, night perspiration, weakness, glassy eyes, and hectic complexion; and Dr. Armstrong, forcing an evil beyond the remedies of medicine, strenuously urged an adoption of their most efficient successor, change of air.

The patient, therefore, was removed to Canonbury-house; whence, ere long, by the further advice, nay, injunction, of Dr. Armstrong, he was compelled to retire wholly from London; after an illness by which, for thirteen weeks, he had been confined to his bed.

Most fortunately, Mr. Burney, at this time, had proposals made to him by a Norfolk baronet, Sir John Turner, who was member for Lynn Regis, of the place of organist of that royal borough; of which, for a young man of talents and character, the mayor and corporation offered to raise the salary from twenty to one hundred pounds a year; with an engagement for procuring to him the most respectable pupils from all the best families in the town and its neighbourhood.

Though greatly chagrined and mortified to quit a situation in which he now was surrounded by cordial friends, who were zealously preparing for him all the

harmonical honours which the city holds within its patronage; the declining health of the invalid, and the forcibly pronounced opinion of his scientific medical counsellor, decided the acceptance of this proposal; and Mr. Burney, with his first restored strength, set out for his new destination.

Mr. Burney was received at Lynn with every mark of favour, that could demonstrate the desire of its inhabitants to attach and fix him to that spot. He was introduced by Sir John Turner to the mayor, aldermen, recorder, clergy, physicians, lawyers, and principal merchants, who formed the higher population of the town; and who in their traffic, the wine trade, were equally eminent for the goodness of their merchandise and the integrity of their dealings.

The wife and the babies were soon now in his arms; and this generous appreciator of the various charms of the one, and kind protector of the infantile feebleness of the other, set away every remnant of discontent; and devoted himself to his family and profession, with an ardour that left nothing unattempted that seemed within the grasp of industry, and nothing unaccomplished that came within the reach of perseverance.

He had immediately for his pupils the daughters of every house in Lynn, whose chief had the smallest pretensions to belonging to the upper classes of the town; while almost all persons of rank in its vicinity, eagerly sought the assistance of the new professor for polishing the education of their females; and all alike coveted his society for their own information or entertainment.

With regard to the extensive neighbourhood, Mr. Burney had soon nothing left to desire in hospitality, friendship, or politeness; and here, as heretofore, he scarcely ever entered a house upon terms of business, without leaving it upon those of intimacy.

At Holcomb, the superb collection of statues, as well as of pictures, could not fail to soon draw thither persons of such strong native taste for all the arts as Mr. Burney and his wife; though, as there were, at that time, which preceded the possession of that fine mansion by the Cokes, neither pupils nor a male chief, no intercourse beyond that of the civilities of reception on a public day, took place with Mr. Burney and the last very ancient lady of the house of Leicester, to whom Holcomb then belonged.

Haughton Hall boasted, at that period, a collection of pictures that not only every lover of painting, but every British patriot in the arts, must lament that it can boast no longer.*

It had, however, in the heir and grandson of its founder, Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, a possessor of the most liberal cast; a patron of arts and artists; munificent in promoting the prosperity of the first, and blending pleasure with recompense to the second, by the frank eagerness with which he treated all his guests; and the ease and freedom with which his unaffected good humour and good sense cheered, to all about him, his festal board.

Far, nevertheless, from meriting unqualified praise was this noble peer; and his moral defects, both in practice and example, were as dangerous to the neighbourhood, of which he ought to have been the guide and protector, as the political corruption of his famous progenitor, the statesman, had been hurtful to probity and virtue, in the courtly circles of his day, by proclaiming, and striving to bring to proof, his nefarious maxim, "that every man has his price."

At the head of Lord Orford's table was placed, for the reception of his visitors, a person whom he denominated simply "Patty;" and that so unceremoniously, that all the most intimate of his associates addressed her by the same free appellation.

Those, however, if such there were, who might conclude from this degrading familiarity, that the Patty of Lord Orford was "every body's Patty," must soon have been undeceived, if tempted to make any experiment upon such a belief. The peer knew whom he trusted, though he rewarded not the fidelity in which he confided; but the fond, faulty Patty loved him with a blindness of passion, that hid alike from her weak perceptions, her own frailties, and his seductions.

In all, save that blot, which, on earth, must to a female be ever indecipherable, Patty was good, faithful, kind, friendly, and praise-worthy.

The table of Lord Orford, then commonly called Arthur's Round Table, assembled in its circle all of peculiar merit that its neighbourhood, or rather that the county

* The whole of this finest gallery of pictures that, then, had been formed in England, was sold, during some pecuniary difficulties, by its owner, George, Earl of Orford, for £10,000, to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia.

produced, to meet there the great, the renowned, and the splendid, who, from their various villas, or the metropolis, visited Haughton Hall.

Mr. Burney was soon one of those whom the penetrating peer selected for a general invitation to his repasts; and who here, as at Wilbury House, formed sundry intimacies, some of which were enjoyed by him nearly through life.

Meanwhile, he had made too real an impression on the affections of his first friends, to let absence of sight produce absence of mind. With Mr. and Mrs. Greville he was always in correspondence; though, of course, neither frequently nor punctually, now that his engagements were so numerous, his obligations to fulfil them so serious, and that his own fireside wits so bewitchingly in harmony with his feelings, as to make every moment he passed away from it a sacrifice.

Mr. Greville, now, was assuming a new character—that of an author; and he printed a work which he had long had in agitation, entitled "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections, Moral, Serious, and Entertaining;" a title that seemed to announce that England, in its turn, was now to produce, in a man of family and fashion, a La Bruyere, or a La Rochefoucauld. And Mr. Greville, in fact, waited for a similar fame with dignity rather than anxiety, because with expectation unclogged by doubt.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

How singularly Mr. Burney received encouragement himself, cannot more aptly be exemplified than by portraying the genuine ardour with which he sought to stimulate the exertions of genius in others, and to promote their golden as well as literary laurels.

Mr. Burney was one of the first and most fervent admirers of those luminous periodical essays upon morals, literature, and human nature, that adorned the eighteenth century, and immortalised their author, under the vague and inadequate titles of the Rambler and the Idler. He took them both in; he read them to all his friends; and was the first to bring them to a bookish little coterie that assembled weekly at Mrs. Stephen Allen's.

At Haughton, at Felbrig, at Rainham, at Sir A. Wodehouse's, at Major Mackenzie's, and wherever his judgment had weight, Mr. Burney introduced and recommended these papers. And when, in 1755, the plan of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary reached Norfolk, Mr. Burney, by the zeal with which he spread the fame of that lasting monument of the Doctor's matchless abilities, was enabled to collect orders for a Norfolk packet of half a dozen copies of that noble work.

This empowered him to give some vent to his admiration; and a letter made the opening to a connection that he always considered as one of the greatest honours of his life.

Within two months of the date of this letter, its writer was honoured with the following answer.

"TO MR. BURNEY, IN LYNN REGIS, NORFOLK.

"Sir,—If you imagine that by delaying my answer I intended to show any neglect of the notice with which you have favoured me, you will neither think justly of yourself nor of me. Your civilities were offered with too much elegance not to engage attention; and I have too much pleasure in pleasing men like you, not to feel very sensibly the distinction which you have bestowed upon me.

"Few consequences of my endeavours to please or to benefit mankind, have delighted me more than your friendship, thus voluntarily offered; which, now I have it, I hope to keep, because I hope to continue to deserve it. "I have no Dictionaries to dispose of for myself; but shall be glad to have you direct your friends to Mr. Doddsley, because it was by his recommendation that I was employed in the work.

"When you have leisure to think again upon me, let me be favoured with another letter, and another yet, when you have looked into my Dictionary. If you find faults, I shall endeavour to mend them; if you find none, I shall think you blinded by kind partiality: but to have made you partial in his favour will very much gratify the ambition of, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Gough-square, Fleet-street, April 8, 1755."

It was yet some years later, before Mr. Burney found an opportunity of paying his personal respects to Dr. Johnson; who then, in 1760, resided in chambers at the Temple. No account, unfortunately, remains of this first interview, except an anecdote that relates to Mr. Bewley.

While awaiting the appearance of his revered host, Mr. Burney recollected a supplication from the philosopher of Massingham, to be indulged with some token,

however trifling or common, of his friend's admission to the habitation of this great man. Vainly, however, Mr. Burney looked around the apartment for something that he might anxiously purloin. Nothing but coarse and necessary furniture was in view; nothing portable—not even a wafer, the cover of a letter, or a split pen, was to be caught; till, at length, he had the happiness to espie an old hearth broom in the chimney corner. From this, with hasty glee, he cut off a bristly whip, which he hurried into his pocket-book; and afterwards formally folded in silver paper, and forwarded, in a frank, to Lord Orford, for Mr. Bewley; by whom the burlesque offering was hailed with good-humoured acclamation, and preserved through life.

In 1760, Mr. Burney, with his wife and young family, returned to London. The new establishment was in Poland street.

The opening of this new plan of life was as successful to Mr. Burney as its projection had been promising. Pupils of rank, wealth and talents, were continually proposed to him; and, in a very short time, he had hardly an hour unappropriated to some fair disciple.

ESTHER.

Thus glided away, in peace, domestic joys, improvement, and prosperity, this first—and last! happy year of the new London residence. In the course of the second, a cough, with alarming symptoms, menaced the breast of the life and soul of the little circle; consisting now of six children, clinging with equal affection around each parent chief.

She rapidly grew weaker and worse. Her tender husband hastened her to Bristol Hotwells, whither he followed her upon his first possible vacation; and where, in a short time, he had the ecstasy to believe that he saw her recover, and to bring her back to her fond little family.

But though hope was brightened, expectation was deceived! stability of strength was restored no more; and, in the ensuing autumn, she was seized with an inflammatory disorder with which her delicate and shaken frame had not force to combat. No means were left untried to stop the progress of danger; but all were fruitless! and, after less than a week of pain the most terrific, the deadly ease of mortification suddenly, awfully succeeded to the most excruciating torture.

Twelve stated hours of morbid bodily repose became, from that tremendous moment of baleful relief, the counted boundary of her earthly existence.

The wretchedness of her idolising husband at the deplorable of such a predestinated termination to her sufferings, when pronounced by the celebrated Dr. Hunter, was only not distraction. But she herself, though completely aware that her hours now were told, met the irrevocable doom with open, religious, and even cheerful composure—sustained, no doubt, by the blessed aspirations of mediatory salvation; and calmly declaring that she quitted the world with perfect tranquility, save for leaving her tender husband and helpless children. And, in the arms of that nearly frantic husband, who till that fatal epoch had literally believed her existence and his own, in this mortal journey, to be indispensably one—she expired.

When the fatal scene was finally closed, the disconsolate survivor immured himself almost from light and life, through inability to speak or act, or yet to bear witness to his misery.

A total chasm ensues of all account of events belonging to the period of this irreparable earthly blast. Not a personal memorandum of the unhappy survivor is left; not a single document in his handwriting, except of verses to her idea, or to her memory; or of imitations, adapted to his loss, and to her excellences, from some selected sonnets of Petrarch, whom he considered to have loved, entombed, and bewailed another Esther in his Laura.

From his mournful monotony of life, he was especially, however, called, by reflecting that his eldest daughter was fast advancing to that age when education is most requisite to improvement; and that, at such a period, the loss of her mother and instructress might be permanently hurtful to her, if no measure should be taken to avert the possible consequences of neglect.

Yet the idea of a governess, who, to him, unless his children were wholly confined to the nursery, must indispensably be a species of companion, was not, in his present desolate state of mind, even tolerable. Nevertheless masters, without superintendence, and lessons without practice, he well knew to be nugatory. Projects how to remedy this evil, as fruitless as they were numberless, crossed his mind; till a plan occurred to him, that by combining economy with novelty, and change of scene

for himself, with various modes of advantage to his daughters, ripened into an exertion that brought him, about a month after its formation, to the gates of Paris.

PARIS.

Immediately upon his arrival at Paris, Mr. Burney, by singular good fortune, had the honour to be introduced to Lady Chifford, a Roman Catholic dowager, of a character the most benevolent, who resided entirely in France, for the pious purpose of enjoying with facility the rites of her religion, which could not, at that period, be followed in England without peril of persecution.

This lady took the children of Mr. Burney into her kindest favour, and invited their father to consult with her unreservedly upon his projects and wishes; and through such honourable auspices, scarcely ten days elapsed, ere Esther and Susan were placed under the care of Madame St. Mart, a woman of perfect goodness of heart, and of a disposition the most affectionate.

Madame St. Mart was accustomed to the charge of *des jeunes Anglaises*, two daughters of Sir Willoughby Aston, Selina and Belinda, being then under her roof.

Highly satisfied with this arrangement, Mr. Burney now visited the delightful capital of France; made himself acquainted with its antiquities, curiosities, public buildings, public places, general laws, and peculiar customs; its politics, its resources, its festivities, its arts and its artists: as well as with the arbitrary tyrannies, and degrading oppressions towards the lower classes, which, at that epoch were, to an English looker-on, incomprehensibly combined, not with murmurs nor discontent, but with the most lively animal spirits, and the freshest glees of national gaiety.

But his chosen haunts were the public libraries, to which an easiness of access, at that time deplorably unknown in England, encouraged, nay, excited, the intelligent visitor, who might be mentally inclined to any literary project, to hit upon some subject congenial to his taste; by rousing in him that spirit of emulation, which ultimately animates the humbly instructed, to soar to the heights that distinguish the luminous instructor.

Collections of books, even the most multitudinous and the most rare, may hold, to the common runner through life, but an ordinary niche in places of general resort; nevertheless, the public libraries, those patrons of the mind, must always be entered with a glow of grateful pleasure, by those who, instinctively, meditate upon the vast mass of thought that they contain.

At the house of the English ambassador, the Earl of Hertford, he became acquainted with the celebrated secretary of his lordship, the justly admired, and justly censured DAVID HUME; who, with the skillful discernment that waited neither name nor fame for its stimulus, took Mr. Burney immediately and warmly into his favour.

Had this powerful and popular author, in his erudite, spirited, and intellectual researches and reflections, given to mankind his luminous talents, and his moral philosophy, for fair, open, and useful purposes, suited to the high character which he bore, not alone for genius, but for worth and benevolence; instead of bending, blending, involving them with missive weapons of baneful sarcasm, insidiously at work to undermine our form of faith; he would have been hailed universally, not applauded partially, as, in every point, one of the first of British writers.

To the world no man is accountable for his thoughts and his ruminations; but for their propagation, if they are dangerous or mischievous, the risks which he may allure others to share, seem impelled by wanton lack of feeling; if not by an ignorant yet presumptuous dearth of foresight to the effect he is working to produce: two deficiencies equally impossible to be attributed to a man to whom philanthropy is as unequivocally accorded as philosophy.

Unseduced therefore, perhaps, yet remains, as a problem in the history of human nature, how a being, at once wise and benign, could have refrained from the self-examination of demanding: what—had he been successful in exterminating from the eyes and the hearts of men the lecture and the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures,—would have been achieved? Had he any other more perfect religion to offer? More purifying from evil? more fortifying in misfortune? more consoling in woe?—No!—indubitably no!—Nothing fanatical, or mystic, could cope with judgment such as his. To undermine, not to construct, is all the obvious purpose of his efforts—of which he laments the failure as a calamity!* He leaves, there-

* In his letters.

fore, nothing to conjecture of his motives but what least seems to belong to a character of his sedate equanimity; a personal desire to proclaim to mankind their folly in their belief, and his sagacity in his infidelity.

LONDON.

Mr. Burney now, greatly lightened, and somewhat brightened in spirits, returned to his country and his home. His mind seemed no longer left in desolating inertness to prey upon itself. Nourishment of an invigorating nature was in view, though not yet of a consistence to afford spontaneous refreshment.

His first actual essay was a trifle, though a pleasing one, from which no real fame could either accrue, or be marred; it was translating, and adapting to the stage, the little pastoral afterpiece of Rousseau, *Le Dican du Village*.

GARRICK.

To this it was urged by Garrick; and the execution was appropriate, and full of merit. But though the music, from its simplicity and the sweetness of its melody, was peculiarly fitted to refine the public taste amongst the middle classes; while it could not fail to give passing pleasure even to the highest; the drama was too denuded of intricacy or variety for the amusement of John Bull; and the appearance of only three interlocutors caused a gaping expectation of some followers, that made every new scene begin by inflicting disappointment.

Mr. Garrick, and his accomplished, high-bred, and engaging wife, La Violetta, had been amongst the earliest of the pristine connoisseurs of Mr. Burney, who had sought him, with compassionate kindness, as soon after his heart-breaking loss as he could admit any friends to his sight. The ensuing paragraph on his warm sentiments of this talented and bewitching pair, is copied from one of his manuscript memorandums.

"My acquaintance, at this time, with Mrs. as well as Mr. Garrick, was improved into a real friendship; and frequently, on the Saturday night, when Mr. Garrick did not act, he carried me to his villa at Hampton, whence he brought me to my home early on Monday morning. I seldom was more happy than in these visits. His wit, humour, and constant gaiety at home; and Mrs. Garrick's good sense, good breeding, and obliging desire to please, rendered their Hampton villa, on these occasions, a terrestrial paradise.

"Mrs. Garrick had every faculty of social judgment, good taste, and steadiness of character, which he wanted. She was an excellent appreciator of the fine arts; and attended all the last rehearsals of new or of revived plays; to give her opinion of effects, dresses, scenery, and machinery. She seemed to be his real other half; and he, by his intelligence and accomplishments, seemed to complete the Hydrogynus."

This eminent couple paid their court to Mr. Burney in the manner that was most sure to be successful, namely, by their endearing and good-natured attentions to his young family; frequently giving them, with some chapman of their father's appointing, the lightsome pleasure of possessing Mrs. Garrick's private box at Drury Lane theatre; and that, from time to time, even when the incomparable Roscius acted himself.

Mr. Garrick possessed not only every possible inflection of voice, save for singing, but also of countenance; varying his looks into young, old, sick, vigorous, downcast, or frolicsome, at his personal volition; as if his face, and even his form, had been put into his own hands to be worked upon like Man a Machine.

Mr. Garrick, about this time, warmly urged the subject of these memoirs to set to music an English opera called *Orpheus*; but while, for that purpose, Mr. Burney was examining the drama, he was informed that it had been put into the hands of Mr. Barthelmeon, who was preparing it for the stage.

Astonished, and very much hurt, Mr. Burney hastily returned the copy with which he had been entrusted, to Mr. Johnstone, the prompter; dryly, and without letter or comment, directing him to deliver it to Mr. Garrick.

Mr. Garrick, with the utmost animation, instantly wrote to Johnstone an apology rather than a justification; desiring that the opera should be withdrawn from Mr. Barthelmeon, and consigned wholly to the subject of these memoirs; for whom Mr. Garrick declared himself to entertain a friendship that nothing should dissolve.

But Mr. Burney, conceiving that Barthelmeon, who had offended no one, and who bore a most amiable character, might justly resent so abrupt a discharge, declined setting the opera; and never afterwards composed for the theatres.

This trait, however trifling, cannot but be considered

as biographical, at least for Mr. Garrick; as it so strongly authenticates the veracity of the two principal lines of the epitaph designed for Roscius, many years afterwards, by that acute observer of every character—save his own!—Dr. Goldsmith.

"He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he would, he could whistle them back."

Whether negligence, mistake, or caprice, had occasioned this double nomination to the same office, is not clear; but Garrick, who loved Mr. Burney with real affection, lost no time, and spared no blandishment, to re-estate himself in the confidence which this untoward accident had somewhat shaken. And he had full success, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Burney, and joy of his family; who all rapturously delighted in the talents and society of the immortal Roscius.

Mr. Greville now was greatly altered, from the large and larger strides which he had made, and was making, into the dangerous perils of horse racing and play; into whose precincts, from the delusive difference of their surface from their foundation, no incursions can be hazarded without as perilous a shake to character and disposition, as to fortune and conduct. And Mr. Greville, who, always honourable, was almost necessarily a frequent loser, was evidently on the high road to turn from a man of pleasure to a man of spleen; venting his wrath at his failures upon the turf and at the clubs, by growing fastidious and evilving in general society. Mr. Crisp, therefore, bent to maintain the dear bought quiet of his worldly sacrifices as unmingled with the turbulent agitations of querulous debate, as with the restless solicitudes of active life, shunned the now pertinacious disputant almost with dread.

Yet Mr. Greville, about this period, was renewed, for a while, from this hovering deterioration, through the exertions of his friends in the government, by whom he was named minister plenipotentiary to the court of Bavaria; in the hope that such an appointment, with its probable consequences, might re-establish his affairs.

No change, however, of situation, caused any change in Mr. Greville to his early protégé and attached and attaching friend, Mr. Burney, to whom he still showed himself equally eager to communicate his opinions and reveal his proceedings.

In mingling again with the world upon its common terms of cultivating what was good, and supporting what was evil, Mr. Burney now, no longer bewitched by beauty, nor absorbed by social sympathies, found literature and its pursuits without rival in his estimation; yet, in missing those vanished delights, he deemed that he had the world to re-begin: for, though prosperity met his professional toils with heightened reputation and reward, they were joyless, however essential, since participation was gone!

The time had arrived, and now was passed, for the long settled project of Mr. Burney of conveying to Paris his second and, then, youngest daughters, Frances and Charlotte, to replace his eldest and his third, Esther and Susanna; now both returned thence, with every improvement that a kind parent could reasonably desire.

The time had arrived—and was passed. But if no man can with certainty pronounce what at any stated period he will perform, how much less is he gifted with foreknowledge of what, at any stated period, he may wish!

Six heartless, nearly desolate, years of lonely conjugal chasm, had succeeded to double their number of nearly unparalleled conjugal enjoyment—and the void was still fallow and hopeless!—when the yet very handsome, though no longer in her bloom, Mrs. Stephen Allen, of Lynn, now become a widow, decided, for promoting the education of her eldest daughter, to make London her winter residence.

Mr. Burney was, of course, applied to for assistance in the musical line; and not less called upon as the most capable judge and counsellor in every other.

The loss that had been sustained by Mrs. Allen was that of a worthy man, whom she esteemed, but to whom she had been married by her parents early in life, without either choice or aversion. In her situation, therefore, and that of Mr. Burney, there was no other affinity than that each had been widowed by the hand of death.

Highly intellectual, and fond even to passion of books, Mrs. Allen delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burney; and the hour for his instructions to Miss Allen was fixed to be that of tea-time; to the end that, when he was liberated from the daughter, he might be engaged with the mother.

The superior grief of Mr. Burney, as deep as it was acute, was not more prominent than the feeling admiration that it inspired in Mrs. Allen: and if moved by his

sorrows, while charmed by his merit, Mrs. Allen saw him with daily increasing interest, Mr. Burney was not less moved by her commiseration, nor less penetrated by her sympathy; and insensibly he became solaced, while involuntarily she grew grateful, upon observing her rising influence over his spirits.

The angel whom Mr. Burney had lost—for an angel both without and within she had seemed to him—had the generous disinterestedness, on the bed of death, to recommend to her miserable husband that he would marry again; well knowing that the tenderness of female friendship would come nearest,—however distant,—to the softness of consolation: and, maternally weighing, no doubt, that a well-chosen partner might prove a benediction to her poor children. And this injunction, though heard at the time with agony scarcely supportable, might probably, and strongly, influence his future conduct when the desperation of hopelessness was somewhat worn away by all-subsiding time, joined to forced exertions in business.

His Esther had even named to him the lady whom she thought most capable to suit him as a companion, and most tenderly disposed to becoming a mother to his children,—Miss Dorothy Young, who was her most valued friend. Mrs. Allen, Dorothy's nearest competitor, was not then a widow. But Mr. Burney, sacred as he held the opinions and wishes of his Esther, was too ardent an admirer of beauty to dispense, in totality, with that attractive embellishment of the female frame. He honoured and esteemed, with a brother's affection, the excellent Dorothy Young: but those charms which awaken softer sensations, were utterly and unhappily denied to that estimable woman, through her peculiarly unfortunate personal defects.

Not early, and not easily, did Mr. Burney and Mrs. Allen reveal their mutual partiality. The wounded heart of Mr. Burney recoiled from such anodyne as demanded new vows to a new object: Mrs. Allen, at that period, lived in a state of alliance that made such a marriage require severe worldly sacrifices. Only, however, transiently; for, by an unfortunate trust in an unfortunate though honourable speculator, Dr. King, she completely lost all that, independently, was at her own disposal of fortune. And the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Burney upon this occasion, riveted to him her affections, with the highest esteem.

Yet even when these scruples were mutually overwhelmed by increasing force of regard, so many unlooked for obstacles stood in the way of their union, that, wearied by delays that seemed at once captious and interminable, Mr. Burney earnestly entreated that an immediate private marriage might avert, at least, a final breach of their engagement; solemnly promising, at the same time, that they should keep the alliance secret, and still live apart, till all prudential exactions should be satisfied.

As they were each wholly independent, save from the influence of opinion,—which, however, is frequently more difficult to subdue than that of authority,—Mrs. Allen saw no objection of sufficient force to counteract her pleasure in compliance.

Their plan was confided to four persons, indispensably requisite for its execution: Mrs., afterwards Lady Strange, Miss Young, Mr. Crisp, and the Rev. Mr. Pugh, curate of St. James's church.

Mr. Pugh, who was of very long standing a friend of Mr. Burney, aided personally in promoting such measures as secured secrecy with success; and St. James's church, Mr. Pugh tied that indissoluble knot, which, however fairly promising, is inevitably rigorous, since it can be loosened only by crime or death; but which, where it binds the destinies of those whose hearts are already knit together by reciprocal regard, gives a charm to captivity that robs liberty of regret.

At the porch of St. James's church, Mrs. Strange and Mr. Pugh whispered their congratulations to the new married couple, as they entered a prepared post-chaise; which, in a very few hours, galloped them to the obscure skirts of the then pathless, and nearly uninhabited, Chesington common; where Mr. Crisp had engaged for them a rural and fragrant retreat, at a small farm-house in a little hamlet, a mile or two from Chesington Hall.

The secret, as usual in matrimonial concealments, was faithfully preserved, for a certain time, by scrupulous discretion in the parties, and watchful circumspection in the witnesses; but, as usual also, error and accident were soon at work to develop the transaction; and the loss of a letter, through some carelessness of conveyance, revealed suddenly, but irrevocably, the state of the connection.

This circumstance, however, though, at the time,

crucially distressing, served ultimately but to hasten their own views, as the discovery was necessarily followed by the personal union for which their hands had been joined.

Mrs. Burney,—now no longer Mrs. Stephen Allen,—came openly to town to inhabit, for a while, a house in Poland street, a few doors from that of her husband; while alterations, paintings and embellishments, were progressively preparing the way for her better reception at his home.

The Paris scheme for the two daughters, who were to have followed the route of their sisters, long remitted, from the fluctuating affairs and feelings of Mr. Burney, was now finally abandoned. The youngest daughter, Charlotte, was sent to a school in Norfolk. The second, Frances, was the only one of Mr. Burney's family who never was placed in any seminary, and never was put under any governess or instructor whatsoever. Merely and literally self-educated, her sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion, were her unbounded veneration for the character, and affection for the person, of her father; who, nevertheless, had not, at the time, a moment to spare for giving her any personal lessons; or even for directing her pursuits.*

SIR ROBERT AND LADY STRANGE.

The worthy, as well as eminent, Sir Robert Strange, the first engraver of his day, with his extraordinary wife and agreeable family, were, from the time of the second marriage, amongst the most familiar visitors of the Burney house.

The term extraordinary is not here applied to Lady Strange to denote any singularity of action, conduct, or person: it is simply limited to her conversational powers; which, for mother wit in brilliancy of native ideas, and readiness of associating analogies, placed her foremost in the rank of understanding females, with whom Mr. Burney delighted to reciprocate sportive yet deeply reflective discourse. For though the education of Lady Strange had not been cultivated by scholastic lore, she might have said, with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, "My books are men, and I read them very currently." And in that instinctive knowledge of human nature which penetration develops, and observation turns to account, she was a profound adept.

Yet, with these high-seasoned powers of exhilaration for others, she was palpably far from happy herself; and sometimes, when flattered upon her delightful gaiety, she would smile through a face of woe, and, sorrowfully shaking her head, observe how superficial was judgment upon the surface of things, and how wide from each other might be vivacity and happiness! the one springing only from native animal spirits; the other being always held in subjection by the occurrences that meet or that mar our feelings. And often, even in the midst of the lively laugh that she had sent around her, there would issue quite aloof, from the inmost recesses of her breast, a sigh so deep it might rather be called a groan.

Very early in life, she had given away her heart and her hand without the sanction of a father whom, while she disobeyed, she ardently loved. And though she was always, and justly, satisfied with her choice, and her deserving mate, she could never so far subdue her retrospective sorrow, as to regain that inward serenity of mind that has its source in reflections that have never been broken by jarring interests and regrets.

No production had as yet transpired publicly from the pen of Dr. Burney, his new connection having induced him to consign every interval of leisure to domestic and social circles, whether in London, or at the dowry-house of Mrs. Burney, in Lynn Regis, to which the joint families resorted in the summer.

A wish, and a design, energetic, though vague, of composing some considerable work on his own art, had long roved in his thoughts, and flattered his fancy; and he now began seriously to concentrate his meditations, and arrange his schemes to that single point. And the result of these cogitations, when no longer left wild to desultory wanderings, produced his enlightened and scientific plan for a

* No truth can be more simply exact than that which is conveyed in four lines of the stanzas which she addressed to him in the secret dedication of her first work, *Evelina*, viz.

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,
'Twas kindled there by an unerring rule;
From thy example the pure flame arose,
Thy life my precept; thy good works my school.

GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

This project was no sooner fixed than, transiently, it appeared to him to be executed; so quick was the rush upon his imagination of illuminating and varying ideas; and so vast, so prolific, the material which his immense collection of notes, abridgments, and remarks, had amassed, that it seemed as if he had merely to methodise his manuscripts, and entrust them to a copyist, for completing his purpose.

Thus finally fixed to an enterprise which, in this country, at least, was then new, he gave to it all the undivided energies of his mind; and, urged by the spur of ambition, and glowing with the vivacity of hope, he determined to complete his materials before he consigned them to their ultimate appropriators, by making a scientific musical tour through France and Italy.

Through various of his friends amongst persons in power, he procured recommendatory letters to the several ambassadors and ministers from our court, who were stationed in the countries through which he meant to travel.

And, though the yet more useful services of persons of alliance in letters and in the arts, he obtained introductions, the most felicitous for his enterprise, to those who, then, stood highest in learning, in the sciences, and in literature.

No one in this latter class so eminently advanced his undertaking as Mr. Garrick; whose solicitations in his favour were written with a warmth of friendship, and an animation of genius, that carried all before them.

Here stops, for this period, the pen of the memorialist. From the month of June, 1770, to that of January, 1771, the life of Dr. Burney is narrated by himself, in his "Tour to France and Italy."

And few who have read, or who may read that tour, but will regret that the same pen, while in its full vigour, had not drawn up what preceded, and what will follow this epoch.

Such, however, not being the case, the memorialist must resume her pen where that of Dr. Burney, in his narrative, drops,—namely, upon his regaining the British shore.

With all the soaring feelings of the first sun-beams of hope that irradiate from a bright, though distant glimpse of renown; untamed by difficulties, superior to fatigue, and springing over the hydra-headed monsters of impediment that every where jotted forth their thwarting obstacles to his enterprise, Dr. Burney came back to his country, his friends, his business and his pursuits, with the vigour of the first youth in spirits, expectations, and activity.

He was received by his longing family, enlivened by the presence of Mr. Crisp, in a new house, purchased in his absence by Mrs. Burney, at the upper end of Queens-square: which was then beautifully open to a picturesque view of Hampstead and Highgate.

This new possession, however, Dr. Burney could as yet scarcely even view, from his eagerness to bring out the journal of his tour. No sooner, therefore, had he made arrangements for a prolongation of leisure, than he hastened to Chesington and to Mr. Crisp; where he exchanged his toils and labours for the highest delights of friendship; and a seclusion the most absolute, from the noisy vicissitudes, and unceasing, though often unmeaning persecution, of trivial interruptions.

Here he prepared his French and Italian musical tours for the press; omitting all that was miscellaneous of observation or of anecdote, in deference to the opinions of the Earl of Holderness, Mr. Mason and Mr. Garrick; who conjointly believed that books of general travels were already so numerous, and so spread, that their merits were overlooked from their multiplicity.

The work was entitled:—The Present State of Music in France and Italy: or the Journal of a Tour through those countries, undertaken to collect materials for a General History of Music. By Charles Burney, Mus. D.

The reception of this first acknowledged call for public attention from Dr. Burney, was of the most encouraging description; for though no renown had yet been fastened upon his name, his acquisitions and his character, wherever he had been known, had excited a general goodwill that prepared the way to kindly approbation for this, and indeed for every work that issued from his pen.

There was, in truth, something so spirited and uncommon, yet of so antique a cast, in the travels, or pilgrimage, that he had undertaken, in search of materials for the history of his art, that curiosity was awakened to the subject, and expectation was earnest for its execution: and it was no sooner published, than orders were received, by most of the great booksellers of the day, for its pur-

chase; and no sooner read, than letters the most flattering, from the deepest theorists of the science, and the best judges of the practice of the art of music, reached the favoured author; who was of too modest a character to have been robbed of the pleasure of praise by presumptuous anticipation; and of too natural a one to lose any of its gratification by an apathetic suppression of its welcome. And the effect, impulsive and unsophisticated, of his success, was so ardent an encouragement to his purpose, that while, mentally, it animated his faculties to a yet more forcible pursuit of their decided object, it darted him, corporeally, into a travelling vehicle, which rapidly wheeled him back again to Dover; where, with new spirit and eagerness, he set sail upon a similar musical tour in the Low Countries and in Germany, to that which he had so lately accomplished in France and Italy.

With respect to the French and Italian tour, the restraint from all but its professional business, was much lamented by the friends to whom the sacrifice of the miscellaneous matter was communicated.

Upon the German tour not a comment will be offered; it is before the public with an approbation that has been stamped by the sanction of time. At the period of its publication, Dr. Burney, somewhat assured, though incapable of being rendered arrogant by favour, ventured to listen only to the voice of his first friend and monitor, who exhorted him to mingle personal anecdotes with his musical information.

The consequence was such as his sage adviser prognosticated; for both the applause and the sale of this second and more diffuse social diary, greatly surpassed those of its more technical predecessor.

Nevertheless, the German tour, though thus successful for narration to the public, terminated for himself in sickness, fatigue, exorbitant expense, and poignant bodily suffering.

While yet far away from his country, and equally distant from accomplishing the purpose of his travels, his solitude not to leave it incomplete, joined to his anxiety not to break his professional engagements, led him to overwork and over-hurry his mental powers, at the same time that he inflicted a similar harass upon his corporeal strength. And while thus doubly overwhelmed, he was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations, and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism; which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed.

Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence, that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and leathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall; writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever; that he felt the full force of that sublimity equisite, that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth into enjoyment!

Again he retired to Chesington, to his care-healing, heart-expanding, and head-informing Mr. Crisp; and there, under the auspices of all that could soothe or animate him; and nursed with incessant assiduity by his fondly-attached wife and daughters, he repaired his shattered frame; to fit it once again, for the exercise of those talents and faculties, which illumine, in their expansive effects, the whole race of mankind; long after the apparent beings whence they have issued, seem faded, dissolved away; leaving not, visibly, a track behind.

In Dr. Burney, disease was no sooner conquered, than the vigour of his character brought back to him pleasure and activity, through the spirited wisdom with which he dismissed regret for anticipation.

There are few things in which his perfect good humour was more playfully demonstrated, than by the looks, arch yet reproachful, and piteous though burlesque, with which he was wont to recount a most provoking and painful little incident that occurred to him in his last voyage home: but of which he was well aware that the relation must excite irresistible risibility in even the most friendly of his auditors.

After travelling by day and by night to expedite his return, over mountains, through marshes, by cross-roads, on horse-back, on mules, in carriages of any and every sort that could but hurry him on, he reached Calais in a December so dreadfully stormy, that not a vessel of any kind could set sail for England. Repeatedly he secured his hammock, and went on board to take possession of

it; but as repeatedly was driven back by fresh gales, during the space of nine fatiguing days and tempestuous nights. And when, at last, the passage was effected, so nearly annihilating had been his sufferings from sea-sickness, that it was vainly he was told he might now, at his pleasure, arise, go forth, and touch English ground; he had neither strength nor courage to move, and earnestly desired to be left awhile to himself.

Exhaustion, then, with tranquillity of mind, cast him into a sound sleep.

From this repose, when, much refreshed, he awoke, he called to the man who was in waiting, to help him up, that he might get out of the ship.

"Get out of the ship, sir?" repeated the man. "Good luck! you'll be drowned!"

"Drowned?—What's to drown me? I want to go ashore."

"Ashore, sir?" again repeated the man; "why you're in the middle of the sea! There ain't a bit of ground for your toe nail!"

"What do you mean?" cried the Doctor, starting up; "the sea? did you not tell me we were safe in at Dover?"

"O luck! that's good two hours ago, sir! I could not get you up then, say what I would. You fell downright asleep, like a top. And so I told them. But that's all one. You may go, or you may stay, as you like; but them pilots never stops for nobody."

Filled with alarm, the Doctor now rushed up to the deck, where he had the dismay to discover that he was half-way back to France.

And he was forced to land again at Calais; where again, with the next mail, and a repetition of his sea-sickness, he re-embarked for Dover.

On quitting Chesington, upon his recovery, for re-entering his house in Queen Square, the Doctor compelled himself to abstain from his pen, his papers, his new acquisitions in musical lore, and all that demanded study for the subject that nearly engrossed his thoughts, in order to consecrate the whole of his time to his family and his affairs.

He renewed, therefore, his wonted diurnal course, as if he had never diverged from it; and attended his young pupils as if he had neither ability nor taste for any superior occupation; and he neither rested his body, nor liberated his ideas, till he had re-instated himself in the professional mode of life, upon which his substantial prosperity, and that of his house, depended.

But, this accomplished, his innate propensities sprang again into play, urging him to snatch at every instant he could purloin, without essential mischief, from these sage regulations; with a redundancy of vivacity for new matter, new action, and elastic procedure, scarcely conceivable to those who, balancing their projects, their wishes, and their intentions, by the opposing weights of time, of hazard, and of trouble, undertake only what is obviously to their advantage, or indisputably their duty. His fancy was his dictator; his spirit was his spur; and whatever the first started, the second pursued to the goal.

Again he returned to his History of Music; and now, indeed, he went to work with all his might. The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or, rather, innumerable blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. Theory, practice; music of the ancients; music in parts; national music; lyric, church, theatrical, warlike music; universal biography of composers and performers, of patrons and of professors; and histories of musical institutions, had all their destined blank volumes.

And he opened a widely circulating correspondence, foreign and domestic, with various musical authors, composers, and students, whether professors or dilettante. And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no devoir. The system by which he obtained time that no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independent of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profited from every fragment of leisure.

Every sick or falling pupil bestowed an hour upon his pen. Every holiday for others, was a day of double labour to his composition. Even illness took activity only from his body, for his mind refused all relaxation. He had constantly, when indisposed, one of his daughters by his side, as an amanuensis; and such was the vigour of his intellect, that even when keeping his bed from acute rheumatism, spasmodic pains, or lurking fever, he caught at every little interval of ease to dictate some illustrative reminiscence; to start some new ideas,

or to generalize some old ones; which never failed to while away, partially at least, the pangs of disease, by lessening their greatest torment to a character of such energy, irreparable loss of time.

The plan, with proposals for printing the history by subscription, was no sooner published, than the most honourable lists of orders were sent to his booksellers, from various elegant classic scholars, and from all general patrons of new enterprises and new works.

But that which deserves most remark, is a letter from two eminent mercurials of the city, Messieurs Chandler and Davis, to acquaint the doctor that a gentleman, who wished to remain concealed, had authorised them to desire, that Dr. Burney would not suffer any failure in the subscription, should any occur, to induce him to drop the work; as this gentleman solemnly undertook to be himself responsible for every set within the five hundred of the doctor's stipulation, that should remain unsubscribed for on the ensuing Christmas. And Messrs. Davis and Chandler were invested with full powers, to give any security that might be demanded for the fulfilment of this engagement.

Dr. Burney wrote his most grateful thanks to this munificent protector of his project; but declined all sort of tie upon the event. And the subscription filled so voluntarily, that this generous unknown was never called forth. Nor did he ever present himself; nor was he ever discovered. But the incident helped to keep warmly alive the predilection which the doctor had early imbibed, in favour of the noble spirit of liberality of the city and the citizens of his native land, for whatever seems to have any claim to public character.

Dr. Burney, now, without a single black ball, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; of which honour his first notice was received through the amiable and zealous Miss Phipps, who, knowing the day of election, had impatiently gathered the tidings of its success from her brother, Sir Constantine Phipps; and before either the president, or the friend who had nominated the doctor for a candidate, could forward the news, she sportively anticipated their intelligence, by sending to Queen-square a letter directed in large characters, "For Dr. Burney, F. R. S."¹⁸

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

From this period, the profession of Dr. Burney, however highly he was raised in it, seemed but of secondary consideration for him in the world; where now, the higher rank was assigned him of a man of letters, from the general admiration accorded to his *Tours*; of which the climax of honour was the award of Dr. Johnson, that Dr. Burney was one of the most agreeable writers of travels of the age. And Baretti, to whom Dr. Johnson uttered this praise, was commissioned to carry it to Dr. Burney; who heard it with the highest gratification; though, since his bereavement of his Esther, he had ceased to follow up the intercourse he had so enthusiastically begun. Participation there had been so animated, that the charm of the connection seemed, for awhile, dissolved by its loss.

Letters now daily arrived from persons of celebrity, with praises of the *Tours*, encouragement for the History, or musical information for its advantage.

The doctor held, also, a continental correspondence, enlightening and flattering, with the Baron d'Holbach, Diderot, the Abbé Morellet, M. Suard, M. Monnet, and Jean Jacques Rousseau himself.

* * * * *

DR. HAWKESWORTH.

At Houghton Hall the doctor met a large assembled party, of which the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, was at the head. The whole conversation at the table turned upon what then was the whole interest of the day, the first voyage round the world of Captain Cooke, which that great circumnavigator had just accomplished. The Earl of Sandwich mentioned that he had all the papers relating to the voyage in his hands; with the circumnavigations preceding it of Wallace and Byron; but that they were mere rough drafts, quite unarranged for the public eye; and that he was looking out for a proper person to put them into order, and to re-write the voyages.

Dr. Burney, ever eager upon any question of literature, and ever foremost to serve a friend, ventured to recommend Dr. Hawkesworth; who though, from his wise and mild character, contented with his lot, Dr. Burney

* Mr. Seward, author of *Biographiana*, was wont to say, that those three initial letters stood for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid.

knew to be neither rich enough for retirement, nor employed enough to refuse any new and honourable occupation. The *Advocate* was in every body's library; but the author was less generally known; yet the account now given of him was so satisfactory to Lord Sandwich, that he entrusted Dr. Burney with the commission of sending Dr. Hawkesworth to the admiralty.

Most gladly this commission was executed. The following is the first paragraph of Dr. Hawkesworth's answer to his communication:

"Many, many thanks for your obliging favour, and the subject of it. There is nothing about which I would so willingly be employed as the work you mention. I would do my best to make it another Anson's Voyage."

Lord Sandwich, upon their meeting, was extremely pleased with Dr. Hawkesworth, to whom the manuscripts were immediately made over; and who thus expressed his satisfaction in his next letter to Dr. Burney.

"I am now happy in telling you, that your labour of love is not lost; that I have all the journals of the Dolphin, the Swallow, and the Endeavour in my possession; that the government will give me the cuts, and the property of the work will be my own.

"Is it impossible I should give you my hand, and the thanks of my heart, here? &c. &c. at Bromley."

CAPTAIN COOKE.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Burney was invited to Hinchinbroke, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, to meet Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Hawkesworth, and the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cooke himself.

It was the earnest request of James, the eldest son of Dr. Burney, to be included in the approaching second expedition of this great seaman; a request which Lord Sandwich easily, and with pleasure, accorded to Dr. Burney; and the young naval officer was invited to Hinchinbroke, and presented to his new commander, with a recommendation that he should stand foremost on the list of promotion, when any occasion of change occurred during the voyage.

The following note upon Captain Cooke, is copied from a memorandum book of Dr. Burney's.

"In February I had the honour of receiving the illustrious Captain Cooke to dine with me in Queen-square, previously to his second voyage round the world.

"Observing upon a table Bougainville's *Voyage autour du Monde*, he turned it over, and made some curious remarks on the illiberal conduct of that circumnavigator towards himself, when they met and crossed each other; which made me desirous to know, in examining the chart of M. de Bougainville, the several tracks of the two navigators; and exactly where they had crossed or approached each other.

"Captain Cook instantly took a pencil from his pocket book, and said he would trace the route; which he did in so clear and scientific a manner, that I would not take fifty pounds for the book. The pencil marks having been fixed by skim milk, will always be visible."

"This truly great man appeared to be full of sense and thought; well mannered, and perfectly unpretending; but studiously wrapped up in his own purposes and pursuits; and apparently under a pressure of mental fatigue when called upon to speak, or stimulated to deliberate, upon any other.

The opportunity which thus powerfully had been prepared of promotion for the doctor's son, occurred early in the voyage. Mr. Slanks, the second lieutenant of the *Discovery*, was taken ill at the Cape of Good Hope, and obliged to leave the ship. "In his place," Captain Cook wrote to Lord Sandwich, "I have appointed Mr. Burney, whom I have found very deserving."

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, now in the meridian of his late earned, but most deserved prosperity, was projecting an English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, upon the model of the French Encyclopædia. Sir Joshua Reynolds was to take the department of painting; Mr. Garrick, that of acting; Dr. Johnson, that of ethics; and no other class was yet nominated, when Dr. Burney was applied to for that of music, through the medium of Mr. Garrick.

Justly gratified by a call to make one in so select a band, Dr. Burney willingly assented; and immediately drew up the article "Musician;" which he read to Mr. Garrick; from whom it received warm plaudits.

The satisfaction of Dr. Goldsmith in this acquisition to his forces, will be seen by the ensuing letter to Mr. Garrick; by whom it was enclosed, with the following words, to Dr. Burney.

"June 11, 1773.

"My dear doctor,—I have sent you a letter from Dr.

Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect. Love to all your fair ones.

Ever yours, D. GARRICK."

Temple, January 10, 1773.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a dictionary useful: still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with any thing of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition."

"I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

This work, however, was never accomplished, and its project sunk away to nothing; sincerely to the regret of those who knew what might be expected from that highly qualified writer, on a plan that would eminently have brought forth all his various talents; and which was conceived upon so grand a scale, and was to be supported by such able coadjutors. And deeply was public regret heightened that it was by the hand of death that this noble enterprise was cut short; death, which seemed to have awaited the moment of the reversal of poverty and hardship into prosperity and fame, for striking that blow, which, at an earlier period, might frequently, for Dr. Goldsmith, have taken away a burthen rather than a blessing. But such is the mysterious construction of life—that mere harbinger of death—always obedient to the fatal knell he tells, though always longer to implore that he would toll it a little—little later!

DOCTOR HAWKESWORTH.

The sincere satisfaction that Dr. Burney had experienced in having influenced the nomination of Dr. Hawkesworth to be editor of the first voyage of Captain Cooke round the world, together with the revival and arrangement of the voyages of Captain Wallace and Admiral Byron, was soon overcast by sorrow, through circumstances as impossible to have foreseen as not to lament.

Dr. Hawkesworth, though already in a delicate state of health, was so highly animated by his election to this office, and with the vast emolument which, with scarcely any labour, promised to give the dignity of ease and comfort to the rest of his life; that he performed his task, and finished the narrative compilation, with a rapidity of pleasure, resulting from a promise of future independence, that filled him with kind gratitude to Dr. Burney; and seemed to open his heart, temper and manners, to the most cordial feelings of happiness.

But the greatness of his recompense for the smallness of his trouble, immediately disposed all his colleagues in the road of renown to censure; and all his competitors in that of profit, to jealousy and ill will. Unfortunately, in his Introduction to the Voyages, he touched upon some controversial points of religious persuasion, which proved a fatal opening to malignity for the enemies of his success; and other enemies, so upright was the man, it is probable he had none. His reasoning here, unhappily, was seized upon with avidity by his infuriated enemies; and the six thousand pounds which flowed into his coffers, brought six millions of pungent stings to his peace, by arraigning his principles.

A war so ungenial to his placid nature, and hitherto honoured life, breaking forth, with the offensive enmity of assumed superior piety, in calumnious assertions, that strove to blacken the purity of his faith and doctrine; occurring at the moment when he had thought all his worldly cares blown away, to be succeeded by soft serenity and easy affluence; made the attack so unexpected, that its shock was enervating; and his wealth lost its charms, from a trembling susceptibility that detached him from every pleasure it could procure—save that of a now baneful leisure for framing answers to his traducers.

In his last visit, as it proved, to Queen square, where he dined and spent the evening, Dr. Burney was fiercely struck with concern at sight of the evident, though uncomplaining invalid; so changed, thin, and livid was his appearance.

He conversed freely upon the subject of his book, and the abuse which it had heaped upon him, with the doctor; who strongly exhorted him to repel such assailants with the contempt that they deserved: adding, "They are palpably the offsprings of envy at your success. Were you to become a bankrupt, they would all turn to panegyrists; but now, there is hardly a needy man in the kingdom, who has ever held a pen in his hand for a moment, who, in pondering upon the six thousand pounds, does not think he could have done the work better."

Dr. Hawkesworth said that he had not yet made any answer to the torrent of invective poured upon him, except to Dalrymple, who had attacked him by name; for a lawsuit was then impending upon Parkinson's publication, and he would write nothing that might seem meant to influence justice; but when that law suit, by whatever result, should be decided, he would bring out a full and general reply to all the invidious aspersions that so cruelly and wantonly had been cast upon him, since the publication of the Voyages.

He then further, and confidentially, opened to Dr. Burney upon his past life and situation: "Every thing that I possess," he cried, "I have earned by the most laborate industry, except this last six thousand pounds: I had no education, and no advantage but such as I sedulously worked to obtain for myself; but I preserved my reputation and my character as unblemished as my principles—till this last year!"

After a visit, long, and deeply interesting, he left his friend very anxious about his health, and very impatient for his promised pamphlet: but, while still waiting, with strong solicitude, the appearance of a vindication that might tranquillise the author's offended sensibility, the melancholy tidings arrived, that a slow fever had robbed the invalid of sleep and of appetite; and had so fastened upon his shattered nerves, that, after lingering a week or two, he fell a prey to incurable atrophy; and sunk to his last earthly rest exactly a month after the visit to Dr. Burney, the account of which has been related.

Dr. Burney now, in the intervals of his varied, but never ceasing occupations, gently, yet gaily enjoyed their fruits. All classes of authors offered to him their services, or opened to him their stores. The first musical performers then in vogue, Millico, Giardini, Fischer, Cervetto, Crosdill, Bartlecone, Dupont, Celestini, Parke, Corri, the blind Mr. Stanley, La Baccelli, and that composer for the heart in all its feelings, Sacchini; with various others, were always eager to accept his invitations, whether for concerts, which occasionally he gave to his friends and acquaintance, or to private meetings for the regale of himself and family.

OMIAH.

But his most serious gratification of this period, was that of receiving in safety and honour, James, his eldest son, the lieutenant of Captain Cooke, on the return from his second voyage round the world, of that super-eminent navigator.

The admiralty immediately confirmed the nomination of Captain Cooke; and further, in consideration of the character and services of the young naval officer, promoted him to the rank of master and commander.

The voyagers were accompanied back by Omiah, a native of Ulitea, one of the Otaheitean islands. Captain Burney, who had studied the language of this stranger during the voyage home, and had become his particular favourite, was anxious to introduce the young South-Sea islander to his father and family; who were at least equally eager to behold a native of a country so remote, and of such recent discovery.

A time was quickly fixed for his dining and spending the day in Queen-square; whither he was brought by Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Banks, and Dr. Solander; who presented him to Dr. Burney.

The behaviour of this young Otaheitean, whom it would be an abuse of all the meaning annexed to the word, to call a savage, was gentle, courteous, easy, and natural; and showed so much desire to please, and so much willingness to be pleased himself, that he astonished the whole party assembled to receive him; particularly Sir Robert Strange and Mr. Hayce; for he rather appeared capable to bestow, than requiring to want, lessons of conduct and etiquette in civilised life.

He had a good figure, was tall and well made; and though his complexion was swarthy and dingy, it was by no means black; and though his features partook far more of the African than of the European cast, his eyes were lively and agreeable, and the general expression of his face was good-humoured and pleasing.

He was full dressed on this day, in the English costume, having just come from the house of lords, whither he had been taken by Sir Joseph Banks, to see, rather than to hear, for he could not understand it, the king deliver his speech from the throne. He had also been admitted to a private audience of his majesty, whom he had much entertained.

A bright Manchester velvet suit of clothes, lined with white satin, in which he was attired, sat upon him with as much negligence of his finery, as if it had been his customary dress from adolescence.

But the perfect ease with which he wore and managed a sword, which he had had the honour to receive from the king, and which he had that day put on for the first time, in order to go to the house of lords, had very much struck, Sir Joseph said, every man by whom it had been observed; since, by almost every one, the first essay of that accoutrement had been accompanied with an awkwardness and inconvenience ludicrously risible; which this adroit Otaheitean had marvellously escaped.

Captain Burney had acquired enough of the Otaheitean language to be the ready interpreter of Omiah with others, and to keep him alive and in spirits himself, by conversing with him in his own dialect. Omiah understood a little English, when addressed in it slowly and distinctly, but could speak it as yet very ill; and with the peculiarity, whether adopted from the idiom of his own tongue, or from the apprehension of not being clearly comprehended, of uttering first affirmatively, and next negatively, all the little sentences that he attempted to pronounce.

Thus, when asked how he did, he answered, "Ver well; not ver ill." Or how he liked any thing, "Ver nice; not ver nasty." Or what he thought of such a one, "Ver dood; not ver bad."

On being presented by Captain Burney to the several branches of the family, when he came to this memorialist, who, from a bad cold, was enveloped in muslin wrappings, he enquired into the cause of her peculiar attire; and, upon hearing that she was indisposed, he looked at her for a moment with concern, and then, recovering to a cheering nod, said, "Ver well to-morrow morrow."

In the currency of this intercourse, remarks were incessantly excited upon the powers of nature unassisted by art, compared with those of art unassisted by nature; and of the equal necessity of some species of innate aptness, in civilised as well as in savage life, for obtaining success in personal acquisitions.

The disinters on the instruction of youth were just then peculiarly occupied by the letters of Lord Chesterfield; and Mr. Stanhope, their object, was placed continually in a parallel line with Omiah: the first, beginning his education at a great public school; taught from an infant all attainable improvements; introduced, while yet a youth, at foreign courts; and brought forward into high life with all the favour that care, expense, information, and refinement could furnish; proved, with all these benefits, a heavy, ungainly, unpleasing character: while the second, with neither rank nor wealth, even in his own remote island, and with no tutor but nature; changing, in full manhood, his way of life, his dress, his country, his friends; appeared, through a natural facility of observation, not alone unlike a savage, but with the air of a person who had devoted his youth to the practice of those graces, which the most elaborately accomplished of noblemen had vainly endeavoured to make the ornament of his son.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

The house in Queen-square had been relinquished from difficulties respecting its title; and Mrs. Burney assiduously and skillfully purchased and prepared another, during the doctor's illness, that was situated in St. Martin's street, Leicester-fields.

If the house in Queen-square had owed a fanciful part of its value to the belief that, formerly, in his visits to Alderman Barber, it had been inhabited occasionally by Dean Swift, how much higher a local claim, was vested in imagination, for a mansion that had decidedly been the dwelling of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton!

MR. BRUCE.

This new residence was opened by the distinction of a new acquaintance, who was then as much the immediate lion of the day, as had been the last new acquaintance, Omiah, who had closed the annals of the residence in Queen-square.

This personage was no other than the famous Mr. Bruce, who was just returned to England, after having been wandering, and thought to be lost, during four years, in the deserts and sands of the hitherto European-untrudged territory of Africa, in search of the source, or sources, of the Nile.

The narrations, and even the sight of Mr. Bruce, were at this time vehemently sought, not only by all London, but, as far as written intercourse could be stretched, by all Europe.

The tales spread far and wide, first of his extraordinary disappearance from the world, and next of his unexpected re-appearance in the heart of Africa, were so full of variety, as well as of wonder, that they raised equal curiosity

in the most refined and the most uncultivated of his contemporaries.

Amongst these multifarious rumours, there was one that aroused in Dr. Burney a more eager desire to see and converse with this eminent traveller, than was felt even by the most ardent of the enquirers who were pressing upon him, in successive throngs, for intelligence.

The report here alluded to, asserted, that Mr. Bruce had discovered, and personally visited, the long-famed city of Thebes; and had found it such as Herodotus had described: and that he had entered and examined its celebrated temple; and had made, and brought home, a drawing of the Theban harp, as beautiful in its execution as in its form, though copied from a model of at least three thousand years old.

Mr. Bruce had brought, also, from Egypt, a drawing of an Abyssinian lyre in present use.

The assiduity of Dr. Burney in devising means of introduction to whosoever could increase, or ameliorate, the materials of his history, was not here put to any proof. Mr. Bruce had been an early friend of Mrs. Strange, and of her brother, Mr. Lumsden; and that zealous lady immediately arranged a meeting between the parties at her own house.

This celebrated narrator made the opening of his career as an author, in the History of Music of Dr. Burney; to the credit of which, on its first appearance, he not slightly contributed, by bestowing upon it the two admirable original drawings above-mentioned, with a letter historically descriptive of their authenticity.

With fresh pleasure and alacrity, Dr. Burney went on with his work. So unlooked for a reinforcement of his means could not have arrived more seasonably. Every discovery, or development, relative to early times, was not only of essential service to the Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients, upon which, now, he was elaborately engaged, but excited general curiosity in all lovers of antiquity.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Amongst other new friends that this new neighbourhood procured, or confirmed, to Dr. Burney, there was one so congenial, so Samaritan, a sort, that neighbour he must have been to the doctor from the time of their first acquaintance, had his residence been in Dorset-square, or at Botolph's wharf; instead of Leicester-square, and scarcely twenty yards from the doctor's own short street.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, this good Samaritan, was, like Dr. Burney, though well-read and deeply studious, as easy and natural in discourse as if he had been merely a man of the world; and though his own art was his passion, he was open to the warmest admiration of every other: and again, like the doctor, he was gay though contemplative, and flew from indolence, though he courted enjoyment. There was a striking resemblance in the general amenity of their intercourse, that not only made them, at all times, and with all persons, free from any approach to envy, peevishness, or sarcasm themselves, but seemed to spread around them a suavity that dissolved those angry passions in others.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua had a maiden sister, Mrs. Frances Reynolds; a woman of worth and understanding, but of a singular character; who, unfortunately for herself, made, throughout life, the great mistake of nourishing that singularity which was her bane, as if it had been her blessing.

She lived with Sir Joshua at this time, and stood high in the regard of his firm and most honoured friend, Dr. Johnson; who saw and pitied her foible, but tried to cure it in vain. It was that of living in an habitual perplexity of mind, and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome.

Whatever she suggested, or planned, one day, was reversed the next; though resorted to on the third, as if merely to be again rejected on the fourth; and so on, almost endlessly; for she rang not the changes in her opinions and designs in order to bring them into harmony and practice; but waveringly to stir up new combinations and difficulties; till she found herself in the midst of such chaotic obstructions as could chime in with no given purpose; but must needs be left to ring their own peal, and to begin again just where they began at first.

This lady was a no unfrequent visitor in St. Martin's street; where, for her many excellent qualities, she was much esteemed.

Mrs. Frances Reynolds desired to paint Dr. Burney's portrait, that she might place it among certain other

worthies of her choice, already ornamenting her dressing-room. The doctor had little time to spare; but had too natively the spirit of the old school, to suffer No! and a lady, to pair off together.

During his sittings, one trait of her teneacious humour occurred, that he was always amused in relating. While she was painting his hair, which was remarkably thick, she asked him, very gravely, whether he could let her have his wig some day to work at, without troubling him to sit.

"My wig?" repeated he, much surprised.

"Yes," she answered; "have not you more than one? can't you spare it?"

"Spare it?—Why what makes you think it a wig? It's my own hair."

"O then, I suppose," said she with a smile, "I must not call it a wig?"

"Not call it a wig?—why what for, my dear madam, should you call it a wig?"

"Nay, sir," replied she, composedly, "if you do not like it, I am sure I won't."

And he protested, that though he offered her every proof of twisting, twirling, and twirling that she pleased, she calmly continued painting, without heeding his appeal for the hairy honours of his head; and only coolly repeating, "I suppose, then, I must not call it a wig?"

GARRICK.

An appointment having been arranged by Dr. Burney for presenting his friend Mr. Twining to Mr. Garrick, the two former, in happy conference, were enjoying the society of each other, while awaiting the promised junction with Mr. Garrick, when a violent rapping at the street door, which prepared them for his welcome arrival, was followed by a demand, through the footman, whether the doctor could receive Sir Jeremy Hillsborough; a baronet who was as peculiarly distasteful to both the gentlemen, as Mr. Garrick was the reverse.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried Mr. Twining; and the doctor echoing "No! No! No!" was with eagerness sending off a hasty excuse, when the footman whispered, "Sir, he's at my heels! he's close to the door! he would not stop!" And, strenuously flinging open the library door himself in a slouching hat, an old-fashioned blue rocolo, over a great-coat of which the collar was turned up above his ears, and a silk handkerchief, held as if from the tooth-ache, to his mouth, the forbidden guest entered; slowly, lowly, and solemnly bowing his head as he advanced; though, quaker-like, never touching his hat, and not uttering a word.

The Doctor, whom Sir Jeremy had never before visited, and to whom he was hardly known, save by open dissimilarity upon some literary subjects; and Mr. Twining, to whom he was only less a stranger to be more obnoxious, from having been at variance with his family; equally concluded, from their knowledge of his irascible character, that the visit had no other view than that of demanding satisfaction for some offence supposed to have been offered to his high self-importance. And, in the awkwardness of such a surmise, they could not but feel disconcerted, nay abashed, at having proclaimed their averseness to his sight in such unqualified terms, and immediately within his hearing.

For a minute or two, with a silence like his own, they awaited an explanation of his purpose; when, after some hesitation, ostentatiously waving one hand, while the other still held his handkerchief to his mouth, the unwelcome intruder, to their utter astonishment, came forward; and composedly seated himself in an arm chair near the fire; filling it broadly, with an air of domineering authority.

The gentlemen now looked at each other, in some doubt whether their visitor had not found his way to them from the vicinity of Moorfields, where then stood the Bethlehem Hospital.

The pause that ensued was embarrassing, and not quite free from alarm; when the intruder, after an extraordinary nod or two, of a palpably threatening nature, suddenly started up, threw off his slouching hat and old rocolo, flung his red silk handkerchief into the ashes, and displayed to view, lustrous with vivacity, the gay features, the sparkling eyes, and laughing countenance of Garrick, —the inimitable imitator, David Garrick.

Dr. Burney, delighted at this development, clapped his hands, as if the scene had been represented at a theatre: and all his family present joined rapturously in the plaudit: while Mr. Twining, with the happy surprise of a sudden exchange from expected disgust to accorded pleasure, eagerly approached the arm-chair, for a presentation, which he had longed for nearly throughout his life. Mr. Garrick then, with many hearty reciprocations of

laughter, expounded the motive to the feat which he had enacted.

He had awaked, he said, that morning, under the formidable impression of an introduction to a profound Greek scholar, that was almost awful; and that had set him to pondering upon the egregious loss of time and pleasurable that hung upon all formalities in making new acquaintances; and he then set his wits to work at devising means for skipping at once, by some slight of hand, into abrupt cordiality. And none occurred that seemed so promising of spontaneous success, as presenting himself under the aspect of a person whom he knew to be so desperately unpleasant to the scholarist, that at the very sound of his name, he would inwardly ejaculate,

"Take any form but that!"

Here, in a moment, Mr. Garrick was in the centre of the apartment, in the attitude of Hamlet at the sight of the ghost.

This burlesque frolic over, which gave a playful vent that seemed almost necessary to the superabundant animal spirits of Mr. Garrick, who, as Dr. Johnson has said of Shakespeare, "was always struggling for an occasion to be comic," he cast away farce and mimicry; and became for the rest of the visit, a judicious, intelligent, and well informed, though ever lively and entertaining converser and man of letters; and Mr. Twining had not been more amused by his buffoonery, than he grew charmed by his rationality.

In the course of the conversation, the intended Encyclopedia of Dr. Goldsmith being mentioned, and the Doctor's death warmly regretted, a description of the character as well as works of that charming author was brought forward; and Mr. Garrick named, what no one else in his presence could have hinted at, the poem of Retaliation.

Mr. Garrick had too much knowledge of mankind to treat with lightness so forcible an attack upon the stability of his friendships, however it might be softened off by the praise of his talents.* But he had brought it, he said, upon himself, by an unlucky lampoon, to which he had irresistibly been led by the absurd blunders, and the inconceivable inferiority between the discourse and the pen of this singular man; who, one evening at the club, had been so outrageously laughable, that Mr. Garrick had been betrayed into asserting, that no man could possibly draw the character of Oliver Goldsmith, till poor Oliver was under ground; for what any one would say after an hour's reading him, would undoubtedly be reversed, after an hour's chat. "And then," Mr. Garrick continued, "one risible folly bringing another, I voted him to be dead at that time, that I might give his real character to his epitaph. And this," he added, "produced this distich.

"Attend, passer by, for here lies old Noli;

"Who wrote like an angel—but talked like poor Pol!"

Goldsmith, immeasurably piqued, vowed he would retaliate; but, never ready with his tongue in public, though always ready with his pen in private, he hurried off in a pet; and, some time after, produced that best if not only satirical poem that he ever wrote—"Retaliation."

This was Dr. Goldsmith's final work, and did not come out till after his death. And it was still unfinished; the last line, which was upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, being left half written:

"By flattery unspoil'd—"

To a very general regret, Dr. Johnson had not yet been named. Probably he was meant to form the climax of the piece. His character, drawn by a man of such acute discrimination, who had prospered from his friendship, yet snarled from his wit—who feared, dreaded, and envied, yet honoured, admired, and loved him—would doubtless have been sketched with as fine a pencil of splendid praise, and pointed satire, as has marked the characteristic distiches upon Mr. Burke and Mr. Garrick.

CONCERTS.

In the private narrative of an historian of the musical art, it may not be improper to insert some account of the concerts, which he occasionally gave to invited friends and acquaintances at his own house; as they biographically mark his style of life, and the consideration in which he was held by the musical world.

* He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he would he could whistle them back."

† This last circumstance was communicated to the editor by Sir Joshua himself.

The company was always small, as were the apartments in which it was received; but always select, as the name, fame, and travels of the doctor, by allowing him a choice of guests, enabled him to limit admission to real lovers of music.

He had never any formal band; though it is probable that there was hardly a musician in England who, if called upon, would have refused his services. But they were not requisite to allure those whom the doctor wished to please or oblige; and a crowd in a private apartment he thought as inimical to harmony as to conversation.

It was, primarily, to gratify Mr. Crisp that, while yet in Poland-street, he had begun these little musical assemblages; which, in different forms, and with different parties, he continued, or renewed, through life.

The simplicity of the entertainment had, probably, its full share in the incitement to its participation. A request to or from the master of the house, was the sole ticket of entrance. And the urbanity of the doctor upon these occasions, with the warmth of his praise to excellence, and the candour of his indulgence to failure, made his reception of his visitors dispense a pleasure so unconstrained, so varied, so good-humoured, that his presence were most sought as a favour by those whose concert did them the most honour.

To style them, however, concerts, may be conferring on them a dignity to which they had not any pretension. There was no bill of fare: there were no engaged subalterns, either to double, or aid, or contrast, with the principals. The performances were promiscuous; and simply such as suited the varying humours and desires of the company; a part of which were always assistants as well as auditors.

Some details of these harmonical coteries, which were written at the moment by this memorialist to Mr. Crisp, will be selected from amongst those which contain characteristic traits of persons of celebrity; as they may more pointedly display their cast and nature, than any merely descriptive reminiscences.

No apology will be pleaded for the careless manner in which these accounts are recorded; Mr. Crisp prohibited all form or study in his epistolary intercourse with his young correspondent.

"TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESINGTON, KINGSTON, SURREY.

"Let me now try, my dear Mr. Crisp, if I cannot have the pleasure to make you dolorously repent your inexcusable coming to town. We have had such sweet music!—But let me begin with the company according to your orders.

"They all arrived early, and staid the whole evening.

"The Baron de Delden, the Danish Ambassador.

"The Baroness, his wife a sweet woman, indeed; young, pretty, accomplished, and graceful. She is reckoned the finest *dittante* performer on the piano-forte in Europe.

"I might be contented, you will perhaps say, to have given her this precedence in England and in Denmark; i. e. in her own country and in ours; but Europe sounds more noble!

"The Honourable Miss Phipps, who came with her, or rather, I believe, was brought by her, for they are great friends; and Miss Phipps had already been with us in Queen-square. Miss Phipps is a daughter of Lord Mulgrave, and sister to the famous Polar captain. She seems full of spirit and taste.

"Sir James and Lady Lake; Sir Thomas Clarges; Mrs. and Miss Ord; and a good many others, agreeable enough, though too tedious to mention, having nothing either striking or odd in them. But the pride of the evening, as neither you, my dear Mr. Crisp, nor Mr. Twining, could be with us, was Mr. HARRIS, of Salisbury, author of the three treatises on Poetry, Music, and Painting; Philosophical Arrangements; Hermes, &c. He brought with him Mrs. Harris, and his second daughter, Miss Louisa, a distinguished and high-bred lady-musician. Miss Harris, the eldest, a cultivated and high-bred character, is, I believe, with her brother, our minister at Petersburg.

"Hettina,† Mr. Burney, and our noble selves, bring up the rear.

"There was a great deal of conversation previous to the music. But as the party was too large for a general *chatterment*, every body that had not courage to stroll about and please themselves, was obliged to take up with their next neighbour. What think you, then, of my good fortune, when I tell you I happened to sit by Mr. Harris? and that so happening, joined to my being at home,—

however otherwise insignificant,—gave me the impetivity to abandon my yea and nay responses, when he was so good as to try whether I could make any other. His looks, indeed, are so full of benignity, as well as of meaning and understanding, and his manners have a suavity so gentle, so encouraging, that, notwithstanding his high name as an author, all fear from his renown was wholly whisked away by delight in his discourse and his countenance.

"My father was in excellent spirits, and walked about from one to another, giving pleasure to all whom he addressed.

"As we had no violins, basses, flutes, &c., we were forced to cut short the formality of any overture, and to commence by the harp. Mr. Jones had a very sweet instrument, with new pedals, constructed by Merlin. He plays very well, and with very neat execution.

"Mr. Burney, then, at the request of the Baroness de Delden, went to the harpsichord, where he fired away with his usual genius. He first played a concerto of Schobert's; and then, as the baroness would not let him rise, another of my father's.

"When Mr. Burney had received the compliments of the nobility and gentry, my father solicited the baroness to take his place.

"O no!" she cried, "I cannot bear of such a thing! It is out of the question! It would be a figurante to dance a *pas seul* after Mademoiselle Heinel!"

"However, her animated friend, Miss Phipps, joined so earnestly with my father in entreaty, that, as the baron looked strongly his sanction to their wishes, she was prevailed upon to yield; which she did most gracefully; and she then played a difficult lesson of Schobert's remarkably well, with as much meaning as execution. She is, besides, so modest, so unassuming, and so pretty, that she was the general object of admiration.

"When my father went to thank her, she said she had never been so frightened before in her life.

"My father then begged another German composition from her, which he had heard her play at Lord Mulgrave's. She was going, most obligingly, to comply, when the baron, in a half whisper, and pointing to my sister Burney, said, '*Après, ma chère!*'

"*Ek bien oui!*" cried Miss Phipps, in a lively tone, '*après Madame Burney! come, Mrs. Burney, pray indulge us!*'

"The baroness, with a pleased smile, most willingly made way; and your Hettina, unaffectedly, though not quite unfettered, took her seat; and to avoid any air of emulation, with great propriety began with a slow movement, as the baroness had played a piece of execution.

"For this purpose, she chose your favourite bit of Eclair; and I never heard her play it better, if so well. Merlin's new pedals made it exquisite; and the expression, feeling, and taste with which she performed it, raised a general murmur of applause.

"Mr. Harris inquired eagerly the name of the composer. Every body seemed to be struck, my enchanted; and charmed into such silence of attention, that if a pin had dropped, it would have caused a universal start.

"I should be ashamed not to give you a more noble metaphor, or simile, or comparison, than a pin; only I know how cheap you hold all attempts at fine writing; and that you will like my poor simple pin, just as well as if I had tunned you with a cannon ball.

"Miss Louisa Harris then consented to vary the entertainment by singing. She was accompanied by Mr. Harris, whose soul seems all music, though he has made his pen as many as many other subjects into the bargain. She has very little voice, either for sound or compass; yet, which is wonderful, she gave us all extreme pleasure; for she sings in so high a style, with such pure taste, such native feeling, and such acquired knowledge of music, that there is not one fine voice in a hundred I could listen to with equal satisfaction. She gave us an unpublished air of Sacchini's, introduced by some noble recitative of that delicious composer.

"She declared, however, she should have been less frightened to have sung at a theatre, than to such an audience. But she was prevailed with to give us, afterwards, a sweet flowing rondeau of Rauzzini's, from his opera of Piramus and Thisbe. She is extremely unaffected and agreeable.

"Then followed what my father called the great gun of the evening, Muthel's duet for two harpsichords; which my father thinks the noblest composition of its kind in the world.

"Mr. Burney and the Hettina now came off with flying colours indeed; nothing could exceed the general approbation. Mr. Harris was in an ecstasy that played over all his fine features; Sir James Lake, who is taciturn

† The doctor's eldest daughter.

and cold, was surprised even into loquacity in its praise; Lady Lake, more prone to be pleased, was delighted to rapture; the fine physiognomy of Miss Phipps was lighted up to an animation quite enlivening to behold; and the sweet Baroness de Deiden repeatedly protested she had never been at so singularly agreeable a concert before.

"She would not listen to any entreaty, however, to play again; and all instrumental music was voted to be out of the question for that night. Miss Louisa Harris then, with great good breeding, as well as good nature, was won by a general call to give us a finale, in a fine bravura air of Sacchini's, which she sung extremely well, though under evident and real affliction.

"There was then a good deal of chat, very gay and pleasing; after which the company went away, in all appearance, uncommonly gratified: and we who remained at home, were, in all reality, the same.

"But how we wished for our dear Mr. Crisp! Do pray, now, leave your gout to itself, and come to our next music meeting. Or if it needs must cling to you, and come also, who knows but that music, which has

'Charms to soothe the savage breast,
To stolen rocks, and bend the knotted oak—'
may have charms also, To soften Gout, and Unbend Knotted Fingers?"

Previously to any further perusal of these juvenile narrations, it is necessary to premise, that there were, at this period, three of the most excellent singers that ever exerted rival powers at the same epoch, who equally and earnestly sought the acquaintance and suffrage of Dr. Burney; namely,

Miss Cecilia Davies, detta l'Inghlesina,
La Signora Agujari, detta la Bastardella,
and the far famed Signora Gabrielli.

CECILIA DAVIES, DETTA L'INGHLESA.

Miss Cecilia Davies, during a musical career, unfortunately as brief as it was splendid, had, at her own desire, been made known to Dr. Burney in a manner as peculiar as it was honourable, for it was through the medium of Dr. Johnson: a medium which ensured her the best services of Dr. Burney, and the esteem of all his family.

Her fame and talents are proclaimed in the History of Music, where it is said, "Miss Davies had the honour of being the first English woman who performed the female parts in several great theatres in Italy; to which extraordinary distinction succeeded that of her becoming the first woman at the great opera theatre of London."

And in this course of rare celebrity, her unimpeachable conduct, her pleasing manners, and her engaging modesty of speech and deportment, fixed as much respect on her person and character, as her singularly youthful success had fastened upon her professional abilities.

But, unfortunately, no particulars can be given of any private performance of this our indigenous brilliant ornament at the house of Dr. Burney; for though she was there welcomed, and was even eager to oblige him, the rigour of her opera articles prohibited her from singing even a note, at that time, to any private party.*

The next abstract, therefore, refers to

AGUJARI, DETTA LA BASTARDELLA.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ.

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—My father says I must write you every thing of every sort about Agujari, that you may get ready, well or ill, to come and hear her. So pray make haste, and never mind such common obstacles as health or sickness upon such an occasion.

"La Signora Agujari has been nick-named, my father says in Italy, from some misfortune attendant upon her birth—but of which she, at least, is innocent—La Bastardella. She is now come over to England, in the prime of her life and her fame, upon an engagement with the proprietors of the Pantheon, to sing two songs at their concert, at one hundred pounds a night! My father's tour in Italy has made his name and his historical design so well known there in the musical world, that she immediately desired his acquaintance on her arrival in London; and Dr. Maty, one of her protectors in this country, was deputed to bring them together; which he did, in St. Martin's street, last week.

"Dr. Maty is pleasing, intelligent, and well bred;

though formal, precise, and a rather affected little man. But he stands very high, they say, in the classes of literature and learning; and, moreover, of character and worthiness.

"He handed the signora with much pompous ceremony, into the drawing-room, where—trumpets not being at hand—he introduced her to my father with a fine flourish of compliments, as a phenomenon now first letting herself down to grace this pigmy island.

"This style of lofty grandeur seemed perfectly accordant with the style and fancy of the Signora; whose air and deportment announced deliberate dignity, and a design to strike all beholders with awe, as well as admiration.

"She is a handsome woman, of middle stature, and seems to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; with a very good and healthy complexion, becoming, and not absurdly rouged; a well shaped nose, a well-cut mouth, and very prominent, rolling, expressive, and dilyngling languishing eyes.

"She was attended by Signor Colla, her maestro, and, as some assert, her husband; but, undoubtedly, her obsequious and inseparable companion. He is tall, thin, almost fiery when conversing; and tolerably well furnished with gesture and grimace; *ad est*, made up of nothing else.

"The talk was all in French or Italian, and almost all between the two Doctors, Burney and Maty; we rest, being only auditors, except when something striking was said upon music, or upon some musician; and then the hot thin Italian, who is probably a Neapolitan, jumped up, and started forth into an abrupt rhapsody, with such agitation of voice and manner, that every limb seemed at work almost as nimbly as his tongue.

"But la Signora Agujari sat always in placid, majestic silence, when she was not personally addressed.

"Signor Colla expressed the most unbounded veneration for il Signor Dottore Borni; whose learned character, he said, in Italy, had left him there a name that had made it an honour to be introduced to *un si celebre homme*. My father retorted the compliment upon the Agujari; lamenting that he had missed hearing her abroad, where her talents, then, were but rising into renown.

"Nevertheless, though he naturally concluded that this visit was designed for granting him that gratification, he was somewhat diffident how to demand it from one who, in England, never quavers for less than fifty guineas an air. To pave, therefore, the way to his request, he called upon Mr. Burney and the Hettina to open the concert with a duet.

"They readily complied; and the Agujari now relinquished a part of her stately solemnity, to give way, though not without palpably marvelling that it could be called for, to the pleasure that their performance excited; for pleasure in music is a sensation that she seems to think ought to be held in her own gift. And, indeed, for vocal music, Gabrielli is, avowedly, the only exception to her universal disdain.

"As Mr. Burney and the Hettina, however, attempted not to invade her excluding prerogative, they first scolded her supercilious contempt, and next caught her astonished attention; which soon, to our no small satisfaction, rose to open, lively, and even vociferous rapture. In truth, I believe, she was really glad to be surprised out of her fatiguing dumb grandeur.

"This was a moment not to be lost, and my father hinted his wishes to Dr. Maty; Dr. Maty hinted them to Signor Colla; but Signor Colla did not take the hint of hinting them to La Bastardella. He shrugged, and became all gesticulation, and answered that the Signora would undoubtedly sing to the Signor Dottore Borni; but that, at this moment, she had a slight sore throat; and her desire, when she performed to il Signor Dottore Borni was, *si possible*, he added, to surpass herself.

"We were all horribly disappointed; but Signor Colla made what amends he could, by assuring us that we had never yet known what singing was! '*car c'est une prodige, Messieurs et Mesdames, que la Signora Agujari*.'

"My father bowed his acquiescence; and then enquired whether she had been at the opera?

"O no," Signor Colla answered; 'she was too much afraid of that complaint which all her countrymen who travelled to England had so long lamented, and which the English call cat-cold, to venture to a theatre.'

Agujari then condescended to enquire whether il Signor Dottore had heard the Gabrielli?

"Not yet," he replied; 'he waited her coming to England. He had missed her in Italy, from her having passed that year in Sicily.'

"Ah Diavole!" exclaimed the Bastardini, '*mais c'est dommage*!'

"This familiar '*Diavole*!' from such majestic loftiness, had a very droll effect.

"*'Et vous, Signora, l'avez-vous entendue?'*

"*'O que non?'* answered she, quite bluffly, '*cela n'est pas possible*!'

"And we were alarmed to observe that she looked highly affronted; though we could not possibly conjecture why, till Signor Colla, in a whisper, represented the error of the inquiry, by saying, that two first singers could never meet.

"*'True!'* Dr. Maty cried; 'two suns never light us at once.'

"The Signora, to whom this was repeated in Italian, presently recovered her placid dignity by the blaze of these two suns; and, before she went away, was in such perfect amity with il Signor Dottore, that she voluntarily declared she would come again, when her sore throat was over, and *chanter comme il faut*."

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—My father now bids me write for him—which I do with joy and pride, for now, now, thus instigated, thus authorised, let me present to you the triumphant, the unique Agujari!

"O how we all wished for you when she broke forth in her vocal glory! The great singers of olden times, whom I have heard you so enthusiastically describe, seem to have all their talents revived in this wonderful creature. I could compare her to nothing I have ever heard, but only to what you have heard; your Carestini, Farinelli, Scenecio, alone are worthy to be ranked with the Bastardini.

"She came with the Signor Maestro Colla, very early, to tea.

"I cannot deign to mention our party,—but it was small and good;—though by no means bright enough to be enumerated in the same page with Agujari.

"She frightened us a little, at first, by complaining of a cold. How we looked at one another! Mr. Burney was called upon to begin; which he did with even more than his usual spirit; and then—without waiting for a petition—which nobody, not even my dear father, had yet gathered courage to make, Agujari, the Bastardella, arose, voluntarily arose, to sing!

"We all rose too! we seemed all ear. There was no occasion for any other part to our persons. Had a fan,—for I won't again give you a pin,—fallen, I suppose we should have taken it for at least a thunder-clap. All was hushed and rapt attention.

"Signor Colla accompanied her. She began with what she called a little minuet of his composition.

"Her cold was not affected, for her voice at first was not quite clear; but she acquitted herself charmingly. And, little as she called this minuet, it contained difficulties which I firmly believe no other singer in the world could have executed.

"But her great talents, and our great astonishment, were reserved for her second song, which was taken from Metastasio's opera of Didone, set by Colla, '*Non hai ragione, ingrato*!'

"As this was an *aria parlante*, she first, in a voice, sofly melodious, read us the words, that we might comprehend what she had to express.

"It is nobly set; nobly! 'Bravo, il Signor Maestro!' cried my father, two or three times. She began with a fulness and power of voice that amazed us beyond all our possible expectations. She then lowered it to the most expressive softness—in short, my dear Mr. Crisp, she was sublime! I can use no other word without degrading her.

"This, and a second great song from the same opera, *Son Regina*, and *Son Amante*, she sang in a style to which my ears have hitherto been strangers. She unites to her surprising and incomparable powers of execution, and luxuriant facility and compass of voice, an expression still more delicate—and, I had almost said, equal feeling with that of my darling Millico, who first opened my sensations to the melting and boundless delights of vocal melody. In fact, in Millico it was his own sensibility that excited that of his hearers; it was so genuine, so touching! It seemed never to want any spur from admiration, but always to owe its excellence to its own resistless pathos.

"Yet, with all its vast compass, and these stupendous sonorous sounds, the voice of Agujari has a mellowness, a sweetness, that are quite vanishing. One can hardly feel falling at her feet while one listens! Her shake, too, is so plump, so true, so open!—and, to display her various abilities to my father, she sang in twenty styles—if twenty there may be; for nothing is beyond her reach. In songs of execution, her divisions were so rapid, and so brilliant, they almost made one dizzy from breathless admiration: her cantabiles were so fine, so rich, so mov-

* This early celebrated performer, now in the decline of life, after losing her health, and nearly outliving her friends, is reduced, not by faults but misfortunes, to a state of pecuniary difficulties, through which she must long since have sunk, but for the generous succour of some personages as high in benevolence as in rank.

ing, that we could hardly keep the tears from our eyes. Then she gave us some accompanied recitative, with a nobleness of accent, that made every one of us stand erect out of respect! Then, how fascinatingly she condescended to indulge us with a rondo! though she holds that simplicity of melody beneath her; and therefore rose from it to chaunt some church music, of the Pope's Chapel, in a style so nobly simple, so grandly unadorned, that it penetrated to the inmost sense. She is just what she will: she has the highest taste, with an expression the most pathetic; and she executes difficulties the most wild, the most varied, the most incredible, with just as much ease and facility as I can say—my dear Mr. Crisp.

"Now don't you die to come and hear her? I hope you do. O, she is indescribable!

"Assure yourself my father joins in all this, though perhaps, if he had time to write for himself, he might do it more Lady Grace like, soberly. I hope she will fill up at least half a volume of his history. I wish he would call her, The Heroine of Music!

"We could not help regretting that her engagement was at the Pantheon, as her evidently fine ideas of acting are thrown away at a mere concert.

"At this, she made faces of such scorn and derision against the managers, for not putting her upon the stage, that they altered her handsome countenance almost to ugliness; and, snatching up a music book, and opening it, and holding it full broad in her hands, she dropt a formal courtesy, to take herself off at the Pantheon, and said: '*Où! j'y suis là comme une statue! comme une petite école!'* And afterwards she contentiously added: '*Mais, on n'aime guère ici que les rondeaux!—Moi—j'aborce ces misères là!*'

"One objection, however, and a rather serious one, against her walking the stage, is that she limps.

"Do you know what they assert to be the cause of this lameness? It is said that, while a mere baby and at nurse in the country, she was left rolling on the grass one evening, till she rolled herself round and round to a pigstie; where a hideous hog welcomed her as a delicious repast, and mangled one side of the poor infant most cruelly, before she was missed and rescued. She was recovered with great difficulty; but obliged to bear the insertion of a plate of silver, to sustain the parts where the terrible swine had made a chasm; and thence she has been called . . . I forget the Italian name, but that which has been adopted here is Silver-sides.

"You may imagine that the wags of the day do not let such a circumstance, belonging to so famous a person, pass unadmired: Foote, my father tells us, has declared he shall impeach the custom-house officers, for letting her be smuggled into the kingdom contrary to law; unless her sides have been entered at the stamp office. And Lord Sandwich has made a catch, in dialogue and in Italian, between the infant and the hog, where the former, in a plaintive tone of soliciting mercy, cries; *Caro, mio Porco!* The hog answers by a grunt. Her piteous entreaty is renewed in the softest, tenderest treble. His sole reply is expressed in one long note of the lowest deepest bass. Some of her highest notes are then ludicrously imitated to vocalise little shrieks; and the hog, in finale, grunts out, '*Ah! che bel manziar!*'

"Lord Sandwich, who showed this to my father, had, at least, the grace to say, that he would not have it printed, lest it should get to her knowledge, till after her return to Italy."

"The radical and scientific merits of this singular personage, and astonishing performer, are fully expounded in the History of Music. She left England with great contempt for the land of rondeaux; and never desired to visit it again.

LA GABRIELLI.

Of the person and performance of Gabrielli, the History of Music contains a full and luminous description. She was the most universally renowned singer of her time; for Agujari died before her high and unexampled talents had expanded their truly wonderful supremacy.

Yet here, also, no private detail can be written of the private performance, or manners, of La Gabrielli, as she never visited at the house of Dr. Burney; though she most courteously invited him to her own; in which she received him with flattering distinction. And, as she had the judgment to set aside, upon his visits, the airs, caprices, coquetries, and gay insolences, of which the boundless report had preceded her arrival in England, he found her a high-bred, accomplished, and engaging woman of the world; or rather, he said, woman of fashion; for there was a winning ease, nay, captivation, in her look and air, that could scarcely, in any circle, be sur-

passed. Her great celebrity, however, for beauty and eccentricity, as well as for professional excellence, had raised such inordinate expectations before she came out, that the following juvenile letters upon the appearance of so extraordinary a musical personage, will be curious,—or, at least, diverting, to lovers of musical anecdote.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CHESINGTON.

October, 1775.

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—'Tis so long since I have written, that I suppose you conclude we are all gone fortune-hunting to some other planet; but, to skip apologies, which I know you scoff, I shall atone for my silence, by telling you that my dear father returned from Buxton in quite restored health, I thank God! and that his first volume is now rough-sketched quite to the end, preface and dedication inclusive.

"But you are vehement, you say, to hear of Gabrielli. Well, so is every body else; but she has not yet sung.

"She is the subject of inquiry and discussion wherever you go. Every one expects her to sing like a thousand angels, yet to be as ridiculous as a thousand imps. But I believe she purposes to astonish them all in a new way; for imagine how sober and how English she means to become, when I tell you that she has taken a house in Golden-square, and put a plate upon her door, on which she has had engraven, 'Mrs. Gabrielli.'

"If John Bull is not flattered by that, he must be John Bear.

"Rauzzini, meanwhile, who is to be the first serious singer, has taken precisely the other side; and will have nothing to do with his Johnship at all; for he has had his apartments painted a beautiful rose-colour, with a light myrtle spring border; and has ornamented them with little knie-kaues and trinkets, like a fine lady's dressing-room.

"My father dined with them both the other day, at the managers', Mrs. Brookes, the author, and Mrs. Yates, the *ci-devant* actress. Rauzzini sang a great many sweet airs, and very delightfully; but Gabrielli not a note! Neither did any one presume to ask for such a favour. Her sister was of the party also, who they say cannot sing at all; but Gabrielli insisted upon having her engaged, and advantageously, or refused peremptorily to come over.

"Nothing can exceed the impatience of people of all ranks, and all ways of thinking, concerning this so celebrated singer. And if you do not come to town to hear her, I shall conclude you lost to all the Saint Cecilia powers of attraction; and that you are become as indifferent to music, as to dancing or to horse-racing. For my own part, if any thing should unfortunately prevent my hearing her first performance, I shall set it down in my memory ever after, as a very serious misfortune. Don't laugh so, dear daddy, pray!"

Written the week following.

"How I rejoice, for once, in your hard-heartedness! how ashamed I should have been if you had come, dearest sir, to my call! The Gabrielli did not sing! And she let all London, and all the country too, I believe, arrive at the theatre before it was proclaimed that she was not to appear! Every one of our family, and of every other family that I know,—and that I don't know besides, were at the opera house at an early hour. We, who were to enter at a private door, per favour of Mrs. Brookes, rushed past all handbills, not thinking them worth heeding. Poor Mr. Yates, the manager, kept running from one outlet to another, to relate the sudden desperate hoarseness of la Signora Gabrielli; and, supple patience, and, moreover, credence,—now from the box openings, now from the pit, now from the galleries. Had he been less active, or less humble, it is thought the theatre would have been pulled down; so prodigious was the rage of the large assemblage; none of them in the least believing that Gabrielli had the slightest thing the matter with her.

"My father says people do not think that singers have the capacity of having such a thing as a cold!

"The murmurs! What a shame!—how scandalous!—what a nuisance!"—kept Mr. Yates upon the alert from post to post, to the utmost stretch of his ability; though his dolorous countenance painted his full conviction that he himself was the most seriously to be pitied of the party; for it was clear that he said, in soliloquy, upon every one that he sent away: "There goes half a guinea!—or, at the least, three shillings,—if not five, out of my pocket!"

"We all returned home in horrible ill-humour; but solacing ourselves with a candid determination, taken in

a true spirit of liberality, that though she should sing even better than Agujari, we would not like her!

"My father called upon the managers to know what all this meant; and Mrs. Brookes then told him, that all that had been reported of the extraordinary wilfulness of this spoilt child of talent and beauty, was exceeded by her behaviour. She only sent them word that she was out of voice, and could not sing, one hour before the house must be opened! They instantly hurried to her to expostulate, or rather to supplicate, for they dare neither reproach nor command; and to represent the utter impossibility of getting up any other opera so late; and to acknowledge their terror, even for their property, from the fury of an English audience, if disappointed so bluffy at the last moment.

To this she answered very coolly, but with smiles and politeness, that if *le monde* expected her so eagerly, she would dress herself, and let the opera be performed; only, when her songs came to their symphony, instead of singing, she would make a courtesy, and point to her throat.

"You may imagine, doctor," said Mrs. Brookes, "whether we could trust John Bull with so easy a lady! and at the very instant his ears were opening to hear her so vaunted performance!"

"Well, my dear Mr. Crisp, now for Saturday, and now for the real opera. We all went again. There was a prodigious house; such a one, for fashion at least, as, before Christmas, never yet was seen. For though every body was afraid there would be a riot, and that Gabrielli would be furiously hissed, from the spleen of the late disappointment, nobody could stay away; for her whims and eccentricities only heighten curiosity for beholding her person.

"The opera was Metastasio's Didone, and the part for Gabrielli was new set by Saelmini.

"In the first scene, Rauzzini and Sestini appeared with la Signora Francesca, the sister of Gabrielli. They prepared us for the approach of the blazing comet that burst forth in the second.

"Nothing could be more noble than her entrance. It seemed instantaneously to triumph over her enemies, and conquer her threateners. The stage was open to its furthest limits, and she was discerned at its most distant point; and, for a minute or two, there doubtless she stood; and then took a sweep, with a firm, but accelerating step; and a deep, finely flowing train, till she reached the orchestra. There she stood, amidst peals of applause, that seemed as if they would have shaken the foundations of the theatre.

"What think you now of John Bull?

"I had quite quivered for her, in expectation of cat-calls and hissing; but the intrepidity of her appearance and approach quashed all his resentment into surprised admiration.

"She is still very pretty, thought not still very young. She has small, intelligent, sparkling features; and though she is rather short, she is charmingly proportioned, and has a very engaging figure. All her motions are graceful, her air is full of dignity, and her walk is majestic.

"Though the applause was so violent, she seemed to think it so simply her due, that she deigned not to honour it with the slightest mark of acknowledgement, but calmly began her song.

"John Bull, however, enchaind, as I believe, by the reported vagaries of her character, and by the high delight he expected from her talents, clapped on,—clap, clap, clap!—with such assiduous noise, that not a note could be heard, nor a *notion* be started that any note was sung. Unwilling, then,

"To waste her sweetness on the clamorous air,"

and perhaps growing a little gratified to find she could soothe the savage breast," she condescended to make an Italian courtesy, i.e. a slight, but dignified bow.

"Honest John, who had thought she would not accept his homage, but who, through the most abrupt turn from resentment to admiration, had resolved to bear with all her freaks, was so enchanted by this affability, that clapping he went on, till, I have little doubt, the skin of his battered hands went off; determining to gain another salutation whether she would or not, as an augur sign that she was not displeased with him for being so smitten, and so humble.

"After this she suffered the orchestra to be heard.

"Gabrielli, however, was not flattered into spoiling her flatterers. Probably she liked the spoiling too well to make it over to them. Be that as it may, she still kept expectation on the rack, by giving us only recita-

tive, till every other performer had tired our reluctant attention.

"At length, however, came the grand bravura, '*Son Regina, e sono Amante*.'

"Here I must stop!—Ah, Mr. Crisp! why would she take words that had been sung by Agujari?

"Opinions are so different, you must come and judge for yourself. Praise and censure are handed backwards and forwards, as if they were two shuttlecocks between two battledores. The *Son Regina* was the only air of consequence that she even attempted; all else were but bits; pretty enough, but of no force or character for a great singer.

"How unfortunate that she should take the words, even though to other music, that we had heard from Agujari!—Oh! she is no Agujari!

"In short, and to come to the truth, she disappointed us all egregiously.

"However, my dear father, who beyond any body tempers his judgment with indulgence, pronounces her a very capital singer.

"But she visibly took no pains to exert herself, and appeared so impertinently easy, that I believe she thought it condescension enough for us poor savage islanders to see her stand upon the stage, and let us look at her. Yet it must at least be owned, that the tone of her voice, though feeble, is remarkably sweet; that her action is judicious and graceful, and that her style and manner of singing are masterly."

* * * * *

"My dear Mr. Crisp,
"I must positively talk to you again of the sweet Baroness Deiden, though I am half afraid to write you any more details of our Duet Concerts, lest they should tire your patience as much as my fingers. But you will be pleased to hear that they are still *d-la-mode*. We have just had another at the request of M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador, delivered by Lady Edgecombe; who not only came again her lively self, but brought her jocular and humorous lord; who seems as sportive and as fond of a *hoax* as any tar who walks the quarter-deck; and as cleverly gifted for making, as he is gaily disposed for enjoying one. They were both full of good humour and spirits, and we liked them amazingly. They have not a grain of what you style the torpor of the times.

"Lady Edgecombe was so transported by Muthel, that when her lord emitted a cough, though it did not vent till he had half stifled himself to check it, she called out, 'What do you do here, my lord, coughing? We don't want that accompaniment.' I wish you could have seen how drolly he looked. I am sure he was full primed with a ready repartee. But her ladyship was so intently in ecstacy, and he saw us all round so intently adoring her enthusiasm, that I verily believe he thought it would not be safe to interrupt the performance, even with the best criticism of his merry imagination.

"We had also, for contrast, the new Groom of the Stole, Lord Ashburnham, with his key of gold dangling from his pocket. He is elegant and pleasing, though silent and reserved; and just as scrupulously high-bred, as Lord Edgecombe is frolicsome and facetious.

"But, my dear Mr. Crisp, we had again the bewitching Danish ambassador, the Baroness Deiden, and her polite husband, the baron. She is really one of the most delightful creatures in this lower world, if she is not one of the most deceitful. We were more charmed with her than ever. I wonder whether Ophelia was like her? or, rather, I have no doubt but she was just such another. So musical, too! The Danish Court was determined to show us that our great English bard knew what he was about, when he drew so attractive a Danish female. The baron seems as sensible of her merit as if he were another Hamlet himself—though that is no man I ever yet saw! She speaks English very prettily; as she can't help, I believe, doing whatever she sets about. She said to my father, 'How good you were, sir, to remember us! We are very much obliged indeed.' And then to my sister, 'I have heard no music since I was here last!'

"We had also Lord Barrington, brother to my father's good friend Daines, and to the excellent Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship, as you know, is universally reckoned clever, witty, penetrating, and shrewd. But he hears this high character any where rather than in his air and look, which by no means pronounce his superiority of his own accord. Doubtless, however, he has 'that within which passeth show'; for there is only one voice as to his talents and merit.

"His honour, Mr. Brudenel,—but I will not again run over the names of the duplicates from the preceding concerts. I will finish my list with Lord Sandwich.

"And most welcome he made himself to us, in entering the drawing room, by giving intelligence that he had just heard from the circumnavigators, that our dear James was well.

"Lord Sandwich is a tall, stout man, and looks as furrowed and weather-proof as any sailor in the navy; and, like most of the old set of that brave tribe, he has good nature and joviality marked in every feature. I want to know why he is called Jimmy Twitcher in the newspapers? Do pray tell me that.

"But why do I prepare for closing my account, before I mention him for whom it was opened? namely, M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador.

"He was looked upon, when he first came over, as one of the handsomest of men, as well as one of the most gallant; and his conquests amongst the fair dames of the court were in proportion with those two circumstances. I hope, therefore, now,—as I am no well-wisher to these sort of conquerors,—that his defeats, in future, will counter-balance his victories; for he is grown so fat, and looks so sleek and supine, that I think the tender tribe will henceforward be in complete safety, and may sing, in full chorus, while viewing him,

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!"

"He was, however, very civil, and seemed well entertained; though he left an amusing laugh behind him from the pomposity of his exit; for not finding, upon quitting the music room, with an abrupt *French leave*, half a dozen of our lackeys waiting to anticipate his orders; half a dozen of those gentlemen not being positively at hand; he indignantly and impatiently called out alone: '*Mes gens! où sont mes gens? Que sont-ils donc devenus? Mes gens! Je dis! Mes gens!*'

"Previously to this, the duet had gone off with its usual eclat.

"Lord Sandwich then expressed an earnest desire to hear the baroness play; but she would not listen to him, and seemed vexed to be entreated, saying to my sister Hettina, who joined his lordship in the solicitation, 'Oh yes! it will be very pretty, indeed, after all this so fine music, to see me play a little minuet!'

"Lord Sandwich applied to my father to aid his petition; but my father, though he wished himself to hear the baroness again, did not like to tease her, when he saw her modesty of refusal was real; and consequently, that overcoming it would be painful. I am sure I could not have pressed her for the world! But Lord Sandwich, who, I suppose, is heart of oak, was not so scrupulous, and hovered over her, and would not desist; though turning her head away from him, and waving her hand to distance him, she earnestly said: 'I beg—I beg, my lord!—'

"Lord Barrington then, who, we found, was an intimate acquaintance of the ambassador, attempted to seize the waving hand; conjuring her to consent to let him lead her to the instrument.

"But she hastily drew in her hand, and exclaimed: 'Fie, fie, my lord Barrington!—so ill natured!—I should not think was you! Besides, you have heard me so often.'

"Madame la Baronne, replied he, with vivacity, 'I want you to play precisely because Lord Sandwich has not heard you, and because I have!'

"All, however, was in vain, till the baron came forward, and said to her, '*Mai chère*—you had better play something—anything—than give such a trouble.'

"She instantly arose, saying with a little reluctant shrug, but accompanied by a very sweet smile, 'Now this looks just as if I was like to be so much pressed!'

"She then played a slow movement of Abel's, and a minuet of Schobert's, most delightfully, and with so much soul and expression, that your Hettina could hardly have played them better.

"She is surely descended in a right line from Ophelia! only, now I think of it, Ophelia dies unmarried. That is horribly unlucky. But, oh Shakespeare!—all-knowing Shakespeare!—how came you to picture just such female beauty and sweetness and harmony in a Danish court, as was to be brought over to England so many years after, in a Danish ambassador's?

MRS. SHERIDAN.

But highest, at this season, in the highest circles of society, from the triple bewitchment of talents, beauty, and fashion, stood the fair Linley Sheridan; who now gave concerts at her own house, to which entrance was sought not only by all the votaries of taste, and admirers of musical excellence, but by all the leaders of *ton*, and their numerous followers, or slaves; with an ardour for admittance that was as eager for beholding as for listen-

ing to this matchless warbler; so astonishingly in concord were the charms of person, manners, and voice, for the eye and for the ear, of this resistless siren.

To these concerts Dr. Burney was frequently invited; where he had the pleasure, while enjoying the spirit of her conversation, the winning softness of her address, and the attraction of her smiles, to return her attention to him by the delicacy of accompaniment with which he displayed her vocal perfection.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

In the midst of this energetic life of professional exertion, family avocations, worldly prosperity and fashionable distinction, Dr. Burney lost not one moment that he could purloin either from his pleasures or its toils, to dedicate to what had long become the principal object of his cares,—his musical work.

Music, as yet, whether considered as a science or as an art, had been written upon only in partial details, to elucidate particular points of theory or of practice; but no general plan, or history of its powers, including its rise, progress, uses, and changes, in all the known nations of the world, had ever been attempted; though, at the time Dr. Burney set out upon his tours, to procure or to enlarge materials for such a work, it singularly chanced that there started up two fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, one English, the other Italian, who were working in their studies upon the same idea—namely, Sir John Hawkins, and Padre Martini. A French musical historian, also, M. de La Borde, took in hand the same subject, by a striking coincidence, nearly at the same period.

Each of their labours has now been long before the public; and each, as usual, has received the meed of pre-eminence, according to the sympathy of its readers with the several views of the subject given by the several authors.

The impediments to all progressive expedition that stood in the way of this undertaking with Dr. Burney, were so completely beyond his control, that, with his utmost efforts and skill, it was not till the year 1776, which was six years after the publication of his plan, that he was able to bring forth his History of Music.

And even then, it was the first volume only that he could publish; nor was it till six years later followed by the second.

Greatly, however, to a mind like his, was every exertion repaid by the honour of its reception. The subscription, by which he had been enabled to sustain its numerous expenses in books, travels, and engravings, had brilliantly been filled with the names of almost all that were most eminent in literature, high in rank, celebrated in the arts, or leading in the fashion of the day. And while the lovers of music received with eagerness every account of that art in which they delighted, scholars, and men of letters in general, who hitherto had thought of music but as they thought of a tune that might be played or sung from imitation, were astonished at the depth of research, and almost universality of observation, reading, and meditation, which were now shown to be requisite for such an undertaking; while the manner in which, throughout the work, such varied matter was displayed, was so natural, so spirited, and so agreeable, that the History of Music not only awakened respect and admiration for its composition; it excited also, an animated desire, in almost the whole body of its readers, to make acquaintance with its author.

The History of Music was dedicated, by permission, to her majesty, Queen Charlotte; and was received with even peculiar graciousness when it was presented, at the drawing room, by the author. The queen both loved and understood the subject; and had shown the liberal exemption of her fair mind from all petty nationality, in the frank approbation she had deigned to express of the doctor's tours; notwithstanding they so palpably displayed his strong preference of the Italian vocal music to that of the German.

So delighted was Doctor Burney by the condescending manner of the queen's acceptance of his musical offering, that he never thenceforward failed paying his homage to their majesties, upon the two birth-day anniversaries of those august and beloved sovereigns.

STREATHAM.

Fair was this period in the life of Dr. Burney. It opened to him a new region of enjoyment, supported by honours, and exhilarated by pleasures so supremely to his taste: honours that were literary, pleasures that were intellectual. Fair was this period, though not yet was it risen to its acme: a fairer still was now advancing to his highest wishes, by free and frequent intercourse with

the man in the world to whose genius and worth united, he looked up the most reverentially—Dr. Johnson.

And this intercourse was brought forward through circumstances of such infinite agreeability, that no point, however flattering, of the success that led him to celebrity, was so welcome to his honest and honourable pride, as being sought for at Streatham, and his reception at that seat of the muses.

Mrs. Thrale, the lively and enlivening lady of the mansion, was then at the height of the glowing renown which, for many years, held her in stationary superiority on that summit.

It was professionally that Dr. Burney was first invited to Streatham, by the master of that fair abode. The eldest daughter of the house was in the progress of an education fast advancing in most departments of juvenile accomplishments, when the idea of having resource to the chief in "music's power divine,"—Dr. Burney,—as her instructor in harmony, occurred to Mrs. Thrale.

So interesting was this new engagement to the family of Dr. Burney, which had been born and bred to a veneration of Dr. Johnson; and which had imbibed the general notion that Streatham was a coterie of wits and scholars, on a par with the blue assemblies in town of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey; that they all flocked around him, on his return from his first excursion, with eager enquiry whether Dr. Johnson had appeared; and whether Mrs. Thrale merited the brilliant plaudits of her panegyrists.

Dr. Burney delighted with all that had passed, was as communicative as they could be inquisitive. Dr. Johnson had indeed appeared; and from his previous knowledge of Dr. Burney, had come forward to him zealously, and wearing his mildest aspect.

Twenty-two years had now elapsed since first they had opened a correspondence, that to Dr. Burney had been delightful, and of which Dr. Johnson retained a warm and pleased remembrance. The early enthusiasm for that great man, of Dr. Burney, could not have hailed a more propitious circumstance for promoting the intimacy to which he aspired, than what hung on this recollection; for kind thoughts must instinctively have clung to the breast of Dr. Johnson, towards so voluntary and disinterested a votary; who had broken forth from his own modest obscurity to offer homage to Dr. Johnson, long before his stupendous dictionary, and more stupendous character, had raised him to his subsequent towering fame.

Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Burney had beheld as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of female wits; surpassing, rather than equalizing, the reputation which her extraordinary endowments, and the splendid fortune which made them conspicuous, had blazoned abroad; while her social and easy good humour allayed the alarm excited by the report of her spirit of satire; which, nevertheless, he owned she unsparingly darted around her, in sallies of wit and gaiety, and the happiest spontaneous epigrams.

Mr. Thrale, the doctor had found a man of sound sense, good parts, good instruction, and good manners; with a liberal turn of mind, and an unaffected taste for talented society. Yet, though it was every where known that Mrs. Thrale sportively, but very decidedly, called and proclaimed him her master, the doctor never perceived in Mr. Thrale any overbearing marital authority; and soon remarked, that while, from a temper of mingled sweetness and carelessness, his wife never offered him any opposing opinion, he was too never to be rallied, by a sarcastic nickname, out of the rights by which he kept her excess of vivacity in order. Composedly, therefore, he was content with the appellation; though from his manly character, joined to his real admiration of her superior parts, he divested it of its commonly understood imputation of tyranny, to convert it to a mere simple truism.

But Dr. Burney soon saw that he had but little chance of aiding his young pupil in any very rapid improvement. Mrs. Thrale, who had no passion but for conversation, in which her eminence was justly her pride, continually broke into the lesson to discuss the news of the times; politics, at that period, bearing the complete sway over men's minds. But she intermingled what she related, or what she heard, with sallies so gay, so unexpected, so classically erudite, or so vivaciously entertaining, that the tutor and the pupil were alike drawn away from their studies, to an enjoyment of a less laborious, if not of a less profitable description.

Dr. Johnson, who had no ear for music, had accustomed himself, like many other great writers who have had that same, and frequently sole, deficiency, to speak slightly

both of the art and of its professors. And it was not till after he had become intimately acquainted with Dr. Burney and his various merits, that he ceased to join in a jargon so unworthy of his liberal judgment, as that of excluding musicians and their art from celebrity.

The first symptom that he showed of a tendency to conversion upon this subject, was upon hearing the following paragraph read, accidentally, aloud by Mrs. Thrale, from the preface to the History of Music, while it was yet in manuscript.

"The love of lengthened tones and modulated sounds, seems a passion implanted in human nature throughout the globe; as we hear of no people, however wild and savage in other particulars, who have not music of some kind or other, with which they seem greatly delighted."

"Sir," cried Dr. Johnson, after a little pause, "this assertion I believe may be right." And then, see-sawing a minute or two on his chair, he forcibly added: "All animated nature loves music—except myself!"

Some time later, when Dr. Burney perceived that he was generally gaining ground in the house, he said to Mrs. Thrale, who had civilly been listening to some favourite air that he had been playing: "I have yet hopes, madam, with the assistance of my pupil, to see your's become a musical family. Nay, I even hope, sir," turning to Dr. Johnson, "I shall some time or other make you, also, sensible of the power of my art."

"Sir," answered the doctor, smiling, "I shall be very glad to have a new sense put into me!"

The Tour to the Hebrides being then in hand, Dr. Burney inquired of what size and form the book would be. "Sir," he replied, with a little bow, "you are my model!"

Impelled by the same kindness, when the doctor lamented the disappointment of the public in Hawkesworth's Voyages,—Sir," he cried, "the public is always disappointed in books of travels;—except yours!"

And afterwards, he said that he had hardly ever read any book quite through in his life; but added: "Chamier and I, sir, however, read all your travels through;—except, perhaps, the description of the great pipes in the organs of Germany and the Netherlands!"

Mr. Thrale had lately fitted up a rational, readable, well-chosen library. It were superfluous to say that he had neither authors for show nor bindings for vanity, when it is known, that while it was forming, he placed merely unbound pounds in Dr. Johnson's hands for its completion; though such was his liberality, and such his opinion of the wisdom as well as knowledge of Dr. Johnson in literary matters, that he would not for a moment have hesitated to subscribe to the highest estimate that the doctor might have proposed.

One hundred pounds, according to the expensive habits of the present day, of decorating books like courtiers and coxcombs, rather than like students and philosophers, would scarcely purchase a single row for a book-case of the row of Mr. Thrale's at Streatham; though, under such guidance as that of Dr. Johnson, to whom all finery seemed foppery, and all foppery futility, that sum, added to the books naturally inherited, or already collected, amply sufficed for the unsophisticated reader, where no peculiar pursuit, or unlimited spirit of research, demanded a collection for reference rather than for instruction and enjoyment.

This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. Thrale resolved to surmount these treasures for the mind by a similar regale for the eyes, in selecting the persons he most loved to contemplate, from amongst his friends and favourites, to preside over the literature that stood highest in his estimation.

And, that his portrait painter might go hand in hand in judgment with his collector of books, he fixed upon the matchless Sir Joshua Reynolds to add living excellence to dead perfection, by giving him the personal resemblance of the following elected set; every one of which occasionally made a part of the brilliant society of Streatham.

Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter were in one piece, over the fire place, at full length.

The rest of the pictures were all three-quarters.

Mr. Thrale was over the door leading to his study.

The general collection then began by Lord Sandys and Lord Westcott, two early noble friends of Mr. Thrale.

Then followed,

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Baretti, Sir Robert Chambers, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself!

All painted in the highest style of the great master, who much delighted in this his Streatham gallery.

There was place left but for one more frame, when the acquaintance of Dr. Burney began at Streatham; and

the charm of his conversation and manners, joined to his celebrity in letters, so quickly won upon the master as well as the mistress of the mansion, that he was presently selected for the honour of filling up this last chasm in the chain of Streatham worthies. To this flattering distinction, which Dr. Burney always recognised with pleasure, the public owe the engraving of Bartolozzi, which is prefixed to the History of Music.

DR. JOHNSON.

The friendship and kindness of heart of Dr. Johnson, were promptly brought into play by this renewed intercourse. Richard, the youngest son of Dr. Burney, born of the second marriage, was then preparing for Winchester School, whither his father proposed conveying him in person. This design was no sooner known at Streatham, where Richard, at that time a beautiful as well as clever boy, was in great favour with Mrs. Thrale, than Dr. Johnson volunteered an offer to accompany the father to Winchester; that he might himself present the son to Dr. Warton, the then celebrated master of that ancient receptacle for the study of youth.

Dr. Burney, enchanted by such a mark of regard, gratefully accepted the proposal; and they set out together for Winchester, where Dr. Warton expected them with ardent hospitality. The acquaintance of Dr. Burney he had already sought with literary liberality, having kindly given him notice, through the medium of Mr. Garrick, of a manuscript treatise on music in the Winchester collection. There was, consequently, already an opening to pleasure in their meeting; but the master's reception of Dr. Johnson, from the high-wrought sense of the honour of such a visit, was rather rapturous than glad. Dr. Warton was always called an enthusiast by Dr. Johnson, who, at times, when in gay spirits, and with those with whom he trusted their ebullition, would take off Dr. Warton with the strongest humour: describing, almost convulsively, the ecstasy with which he would seize upon the person nearest to him, to hug in his arms, lest his grasp should be eluded, while he displayed some picture, or some prospect; and indicated, in the midst of contortions and gestures that violently and ludicrously shook, if they did not affright his captive, the particular point of view, or of design, that he wished should be noticed.

This Winchester visit, besides the permanent impression made by its benevolence, considerably quickened the march of intimacy of Dr. Burney with the great Lexicographer, by the *tele a tele* journey to and from Winchester; in which there was not only the ease of companionship, to dissipate the modest awe of intellectual supereminence, but also the certitude of not being obtrusive; since, thus coupled in a post-chaise, Dr. Johnson had no choice of occupation, and no one else to whom to turn.

Far, however, from Dr. Johnson, upon this occasion, was any desire of change, or any requisition for variety. The spirit of Dr. Burney, with his liveliness of communication, drew out the mighty stores which Dr. Johnson had amassed upon nearly every subject, with an amenity that brought forth his genius in its very essence, cleared from all turbid dregs of heated irritability; and Dr. Burney never looked back to this Winchester tour but with recollected pleasure.

Nor was this the sole exertion in favour of Dr. Burney, of this admirable friend. He wrote various letters to his own former associates, and to his newer connections at Oxford, recommending to them to facilitate, with their best power, the researches of the musical historian. And, some time afterwards, he again took a seat in the chaise of Dr. Burney, and accompanied him in person to that university; where every head of college, professor, and even general member, vied one with another in coupling, in every mark of civility, their rising approbation of Dr. Burney, with their established reverence for Dr. Johnson.

Most willingly, indeed, would this great and excellent man have made, had he seen occasion, far superior efforts in favour of Dr. Burney; an excursion almost any where being, in fact, so agreeable to his taste, as to be always rather a pleasure to him than a fatigue.

His vast abilities, in truth, were too copious for the small scenes, objects, and interests of the little world in which he lived; and frequently must he have felt both curbed and damped by the utter insufficiency of such minor scenes, objects, and interests, to occupy powers such as his of conception and investigation. To avow this he was far too wise, lest it should seem a scorn of his fellow creatures; and, indeed, from his internal hu-

* This has reference wholly to Bolt-court, where he constantly retained his home: at Streatham, continually as he there resided, it was always as a guest:

mility, it is possible that he was not himself aware of the great elation that separated him from the herd of mankind, when not held to it by the ties of benevolence or of necessity.

To talk of humility and Dr. Johnson together, may, perhaps, make the few who remember him smile, and the many who have only heard of him stare. But his humility was not that of thinking more lowly of himself than of others; it was simply that of thinking so lowly of others, as to hold his own conscious superiority of but small sale in the balance of intrinsic excellence.

After these excursions, the intercourse of Dr. Burney with Streatham became so friendly, that Mrs. Thrale desired to make acquaintance with the doctor's family, and Dr. Johnson, at the same time, requested to examine the doctor's books; while both wished to see the house of Sir Isaac Newton.

An account of this beginning connection with St. Martin's street was drawn up by the present editor, at the earnest desire of the revered Chesington family friend, Mr. Crisp; whom she had just, and most reluctantly, quitted a day or two before this first visit from Streatham took place.

This little narration she now consigns to these memoirs, as naturally belonging to the progress of the friendship of Dr. Burney with Dr. Johnson; and not without hope that this genuine detail of the first appearance of Dr. Johnson in St. Martin's street, may afford to the reader some share of the entertainment which it afforded to the then young writer.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CHESINGTON, NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY.

"My dearest Mr. Crisp,—My father seemed well pleased at my returning to my time; so that is no small consolation and pleasure to me for the pain of quitting you. So now to our Thursday morning, and Dr. Johnson; according to my promise.

"We were all—by me, I mean Suzette, Charlotte, and I,—for my mother had been here before, as had my sister Burney; but we three were all in a twitter, from violent expectation and curiosity for the sight of this monarch of books and authors.

"Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Miss Owen, and Mr. Seward, came long before Lexiphanes. Mrs. Thrale is a pretty woman still, though she has some defect in the mouth that looks like a cut, or scar; but her nose is very handsome, her complexion very fair; she has the *embonpoint charmant*, and her eyes are blue and lustrous. She is extremely lively and chatty; and showed none of the supercilious or pedantic airs, so freely, or, rather, so scoffingly attributed, by you envious lords of the creation, to women of learning or celebrity; on the contrary, she is full of sport, remarkably gay, and excessively agreeable. I liked her in every thing except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, 'It's I!—No less a person than Mrs. Thrale!' However, all that ostentation wore out in the course of the visit, which lasted the whole morning; and you could not have helped liking her, she is so very entertaining—though not simple enough, I believe, for quite winning your heart.

"Miss Thrale seems just verging on her teens. She is certainly handsome, and her beauty is of a peculiar sort; fair, round, firm, and cherubimical; with its chief charm exactly where lies the mother's failure—namely, in the mouth. She is reckoned cold and proud; but I believe her to be merely shy and reserved; you, however, would have liked her, and called her a girl of fashion; for she was very silent, but very observant; and never looked tired, though she never uttered a syllable.

"Miss Owen, who is a relation of Mrs. Thrale, is good-humoured and sensible enough. She is a sort of butt, and as such is a general favourite; though she is a willing, and not a mean butt; for she is a woman of family and fortune. But those sort of characters are prodigiously popular, from their facility of giving liberty of speech to the wit and pleasantry of others, without risking for themselves any return of the 'retort coquons.'

"Mr. Seward, who seems to be quite at home among them, appears to be a penetrating, polite, and agreeable young man. Mrs. Thrale says of him, that he does good to every body, but speaks well of nobody.

"The conversation was supported with a great deal of vivacity, as usual when *il Signora Padrone* is at home; but I can write you none of it, as I was still in the same twitter, twitter, twitter, I have acknowledged, to see Dr. Johnson. Nothing could have heightened my impatience—unless Pope could have been brought to life again—on, perhaps, Shakespeare!

"This confab. was broken up by a duet between your

Hettina and, for the first time to company listeners, Suzette; who, however, escaped much fright, for she soon found she had no musical critics to encounter in Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Seward, or Miss Owen; who know not a flat from a sharp, nor a crotchet from a quaver. But every knowledge is not given to every body—except to two gentle wights of my acquaintance; the one commonly light *il Padre*, and the other *il Dadda*. Do you know any such sort of people, sir?

"Well, in the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close,—Dr. Johnson was announced!

"Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—about I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

"Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; and he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion in one hand, with silent approbation of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative; but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round; his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.

"Since such is his appearance to a person so prejudiced in his favour as I am, how must I more than ever reverence his abilities, when I tell you that, upon asking my father why he had not prepared up for such uncouth, untoward strangeness, he laughed heartily, and said he had entirely forgotten that the same impression had been, at first, made upon himself; but had been lost even on the second interview—

"How I long to see him again, to lose it, too!—for, knowing the value of what would come out when he spoke, he ceased to observe the defects that were out while he was silent.

"But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughy fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my *Padre* or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the piano-forte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them stily, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his *Idler*.

"His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

"Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

"Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fix-

ing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clear and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

"We were all excessively provoked: for we were languishing, frotting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

"My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

"When it was over, Mrs. Thrale in a laughing manner, said: 'Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savio sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?'

"My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

"The doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, 'Bach, sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?'

"You may imagine what exclamations followed such a question.

"Mrs. Thrale gave a detailed account of the nature of the concert, and the fame of Mr. Bach; and his many charming performances she had heard, with all the varieties, in his rooms.

"When there was a pause, 'Pray, madam,' said he, with the calmest gravity, 'what is the expense for all this?'

"O," answered she, 'the expense is—much trouble and solatation to obtain a subscriber's ticket—or else, half-a-guinea.'

"Trouble and solatation," he replied, 'I will have nothing to do with!—but, if it be so fine,—I would be willing to give,'—he hesitated, and then finished with—'eighteen pence.'

"Ha! ha!—Chocolate being then brought, we returned to the drawing-room; and Dr. Johnson, when drawn away from the books, freely, and with social good humour, gave himself up to conversation.

"The intended dinner of Mrs. Montagu being mentioned, Dr. Johnson laughingly told us that he had received the most flattering notice that he had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, of invitation from that lady.

"So have I, too," cried Mrs. Thrale. 'So, if a note from Mrs. Montagu is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgotten.'

"Your note, madam," cried Dr. Johnson, smiling, 'can bear no comparison with mine; for I am at the head of all the philosophers—she says.'

"And I," returned Mrs. Thrale, 'have all the muses in my train.'

"A fair battle!" cried my father; 'come! compliment for compliment; and see who will hold out longest.'

"I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale," said Mr. Seward; 'for I know that Mrs. Montagu exerts all her forces, when she sings the praises of Dr. Johnson.'

"O yes!" cried Mrs. Thrale, 'she has often praised him till he has been ready to faint.'

"Well," said my father, 'you two ladies must get him fairly between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint the thickest, Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Thrale.'

"I had rather," said the doctor, very composedly, 'go to Bach's concert.'

"Ha! ha! What a compliment to all three!

"After this, they talked of Mr. Garrick, and his late exhibition before the king; to whom, and to the queen and royal family, he has been reading *Læthe* in character; *c'est à dire*, in different voices, and theatrically.

"Mr. Seward gave an amusing account of a fable which Mr. Garrick had written by way of prologue, or introduction, upon this occasion. In this he says, that a blackbird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings, &c. &c., and gives up singing; but, upon being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, his spirits revive, and he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever.

"There is not," said Dr. Johnson, again beginning to see-saw, 'much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable; for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a blackbird! 'Tis true, the fabu-

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lists frequently make the wolves converse with the lambs; but then, when the conversation is over, the lambs are always devoured! And, in that manner, the eagle, to be sure, may entertain the blackbird—but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the eagle."

"They say," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that Garrick was extremely hurt by the coldness of the king's applause; and that he did not find his reception such as he had expected."

"He has been so long accustomed," said Mr. Seward, "to the thundering acclamation of a theatre, that mere calm approbation must necessarily be insipid, nay, dispiriting to him."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "he has no right, in a royal apartment, to expect the hallooing and clamour of the one-shilling gallery. The king, I doubt not, gave him as much applause as was rationally his due. And, indeed, great and uncommon as is the merit of Mr. Garrick, no man will be bold enough to assert that he has not had his just proportion both of fame and profit. He has long reigned the unequalled favourite of the public; and therefore nobody, we may venture to say, will mourn his hard lot, if the king and the royal family were not transported into rapture upon hearing him read *Leathe*! But yet, Mr. Garrick will complain to his friends; and his friends will lament the king's want of feeling and taste. But then—Mr. Garrick will kindly excuse the king. He will say that his majesty—might, perhaps, be thinking of something else!—That the affairs of America might, possibly, occur to him—or some other subject of state, more important—perhaps—than *Leathe*. But though he will candidly say this himself, he will not easily forgive his friends if they do not contradict him!"

"But now, that I have written this satire of our immortal Roscius, it is but just, both to Mr. Garrick and to Dr. Johnson, that I should write to you what was said afterwards, when, with equal humour and candour, Mr. Garrick's general character was discriminated by Dr. Johnson.

"Garrick," he said, "is accused of vanity; but few men would have borne such unremitting prosperity with greater, if with equal, moderation. He is accused, too, of avarice, though he lives rather like a prince than an actor. But the frugality he practised when he first appeared in the world, has put a stamp upon his character ever since. And now, though his table, his equipage, and his establishment, are equal to those of persons of the most splendid rank, the original stain of avarice still blots his name! And yet, had not his early, and perhaps necessary economy, fixed upon him the charge of thrift, he would long since have been reproached with that of luxury."

"Another time he said of him, 'Garrick never enters a room, but he regards himself as the object of general attention, from whom the entertainment of the company is expected. And true it is, that he seldom disappoints that expectation: for he has infinite humour, a very just proportion of wit, and more convivial pleasantry than almost any man living. But then, off as well as on the stage—he is always an actor! for he holds it so incumbent upon him to be sportive, that his gaiety, from being habitual, is become mechanical; and he can exert his spirits at all times alike, without any consultation of his disposition to hilarity.'"

"I can recollect nothing more, my dear Mr. Crisp. So I beg your benediction, and bid you adieu."

The accession of the musical historian to the Streatham coterie, was nearly as desirable to Dr. Johnson himself, as it could be to its new member; and, with reciprocated vivacity in seeking the society of each other, they went thither, and returned thence to their homes, in *tele à tele* junctions, by every opportunity.

In his chronological doggerel list of his friends and his feats, Dr. Burney has inserted the following lines upon the Streatham connection.

"1776.

"This year I acquaintance began with the Thrales, Where I met with great talents 'mongst females and males: But the best thing that happen'd from that time to this, Was the freedom it gave me to sound the abyss, At my case and my leisure, of Johnson's great mind, Where new treasures unnumber'd I constantly find.

Huge Briarcren's hands, if old bards have not blunder'd, Amounted in all to the sum of one hundred; And Johnson,—so wide his intelligence spreads, Has the brains of—at least—the same number of heads."

DR. JOHNSON AND THE GREVILLES.

A few months after the Streatham morning visit to St. Martin's street that has been narrated, an evening party was strangled by Dr. Burney, for bringing thither again Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, at the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Crewe; who wished, under the quiet roof of Dr. Burney, to make acquaintance with those celebrated personages.

This meeting, though more fully furnished with materials, produced not the same spirit or interest as its predecessor; and it owed, unfortunately, its miscarriage to the anxious efforts of Dr. Burney for heightening its success.

To take off, as he hoped, what might be stiff or formidable in an appointed encounter between persons of such highly famed conversational powers, who, absolute strangers to one another, most emulously, on each side, wish to shine with superior lustre, he determined

To mingle sweet discourse with music sweet;

and to vary, as well as soften the energy of intellectual debate, by the science and the sweetness of instrumental harmony. But the lovers of music, and the adepts in conversation, are rarely in true union. Exceptions only form, not mar a rule; as witness Messieurs Crisp, Twining, and Bewley, who were equally eminent for musical and for mental melody; but, in general, the discourses-votaries think time thrown away, or misapplied, that is not devoted exclusively to the powers of reason; while the votaries of harmony deem pleasure and taste discarded, where precedence is not accorded to the melting delight of modulated sounds.

The party consisted of Dr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Crewe, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Thrale; Signor Piozzi, Mr. Charles Burney, the Doctor, his wife, and four of his daughters.

Mr. Greville, in manner, mien, and high personal presentation, was still the superb Mr. Greville of other days; though from a considerable diminution of the substantial possessions which erst had given him pre-eminence at the clubs and on the turf, the splendour of his importance was now superseded by newer and richer chimauns. And even in *ton* and fashion, though his rank in life kept him a certain place, his influence, no longer seconded by fortune, was on the wane.

Mrs. Greville, whose decadence was in that very line in which alone her husband escaped it,—personal beauty,—had lost, at an early period, her external attractions, from the excessive thinness that had given to her erst fine and most delicate small features, a cast of sharpness so keen and meagre, that, joined to the shrewdly intellectual expression of her countenance, made her seem fitted to sit for a portrait, such as might have been delineated by Spencer, of a penetrating, puissant, and sarcastic fairy queen. She still, however, preserved her early fame; her *Ode to Indifference* having twined around her brow a garland of wide-spreading and unfading fragrance.

Mrs. Crewe seemed to inherit from both parents only what was best. She was still in a blaze of beauty that her happy and justly poised *embonpoint* preserved, with a roscate freshness, that eclipsed even juvenile rivalry, not then alone, but nearly to the end of a long life.

With all the unavoidable consciousness of only looking, only speaking, only smiling to give pleasure and receive homage, Mrs. Crewe, even from her earliest days, had evinced an intuitive eagerness for the sight of whoever of whatever was original, or peculiar, that gave her a lively taste for acquiring information; not deep, indeed, nor scientific; but intelligent, communicative, and gay. She had earnestly, therefore, availed herself of an opportunity thus free from parade or trouble, of taking an intimate view of so celebrated a philosopher as Dr. Johnson; of whom she wished to form a personal judgment, confirmatory or contradictory, of the rumours, pro and contra, that had instigated her curiosity.

Mr. Thrale, also, was willing to be present at this interview, from which he flattered himself with receiving much diversion, through the literary skirmishes, the pleasant retorts courteous, and the sharp pointed repar-

tees, that he expected to hear reciprocated between Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson; for though entirely a man of peace, and a gentleman in his character, he had a singular amusement in hearing, instigating, and provoking a war of words, alternating triumph and overthrow, between clever and ambitious colloquial combatants, where, as here, there was nothing that could inflict disgrace upon defeat.

And this, indeed, in a milder degree, was the idea of entertainment from the meeting that had generally been conceived. But the first step taken by Dr. Burney for social conciliation, which was calling for a cantata from Signor Piozzi, turned out, on the contrary, the herald to general discomfiture; for it cast a damp of delay upon the mental gladiators, that dimmed the brightness of the spirit with which, it is probable, they had meant to vanquish each the other.

Piozzi, a first-rate singer, whose voice was deliciously sweet, and whose expression was perfect, sung in his very best manner, from his desire to do honour to *il Capo di Casa*; but *il Capo di Casa* and his family alone did justice to his strains: neither the Grevilles nor the Thrales heeded music beyond what belonged to it as fashion: the expectations of the Grevilles were all occupied by Dr. Johnson; and those of the Thrales by the authoress of the *Ode to Indifference*. When Piozzi, therefore, arose, the party remained as little advanced in any method or pleasure for carrying on the evening, as upon its first entrance into the room.

Mr. Greville, who had been curious to see, and who intended to examine this levithian of literature, as Dr. Johnson was called in the current pamphlets of the day, considered it to be his proper post to open the campaign of the *conversation*. But he had heard so much, from his friend Topham Beauclerk, whose highest honour was that of classing himself as one of the friends of Dr. Johnson; not only of the bright intellect with which the doctor brought forth his wit and knowledge; and of the splendid talents with which he displayed them when they were aptly met; but also of the overwhelming ability with which he dismounted and threw into the mire of ridicule and shame, the antagonist who ventured to attack him with any species of sarcasm, that he was cautious how to encounter so tremendous a literary athletic. He thought it, therefore, most consonant to his dignity to leave his own character as an author in the back ground; and to take the field with the aristocratic armour of pedagogue and distinction. Aloof, therefore, he kept from all; and, assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority, planted himself, immovable as a noble statue, upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set.

Mrs. Greville would willingly have entered the lists herself, but that she naturally concluded Dr. Johnson would make the advances.

And Mrs. Crewe, to whom all this seemed odd and unaccountable, but to whom, also, from her love of any thing unusual, it was secretly amusing, sat perfectly passive in silent observance.

Dr. Johnson, himself, had come with the full intention of passing two or three hours, with well chosen companions, in social elegance. His own expectations, indeed, were small—for what could meet their expansion? his wish, however, to try all sorts and all conditions of persons, as far as belonged to their intellect, was unqualified and unlimited; and gave to him nearly as much desire to see others, as his great fame gave to others to see his eminent self. But his signal peculiarity in regard to society, could not be surmised by strangers; and was as yet unknown even to Dr. Burney. This was that, notwithstanding the superior powers with which he followed up every given subject, he scarcely ever began one himself; or, to use the phrase of Sir W. W. Phips, originated; though the masterly manner in which, as soon as any topic was started, he seized it in all its bearings, had so much the air of belonging to the leader of the discourse, that this singularity was unnoticed and unsuspected, save by the experienced observation of long years of acquaintance.

Not, therefore, being summoned to hold forth, he remained silent; compositely at first, and afterwards abstractedly.

Dr. Burney now began to feel considerably embarrassed; though still he cherished hopes of ultimate relief from some auspicious circumstance that, sooner or later

would operate, he hoped, in his favour, through the magnetism of congenial talents.

Vainly, however, he sought to elicit some observations that might lead to dissenting discourses; all his attempts received only quiet, acquiescent replies, "signifying nothing." Every one was awaiting some spontaneous opening from Dr. Johnson; Mrs. Thrale, of the whole coterie, was alone at her case. She feared not Dr. Johnson; for fear made no part of her composition; and with Mrs. Greville, as a fair rival genius, she would have been glad, from curiosity, to have had the honour of a little tilt, in full carelessness of its event; for though triumphant when victorious, she had spirits so volatile, and such utter exemption from envy or spleen, that she was gaily free from mortification when vanquished. But she knew the meeting to have been fabricated for Dr. Johnson; and, therefore, though not without difficulty, constrained herself to be passive.

When, however, she observed the sardonic disposition of Mr. Greville to stare around him at the whole company in curious silence, she felt a defiance against his aristocracy beat in every pulse; for, however grandly he might look back to the long ancestry of the Brookes and the Grevilles, she had a glowing consciousness that her own blood, rapid and fluent, flowed in her veins from Adam of Saltburn; and, at length, provoked by the dullness of a taciturnity that in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of human faculties; she grew tired of the music, and yet more tired of remaining, what as little suited her inclinations as her abilities, a mere cipher in the company; and, holding such a position, and all its concomitants, to be ridiculous, her spirits rose rebelliously above her control; and, in a fit of utter recklessness of what might be thought of her by her fine new acquaintance, she suddenly, but softly, arose, and stealing on tip-toe behind Signor Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the piano-forte to an animated *aria parlante*, with his back to the company, and his face to the wall; she ludicrously began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs of the shoulders, and easting up her eyes, while languishingly reclining her head; as if she were not less enthusiastically, though somewhat more suddenly, struck with the transports of harmony than himself.

This grotesque ebullition of ungovernable gaiety was not perceived by Dr. Johnson, who faced the fire, with his back to the performer and the instrument. But the amusement which such an unlooked for exhibition caused to the party, was momentary; for Dr. Burney, shocked lest the poor Signor should observe, and be hurt by this mimicry, glided gently round to Mrs. Thrale, and, with something between pleasantry and severity, whispered to her, "Because, madam, you have no car yourself for music, will you destroy the attention of all who, in that one point, are otherwise gifted?"

It was now that shone the brightest attribute of Mrs. Thrale, sweetness of temper. She took this rebuke with a candour, and a sense of its justice the most amiable; she nodded her approbation of the admonition; and, returning to her chair, quietly sat down, as she afterwards said, like a pretty little miss, for the remainder of one of the most humdrum evenings that she had ever passed.

Strange, indeed, strange and most strange, the event considered, was this opening intercourse between Mrs. Thrale and Signor Piozzi. Little could she imagine that the person she was thus called away from holding up to ridicule, would become, but a few years afterwards, the idol of her fancy and the lord of her destiny! And little did the company present imagine, that this burlesque scene was but the first of a drama the most extraordinary of real life, of which these two persons were to be the hero and the heroine; though, when the catastrophe was known, this incident, witnessed by so many, was recollected and repeated from coterie to coterie throughout London, with comments and sarcasms of endless variety.

The most innocent person of all that went forward was the laureled chief of the little association, Dr. Johnson; who, though his love for Dr. Burney made it a pleasure to him to have been included in the invitation, marvelled, probably, by this time, since uncalled upon to distinguish himself, why he had been bidden to the meeting. But, as the evening advanced, he wrapt himself up in his own thoughts, in a manner it was frequently less difficult to him to do than to let alone, and became completely absorbed in silent rumination: sustaining, nevertheless, a grave and composed demeanour, with an air by no means wanting in dignity any more than in urbanity.

Very unexpectedly, however, ere the evening closed, he showed himself alive to what surrounded him, by one of those singular starts of vision, that made him seem at

times,—though purblind to things in common, and to things inanimate,—gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action or position that he thought merited reprehension: for, all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who, without much self-denial, the night being very cold, pertinaciously kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed: "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire,—I should gleam to stand upon the hearth myself!"

A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smother himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried, also, to hold to his post, as if determined to disregard so cavalier a liberty: but the sight of every eye around him cast down, and every visage struggling vainly to appear serene, disconcerted him; and though, for two or three minutes, he disdained to move, the awkwardness of a general pause impelled him, ere long, to glide back to his chair; but he rang the bell with force as he passed it, to order his carriage.

It is probable that Dr. Johnson had and purposely brought forth that remark to disenchant him from his self-consciousness.

The party then broke up; and no one from amongst it ever asked, or wished for its repetition.

If the mode of the first queen of the *Bas Bleu* Societies, Mrs. Vesey, had here been adopted, for destroying the formality of the circle, the party would certainly have been less scrupulously censorious; for if any two of the gifted persons present had been jostled unaffectedly together, there can be little doubt that the plan and purpose of Dr. Burney would have been answered by a spirited conversation. But neither then, nor since, has so happy a confusion to all order of etiquette been instituted, as was set afloat by that remarkable lady; whose amiable and intelligent simplicity made her follow up the suggestions of her singular fancy, without being at all aware that she did not follow those of common custom.

LADY MARY DUNCAN.

Lady Mary Duncan, the great patroness of Pacchierotti, was one of the most singular females of her day, for parts utterly uncultivated, and mother wit completely untrammelled by the etiquettes of custom. She singled out Dr. Burney from her passion for his art; and attached herself to his friendship from her esteem for his character; joined to their entire sympathy in taste, feeling and judgment, upon the merits of Pacchierotti.

This lady displayed in conversation a fond of humour, comic and fantastic in the extreme, and more than bordering on the burlesque, through the extraordinary graces with which she enforced her meaning; and the risible abruptness of a quick transition from the sternest authority to the most facetious good fellowship, with which she frequently altered the expression of her countenance while in debate.

Her general language was a jargon entirely her own, and so enveloped with strange phrases, ludicrously ungrammatical, that it was hardly intelligible, till an exordium or two gave some insight into its peculiarities; but then it commonly unfolded into sound, and even sagacious panegyric of some favourite; or sharp sarcasm, and extravagant mimicry, upon some one who had incurred her displeasure. Her wrath, however, once promulgated, seemed to operate by its utterance as a vent that disburthened her mind of all its angry workings; and led her cordially to join her laugh with that of her hearers; without either inquiry, or care, whether that laugh were at her sayings or at herself.

She was constantly dressed according to the costume of her early days, in a hoop, with a long pointed stomacher and long pointed ruffles; and a fly cap. She had a manly courage, a manly stamp, and a manly hard-featured face: but her heart was as invariably generous and good, as her manners were original and grotesque.

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

A subject now propels itself forward that might better, it is probable, become any pen than that on which it here devolves. It cannot, however, be set aside in the memoirs of Dr. Burney, to whom, and to the end of his life, it proved a permanent source of deep and bosom interest; and the editor, with less unwillingness, though with conscious awkwardness, approaches this egotistic history, from some recent information that the obscurity in which its origin was encircled, has left, even yet, a spur to curiosity and conjecture.

It seems, therefore, a devoir due to the singleness of truth, to cut short any future vague assertion on this small subject, by an explicit narration of a simple, though

rather singular tale; which, little as in itself it can be worthy of particular attention, may not wholly, perhaps, be unamusing, from the celebrated characters that must necessarily be involved in its relation; at the head of which, at this present moment, she is tempted to disclose, in self-defence—a proud self-defence!—of this personal obtrusion, the *LIVING* names of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Rogers, who, in a visit with which they favoured her in the year 1826, repeated some of the fabrications to which this mystery of her early life still gave rise; and condescended to solicit a recital of the real history of *Evelina's Entrance into the World*.

This she instantly communicated; though so incoherently, from the embarrassment of the subject, and its long absence from her thoughts, that, having since collected documents to refresh her memory, she ventures, in gratefully dedicating the little incident to these illustrious inquirers, to insert its details in these memoirs—to which, purely, it in fact belongs.

FANCES, the second daughter of Dr. Burney, was during her childhood the most backward of all his family in the faculty of receiving instruction. At eight years of age she was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; though at ten, she began scribbling, almost incessantly, little works of invention; but always in private; and in scrawling characters, illegible, save to herself.

One of her most remote remembrances, previously to this writing mania, is that of hearing a neighbouring lady recommend to Mrs. Burney, her mother, to quicken the indolence, or stupidity, whichever it might be of the little dunce, by the chastening ordinances of Solomon. The alarm, however, of that little dunce, at a suggestion so wide from the maternal measures that had been practised in her childhood, was instantly superseded by a joy of gratitude and surprise that still rests upon her recollection, when she heard gently murmured in reply, "No, no,—I am not uneasy about her!"

But, alas! the soft music of those encouraging accents had already ceased to vibrate on human ears, before these scrambling pot-hooks had begun their operation of converting into elegies, odes, plays, songs, stories, farces,—nay, tragedies and epic poems, every scrap of white paper that could be seized upon without question or notice; for she grew up, probably through the vanity-annihilating circumstances of this conscious intellectual disgrace, with so affrighted a persuasion that what she scribbled, if seen, would but expose her to ridicule, that her pen, though her greatest, was only her clandestine delight.

To one confidant, indeed, all was open; but the fond partiality of the juvenile Susanna made her opinion of little weight; though the affection of her praise rendered the staid moments of their secret readings the happiest of their adolescent lives.

From the time, however, that she attained her fifteenth year, she considered it her duty to combat this writing passion as illaudable, because fruitless. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity, when Dr. Burney was at Chesington, and the then Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law, was in Norfolk, she made over to a bonfire, in a paved play-court, her whole stock of prose goods and chattels; with the

* This was written in the year 1828.

† The first volume of this work was nearly printed, when the editor had the grief of hearing that Sir Walter Scott was no more. In the general sorrow that his loss has spread throughout the British Empire, she presumes not to speak of her own; but she cannot persuade herself to annul the little tribute, by which she had meant to demonstrate to him her sense of the vivacity with which he had sought out her dwelling; invited her to the hospitality of his daughters at Abbotsford; and courteously, nay, eagerly offered to do the honours of Scotland to her himself, from that celebrated abode.

In a subsequent visit with which he honoured and delighted her in the following year, she produced to him the scraps of documents and fragments which she had collected from ancient diaries and letters, in consequence of his inquiries. Pleased he looked; but told her that what already she had related, already—to use his own word—he had "netted;" adding, "And most particularly, I have not forgotten your mulberry tree!"

This little history, however, was so appropriately his own, and was written so expressly with a view to its dedication, that still, with veneration—though with sadness instead of gladness—she leaves the brief exordium of her intended homage in its original state. And the less reluctantly, as the companion of his kindness and his interrogatories will still—she hopes—accept, and not unwillingly, his own share in the small offering.

sincere intention to extinguish for ever in their ashes her scribbling propensity. But Hudibras too well says—

"He who complains against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

This grand feat, therefore, which consumed her productions, extirpated neither the invention nor the inclination that had given them birth; and, in defiance of all the projected heroism of the sacrifice, the last of the little works that was immolated, which was the History of Caroline Evelyn, the mother of Evelina, left, upon the mind of the writer, so animated an impression of the singular situations to which that Caroline's infant daughter,—from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connections of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her grandmother,—might be exposed; and presented contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, thus circumstanced, so natural, that irresistibly and almost unconsciously, the whole of *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, was pent up in the inventor's memory, ere a paragraph was committed to paper.

Writing, indeed, was far more difficult to her than composing; for that demanded what she rarely found attainable—secret opportunity: while composition, in that hey-day of imagination, called only for volition.

When the little narrative, however slowly, from the impediments that always annoy what requires secrecy, began to assume a "questionable shape;" a wish—as vague, at first, as it was fantastic—crossed the brain of the writer, to "see her work in print."

She communicated, under promise of inviolable silence, this idea to her sisters; who entered into it with much more amusement than surprise, as they well knew her taste for quaint sports; and were equally aware of the sensitive affright with which she shrunk from all personal remark.

She now copied the manuscript in a feigned hand; for as she was the doctor's principal amanuensis, she feared her common writing might accidentally be seen by some compositor of the History of Music, and lead to detection.

She grew weary, however, ere long, of an exercise so merely manual; and had no sooner completed a copy of the first and second volumes, than she wrote a letter without any signature, to offer the unfinished work to a bookseller; with a desire to have the two volumes immediately printed, if approved; and a promise to send the sequel in the following year.

This was forwarded by the London post, with a desire that the answer should be directed to a coffee-house.

Her younger brother—the elder, Captain James, was "over the hills and far away;"—her younger brother, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, gaily, and without reading a word of the work, accepted a share in so whimsical a frolic; and joyously undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house with her letters, and to the bookseller with the manuscript.

After some consultation upon the choice of a bookseller, Mr. Doddsley was fixed upon; for Doddsley, from his father's,—or perhaps grandfather's,—well chosen collection of fugitive poetry, stood foremost in the estimation of the juvenile set.

Mr. Doddsley, in answer to the proposition, declined looking at any thing that was anonymous.

The party, half-annoyed, half-provoked, sat in full committee upon this lofty reply; and came to a resolution to forego the *edat* of the west end of the town, and to try their fortune with the urbanity of the city.

Chance fixed them upon the name of Mr. Lowndes. The city of London here proved more courtly than that of Westminster; and, to their no small delight, Mr. Lowndes desired to see the manuscript.

And what added a certain pride to the author's satisfaction in this assent was, that the answer opened by "Sir,"—

which gave her an elevation to manly consequence, that had not been accorded to her by Mr. Doddsley, whose reply began

"Sir, or madam."

The young agent was muffled up now by the laughing committee, in an old great coat, and a large old hat, to give him a somewhat antique as well as vulgar disguise; and was sent forth in the dark of the evening with the two first volumes to Fleet-street, where he left them to their fate.

In trances of impatience the party awaited the issue of the examination.

But they were all let down into the very "Slough of Despond," when the next coffee-house letter coolly declared, that Mr. Lowndes could not think of publishing an unfinished book; though he liked the work, and

should be "ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished."

There was nothing in this unreasonable; yet the disappointed author, tired of what she deemed such priggish punctilio, gave up, for awhile, and in dudgeon, all thought of the scheme.

Nevertheless, to be thwarted on the score of our inclination acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle; the third volume, therefore, which finished *The young lady's entrance into the world*, was, ere another year could pass away, almost involuntarily completed and copied.

But while the scribe was yet wavering whether to abandon or to prosecute her enterprise, the chasm caused by this suspense to the workings of her imagination, left an opening from their vagaries to a mental interrogatory, whether it were right to allow herself such an amusement, with whatever precautions she might keep it from the world, unknown to her father?

She had never taken any step without the sanction of his permission; and had now refrained from requesting it, only through the confusion of acknowledging her authorship; and the apprehension, or, rather, the horror of his desiring to see her performance.

Nevertheless, reflection no sooner took place of action, than she found, in this case at least, the poet's maxim reversed, and that

"The female who deliberates—is sav'd,"

for she saw in its genuine light what was her duty; and seized, therefore, upon a happy moment of a kind *tête à tête* with her father, to avow, with more blushes than words, her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print; hastily adding, while he looked at her, incredulous of what he heard, that her brother Charles would transact the business with a distant bookseller, who should never know her name. She only, therefore, entreated that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript.

His amazement was without parallel; yet it seemed surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined it; though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity.

She was the last person, perhaps, in the world from whom Dr. Burney could have expected a similar scheme. He thought her project, however, as innocent as it was whimsical, and offered not the smallest objection; but, kindly embracing her, and calling himself *per se confidant*, he enjoined her to be watchful that Charles was discreet; and to be invariably strict in guarding her own incognito; and then, having tacitly granted her personal petition, he dropt the subject.

With fresh eagerness, now, and heightened spirits, the incipient author rolled up her packet for the bookseller; which was carried to him by a newly trusted agent, her brother being then in the country.

The suspense was short; in a very few days Mr. Lowndes sent his approbation of the work, with an offer of 20*l*. for the manuscript—an offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!!

The receipt for this settlement, signed simply by "the Editor of *Evelina*," was conveyed by the new agent to Fleet-street.

In the ensuing January, 1778, the work was published; a fact which only became known to its writer, who had dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes, from hearing the following advertisement read, accidentally, aloud at breakfast time, by Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law.

This day was published,

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet-street.

Mrs. Burney, who read this unsuspectingly, went on immediately to other articles; but, had she lifted her eyes from the paper, something more than suspicion must have met them, from the conscious colouring of the scribbler, and the irresistible smiles of the two sisters, Susanna and Charlotte, who were present.

Dr. Burney probably read the same advertisement the same morning; but as he knew neither the name of the book, nor of the bookseller, nor the time of publication, he must have read it without comment, or thought.

In this projected and intended security from public notice, the author passed two or three months, during which the doctor asked not a question; and perhaps had forgotten the secret with which he had been entrusted; for, besides the multiplicity of his affairs, his mind, just then, was deeply disturbed by rising dissension, from claims the most unwarrantable, with Mr. Greville.

And even from his own mind, the book, with all that belonged to it, was soon afterwards chased, through the absorbent fears of seeing her father dangerously attacked by an acute fever; from which, by the admirable prescriptions and skill of Sir Richard Jebb, he was barely recovered, when she herself, who had been incautiously eager in aiding her mother and sisters in their assiduous attendance upon the invaluable invalid, was taken ill with strong symptoms of an inflammation of the lungs;

and though, through the sagacious directions of the same penetrating physician, she was soon pronounced to be out of immediate danger, she was so shaken in health and strength, that Sir Richard enjoined her quitting London for the recruit of country air. She was therefore conveyed to Chesington Hall, where she was received and cherished by a second father in Mr. Crisp; with whom, and his associates, the worthy Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Cooke, she remained for a considerable time.

A few days before she left town, Dr. Burney, in a visit to her bedside, revealed to her his late painful disagreement with Mr. Greville; but told her that they had, at length, come to a full explanation, which had brought Mr. Greville once more to his former and agreeable self; and had terminated in a complete reconciliation.

He then read to her, in confidence, a poetical epistle, which he had just composed, and was preparing to send to his restored friend; but which was expressed in terms so affecting, that they nearly proved the reverse of restoration, in her then feeble state, to his fondly attached daughter.

Dr. Burney's intercourse with Mr. Greville was then again resumed; and continued with rational, but true regard, on the part of Dr. Burney; but with an immoderate importunity on that of Mr. Greville, that claimed time which could not be spared; and leisure which could not be found.

Evelina had now been published four or five months, though Dr. Burney still knew nothing of its existence; and the author herself had learnt it only by the chance-read advertisement already mentioned. Yet had that little book found its way abroad; fallen into general reading; roused through three editions, and been named with favour in sundry Reviews; till, at length, a sort of cry was excited amongst its readers for discovering its author.

That author, it will naturally be imagined, would repose her secret, however sacred, in the breast of so confidential a counsellor as Mr. Crisp, the intimate friend of the family.

And not trust, indeed, was there wanting! far otherwise! But as she required no advice for what she never meant to avow, and had already done with, she had no motive of sufficient force to give her courage for encountering his critic eye. She never, therefore, ventured, and never purposed to venture revealing to him her anonymous exploit.

June came; and a sixth month was clapsing in the same silent concealment, when early one morning the doctor, with great eagerness and hurry, began a search amongst the pamphlets in his study for a Monthly Review, which he demanded of his daughter Charlotte, who alone was in the room. After finding it, he earnestly examined its contents, and then looked out hastily for an article which he read with a countenance of so much emotion, that Charlotte stole softly behind him, to peep over his shoulder; and then saw, with surprise and joy, that he was pursuing an account, which she knew to be most favourable, of Evelina, beginning, "A great variety of natural characters—"

When he had finished the article, he put down the Review, and sat motionless, without raising his eyes, and looking in deep, but charmed astonishment. Suddenly, then, he again snatched the Review, and again ran over the article, with an air yet more intensely occupied. Placing it afterwards on the chimney-piece, he walked about the room, as if to recover breath, and recollect himself; though always with looks of the most vivid pleasure.

Some minutes later, holding the Review in his hand, while inspecting that table of contents, he beckoned to Charlotte to approach; and pointing to "Evelina," "you know," he said, in a whisper, "that book? Send William for it to Lowndes, as if for yourself, and give it to me when we are alone."

Charlotte obeyed; and, in joyous sanguine expectation, delivered to him the little volumes, tied up in brown paper, in his study, when, late at night, he came home from some engagement.

He locked them up in his bureau, without speaking, and retired to his chamber.

The kindly impatient Charlotte was in his study the next morning with the lark, waiting the descent of the doctor from his room.

He, also, was early, and went straight to his desk; whence, taking out and untying the parcel, he opened the first volume upon the little ode to himself:—"Oh author of my being! far more dear," &c.

He ejaculated a "Good God!" and his eyes were suffused with tears.

Twice he read it, and then recommitted the book to his writing desk, as if his mind were too full for further perusal; and dressed, and went out, without uttering a syllable.

All this the affectionate Charlotte wrote to her sister; who read it with a perturbation inexpressible. It was clear that the doctor had discovered the name of her book; and learned, also, that Charlotte was one of her cabal; but how, was inexplicable; though what would be his opinion of the work absorbed now all the thoughts and sorrows of the clandestine author.

From this time, he frequently, though privately and confidentially, spoke with all the sisters upon the subject; and with the kindest approbation.

From this time, also, daily accounts of the progress made by the doctor in reading the work; or of the progress in the world of the work itself, were transmitted to recreate the Chesington invalid from the eagerly kind sisters; the eldest of which, soon afterwards, wrote a proposal to carry to Chesington, for reading to Mr. Crisp, "an anonymous new work that was running about the town, called *Evelina*."

She came; and performed her promised office with a warmth of heart that glowed through every word she read, and gave an interest to every detail.

With flying colours, therefore, the book went off, not only with the easy social circle, but with Mr. Crisp himself; and without the most remote suspicion that the author was in the midst of the audience; a circumstance that made the whole perusal seem to that author the most pleasant of comedies, from the innumerable whimsical incidents to which it gave rise, alike in panegyrics and in criticisms, which alternately, and most innocently, were often addressed to herself; and accompanied with demands of her opinions, that forced her to perplexing evasions, productive of the most ludicrous confusion, though of the highest inward diversion.

Meanwhile, Dr. Burney, uninformed of this transaction, yet justly concluding that, whether the book were owned or not, some one of the little committee would be carrying it to Chesington; sent an injunction to prostrate its being produced, as he himself meant to be its reader to Mr. Crisp.

This touching testimony of his parental interest in its success with the first and dearest of their friends, came close to the heart for which it was designed, with feelings of strong and yet living gratitude! The invalid was equally unexpected and exhilarating to the invalid were all these occurrences; but of much deeper marvel still was the narrative which follows, and which she received about a week after this time.

In a letter written in this month, June, her sister Susanna stated to her, that just as she had retired to her own room, on the evening preceding its date, their father returned from his usual weekly visit to Streatham, and sent for her to his study.

She immediately perceived, by his expanded brow, that he had something extraordinary, and of high agreeableness, to divulge.

As the memorialist arrives now at the first mention, in this little transaction, of a name that the public seems to hail with augmenting eagerness in every trait that comes to light, she will venture to copy the genuine account in which that honoured name first occurs; and which was written to her by her sister Susanna, with an unpretending simplicity that may to some have a charm; and that to no one can be offensive.

After the opening to the business that has just been abridged, Susanna thus goes on.

"Oh, my dear girl, how I shall surprise you! Prepare yourself, I beseech, not to be too much moved. "I have such a thing," cried our dear father, "to tell you about our poor Fanny!"

"Dear sir, what?" cried I; afraid he had been betraying your secret to Mrs. Thrale; which I know he knew to do.

"He only smiled—but such a smile of pleasure I never saw! 'Why to night at Streatham,' cried he, 'while we were sitting at tea, only Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Miss

Thrale, and myself. Madam, cried Dr. Johnson, seeing on his chair, Mrs. Cholmondeley was talking to me last night of a new novel, which she says has a very uncommon share of merit; *Evelina*. She says she has not been so entertained this great while as in reading it; and that she shall go all over London to discover the author."

"Do you breathe, my dear Fanny?"

"Odd enough!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why somebody else mentioned that book to me the other day—Lady Westcote it was, I believe. The modest writer of *Evelina* she talked about."

"Mrs. Cholmondeley says," answered the doctor, "that she never before met so much modesty with so much merit in any literary production of the kind, as is implied by the concealment of the author."

"Well," cried I, continued my father, smiling more and more, "somebody recommended that book to me, too; and I read a little of it—which, indeed, seemed to be above the commonplace works of this kind."

"Mrs. Thrale said she would certainly get it."

"You must have it, madam!" cried Johnson, emphatically; "Mrs. Cholmondeley says she shall keep it on her table the whole summer, that every body that knows her may see it; for she asserts that every body ought to read it! And she has made Burke get it—and Reynolds."

"A tolerably agreeable conversation, methinks, my dear Fanny! It took away my breath, and made me skip like a mad creature."

"And how did you feel, sir?" said I to my father, when I could speak.

"Feel?—why I liked it of all things! I wanted somebody to introduce the book at Streatham. 'Twas just what I wished, but could not expect!'"

"I could not for my life, my dearest Fanny, help saying that—even if it should be discovered, shy as you were of being known, it would do you no discredit. 'Discredit?' he repeated; 'no, indeed!—quite the reverse! It would be quite the reverse! It would be a credit to her—and to me!—and to you—and to all her family!'"

"Now, my dearest Fanny—pray how do you do?"

Vain would be any attempt to depict the astonishment of the author at this communication—the astonishment, or—the pleasure!

And, in truth, in private life, few small events can possibly have been attended with more remarkable incidents. That a work, voluntarily consigned by its humble author, even from its birth, to oblivion, should rise from her condemnation, and,

"Unpatronised, maided, unknown,"

make its way through the metropolis, in passing from the Monthly Review into the hands of the beautiful Mrs. Bunbury; and from her arriving at those of the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley; whence, triumphantly, it should be conveyed to Sir Joshua Reynolds; made known to Mr. Burke; be mounted even to the notice of Dr. Johnson, and reach Streatham;—and that there its name should first be pronounced by the great lexicographer himself; and,—by mere chance,—in the presence of Dr. Burney; seemed more like a romance, even to the doctor himself, than any thing in the book that was the cause of these coincidences.

Very soon afterwards, another singular circumstance, and one of great flutter to the spirits of the hidden author, reached her from the kind sisters. Upon the succeeding excursion of Dr. Burney to Streatham, Mrs. Thrale, most unconsciously, commissioned him to order Mr. Lowndes to send her down *Evelina*.

From this moment the composure of Chesington was over for the invalid, though not so the happiness! unequalled, in a short time, that became—unequalled as it was wonderful. Dr. Burney now, from his numerous occupations, stole a few hours for a flying visit to Chesington; where his meeting with his daughter, just rescued from the grave, and still barely convalescent, at a period of such peculiar interest to his paternal, and to her filial heart, was of the tenderest description. Yet, earnestly as she coveted his sight, she felt almost afraid, and quite ashamed, to be alone with him, from her doubts how he might accept her versified dedication.

She held back, therefore, from any *tête à tête* till he sent for her to his little gallery cabinet; or in Mr. Crisp's door, conjuring closet. But there, when he had shut the door, with a significant smile, that told her what was coming, and gave a glow to her very forehead from anxious confusion, he gently said, "I have read your book, Fanny!—but you need not blush at it—it is full of merit—it is, really—extraordinary!"

She fell upon his neck with heart-throbbing emotion; and he folded her in his arms so tenderly, that she sobbed upon his shoulder; so moved was she by his precious approbation. But she soon recovered to a grayer pleasure—a pleasure more like his own; though the length of her illness had made her almost too weak for sensations that were mixed with such excess of amazement. She had written the little book, like innumerable of its predecessors that she had burnt, simply for her private recreation. She had printed it for a frolic, to see how a production of her own would figure in that author-like form. But that was the whole of her plan. And, in truth, her unlooked for success evidently surprised her father quite as much as herself.

But what was her start, when he told her that her book was then actually running the gauntlet at Streatham; and condescended to ask her leave, if Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it, to let her into the secret!

Startled was she indeed, nay, affrighted; for concealment was still her changeless wish and unalterable purpose. But the words: "If Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it," made her ashamed to demur; and she could only reply that, upon such a stipulation, she saw no risk of confidence, for Mrs. Thrale was no partial relative. She besought him, however, not to betray her to Mr. Crisp, whom she dreaded as a critic as much as she loved as a friend.

He laughed at her fright, yet forbore agitating her apprehensive spirits by pressing, at that moment, any abrupt disclosure; and having gained his immediate point with regard to Mrs. Thrale, he drove off eagerly and instantly to Streatham.

And his eagerness there received no check; he found not only Mrs. Thrale, but her daughter, and sundry visitors, so occupied by *Evelina*, that some quotation from it was apropos to whatever was said or done.

An enquiry was promptly made, whether Mrs. Cholmondeley had yet found out the author of *Evelina*?—"because," said Mrs. Thrale, "I long to know him of all things."

The *him* produced a smile that, as soon as they were alone, elicited an explanation; and the kind civilities that ensued may easily be conceived.

Every word of them was forwarded to Chesington by the participating sisters, as so many salutary medicines, they said, for returning health and strength. And, speedily after, they were followed by a prescription of the same character, so potent, so superlative, as to take place of all other mental medicines.

This was conveyed in a packet from Susanna, containing the ensuing letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Burney; written two days after she had put the first volume of *Evelina* into her coach, as Dr. Johnson was quitting Streatham for a day's residence in Bolt Court.

"Dear Dr. Burney,—Doctor Johnson returned home last night full of the praises of the book I had lent him; protesting there were passages in it that might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever; and he, Doctor Johnson, feels ardent after the denouement. *He could not get rid of the Rogue!* he said. I then lent him the second volume, which he instantly read, and is, even now, busy with the third.

"You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. I, my dear sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! And long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent!"

This packet was accompanied by intelligence, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had been fed while reading the little work, from refusing to quit it at table; and that Edmund Burke had sat up a whole night to finish it!!! It was accompanied, also, by a letter from Dr. Burney, that almost dissolved the happy scribbler with touching delight, by its avowal of his increased approbation upon a second reading: "Thou has made," he says, "thy old father laugh and cry at thy pleasure. I never yet heard of a novel writer's statue;—yet who knows?—above all things, then, take care of thy head, for if that should be at all turned out of its place by all intoxicating success, what sort of figure wouldst thou cut upon a pedestal? *Prens y bien garde!*"

This playful goodness, with the wondrous news that Doctor Johnson himself had deigned to read the little book, so struck, so nearly bewildered the author, that, seized with a fit of wild spirits, and not knowing how to account for the vivacity of her emotion to Mr. Crisp, she darted out of the room in which she had read the tidings

* Sir Walter Scott was then a child.

by his side, to a small lawn before the window, where she danced, lightly, blithely, gaily, around a large old mulberry tree, as impulsively and airily as she had often done in her days of adolescence: and Mr. Crisp, though he looked on with some surprise, wore a smile of the most expressive kindness, that seemed rejoicing in the sudden resumption of that buoyant spirit of springing felicity, which, in her first visits to Liberty Hall—Chesington,—had made the mulberry-tree the favourite site of her juvenile vagaries.

Dr. Burney sent, also, a packet from Mr. Lowndes, containing ten sets of Evelina very handsomely bound: and the scribbler had the extreme satisfaction to see that Mr. Lowndes was still in the dark as to his correspondent, the address being the same as the last:—

TO MR. GRAFTON, ORANGE COFFEE HOUSE,

and the opening of the letter still being, Sir,

When Chesington air, kindness, and freedom, had completely chased away every symptom of disease, Dr. Burney hastened thither himself; and arrived in the highest, happiest spirits. He had three objects in view, each of them filling his lively heart with gay ideas; the first was to bring back to his own roof his restored daughter; the second, was to tell a laughable tale of wonder to the most revered friend of both, for which he had previously written to demand her consent: and the third, was to carry that daughter to Streatham, and present her, by appointment, to Mrs. Thrale, and—to Dr. Johnson!

No sooner had the doctor reached Liberty Hall, than the two faithful old friends were shut up in the *conjuring closet* where Dr. Burney rushed at once into 'the midst of things,' and disclosed the author of the little work which, for some weeks past, had occupied Chesington Hall with quotations, conjectures, and subject matter of talk.

All that belongs, or all that ever can belong, in matters of small moment, to amazement, is short of what was experienced by Mr. Crisp at this recital: and his astonishment was so prodigious not to have heard of her writing at all, till he heard of it in a printed work that was running all over London, and had been read and approved of by Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke; that, with all his powers of speech, his choice of language, and his general variety of expression, he could utter no phrase but 'Wonderful!'—which burst forth at once on the discovery; accompanied each of its details; and was still the only vent to the fulness of his surprise when he had heard the whole history.

That she had consulted neither of these parents in this singular undertaking, diverted them both: well they knew that no distrust had caused the concealment, but simply an apprehension of utter insufficiency to merit their suffrage.

'What a dream did all this seem to this memorialist! The fear, however, of a reverse, checked all that might have rendered it too delusive; and she earnestly supplicated that the communication might be spread no further, lest it should precipitate a spirit of criticism, which retirement and mystery kept dormant: and which made all her wishes still unalterable for remaining unknown and unsuspected.

The popularity of this work did not render it very lucrative; ten pounds a volume, by the addition of ten pounds to the original twenty, after the third edition, being all that was ever paid, or ever offered to the author; whose unaffectedly humble idea of its worth had cast her, unconditionally, upon any terms that might be proposed.

Dr. Burney, enchanted at the new scene of life to which he was now carrying his daughter, of an introduction to Streatham, and a presentation to Dr. Johnson, took a most cordial leave of the congratulatory Mr. Crisp; who sighed, nevertheless, in the midst of his satisfaction, from a prophetic anticipation of the probable and sundering calls from his peaceful habitation, of which he thought this new scene likely to be the result. But the object of this kind solitude, far from participating in these fears, was curbed from the full enjoyment of the honours before her, by a well-grounded apprehension that Dr. Johnson, at least, if not Mrs. Thrale, might expect a more important, and less bashful sort of personage, than she was sure would be found.

Dr. Burney, aware of her dread, because aware of her retired life and habits, and her native taste for personal obscurity, strove to laugh off her apprehensions by disallowing their justice; and was himself all gaiety and spirit.

Mrs. Thrale, who was walking in her paddock, came to the door of the carriage to receive them; and poured forth a vivacity of thanks to the doctor for bringing his

daughter, that filled that daughter with the most agreeable gratitude; and soon made her so easy and comfortable, that she forgot the formidable renown of wit and satire that were coupled with the name of Mrs. Thrale; and the whole weight of her panic, as well as the whole energy of her hopes, devolved upon the approaching interview with Dr. Johnson.

But there, on the contrary, Dr. Burney felt far greater security. Dr. Johnson, however undesignedly, nay, involuntarily, had been the cause of the new author's invitation to Streatham, for being the first person who there had pronounced the name of Evelina; and that previously to the discovery that its unknown writer was the daughter of a man whose early enthusiasm for Dr. Johnson had merited his warm acknowledgments; and whose character and conversation had since won his esteem and friendship. Dr. Burney therefore prognosticated, that such a circumstance could not but strike the vivid imagination of Dr. Johnson as a romance of real life; and additionally interest him for the unobtrusive author of the little work, which, wholly by chance, he had so singularly helped to bring forward.

The curiosity of Dr. Johnson, however, though certainly excited, was by no means so powerful as to allure him from his chamber one moment before his customary time of descending to dinner; and the new author had three or four hours to pass in constantly augmenting trepidation for the prospect of seeing him, which so short a time before would have sufficed for her delight, was now chequered by the consciousness that she could not, as heretofore, be in his presence only for her own gratification, without any reciprocity of notice.

She was introduced, meanwhile, to Mr. Thrale, whose reception of her was gentlemanlike; and such as showed his belief in the verity of her desire to have her authorship unmarked.

She saw also Miss Thrale, then barely entered into adolescence, though full of sense and cultivated talents; but as shy as herself, and consequently as little likely to create alarm.

One visitor only was at the house, Mr. Seward, afterwards author of *Biographiana*; a singular, but very agreeable, literary, and beneficent young man.

The morning was passed in the library, and, to the doctor and his daughter, was passed deliciously: Mrs. Thrale, much amused by the presence of two persons so peculiarly situated, put forth her utmost powers of pleasing; and though that great engine to success, flattery, was not spared, she wielded it with so much skill, and directed it with so much pleasantry, that all disconcerting effects were chased aside, to make it only produce laughter and good humour; through which gay auxiliaries every trait meant, latently, for the fearful daughter, was openly and plumply addressed to the happy father.

'I wish you had been with us last night, Dr. Burney,' she said; 'for thinking of what would happen to-day, we could talk of nothing in the world but a certain sweet book; and Dr. Johnson was so full of it, that he quite astonished us. He has got those incomparable Brangtons quite by heart, and he recited scene after scene of their squabbles, and selfishness, and forwardness, till he quite shook his head with laughter.' But his greatest favourite is The Holborn Beau, as he calls Mr. Smith. Such a fine varnish, he says, of low politeness! such struggles to appear the fine gentleman! such a determination to be genteel! and, above all, such profound devotion to the ladies,—while openly declaring his distaste to matrimony!'—All this Mr. Johnson pointed out with so much comicality of sport, that, at last, he got into such high spirits, that he set about personating Mr. Smith himself! We all thought we must have died no other death than that of suffocation, in seeing Dr. Johnson handing about anything he could catch, or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was *all for the ladies*,—*every thing that was agreeable to the ladies*, &c. &c. &c., 'except,' says he, 'going to church with them! and as to that, though marriage, to be sure, is all in all to the ladies, marriage to a man—is the devil!' And then he pursued his personifications of his Holborn Beau, till he brought him to what Mr. Johnson calls his climax; which is his meeting with Sir Clement Willoughby at Madame Duval's, where a blow is given at once to his self-sufficiency, by the surprise and confusion of seeing himself so distanced; and the hopeless envy with which he looks up to Sir Clement, as to a victor such as he himself had hitherto been looked up to at Snow Hill, that give a finishing touch to his portrait.

And all this comic humour of character, he says, owes its effect to contrast; for without Lord Orville, and Mr. Villars, and that melancholy and gentleman-like half-starved Scotelman, poor Macartney, the Brangtons, and

the Duvals, would be less than nothing; for vulgarity, to its own unshadowed glare, is only disgusting."

This account is abridged from a long journal letter of the Memorialist, addressed to Mr. Crisp; but she will hazard copying more at length, from the same source, the original narration of her subsequent introduction to the notice of Dr. Johnson; as it may not be incurious to the reader, to see that great man in the uncommon light of courteously, nay playfully, subduing the fears, and raising the courage, of a newly discovered, but yet unavowed young author, by unexpected sallies and pointed allusions to characters in her work; not as to beings that were the product of her imagination, but as persons of his own acquaintance, and in real life.

"TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESINGTON, KINGSTON, SURREY.

"Well, when, at last, we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and myself sit on each side of her. I said, I hoped I did not take the place of Dr. Johnson? for, to my great consternation, he did not even yet appear, and I began to apprehend he meant to abscond. 'No,' answered Mrs. Thrale; 'he will sit next to you,—and that, I am sure, will give him great pleasure.'

Soon after we were all marshalled, the great man entered. I have so sincere a veneration for him, that his very sight inspires me with delight as well as reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which, as I have told you, he is subject. But all that, outwardly, is so unfortunate, is so nobly compensated by all that, within, is excellent, that I can now only, like Desdemona for Othello, 'view his image in his mind.'

"Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him with an emphasis upon my name that rather frightened me, for it seemed like a call for some compliment. But he made me a bow the most formal, almost solemn, in utter silence, and with his eyes bent downwards. I felt relieved by this distance, for I thought he had forgotten, for the present at least, both the favoured little book and the invited scribbler; and I therefore began to answer the perpetual addresses to me of Mrs. Thrale, with rather more ease. But by the time I was thus recovered from my panic, Dr. Johnson asked my father what was the composition of some little pieces on his side of the table; and, while my father was endeavouring to make it out, Mrs. Thrale said, 'Nothing but mutton, Mr. Johnson, so I don't ask you to eat such poor patties, because I know you despise them.'

"No, madam, no," cried Doctor Johnson, 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort. But I am too proud now, [smiling] to eat mutton pieces! Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'

"If you had seen, my dear Mr. Crisp, how wide I felt my eyes open!—A compliment from Doctor Johnson!

"Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'you must take great care of your heart, if Mr. Johnson attacks it—for I assure you he is not often successful!'

"What's that you say, madam?" cried the doctor; 'are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?'

"A little while afterwards, he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine together, in a bumper of lemonade; and then added:—'It is a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies to be well, without wishing them to become old women!'

"If the pleasures of longevity were not gradual,' said my father; 'if we were to light upon them by a jump or a skip, we should be cruelly at a loss how to give them welcome!'

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, 'are young and old at the same time; for they wear so well, that they never look old.'

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor; 'that never yet was, and never will be! You might as well say they were at the same time tall and short. Though I recollect an epitaph,—I forget upon whom, to that purpose,

"Miss such a one—lies buried here, So early wise, and lasting fair, That none, unless her years you told, Thought her a child—or thought her old.'

"My father then mentioned Mr. Garrick's epilogue to *Bondage*, which Dr. Johnson called a miserable performance; and which every body agreed to be the worst that Mr. Garrick had ever written. 'And yet,' said Mr. Seward, 'it has been very much admired. But it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.'

"I do not know, sir," said Dr. Johnson, 'any thing about the subject, for I could not read till I came to you. I got through about half a dozen lines; but for subject, I could observe no other than perpetual dullness. I do

not know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is becoming superannuated; for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable!

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others."

"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest! When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time."

While I was cordially laughing at this idea, the doctor, who had probably observed in me some little uneasy trepidation, and now, I suppose, concluded me restored to my usual state, suddenly, though very ceremoniously, as if to begin some acquaintance with me, requested that I would help him to some broccoli. This I did; but when he took it, he put on a face of humorous discontent, and said, "Only this, madam?—You would not have helped Mr. Macartney so parsimoniously!"

He affected to utter this in a whisper; but to see him directly address me, caught the attention of all the table, and every one smiled, though in silence; while I felt so surprised and so foolish, so pleased and so ashamed, that I hardly knew whether he meant *my* Mr. Macartney, or spoke at random of some other. This, however, he soon put beyond all doubt, by very composedly adding, while contemptuously regarding my imputed parsimony on his plate: "Mr. Macartney, it is true, might have most claim to liberality, poor fellow!—for how, as Tom Brangton shrewdly remarks, should he ever have known what a good dinner was, if he had never come to England?"

Perceiving, I suppose—for it could not be very difficult to discern—the commotion into which this explication put me; and the stilted disposition to a contagious laugh, which was suppressed, not to add to my embarrassment; he quickly, but quietly, went on to a general discourse upon Scotland, descriptive and political; but without pointing out, though I cannot, my dear Mr. Crisp, give you one word of it: not because I have forgotten it;—for there is no remembering what we have never heard; but because I could only generally gather the subject. I could not listen to it. I was so confused and perturbed between pleasure and vexation—pleasure, indeed, in the approbation of Dr. Johnson! but vexation, and great vexation to find, by the conscious smirks of all around, that I was betrayed to the whole party! while I had only consented to confiding in Mrs. Thrale: all, no doubt, from a mistaken notion that I had merely meant to feel the pulse of the public, and to avow, or to conceal myself, according to its beatings: when heaven knows—and you, my dear Mr. Crisp, know, that I had not the most distant purpose of braving publicity, under success, any more than under failure.

From Scotland, the talk fell, but I cannot tell how, upon some friend of Dr. Johnson, of whom I did not catch the name; so I will call him Mr. Three ***; of whom Mr. Seward related some burlesque anecdotes, from which Mr. *** was warmly vindicated by the doctor.

"Better say no more, Mr. Seward," cried Mrs. Thrale, "for Mr. *** is one of the persons that Mr. Johnson will suffer no one to abuse but himself! Garrick is another; for if any creature but himself says a word against Garrick—Mr. Johnson will brow-beat him in a moment."

"Why, madam, as to David," answered the doctor, very calmly, "it is only because they do not know when to abuse and when to praise him; and I will allow no man to speak any ill of David, that he does not deserve. As to ***—I really believe him to be an honest man, too, at the bottom. But, to be sure, he is rather penurious; and he is somewhat mean; and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality; and is not without a tendency to savageness, that cannot well be defended."

We all laughed, as he could not help doing himself, at such a curious mode of taking up his friend's justification. And he then related a trait of another friend who had belonged to some club* that the doctor frequented,

* The editor at the date of this letter knew not that the club to which Dr. Johnson alluded, was that which was denominated his own,—or The Literary Club.

who, after the first or second night of his admission, desired, as he cut no supper, to be excused paying his share for the collation.

"And was he excused, sir?" cried my father.

"Yes, sir; and very readily. No man is angry with another for being inferior to himself. We all admitted his plea publicly—for the gratification of scoring him privately! For my own part, I was fool enough to constantly pay my share for the wine, which I never tasted. But my poor friend Sir John, it cannot well be denied, was but an unclubbable man."

How delighted was I to hear this master of languages, this awful, this dreaded Lexiphane, thus sportively and gaily coin burlesque words in social comicality!

I don't know whether he deigned to watch me, but I caught a glance of his eye that seemed to show pleasure in perceiving my surprise and diversion, for with increased glee of manner he proceeded.

"This reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I once travelled. I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But, at the first inn where we stopped to water the cattle, the lady called to a waiter for—a pint of ale! And, when it came, she would not taste it, till she had wrangled with the man for not bringing her fuller measure! Now—Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!"

A sympathetic simper now ran from mouth to mouth, save to mine, and to that of Dr. Johnson; who gravely pretended to pass off what he had said as if it were a merely accidental reminiscence of some vulgar old acquaintance of his own. And this, as undoubtedly, and most kindly, he projected, prevented any sort of answer that might have made the book a subject of general discourse. And presently afterwards he started some other topic, which he addressed chiefly to Mr. Thrale. But if you expect me to tell you what it was, you think far more grandly of my powers of attention without, when all within is in a whirl, than I deserve!

Be it, however, what it might, the next time there was a pause, we all observed a sudden play of the muscles in the countenance of the doctor, that showed him to be secretly enjoying some ludicrous idea: and accordingly, a minute or two after, he pursed up his mouth, and, in an assumed secret, yet feminine, tone, while he assed up his head to express wonder, he affectedly minced out: "La, Polly!—only think! Miss has danced with a Lord!"

This was resistless to the whole set, and a general, though a gentle laugh, became now infectious; in which, I must needs own to you, I could not, with all my embarrassment, and all my shame, and all my unwillingness to demonstrate my consciousness, help being caught—so indecorably ludicrous and unexpected was a mimicry of Miss Biddy Brangton from Dr. Johnson!

The doctor, however, with a refinement of delicacy of which I have the deepest sense, never once cast his eyes my way during these comic traits; though those of every body else in the company had scarcely for a moment any other direction.

But imagine my relief and my pleasure, in playfulness such as this from the great literary leviathan, whom I had dreaded almost as much as I had honoured! How far was I of dreaming of such sportive condescension! He clearly wished to draw the little snail from her cell, and, when once she was out, not to frighten her back. He seems to understand my *querulities*—as some one has called my not liking to be set up for a sign post—with more leniency than any body else."

This long article of Evelina will be closed by copying a brief one upon the same subject, written from memory, by Dr. Burney, so late in his life as the year 1808.

Copied from a Memorandum-book of Dr. Burney, written in the year 1808, at Bath.

"The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arbury, is singular. She was wholly unmotivated in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of thought; indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsy-turvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and

entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than the Old Lady.

"Her first work, Evelina, was written by stealth, in a closet up two pairs of stairs, that was appropriated to the younger children as a play room. No one was let into the secret but my third daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phillips; though even to her it was never read till printed, from want of private opportunity. To me, nevertheless, she confidentially owned that she was going, through her brother Charles, to print a little work, but she besought me never to ask to see it. I laughed at her plan, but promised silent acquiescence; and the book had been six months published before I even heard its name; which I learnt at last without her knowledge. But great, indeed, was then my surprise, to find that it was in general reading, and commended in no common manner in the several reviews of the times. Of this she was unacquainted herself, as she was then ill, and in the country. When I knew its title, I commissioned one of her sisters to procure it for me privately. I opened the first volume with fear and trembling; not having the least idea that, without the use of the press, or any practical knowledge of the world, she could write a book worth reading. The dedication to myself, however, brought tears into my eyes; and before I had read half the first volume I was much surprised, and, I confess, delighted; and most especially with the letters of Mr. Villars. She had always had a great affection for me; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching. In her plays with her sisters, and some neighbours' children, this straightforward morality operated to an uncommon degree in one so young. There lived next door to me, at that time, in Poland street, and in a private house, a capital hair merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges, and gentlemen of the law. The merchant's female children and mine used to play together in the little garden behind the house; and, unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, hanging till they screamed at their own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one of the daven wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas—in my dear sister's price enormous—fell into a tub of water placed for the shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was declared by the owner to be totally spoiled. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, the old lady, then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says: 'What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but it's of no use to speak of it any more; because what's done can't be undone.'

"Whether these stoical sentiments appeared the enraged periquet, I know not, but the youngers were stript of their honours, and my little monies were obliged to retreat without beat of drum, or colours flying."

STREATHAM.

From the very day of this happy inauguration of his daughter at Streatham, the doctor had the parental gratification of seeing her as flatteringly greeted there as himself. So vivacious, indeed, was the partiality towards her of its inhabitants, that they pressed him to make over to them all the time he could spare her from her home; and appropriated an apartment as sacredly for her use, when she could occupy it as another, far more deservingly, though not more cordially, had many years previously, been held sacred for Dr. Johnson.

The social kindness for both father and daughter, of Mrs. Thrale, was of the most endearing nature; trusting, confidential, affectionate. She had a sweetness of manner, and an activity of service for those she loved, that could ill be appreciated by others; for though copiously flattering in her ordinary address to strangers, because always desirous of universal suffrage, she spoke of individuals in general with sarcasm; and of the world at large with sovereign contempt.

Flighy, however, not malignant, was her sarcasm; and ludicrous more frequently than scornful, her contempt. She wished no one ill. She would have done any or every thing; but she could put no restraint upon wit that led to a brilliant point, or that was productive of laughing admiration; though her epigrams once pronounced, she thought neither of that nor of its object any more; and was just as willing to be friends with a per-

son whom she had held up to ridicule, as with one whom she had laboured to elevate by panegyric.

Her spirits, in fact, rather ruled than exhilarated her; and were rather her guides than her support. Not that she was a child of nature. She knew the world, and gaily boasted that she had studied mankind in what she called its most prominent school-electioneering. She was rather, therefore, from her scoff of all consequences, a child of witty reflection.

The first name on the list of the Streatham coterie at this time, was that which, after Dr. Johnson's, was the first, also, in the nation, Edmund Burke. But his visits now, from whatever cause, were so rare, that Dr. Burney never saw him in the Streatham constellation, save as making one amongst the worthies whom the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds had caught from all mundane meanderings, to place there as a fixed star.

Next ranked Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, and Mr. Garrick.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had been a peculiar favourite in the set, as much, perhaps, for his absurdities as for his genius, was already gone; though still, and it may be from this double motive, continually missed and regretted: for what, in a chosen coterie, could be more amusing—many as are the things that might be more edifying, than gathering knowledge and original ideas in one moment, from the man who the next, by the simplicity of his egotism, expanded every mouth by the merriment of ridicule?

Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Crewe, Lord Loughborough, Mr. Dunning, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Wescote, Sir Lucas and Mr. Pops, Major Holroyd, Mrs. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. Porteous, Miss Streatham, Miss Gregory, Dr. Lort, the bishops of London and Peterborough (Porteous and Hinchcliffe) with a long *et cetera* of visitors less marked, filled up the brilliant catalogue of the spirited associates of Streatham.

MR. MURPHY.

But the most intimate in the house, amongst the wits, from being the personal favourite of Mr. Thrale, was Mr. Murphy; who, for gaiety of spirits, powers of dramatic effect, stories of strong humour and resistless risibility, was nearly unequalled: and they were coupled with politeness of address, gentleness of speech, and well-bred, almost courtly, demeanour.

He was a man of great erudition, without one particle of pedantry; and a stranger not only to spleen and malice, but the happiest promoter of convivial hilarity.

With what pleasure, and what pride, does the editor copy, from an ancient diary, the following words that passed between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy, relative to Dr. Burney, upon the first meeting of the editor with Mr. Murphy at Streatham!

Mrs. Thrale was lamenting the sudden disappearance of Dr. Burney, who was just gone to town *sans adieu*; declaring that he was the most complete male-coquette she knew, for he only gave just enough of his company to make more desired.

"Dr. Burney," said Mr. Murphy, "is, indeed, a most extraordinary man, I think I do not know such another. He is at home upon all subjects; and upon all is so highly agreeable! I look upon him as a wonderful man."

"I love Burney!" cried Dr. Johnson, emphatically "my heart, as I told him—goes out to meet Burney!"

"He is not ungartered, sir," cried the doctor's butler, "for heartily indeed does he love you!"

"Does he, madam?" said the doctor, looking at her earnestly: "I am surprised at that!"

"And why, sir?—Why should you have doubted it?" "Because, madam," answered he gravely, "Dr. Burney is a man for every body to love. It is but natural to love him."

He panted, as if with an idea of a self-conceived contrast not gratifying; but he soon cheerfully added, "I question if there be in the world such another man, altogether, for mind, intelligence, and manners, as Dr. Burney."

Dr. Johnson, at this time, was engaged in writing his lives of the poets; a work, to him, so light and easy, that it never robbed his friends of one moment of their society. Lives, however, strictly speaking, they are not; he merely employed in them such materials, with respect to biography, as he had already at hand, without giving himself any trouble in researches for what might be new, or unknown; though he gladly accepted any that were offered to him, if well authenticated. The critical investigations alone he considered as his business. He himself never named them but as prefaces. No man

held in nobler scorn a promise that out-went performance.

The ease and good humour with which he fulfilled this engagement, made the present a moment peculiarly propitious for the opening acquaintance with him of the new, and by no means very hardened author; for whose terrors of public notice he had a mercy the most indulgent. He quickly saw that—whether wise or not—they were true; and soothed them without rillery or repression; though in this he stood nearly alone! Her fears of him, therefore, were soon softened off by his kindness; or dispelled by her admiration.

The friendship with which so early he had honoured the father, was gently and at once, with almost unparalleled partiality, extended to the daughter: and, in truth, the whole current of his intercourse with both was as untrilled by storm as it was enlightened by wisdom.

While this charming work was in its progress, when only the Thrale family and its nearly adopted guests, the two Burneys, were assembled, Dr. Johnson would frequently produce one of its proof sheets to embellish the breakfast table, which was always in the library; and was, certainly, the most sprightly and agreeable meeting of the day; for then, as no strangers were present to stimulate exertion, or provoke rivalry, argument was not urged on by the mere spirit of victory; it was instigated only by such truisms as could best bring forth that conflict of *pros* and *cons* which elucidates opposing opinions. Wit was not flashed with the keen sting of satire; yet it elicited not less gaiety from sparkling with an unending brilliancy, which brightened without inflaming, every eye, and charmed without tingling, every ear.

These proof sheets Mrs. Thrale was permitted to read aloud: and the discussions to which they led were in the highest degree entertaining. Dr. Burney wistfully desired to possess one of them; but left to his daughter the risk of the petition. A hint, however, proved sufficient, and was understood not alone with compliance, but vivacity.

Boswell, Dr. Johnson said, had engaged Frank Barber, his negro servant, to collect and preserve all the proof sheets; but though it had not without the interference of his author: to the present solicitor, therefore, willingly and without scruple, he now offered an entire life; adding, with a benignant smile, "choose your poet!"

Without scruple, also, was the acceptance; and, without hesitation, the choice was Pope. And that not merely because, next to Shakespeare himself, Pope draws human characters the most veridically, perhaps, of any poetic delineator; but for yet another reason. Dr. Johnson composed with so ready an accuracy, that he sent his copy to the press unread; reserving all his corrections for the proof sheets; and consequently, as not even Dr. Johnson could read twice without ameliorating some passages, his proof sheets were at times liberally marked with changes; and, as the Museum copy of Pope's Translation of the *Iliad*, from which Dr. Johnson has given many examples, contains abundant emendations by Pope, the memorialist scoured at once, on the same page, the marginal alterations and second thoughts of that great author, and of his great biographer.

When the book was published, Dr. Johnson brought to Streatham a complete set, handsomely bound, of the Works of the Poets, as well as his own prefaces, to present to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. And then, telling this memorialist that to the king, and to the chiefs of Streatham alone he could offer so large a tribute, he most kindly placed before her a bound copy of his own part of the work; in the title page of which he gratified her earnest request by writing her name, and "From the Author."

After which, at her particular solicitation, he gave her a small engraving of his portrait from the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds. And while, some time afterwards, she was examining it at a distant table, Dr. Johnson, in passing across the room, stoop to discover by what she was occupied; which he no sooner discerned, than he began see-sawing for a moment or two in silence; and then, with a ludicrous half-laugh, peeping over her shoulder, he called out: "Ah ha!—Sam Johnson!—I see thee!—and an ugly dog thou art!"

He even extended his kindness to a remembrance of Mr. Bewley, the receiver and preserver of the wisp of a Bolt-court hearth-broom, as a relic of the author of the Rambler; which anecdote Dr. Burney had ventured to confess: and Dr. Johnson now, with his compliments, sent a set of the prefaces to St. Martin's street, directed, "For the Broom Gentleman!" which Mr. Bewley received with rapturous gratitude.

* Dr. Johnson told this to the editor.

Dr. Johnson wrote nothing that was so immediately popular as his Lives of the Poets. Such a subject was of universal attraction, and he treated it with a simplicity that made it of universal comprehension. In all that belonged to classical criticism, he had a facility so complete, that to speak or to write produced immediately the same clear and sagacious effect. His pen was as luminous as his tongue, and his tongue was as correct as his pen.

Yet those—and there are many—who estimate these prefaces as the best of his works, must surely so judge them from a species of mental indolence, that prefers what is easiest of perusal to what is most illuminating; for rich as are these prefaces in ideas and information, their subjects have so long been familiar to every English reader, that they require no stretch of intellect, or exercise of reflection, to lead him, without effort, to accompany the writer in his annotations and criticisms. The Rambler, on the contrary, embodies a course equally new of thought and expression; the development of which cannot always be foreseen; even by the deepest reasoner and the keenest talents, because emanating from original genius. To make acquaintance, therefore, with the Rambler, the general peruser must pause, occasionally, to think as well as to read; and to clear away sundry mists of prejudice, or ignorance, ere he can keep pace with the sublime author, when the workings of his mind, his imagination, and his knowledge, are thrown upon mankind.

MR. CRISP.

The warm and venerating attachment of Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp, which occasional discourse and allusions had frequently brought forward, impressed the whole Thrale family with a high opinion of the character and endowments of that excellent man. And when they found, also, that Mr. Crisp had as animated a votary in so much younger a person as their new guest; and that this enthusiasm was general throughout the doctor's house, they earnestly desired to view and to know a man of such eminent attraction; and gave to Dr. Burney a commission to bring on the acquaintance.

It was given, however, in vain. Mr. Crisp had no longer either health or spirit of enterprise for so formidable, however flattering, a new connection; and inexorably resisted every overture for a meeting.

But Mrs. Thrale, all alive for whatever was piquant and promising, grew so bewitched by the delight with which her new young ally, to whom she became daily more attached and more attaching, dilated on the rare perfections of *Daddy Crisp*; and the native and innocent pleasures of Liberty Hall, Chesington, that she started the plan of a little excursion for taking the premises by surprise. And Dr. Burney, certain that two such singularly accomplished persons could not meet but to their mutual gratification, sanctioned the scheme; Mr. Thrale desired to form his own judgment of so uncommon a reclus; and the doctor's pupil felt a juvenile curiosity to make one of the group.

The party took place; but its pleasure was nearly marred by the failure of the chief spring which would have put into motion, and set to harmony, the various persons who composed its drama.

Dr. Burney, from multiplicity of avocations, was forced, when the day arrived, to relinquish his share in the little invasion; which cast a damp upon the gaiety of the project, both to the besieged and the besiegers. Yet Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Thrale met with mutual sentiments of high esteem, though the romances of their tales were dissimilar. Mrs. Thrale delighted in bursting forth with sudden flashes of wit, which, carelessly, she left to their own consequences; while Mr. Crisp, though awake to her talents, and sensible of their rarity and their splendour, thought with Dr. Fordyce, that in woman the retiring graces are the most attractive.

Nevertheless, in understanding, acuteness, and parts, there was so much in common between them, that sincere admiration grew out of the interview; though with too little native congeniality to mellow into confidence, or ripen into intimacy.

Praise, too, that dangerous herald of expectation, is often a friend more perilous than any enemy; and both had involuntarily looked for a something indefinable which neither of them found; yet both had too much justness of comprehension to conclude that such a something did not exist, because no opportunity for its development had offered in the course of a few hours.

What most, in this visit, surprised Mrs. Thrale with pleasure, was the elegance of Mr. Crisp in language and manners; because that, from the hermit of Chesington, she had not expected.

And what most to Mr. Crisp caused a similar pleasure, was the courteous readiness, and unassuming good-humour, with which Mrs. Thrale received the inartificial civilities of Kitty Cooke, and the old-fashioned but cordial hospitality of Mrs. Hamilton; for these, from a celebrated wit, moving in the sphere of high life, he also in his turn had not expected.

The Thrals, however, had all much entertained by the place itself, which they prowled over with gay curiosity. Not a nook or corner; nor a dark passage "leading to nothing"; nor a hanging tapestry of prim demiescels, and grim cavaliers; nor a tall canopied bed tied up to the ceiling; nor japan cabinets of two or three hundred drawers of different dimensions; nor an oaken cupboard, carved with heads, thrown in every direction, save such as might let them fall on men's shoulders; nor a window stuck in some angle close to the ceiling of a lofty slip of a room; nor a quarter of a staircase, leading to some quaint unfrequented apartment; nor a wooden chimney-piece, cut in diamonds, squares, and round knobs, surmounting another of blue and white tiles, representing, *vis à vis*, a dog and a cat, as symbols of iocured life and harmony—missed their scrutinising eyes.

They even visited the attics, where they were much diverted by the shapes as well as by the quantity of rooms, which, being of all sorts of forms that could increase their count, were far too heterogeneous of outline to enable the minutest mathematician to give them any technical denomination.

They peeped, also, through little window casements, of which the panes of glass were hardly so wide as their clumsy frames, to survey long ridges of lead that entwined the motley spiral roofs of the multitude of separate cells, rather than chambers, that composed the top of the mansion; and afforded from it a view, sixteen miles in circumference, of the adjacent country.

Mr. Crisp judged it fitting to return the received civility of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, whatever might be the inconvenience to his health, or whatever his disinclination to such an exertion. From habitual politeness he was of the old school in the forum of good breeding; though perfectly equal to even the present march of intellect in the new one, if to the present day he had lived;—and had deemed it a march of improvement. He was the last man not to be aware that nothing stands still. All nature in its living mass, all art in its concentrated aggregate, advances or retrogrades.

He took the earliest day that one of his few gout intervals put at his own disposal, to make his appearance at Streatham; having first written a most earnest injunction to Dr. Burney to give him there the meeting. The memorialist was then at Chesington, and had the happiness to accompany Mr. Crisp; by whom she was to be left at her new third home.

Dr. Johnson, in compliment to his friend Dr. Burney, and by no means invidious himself to see the hermit of Chesington, immediately descended to meet Mr. Crisp; and to aid Mrs. Thrale, who gave him a vivacious reception, to do the honours of Streatham.

The meeting, nevertheless, to the great chagrin of Dr. Burney, produced neither interest nor pleasure; for Dr. Johnson, though courteous in demeanour and looks, with evident colicitude to show respect to Mr. Crisp, was grave and silent; and whenever Dr. Johnson did not make the charm of conversation, he only marred it by his presence; from the general fear he incited, that if he spoke not, he might listen; and that if he listened, he might reprove.

Ever, therefore, was wanting; without which nothing in society can be flowing or pleasurable. The Chesingtonian conceived, that he had lived too long away from the world to start any subject that might not, to the Streathamites, be trite and out of date; and the Streathamites believed that they had lived in it so much longer, that the current talk of the day might, to the Chesingtonian, seem unintelligible jargon; while each hoped that the sprightly Dr. Burney would find the golden mean by which both parties might be brought into play.

But Dr. Burney, who saw in the kind looks and complacency of Dr. Johnson intentional good will to the meeting, flattered himself that the great philologist was but waiting for an accidental excitement, to fasten upon a topic of general use or importance, and to describe or discuss it, with the full powers of his great mind.

Dr. Johnson, however, either in health or in spirits, was, unfortunately, oppressed; and, for once, was more desirous to hear than to be heard.

Mr. Crisp, therefore, lost, by so unexpected a taciturnity, this fair and promising opportunity for developing and enjoying the colloquial and extraordinary colloquial

abilities of Dr. Johnson; and finished the visit with much disappointment; lowered also, and always, in his spirits by parting from his tenderly attached young companion.

Dr. Burney had afterwards, however, the consolation to find that Mr. Crisp had impressed even Dr. Johnson with a strong admiration of his knowledge and capacity; for in speaking of him in the evening to Mr. Thrale, who had been absent, the doctor emphatically said, "Sir, it is a very singular to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world. Such readiness of conception, quickness of recollection, facility of following discourse started by others, in a man who has long had only the past to feed upon, are rarely to be met with. Now, for my part," added he, laughing, "that I should be ready, or even universal, is no wonder; for my dear little mistress here," turning to Mrs. Thrale, "keeps all my faculties in constant play."

Mrs. Thrale then said that nothing, to her, was so striking, as that a man who so long had retired from the world, should so delicately have preserved its forms and courtesies, as to appear equally well bred with any elegant member of society who had not quitted it for a week.

Inexpressibly gratifying to Dr. Burney was the award of such justice, from such judges, to his best and dearest loved friend.

From this time forward, Dr. Burney could scarcely recover his daughter from Streatham, even for a few days, without a friendly battle. A sportively current exaggeration of Dr. Johnson's upon this flattering hostility was current at Streatham, made in answer to Dr. Burney's saying, upon a resistance to her departure for St. Martin's street in which Dr. Johnson had strongly joined, "I must really take her away, sir, I must indeed; she has been from home so long."

"Long? no, sir! I do not think it long," cried the doctor, save saving, and seizing both her hands, as if purporting to detain her; "Sir! I would have her always come...and never go!"

MR. BOSWELL.

When next, after this adjuration, Dr. Burney took the memorialist back to Streatham, he found there, recently arrived from Scotland, Mr. Boswell; whose sprightly Corsican tour, and heroic, almost Quixotic pursuit of General Paoli, joined to the tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, made him an object himself of considerable attention.

He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that were an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the doctor; but attributed his missing it to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his near-sightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school boy, whom, without the smallest ceremony, he pardoned or rebuked, alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of displeasure. And equally he was persuaded that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred; and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of "Pray, sir, forgive me!"

Dr. Johnson, though often irritated by the officious importunity of Mr. Boswell, was really touched by his attachment. It was indeed surprising, and even affecting, to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind; and the grave formality with which he ac-

knowledgeed it even to the meanest. Possibly it was what he most prized, because what he could least command; for personal partiality hangs upon lighter and slighter qualities than those which earn solid approbation, but of this, if he had least command, he had also least want; his towering superiority of intellect elevating him above all competitors, and regularly establishing him, wherever he appeared, as the first being of the society.

As Mr. Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr. Boswell was preparing to take a seat that he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Seward, who was present, waved his hand for Mr. Boswell to move further on, saying with a smile, "Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's."

He stared, amazed: the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to resign his prior rights. But, after looking round the room for a minute or two, with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair; and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson; while this new and unheard of rival quietly seated herself as if not hearing what was passing; for she shrunk from the explanation that she feared might ensue, as she saw a smile stealing over every countenance, that of Dr. Johnson himself was not excepted, at the discomfort and surprise of Mr. Boswell.

Mr. Boswell, however, was so situated as not to remark it in the doctor; and of every one else, when in that presence, he was unobtrusive, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forebore even answering any thing that was said, or attending to any thing that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if heeping from it, latently, or mystically, some information.

But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good-humouredly, by the appellation of Bozzy; and discovered, by the sound of the reply, that Bozzy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the doctor turned angrily round upon him, and clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, sir?—Go to the table, sir!"

Mr. Boswell, instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed; and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth, except that of the doctor and Mr. Boswell; who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat.

But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search; when the doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said, "What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed?—Come back to your place, sir!"

Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid; when the doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself: "Running about in the middle of meals!—one would take you for a Brangton!"

"A Brangton, sir?" repeated Mr. Boswell, with earnestness: "What is a Brangton, sir?"

"Where have you lived, sir?" cried the doctor, laughing, "and what company have you kept, not to know that?"

Mr. Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said in a low tone, which he knew the doctor could not hear, to Mrs. Thrale: "Pray, ma'am, what's a Brangton?—Do me the favour to tell me?—Is it some animal hereabouts?"

Mrs. Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering; as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr. Seward cried, "I'll tell you, Boswell,—I'll tell you!—if you will walk with me into

*The name of a vulgar family in Evelina.

the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared; or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!"

They soon went off together; and Mr. Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed of the road that had led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed. But the Brangton fabricator took care to mount to her chamber ere they returned; and did not come down till Mr. Boswell was gone.

ANNA WILLIAMS.

Dr. Burney had no greater enjoyment of the little leisure he could tear from his work and his profession, than that which he could dedicate to Dr. Johnson; and he now, at the doctor's most earnest invitation, carried this memorialist to Bolt-court, to pay a visit to the blind poetess, Anna Williams.

They were received by Dr. Johnson with a kindness that irradiated his austere and studious features into the most pleased and pleasing benignity. Such, indeed, was the gentleness, as well as warmth, of his partiality for this father and daughter, that their sight seemed to give him a new physiognomy.*

It was in the apartment—a parlour—dedicated to Mrs. Williams, that the doctor was in this ready attendance to play the part of the master of the ceremonies, in presenting his new guest to his ancient friend and ally, Anna Williams had been a favourite of his wife, in whose life-time she had frequently resided under her roof. The merit of her poetical talents, and the misfortune of her blindness, are generally known; to these were now superadded sickness, age, and infirmity; yet such was the spirit of her character, that to make a new acquaintance thus rather singularly circumstanced, seemed to her almost an event of moment; and she had incessantly solicited the doctor to bring it to bear.

Her look, air, voice, and extended hands of reception, evinced the most eager, though by no means obtrusive curiosity. Her manner, indeed, showed her to be innately a gentlewoman; and her conversation always disclosed a cultivated as well as thinking mind.

Dr. Johnson never appeared to more advantage than in the presence of this blind poetess; for the obligations under which he had placed her, were such as he sincerely wished her to feel with the pleasure of light, not the oppression of weighty gratitude. All his best sentiments, therefore, were strenuously her advocates, to curb what was irritable in his temper by the generosity of his principles; and by the congeniality, in such points, of their sensibility.

His attentions to soften the burthen of her existence, from the various bodily diseases that aggravated the evil of her loss of sight, were anxious and unceasing; and there was no way more prominent to his favour than that of seeking to give any solace, or showing any consideration to Anna Williams.

Anna, in return, honouring his virtues and abilities, grateful for his goodness, and intimately aware of his peculiarities, made it the pride of her life to receive every moment he could bestow upon her, with cordial affection; and exactly at his own time and convenience; to soothe him when he was disposed to lament with her the loss of his wife; and to procure for him whatever was in her power of entertainment or comfort.

This introduction was afterwards followed, through Dr. Johnson's zealous intervention, by sundry other visits from the memorialist; and though minor circumstances made her compliance rather embarrassing, it could not have been right, and it would hardly have been possible, to resist an entreaty of Dr. Johnson. And every fresh interview at his own home showed the steady humanity of his assiduity to enliven his poor blind companion; as well as to confer the most essential services upon two other distressed inmates of his charitable house, Mrs. Desmoulins, the indigent daughter of Dr. Swinfield, a physician who had been godfather to Dr. Johnson; and Mr. Levet, a poor old ruined apothecary, both of whom he housed and supported with the most exemplary Christian goodness.

MR. GARRICK.

But the year that followed this still rising tide of pleasure and prosperity to Dr. Burney, 1779, opened to him with the personal loss of a friend whom the world might vainly, perhaps, be challenged to replace, for agreeability, delight, and conviviality, Garrick!—the

*This was so strongly observed by Mrs. Maling, mother to the Dowager Countess of Mulgrave, that she has often exclaimed to this memorialist, "Why did not Sir Joshua Reynolds paint Doctor Johnson when he was speaking to Doctor Burney or to you?"

inimitable David Garrick! who left behind him all previous eminence in his profession beyond reach of comparison; save the Koscios of Rome, to whose Ciceroian celebrity we owe the adoption of an appropriate nomenclature, which at no period could have been found in our own dominions;—Garrick, so long the darling and unrivalled favourite of the public; who possessed, resistlessly, where he chose to exert it, the power of pleasing, winning, and exhilarating all around him;—Garrick, who, in the words of Dr. Johnson, seemed "Formed to gladden life," was taken from his resplendent worldly fame, and admiring worldly friends, by "that stroke of death," says Dr. Johnson, "which eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasure."

He had already retired from the stage, and retired without waiting for failing powers to urge, or precipitate his retreat; for still his unequalled animal spirits, gallily baffling the assaults of age, had such extraordinary exuberance as to supply and support both body and mind at once: still clear, varying, and penetrating was his voice; still full of intelligence or satire, of disdain, of rage, or of delight, was the fire, the radiance, the eloquence of his eye; still made up at will, of energy or grace, of command or supplication, was his form, and were his attitudes; his face alone—ah! "there was the rub!"—his face alone was the martyr of time; or rather, his forehead and cheeks; for his eyes and his countenance were still beaming with recent, though retiring beauty.

But the wear and tear of his forehead and cheeks, which, as Dr. Johnson had said, made sixty years in Garrick seem seventy, had rendered them so wrinkled, from an unremitting play of expression, off as well as on the stage, that, when he found neither paint nor candle-light, nor dress nor decoration, could conceal those lines, or smooth those furrows which were ploughing his complexion, he preferred to triumph, even in foregoing his triumphs, by plunging, through voluntary impulse, from the dazzling summit to which he had mounted, and heroically pronouncing his Farewell!—amidst the universal cry, echoed and re-echoing all around him, of "Stop, Garrick, stop!—yet a little longer stop!"

A brief account of the last sight of this admired and much loved friend is thus given in a manuscript memoir of Dr. Burney.

"I called at his door, with anxious enquiries, two days before he expired, and was admitted to his chamber; but though I saw him, he did not seem to see me,—or any earthly thing! His countenance that had never remained a moment the same in conversation, now appeared as fixed and as inanimate as a block of marble; and he had already so far relinquished the world, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Wallace, his executor, that nothing that was said or done that used to interest him the most keenly, had any effect upon his muscles; or could extort either a word or a look from him for several days previously to his becoming a corpse."

Dr. Burney, in the same carriage with Whitehead, the poet laureate, the crude Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Wallace, the executor, attended the last remains of this celebrated public character to their honourable interment in Westminster Abbey.

YOUNG CROTCH.

Just as this great dramatic genius was descending to the tomb, young Crotch, a rising musical genius, was brought forward into the world with so strong a promise of eminence, that a very general desire was expressed, that Dr. Burney would examine, counsel, and countenance him; and at only three years and a half old, the child was brought to St. Martin's street by his mother.

The doctor, ever ready to nourish incipient talents, submitted to his investigation, saw the child repeatedly; and was so forcibly struck by his uncommon faculties, that upon communicating his remarks to the famous Dr. Hunter, who had been foremost in desiring the examination, Dr. Hunter thought them sufficiently curious to be presented to the Royal Society; where they were extremely well received, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1779.

For some time after this, the doctor was frequently called upon, by the relations and admirers of this wonderful boy, for assistance and advice; both which he cheerfully accorded to the best of his ability: till the happy star of the young prodigy fixed him at the University of Oxford, where he met with every aid, professional or personal, that his genius claimed; and where, while his education was still in progress, he was nominated, when only fourteen years of age, organist of Christ Church.

This event he communicated to Dr. Burney in a modest and grateful letter, that the doctor received and preserved with sincere satisfaction; and kindly answered with instructive professional counsel.

MR. THRALE.

The event next narrated in the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, proved deeply affecting to the happiness and gaiety of his social circles; for now a catastrophe, which for some time had seemed impending, and which, though various and fluctuating, had often struck with terror, or damped with sorrow, the liveliest spirits and gayest scenes of Streatham, suddenly took place; and cut short for ever the honours and the peace of that erst illustrious dwelling.

Mr. Thrale, for many years, in utter ignorance what its symptoms were foreboding, had been harbouring, through an undermining indulgence of immoderate sleep after meals, a propensity to paralysis. The prognostics of distemper were then little observed but by men of science; and those were rarely called in till something fatal was apprehended. It is, probably, only since the time that medical and surgical lectures have been published as well as delivered; and simplified from technical difficulties, so as to meet and to enlighten the unsentient intellect of the herd of mankind, that the world at large seems to have learned the value of early attention to incipient malady.

Even Dr. Johnson was so little aware of the insalubrity of Mr. Thrale's course of life, that, without interposing his powerful and never disregarded exhortations, he often laughingly said, "Mr. Thrale will out-sleep the seven sleepers."

Strange it may seem, at this present so far more enlightened day upon these subjects, that Dr. Johnson, at least, should not have been alarmed at this lethargic tendency; as the art of medicine, which, for all that belongs to this world, stands the highest in utility, was, abstractedly, a study upon which he loved to ruminare, and a subject he was addicted to discuss. But this instance of complete vacuity of practical information upon diseases and remedies in Dr. Johnson, will cease to give surprise, when it is known that, near the middle of his life, and in the fullest force of his noble faculties, upon finding himself assailed by a severe fit of the gout in his ankle, he sent for a pail of cold water, into which he plunged his leg during the worst of the paroxysm—a feat of intrepid ignorance—incongruous as sounds the word ignorance in speaking of Dr. Johnson—that probably he had cause to rue during his whole after-life; for the gout, of which he chose to get rid in so succinct a manner—a feat in which he often exulted—might have carried off many of the direful obstructions, and asthmatic seizures and sufferings, of which his latter years were wretchedly the martyrs.

Thus, most unfortunately, without representation, opposition, or consciousness, Mr. Thrale went on in a self-destroying mode of conduct, till,

"Uncalled—unheeded—unawares—"

he was struck with a fit of apoplexy.

Yet even this stroke, by the knowledge and experience of his medical advisers, might perhaps have been parried, had Mr. Thrale been imbued with earlier reverence for the arts of recovery. But he slighted them all; and fearless, or, rather, incredulous of danger, he attended to no prescriptions. He simply essayed the waters of Tunbridge; and made a long sojourn at Bath. All in vain! The last and fatal seizure was inflicted at his own town house, in Grosvenor-square, in the spring of 1781; and at an instant when such a blow was so little expected, that all London, amongst persons of fashion, talents, or celebrity, had been invited to a splendid entertainment, meant for the night of that very dawn which rose upon the sudden cartily extinction of the lamented and respected chief of the mansion.

STREATHAM.

Changed now was Streatham! the value of its chief seemed first made known by his loss; which was long felt; though not, perhaps, with the immediate acuteness that would have been demonstrated, if, at that period, the deprivation of the female chieftain had preceded that of the male. Still Mr. Thrale, by every friend of his house and family, and by every true adherent to his wife, her interest, her fame, and her happiness, was day by day, and week by week, more and more missed and regretted.

Dr. Burney was one of the first and most earnest to hasten to the widowed lady, with the truest sympathy in her grief. His daughter, who, for some previous months,

had been wholly restored to the paternal roof,—the Thrales themselves having been fixed, for the last winter season, in Grosvenor-square,—flew, in trembling haste, the instant she could be received, to the beloved friend who was now tenderly enchain'd to her heart; and at this moment was doubly endeared by misfortune; and voluntarily quitting all else, eagerly established herself at Streatham.

Dr. Johnson, who was one of Mr. Thrale's executors, immediately resumed his apartment; cordially and gratefully bestowing on the remaining hostess every minute that she could desire or require of his time and his services. And nothing could be wiser in counsel, more zealous in good offices, or kinder of intention, than the whole of his conduct in performing the duties that he deemed to devolve upon him by the will of his late friend.

But Dr. Burney, as he could only upon his stated day and hour make one in this retirement, devoted himself now almost exclusively to his

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

So many years had elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, and the murmurs of the subscribers were so general for the publication of the second, that the earnestness of the doctor to fulfil his engagement, became such as to sicken him of almost every occupation that turned him from its pursuit. Yet uninterrupted attention grew more than ever difficult; for as his leisure, through the double claims of his profession and his work, diminished, his celebrity increased; and the calls upon it, as usual, from the wayward taste of public fashion for what is hard to obtain, were perpetual, were even clamorous; and he had constantly a long list of petitioning parents, awaiting a vacant hour, upon any terms that he could name, and at any part of the day.

He had always some early pupil who accepted his attendance at eight o'clock in the morning; and a strong instance has been given of its being seized upon even at seven; and, during the height of the season for fashionable London residence, his tour from house to house was scarcely ever finished sooner than eleven o'clock at night.

But so urgent grew now the spirit of his diligence for the progress of his work, that he not only declined all invitations to the hospitable boards of his friends, he even resisted the social hour of repast at his own table; and took his solitary meal in his coach, while passing from scholar to scholar; for which purpose he had sandwiches prepared in a flat tin box; and wine and water ready mixed, in a wicked pint bottle, put constantly into the pockets of his carriage.

If, at this period, Dr. Burney had been as intent and as skilful in the arrangement and the augmentation of his income, as he was industrious to procure, and assiduous to merit, its increase, he might have retired from business, its toils and its cares, while yet in the meridian of life; with a comfortable competence for its decline, and adequate portions for his daughters. With regard to his sons, it was always his intention to bestow upon them good educations, and to bring them up to honourable professions; and then to leave them to form, as he had done himself, a dynasty of their own. But, unfortunately for all parties, he had as little turn as time for that species of speculation which leads to financial prosperity; and he lived chiefly upon the principal of the sums which he amassed; and which he merely, as soon as they were received, looked up in his bureau for facility of usage; or stored largely at his banker's as an asylum of safety: while the cash which he laid out in any sort of interest, was so little, as to make his current revenue almost incredibly below what might have been expected from the remuneration of his labours; or what seemed due to his situation in the world.

But, with all his honourable toil, his philosophic privations, and his heroic self-denials,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC,

from a continually enlarging view of its capability of improvement, did not see the light till the year 1782.

Then, however, it was received with the same favour and the same honours that had graed the entrance into public notice of its predecessor. The literary world seemed filled with its praise; the booksellers demanded ample impressions; and her majesty, Queen Charlotte, with even augmented graciousness, accepted its homage at court.

Relieved, by this publication, from a weight upon his spirits and his delicacy, which, for more than six years had burthened and disturbed them, he prudently resolved against working any longer under the self-reproachful annoyance of a promised punctuality which his position

in life disabled him from observing, by fettering himself with any further tie of time to his subscribers for the remaining volumes.

Not, however, to his daughter did the doctor recommend any similar remission of penmanship. The extraordinary favour with which her little work had been received in the world, and which may chiefly, perhaps, be attributed to the unpretending and unexpected mode in which, not skilfully, but involuntarily, it had glided into public life; being now sanctioned by the *clat* of encouragement from Dr. Johnson and from Mr. Burke, gave a zest to his paternal pleasure and hopes, that made it impossible, nay, that even led him to think it would be uncharitably, to listen to her delighted wishes of retreat, from her fearful apprehensions of some reverse; or suffer her to shrink back to her original obscurity, from the light into which she had been surprised.

And, indeed, though he made the kindest allowance for her tremors and reluctance, he was urged so tumultuously by others, that it was hardly possible for him to be passive: and Mr. Crisp, whose voice, in whatever was submitted to his judgment, had the effect of a casting vote, called out aloud, "More! more! more!—another production!"

The wishes of two such personages were, of course, resistless; and a new mental speculation, which already, though secretly, had taken a rambling possession of her ideas, upon the evils annexed to that species of family pride, which, from generation to generation, seeks, by mortal wills, to arrest the changeful range of succession enacted by the immutable laws of death, became the basis of a composition which she denominated *Memoirs of an Heiress*.

No sooner was her consent obtained, than Dr. Burney, who had long with regret, though with pride, perceived that at Streatham she had no time that was her own, earnestly called her thence.

MR. BURKE.

The time is now come for commemorating the connection which, next alone to that of Dr. Johnson, stands highest in the literary honors of Dr. Burney, namely, that which he formed with Edmund Burke.

Their first meetings had been merely accidental and public, and wholly unaccompanied by any private intimacy or intercourse; though, from the time that the author of *Evelina* had been discovered, there had passed between them, on such occasional junctions, what Dr. Burney playfully called *an amiable poetry* of smiles, and other symbols, that showed each to be thinking of the same thing; for Mr. Burke, with that generous energy which, when he escaped the feuds of party, was the distinction of his character, and made the charm of his oratory, had blazed around his approbation of that happy little work, from the moment that it had fallen, incidentally, into his hands; and when he heard that the author, from her acquaintance with the lovely and accomplished niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a visitor at the house of that English Raphael, he flatteringly desired of the knight an appointed interview.

But from that, though enhanced as much as astonished at such a proposal from Mr. Burke, she fearfully, and with conscious insufficiency, hung back; hoping to owe to chance a less ostentatious meeting.

Various parties, during two or three years, had been planned, but proved abortive; when in June, 1783, Sir Joshua Reynolds invited Dr. Burney and the memorialist to a dinner upon Richmond Hill, to meet the Bishop of St. Asaph, Miss Shipley, and some others.

This was gladly accepted by the doctor; who now, upon his new system, was writing more at his ease; and by his daughter, who was still detained from Streatham, as her second work, though finished, was yet in the press.

Sir Joshua, and his eldest niece, accompanied by Lord Cork, called for them in St. Martin's street; and the drive was as lively, from the discourse within the carriage, as it was pleasant from the views without.

Here the editor, as no traits of Mr. Burke in conversation can be wholly uninteresting to an English reader, will venture to copy an account of this meeting, which was written while it was yet new, and consequently warm in her memory, as an offering to her second father,

SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESINGTON.

"My dear Mr. Crisp—At the Knight of Plympton's house, on Richmond Hill, next to the Star and Garter, we were met by the Bishop of St. Asaph, who stands as high in general esteem for agreeability as for worth and learning; and by his accomplished and spirited daughter,

Miss Shipley. My father was already acquainted with both; and to both I was introduced by Miss Palmer.

"No other company was mentioned; but some smiling whispers passed between Sir Joshua, Miss Palmer, and my father, that awakened in me a notion that the party was not yet complete; and with that notion an idea that Mr. Burke might be the awaited chief of the assemblage; for as they knew I had long had as much eagerness to see Mr. Burke as I had fears of meeting his expectations, I thought they might forbear naming him to save me a fit of fright.

"Sir Joshua, who, though full of kindness, dearly loves a little innocent malice, drew me soon afterwards to a window, to look at the beautiful prospect below; the soft meandering of the Thames, and the brightly picturesque situation of the elegant white house which Horace Walpole had made the habitation of Lady Diana Beauchamp and her fair progeny; in order to gather, as he afterwards laughingly acknowledged, my sentiments of the view, that he might compare them with those of Mr. Burke on the same scene! However, I escaped, luckily, falling, through ignorance, into such a competition, by the entrance of a large, though unannounced party, in a mass. For as this was only a visit of a day, there were very few servants; and those few, I suppose, were preparing the dinner apartment; for this group appeared to have found its own way up to the drawing room, with an easiness as well suited to its humour, by the gay air of its approach, as to that of Sir Joshua; who holds ceremony almost in horror, and who received them without any form or apology.

"He quitted me, however, to go forward, and greet with distinction a lady who was in the set. They were all familiarly recognised by the Bishop and Miss Shipley, as well as by Miss Palmer; and some of them by my father, whose own face wore an expression of pleasure, that helped to fix a conjecture in my mind that one amongst them, whom I peculiarly signalled, tall, and of fine deportment, with an air of courtesy and command, might be Edmund Burke.

"Excited as I felt by this idea, I continued at my picturesque window, as all the company were strangers to me, till Miss Palmer gave her hand to the tall, suspected, but unknown personage, saying in a half whisper, 'Have I kept my promise at last?' and then, but in a lower tone still, and pointing to the window, she pronounced 'Miss Burney.'

"As this seemed introduced for private information, previously to an introduction, be the person whom he might, though accidentally it was overheard, I instantly bent my head out of the window, as if not attending to them: yet I caught, unavoidably, the answer, which was uttered in a voice the most emphatic, though low, 'Why did you tell me it was Miss Burney? Did you think I should not have known it?'

"An awkward feeling, now, from having still no certainty of my surmise, or of what it might produce, made me seize a spy glass, and set about re-examining the prospect; till a pat on the arm, soon after, by Miss Palmer, turned me round to the company, just as the still unknown, to my great regret, was going out of the room with a footman, who seemed to call him away upon some sudden summons of business. But my father, who was at Miss Palmer's elbow, said, 'Fanny—Mr. Gibbon!'

"This, too, was a great name; but of how different a figure and presentation! Fat and ill-constructed, Mr. Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious ebullience, that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are pleydily mild, but rather effeminate; his voice,—for he was speaking to Sir Joshua at a little distance,—is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet, with these Brobdingnagian cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description; and his next little feet are of a turned round, he lustily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait, as if to mark the alacrity of his approach, and then, stopping short when full face to me, he made so singularly profound a bow, that—though hardly able to keep my gravity—I felt myself blush deeply at its undue, but palpably intended obsequiousness.

"This demonstration, however, over, his sense of politeness, or project of flattery, was satisfied; for he spoke not a word, though his gallant advance seemed to indicate a design of bestowing upon me a little rhetorical touch of a compliment. But, as all eyes in the room were suddenly cast upon us both, it is possible he par-took a little himself of the embarrassment he could not but see that he occasioned; and was therefore unwilling,

or unprepared, to hold forth so publicly upon—he scarcely, perhaps, knew what!—for, unless my partial Sir Joshua should just then have poured it into his ears, how little is it likely Mr. Gibbon should have heard of Evelina!

But at this moment, to my great relief, the unknown again appeared; and with a spirit, an air, a deportment that seemed to spread around him the glow of pleasure with which he himself was visibly exhilarated. But speech was there none; for dinner, which I suppose had awaited him, was at the same instant proclaimed; and all the company, in a mixed, quite irregular, and even confused manner, descended, *sans ceremonie*, to the eating parlour.

The unknown, however, catching the arm and the trumpet of Sir Joshua, as they were coming down stairs, murmured something, in a rather reproachful tone, in the knight's ear; to which Sir Joshua made no audible answer. But when he had placed himself at his table, he called out smilingly, "Come, Miss Burney!—will you take a seat next mine?"—adding, as if to reward my very alert compliance, "and then—Mr. Burke shall sit on your other side."

"O no, indeed!" cried the sprightly Miss Shipley, who was also next to Sir Joshua, "I sha'n't agree to that! Mr. Burke must sit next me! I won't consent to part with him. So pray come, and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke—for Mr. Burke, Edmund Burke it was!—smiled, and obeyed.

"I only proposed it to make my peace with Mr. Burke," said Sir Joshua, passively, "by giving him that place; for he has been scolding me all the way down stairs for not having introduced him to Miss Burney; however I must do it now—Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!"

We both half rose, to reciprocate a little salutation; and Mr. Burke said, "I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity,—which, however, did not here deceive me."

Delighted as my dear father, who had never before seen Mr. Burke in private society, enjoyed this encounter, I, my dear Mr. Crisp, had a delight in it that transcended all comparison. No expectation that it had formed of Mr. Burke, either from his works, his speeches, his character, or his fame, had anticipated to me such a man as I now met. He appeared, perhaps, at this moment, to the highest possible advantage in health, vivacity, and spirits. Removed from the importunate aggravations of party contentions, that, at times, by inflaming his passions, seem, momentarily at least, to disorder his character, he was lulled into gentleness by the grateful feelings of prosperity; exhilarated, but not intoxicated, by sudden success; and just risen, after toiling years of failures, disappointments, fire, and fury, to place, affluence, and honours; which were brightly smiling on the zenith of his powers. He looked, indeed, as if he had no wish but to diffuse philanthropy, pleasure, and genial gaiety all around.

His figure, when he is not negligent in his carriage, is noble; his air, commanding; his address, graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language, copious, eloquent, and changeably impressive; his manners are attractive; his conversation is past all praise!

You will call me mad, I know;—but if I wait till I see another Mr. Burke for such another fit of ecstasy—I may be long enough in my very sober good senses!

Sir Joshua next made Mrs. Burke greet the new comer into this select circle; which she did with marked distinction. She appeared to be pleasing and sensible, but silent and reserved.

Sir Joshua then went through the same introductory etiquette with Mr. Richard Burke, the brother; Mr. William Burke, the cousin; and young Burke, the son of THE Burke. They all, in different ways, seem lively and agreeable; but at miles, and myriads of miles, from the towering chief.

How proud should I be to give you a sample of the conversation of Mr. Burke! But the subjects were, in general, so fleeting, his ideas so full of variety, of gaiety, and of matter; and he darted from one of them to another with such rapidity, that the manner, the eye, the air with which all was pronounced, ought to be separately delineated to do any justice to the effect that every sentence, nay, that every word produced upon his admiring hearers and beholders.

Mad again, says my Mr. Crisp; stark, staring mad! Well, all the better; for "there's a pleasure in being mad," as I have heard you quote from Nat Lee, or

some other old play-wright, "that none but madmen know."

I must not, however, fail to particularise one point of his discourse, because 'tis upon your own favourite hobby, politics; and my father very much admired its candour and frankness.

In speaking of the great lord Chatham while he was yet Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke confessed his lordship to have been the only person whom he, Mr. Burke, did not name in parliament without caution. But Lord Chatham, he said, had obtained so preponderating a height of public favour, that though, occasionally, he could not concur in its enthusiasm, he would not attempt to oppose its cry. He then, however, positively, nay solemnly, protested, that this was the only subject upon which he did not talk with exactly the same openness and sincerity in the house as at the table.

He bestowed the most liberal praise upon Lord Chatham's second son, the now young William Pitt, with whom he is acting; and who had not only, he said, the most truly extraordinary talents, but who appeared to be immediately gifted by nature with the judgment which others acquire by experience.

"Though judgment," he presently added, "is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed. I have commonly observed, that those who do not possess it early are apt to miss it late."

But the subject on which he most enlarged, and most brightened, was Cardinal Ximenes, which was brought forward, accidentally, by Miss Shipley.

That young lady, with the pleasure of youthful exultation in a literary honour, proclaimed that she had just received a letter from the famous Doctor Franklin.

Mr. Burke, then, to Miss Shipley's great delight, burst forth into an eulogy of the abilities and character of Dr. Franklin, which he mingled with a history the most striking, yet simple, of his life; and a veneration the most profound for his eminence in science, and his liberal sentiments and skill in politics.

This led him, imperceptibly, to a dissertation upon the beauty, but rarity, of great minds sustaining great powers to great old age; illustrating his remarks by historical proofs, and biographical anecdotes of antique worthies;—till he came to Cardinal Ximenes, who lived to his ninetieth year. And here he made a pause. He could go, he said, no further. Perfection rested there!

His pause, however, producing only a general silence, that indicated no wish of speech but from himself, he suddenly burst forth again into an oration so glowing, so flowing, so noble, so divinely eloquent, upon the life, conduct, and endowments of this cardinal, that I felt as if I had never before known what it was to listen! I saw Mr. Burke, and Mr. Burke only! Nothing, no one else was visible any more than audible. I seemed suddenly organised into a new intellectual existence, that was wholly engrossed by one single use of the senses of seeing and hearing, to the total exclusion of every object but of the figure of Mr. Burke; and of every sound but that of his voice. All else—my dear father alone excepted—appeared but amalgamations of the chairs on which they were seated; and seemed placed round the table merely as furniture.

I cannot pretend to write you such a speech—but such sentences as I can recollect with exactitude, I cannot let pass.

The cardinal, he said, gave counsel and admonition to princes and sovereigns with the calm courage and dauntless authority with which he might have given them to his own children; yet, to such noble courage, he joined a humility still more magnanimous, in never desiring to disprove, or to disguise his own lowly origin; but confessing, at times, with openness and simplicity, his surprise at the height of the mountain to which from so deep a valley he had ascended. And, in the midst of all his greatness, he personally visited the village in which he was born, where he touchingly recognised what remained of his kith and kin.

Next, he descended upon the erudition of this exemplary prelate; his scarce collection of bibles; his unequalled mass of rare manuscripts; his charitable institutions; his learned seminaries; and his stupendous university at Alcala. "Yet so untinted," he continued, "was his scholastic lore with the bigotry of the times; and so untaunted with its despotism, that, even in its most forcible acts for securing the press from licentiousness, he had the enlargement of mind to permit the merely ignorant, or merely needy instruments of its abuse, when detected in promulgating profane works, from being involved in their destruction; for though, on such occasions, he caused the colport's shops, or ware-

houses, to be strictly searched, he let previous notice of his orders be given to the owners, who then privily executed judgment themselves upon the peccant property; while they preserved what was sane, as well as their personal liberty: but—if the misdeemeanor were committed a second time, he manfully let the offenders unaided and unpitied to its forfeiture.

"To a vigour," Mr. Burke went on, "that seemed never to calculate upon danger, he joined a prudence that seemed never to run a risk. Though often the object of aspersions—as who, conspicuous in the political world, is not?—he always refused to prosecute; he would not even answer his calumniators. He held that all classes had a right to stand for something in public life! 'We,' he said, 'who are at the head, act;—in God's name let those who are at the other end, talk! If we are wrong, 'tis our duty to hearken, and to mend! If we are right, we may be content enough with our superiority, to teach unprovoked malice its impotence, by leaving it to its own fester!'

"So elevated, indeed," Mr. Burke continued, "was his disdain of detraction, that instead of suffering it to blight his tranquillity, he taught it to become the spur to his virtues!"

Mr. Burke again paused; paused as if overcome by the warmth of his own emotion of admiration; and presently he gravely protested, that the multifarious perfections of Cardinal Ximenes were beyond human delineation.

Soon, however, afterwards, as if fearing he had become too serious, he rose to help himself to some distant fruit, for all this had passed during the dessert; and then while standing in the noblest attitude, and with a sudden smile full of radiant ideas, he vivaciously exclaimed, "No imagination—not even the imagination of Miss Burney!—could have invented a character so extraordinary as that of Cardinal Ximenes; no pen—not even the pen of Miss Burney!—could have described it adequately!"

"Think of me, my dear Mr. Crisp, at a climax so unexpected! my eyes, at the moment, being openly riveted upon him; my head bent forward with excess of eagerness; my attention exclusively his own!—but now, by this sudden turn, I myself became the universally absorbing object! for instantaneously, I felt every eye upon my face; and my cheeks tingled as if they were the heated focus of stares that almost burnt them alive!"

And yet, you will laugh when I tell you, that though thus struck I had not time to be disconcerted. The whole was momentary; 'twas like a flash of lightning in the evening, which makes every object of a dazzling brightness for a quarter of an instant, and then leaves all again to twilight obscurity.

Mr. Burke, by his delicacy, as much as by his kindness, reminding me of my opening encouragement from Dr. Johnson, looked now every where rather than at me; as if he had made the allusion by mere chance; and flew from it with a velocity that quickly drew back again to himself the eyes which he had transitively employed to see how his superb compliment was taken: though not before I had caught from my kind Sir Joshua, a look of congratulatory sportiveness, conveyed by a comic nod.

My dear Mr. Crisp will be the last to want to be told that I received this speech as the mere effervescence of chivalrous gallantry in Mr. Burke;—yet, to be its object, even in pleasure!—O, my dear Mr. Crisp, how could I have foreseen such a distinction? My dear father's eyes glistened—I wish you could have had a glimpse of him!

"There has been," Mr. Burke then, smilingly, resumed, "an age for all excellence; we have had an age for statesmen; an age for heroes; an age for poets; an age for artists;—but this," bowing down with an air of obsequious gallantry, his head almost upon the table cloth, "This is the age for women!"

"A very happy modern improvement!" cried Sir Joshua, laughing; "don't you think so, Miss Burney?—but that's not a fair question to put to you; so we won't make a point of your answering it. However," continued the dear natural knight, "what Mr. Burke says is very true, now. The women begin to make a figure in every thing. Though I remember, when I first came into the world, it was thought but a poor compliment to say a person did a thing like a lady!"

"Ay, Sir Joshua," cried my father, "but, like Moliere's physician, *non aens changé tout cela*!"

"Very true, Dr. Burney," replied the knight; "but I remember the time—and so, I dare say, do you—when it was thought a slight, if not a sneer, to speak any

thing of a lady's performance: it was only in mockery to talk of painting like a lady; singing like a lady; playing like a lady—"

"But now," interrupted Mr. Burke, warmly, "to talk of writing like a lady, is the greatest compliment that need be wished for by a man!"

Would you believe it, my daddy—every body now, himself and my father excepted, turned about, Sir Joshua leading the way—to make a little playful bow to...can you ever guess to whom?

Mr. Burke, then, archly shrugging his shoulders, added, "What is left now, exclusively, for US; and what we are to devise in our defence, I know not! We seem to have nothing for it but assuming a sovereign contempt! for the next most dignified thing to possessing merit, is an heroic barbarism in despising it!"

I can recollect nothing else—so adieu!

One word, however, more, by way of my last speech and confession on this subject. Should you demand, now that I have seen, in their own social circles, the two first men of letters of our day, how, in one word, I should discriminate them; I answer, that I think Dr. Johnson the first discusser, and Mr. Burke the first converser, of the British empire.

MR. GIBBON.

It may seem strange, in giving an account of this meeting, not to have recited even one speech from so celebrated an author as Mr. Gibbon. But not one is recollected. His countenance looked always serene; yet he did not appear to be at his ease. His name and future fame seemed to be more in his thoughts than the present society, or than any present enjoyment; and the exalted spirits of Mr. Burke, at this period, might rather alarm than allure a man whose sole care in existence seemed that of paying his court to posterity; and induce him, therefore, to evade coming into collision with so dauntless a compeer; from the sage apprehension of making a less splendid figure, at this moment, as a colloquial competitor, than he had reason to expect making, hereafter, as a Roman historian.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, gave, sportively, and with much self-amusement, another turn to his silence; for after significantly, in a whisper, asking the memorialist, whether she had remarked the taciturnity of Mr. Gibbon?—he laughingly demanded also, whether she had discovered its cause?

"No," she answered; "nor guessed it."

"Why, he's terribly afraid you'll snatch at him for a character in your next book!"

It may easily be imagined that the few words, but highly distinguishing manner in which Mr. Burke had so courteously marked his kindness towards *Cecilia*; or, *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, awakened in the mind of Dr. Burney no small impatience to develop what might be his opinion of *Cecilia*; or, *The Memoirs of an Heiress*, just then on the eve of publication.

And not long was his parental anxiety kept in suspense. That generous orator had no sooner given an eager perusal to the work, than he condescended to write a letter of the most indulgent, nay eloquent approbation to its highly honoured author; for whom he vivaciously displayed a flattering partiality, to which he invariably adhered through every change, either in his own affairs, or in hers, to the end of his life.

All the manuscript memorandums that remain of the year 1782, in the hand-writing of Dr. Burney, are teeming with kind exultation at the progress of this second publication; though the anecdote that most amused him, and that he wrote triumphantly to the author, was one that had been recounted to him personally at Buxton, whence the then Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, went on a visit to Lord Gower, at Trenham; where, on being conducted to a splendid library, he took a volume of *Cecilia* out of his pocket, exclaiming, "What signify all your fine and flourishing works here? See I have brought you a little book that's worth them all!" and he threw it upon the table, open, comically, at the passage where Hobson talks of "*my Lord High Chancellor, and the like of that.*"

From the time of the Richmond Hill assemblage, the acquaintance of Dr. Burney with Mr. Burke ripened into a regard that was soon melted into true and genial friendship, such as well suited the primitive characters, however it might clash, occasionally, with the current politics, of both.

Influenced by such a chief, the whole of the family of Mr. Burke followed his example; and the son, brother, and cousin, always joined the doctor and his daughter upon every accidental opportunity: while Mrs. Burke called in St. Martin's street to fix the acquaintance, by a pressing invitation to both father and daughter, to pass a week at Beaconsfield.

Not to have done this at so favourable a juncture in the spirits, the powers, and the happiness of Mr. Burke, always rested on both their minds with considerable regret; and on one of them it rests still: for an hour with Mr. Burke, in that bright halcyon season of his glory, concentrated in matter, and embellished in manner, as much wit, wisdom, and information, as might have demanded weeks, months,—perhaps more—to elicit from any other person:—and even, perhaps, at any other period, from himself:—Dr. Johnson always excepted.

But the engagements of Dr. Burney tied him to the capital; and no suspicion occurred that the same resplendent sunshine which then illuminated the fortune, the faculties, and the character of Mr. Burke, would not equally vivify a future invitation. Not one forbidding cloud lowered in the air with misty menace of the deadly tempests, public and domestic, that were hurtling over the head of that exalted but passion-swarved orator; though such were so soon to darken the religion, now so vivid, of his felicity and his fame; the public, by warping his judgment—the domestic, by breaking his heart!

MRS. THRALE.

Dr. Burney, when the Cecilia business was arranged, again conveyed the memorialist to Streatham. No further reluctance on his part, nor exhortations on that of Mr. Crisp, sought to withdraw her from that spot, where, while it was in its glory, they had so recently, and with pride, seen her distinguished. And truly eager was her own haste, when mistress of her time, to try once more to soothe those sorrows and chagrins in which she had most largely participated, by answering to the call, which had never ceased tenderly to pursue her, of return.

With alacrity, therefore, though not with gaiety, they re-entered the Streatham gates—but they soon perceived that they found not what they had left!

Changed, indeed, was Streatham! Gone its chief, and changed his relief!—Unaccountably, incomprehensibly, indefinitely changed! She was absent and agitated; not two minutes could she remain in a place; she scarcely seemed to know whom she saw; her speech was so hurried it was hardly intelligible; her eyes were assiduously averted from those who sought them; and her smiles were faint and forced.

The doctor, who had no opportunity to communicate his remarks, went back, as usual, to town; where soon also, with his tendency, as usual, to view every thing cheerfully, he revelled in his mind the new cares and avocations by which Mrs. Thrale was perplexed; and persuaded himself that the alteration which had struck him, was simply the effect of her new position.

Too near, however, were the observations of the memorialist for so easy a solution. The change in her friend was equally dark and melancholy; yet not personal to the memorialist was any alteration. No affection there was lessened; no kindness cooled; on the contrary, Mrs. Thrale was more fervent in both; more touchingly tender; and softened in disposition beyond all expression, all description; but in every thing else,—in health, spirits, comfort, general looks, and manner, the change was at once universal and deplorable. All was misery and mystery: misery the most restless; mystery the most unfathomable.

The mystery, however, soon ceased; the soliloquies of the most affectionate sympathy could not long be urged in vain;—the mystery passed away—not so the misery! That, when revealed, was but to both parties doubled, from the different feelings set in movement by its disclosure.

The astonishing history of the enigmatical attachment which impelled Mrs. Thrale to her second marriage, is now as well known as her name: but its details belong not to the history of Dr. Burney; though the fact too deeply interested him, and was too intimately felt in his social habits, to be passed over in silence in any memoirs of his life.

But while ignorant yet of its cause, more and more struck he became at every meeting, by a species of general alienation which pervaded all around at Streatham. His visits, which, heretofore, had seemed galas to Mrs. Thrale, were now begun and ended almost without no-

tice; and all others,—Dr. Johnson not excepted,—were cast into the same gulf of general neglect, or forgetfulness;—all,—save singly this memorialist!—to whom, the fatal secret once acknowledged, Mrs. Thrale clung for comfort; though she saw, and generously pardoned, how wide she was from meeting approbation.

In this retired, though far from tranquil manner, passed many months; during which, with the acquiescent consent of the doctor, his daughter, wholly devoted to her unhappy friend, remained uninterruptedly at sad and altered Streatham; sedulously avoiding, what at other times she most wished, a *tete a tete* with her father. Bound by ties indissoluble of honour not to betray a trust that, in the ignorance of her pety, she had herself unwittingly sought, even to him she was as immutably silent on this subject as to all others,—save, singly, to the eldest daughter of the house; whose conduct, through scenes of dreadful difficulty, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was even exemplary; and to whom the self-beguiled, yet generous mother, gave full and free permission to confide every thought and feeling to the memorialist.

And here let a tribute of friendship be offered up to the shrine of remembrance, due from a thousand ineffably tender recollections. Not wildly, and with male and hestragon passions, as has so currently been asserted, was this connection brought to bear on the part of Mrs. Thrale. It was struggled against at times with even agonising energy, and with efforts so vehement, as nearly to destroy the poor machine they were exerted to save. But the subtle poison had glided into her veins so unsuspectingly, and, at first, so unopposedly, that the whole fabric was infected with its venom; which seemed to become a part, never to be dislodged, of its system.

It was, indeed, the positive opinion of her physician and friend, Sir Lucas Pepsys, that so excited were her feelings, and so shattered, by their early indulgence, was her frame, that the crisis which might be produced through the medium of decided resistance, offered no other alternative but death or madness!

Various incidental circumstances began, at length, to open the reluctant eyes of Dr. Burney to an impelled, though clouded foresight, of the portentous event which might lately be the cause of the alteration of all around at Streatham. He then naturally wished for some explanation with his daughter, though he never forced, or even claimed her confidence; well knowing that voluntarily to give it him had been her earliest delight.

But in taking her home with him one morning, to pass a day in St. Martin's street, he almost involuntarily, in driving from the paddock, turned back his head towards the house, and, in a tone the most impressive, sighed out:—"Adieu, Streatham, adieu!"

His daughter perceived his eyes were glistening; though he presently dropt them, and bowed down his head, as if not to distress her by any look of examination; and said no more.

Her tears, which had long been with difficulty restrained from overflowing in his presence, through grief at the unhappiness, and even more at what she thought the infatuation of her friend, now burst forth, from emotions that surprised away forbearance.

Dr. Burney sat silent and quiet, to give her time for recollection; though fully expecting a trusting communication.

She gave, however, none: his commands alone could have forced a disclosure; but he soon felt convinced by her taciturnity, that she must have been bound to concealment. He pitied, therefore, but respected her secrecy; and, clearing his brow, finished the little journey in conversing upon their own affairs.

This delicacy of kindness, which the memorialist cannot recollect and not record, filled her with ever living gratitude.

DR. JOHNSON.

A few weeks earlier, the memorialist had passed a nearly similar scene with Dr. Johnson. Not, however, she believes, from the same formidable species of surmise; but from the wounds inflicted on his injured sensibility, through the palpably altered looks, tone, and deportment, of the bewildered lady of the mansion; who, cruelly aware what would be his wrath, and how over-whelming his reproaches against her projected union, wished to break up their residing under the same roof before it should be proclaimed.

This gave to her whole behaviour towards Dr. Johnson, a sort of restless petulance, of which she was sometimes hardly conscious; at others, nearly reckless; but

which hurt him far more than she purposed, though short of the point at which she aimed, of precipitating a change of dwelling that would elude its being cast, either by himself or the world, upon a passion that her understanding blushed to own; even while she was sacrificing to it all of inborn dignity that she had been bred to hold most sacred.

Dr. Johnson, while still uninformed of an entanglement it was impossible he should conjecture, attributed her varying humours to the effect of wayward health meeting a sort of sudden wayward power; and imagined that caprices, which he judged to be partly feminine, and partly wealthy, would soberise themselves away in being unnoticed. He adhered, therefore, to what he thought his post, in being the ostensible guardian protector of the relict and progeny of the late chief of the house; taking no open or visible notice of the alteration in the successor—save only at times, and when they were *tête à tête*, to this memorialist; to whom he frequently murmured portentous observations on the woe, nay, alarming deterioration in health and disposition of her whom, so lately, he had signalled as the gay mistress of Streatham.

But at length, as she became more and more dissatisfied with her own situation, and impatient for its relief, she grew less and less scrupulous with regard to her celebrated guest: she slighted his counsel; did not heed his remonstrances; avoided his society; was ready at a moment's hint to lend him her carriage when he wished to return to Bolt Court; but awaited a formal request to accord it for bringing him back.

The doctor then began to be stung; his own aspect became altered; and depression, with indignant uneasiness, sat upon his venerable front.

It was at this moment that, finding the memorialist was going one morning to St. Martin's street, he desired a cast-thither in the carriage, and then to be set down at Bolt Court.

Aware of his disturbance, and far too well aware how short it was of what it would become when the cause of all that passed should be detected, it was in trembling that the memorialist accompanied him to the coach, filled with dread of offending him by any reserve, should he force upon her any enquiry; and yet impressed with the utter impossibility of betraying a trusted secret.

His look was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle; but when his eye, which, however short sighted, was quick to mental perception, saw how ill at ease appeared his companion, all sternness subsided into an undisguised expression of the strongest emotion, that seemed to chain her sympathy, though to revolt from her compassion; while, with a shaking hand, and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving; and, when they faced it from the coach window, as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaiming: "That house . . . is lost to me—for ever!"

During a moment he then fixed upon her an interrogative eye, that impudently demanded: "Do you not perceive the change I am experiencing?"

A sorrowing sigh was her only answer.

Pride and delicacy then united to make him leave her to her taciturnity.

He was too deeply, however, disturbed to start or to bear any other subject; and neither of them uttered a single word till the coach stopped in St. Martin's street, and the house and the carriage door were opened for their separation! He then suddenly and expressively looked at her, abruptly grasped her hand, and, with an air of affection, though in a low, husky voice, murmured rather than said: "Good morning, dear lady!" but turned his head quickly away, to avoid any species of answer.

She was deeply touched by so gentle an acquiescence in her declining the confidential discourse upon which he had indubitably meant to open, relative to this mysterious alienation. But she had the comfort to be satisfied, that he saw and believed in her sincere participation in his feelings; while he allowed for the grateful attachment that bound her to a friend so loved; who, to her at least, still manifested a fervour of regard that resisted all change; alike from this new partiality, and from the undisguised, and even strenuous opposition of the memorialist to its indulgence.

The "Adieu, Streatham" that had been uttered figuratively by Dr. Burney, without any knowledge of its nearness to reality, was now fast approaching to becoming a mere matter of fact; for, to the almost equal grief, however far from equal loss, of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Burney, Streatham, a short time afterwards, though

not publicly relinquished, was quitted by Mrs. Thrale and her family.

Both friends rejoiced, however, that the library and the pictures, at least, on this first breaking up, fell into the hands of so able an appreciator of literature and painting, as the Earl of Shelburne.

Mrs. Thrale removed first to Brighton, and next repaired to pass a winter in Argyll street, previous to fixing her ultimate proceedings.

GENERAL PAOLI.

The last little narration that was written to Mr. Crisp of any party at Streatham, as it contains a description of the celebrated Corsican general, Paoli, with whom Dr. Burney had there been invited to dine, and whom Mr. Crisp, also, had been pressed, though unavailingly, to meet; will here be copied, in the hope that the reader, like Dr. Burney, will learn with pleasure General Paoli's own history of his opening intercourse with Mr. Boswell.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CHESINGTON.

How sorry am I, my dear Mr. Crisp, that you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you! for when are we likely to meet at Streatham again? And you would have been much pleased, I am sure, with the famous Corsican general, Paoli, who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable.

He is a very pleasing man; tall and genteel in his person, remarkably attentive, obliging and polite; and as soft and mild in his speech, as if he came from feeding sheep in Corsica, like a shepherd; rather than as if he had left the warlike field where he had led his armies to battle.

I will give you a little specimen of his language and discourse, as they are now fresh in my ears.

When Mrs. Thrale named me, he started back, though smilingly, and said: "I am very glad enough to see you in the face, Miss Evelyn, which I have wished for long enough. O charming book! I give it to you my word I have read it often enough. It is my favorite studio for apprehending the English language; which is difficult often. I pray you, Miss Evelyn, write some more little volumes of the quickest."

I disclaimed the name, and was walking away; but he followed me with an apology. "I pray your pardon, mademoiselle. My ideas got in a blunder often. It is Miss Borne what name I meant to accentuate, I pray your pardon, Miss Evelyn. I make very much error in my English many times enough."

My father then led him to speak of Mr. Boswell, by inquiring into the commencement of their connection.

"He came," answered the general, "to my country sudden, and he fetched me some letters of recommending him. But I was of the belief he might, in the verity, be no other person but one impostor. And I supposed, in my mente, he was in the privacy one spy; for I look away from him to my other companies, and, in one moment, when I look back to him, I behold it in his hands his tablet, and one pencil! O, he was at the work, I give it to you my honour, of writing down all what I say to some persons whatsoever in the room! Indeed I was angry enough. Pretty much so, I give it to you my word. But soon after, I discern he was no impostor, and besides, no spy; for soon I find it out I was myself only the monster he came to observe, and to describe with one pencil in his tablet! O, is a very good man, Mr. Boswell, in the bottom! so cheerful, so witty, so gentle, so talkable. But, at the first, O, I was indeed *fâché* of the sufficient. I was in one passion, in my mente, very well."

All this comic English he pronounces in a manner the most comically pompous. Nevertheless, my father thinks he will soon speak better, and that he seems less to want language than patience to assort it; hurrying on impetuously, and any how, rather than stopping for recollection.

This is the last visit remembered, or, at least narrated, of Streatham.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Streatham thus gone, though the intercourse with Mrs. Thrale, who now resided in Argyll-street, London, was as fondly, if not as happily, sustained as ever, Dr. Burney had again his first amanuensis and librarian wholly under his roof, and the pleasure of his parental feelings doubled those of his renown; for the new author was included, with the most flattering distinction, in almost every invitation that he received, or acquaintance that he made, where a female presided in the society

Never was practical proof more conspicuous of the power of surmounting every difficulty that rises against our progress to an appointed end, when inclination and business take each other by the hand in its pursuit, than was now evinced by the conduct and success of Dr. Burney in his musical enterprise.

He vigilantly visited both the universities, leaving nothing uninvestigated that assiduity or address could ferret out to his purpose.

The British Museum Library he ransacked, pen in hand, repeatedly: that of Sir Joseph Banks was as open to him as his own: Mr. Garrick conducted him, by appointment, to that of the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne; which was personally shown to him, with distinguished consideration, by that literary nobleman. To name every other to which he had access would be prolixity; but to omit that of his majesty, George the Third, would be insensibility. Dr. Burney was permitted to make a full examination of its noble contents; and to take thence whatever extracts he thought conducive to his design, by his majesty's own gracious orders, delivered through the then librarian, Mr. Barnard.

But for bringing these accumulating materials into play, time still, with all the vigilance of his grasp upon its fragments, was wanting; and to counteract the relentless calls of his professional business, he was forced to superadd an unsparring requisition upon his sleep—the only creditor that he never paid.

SAM'S CLUB.

Immediately after vacating Streatham, Dr. Burney was called upon, by his great and good friend of Bolt-court, to become a member of a club which he was then instituting for the emolument of Samuel, a footman of the late Mr. Thrale. This man, who was no longer wanted for the broken establishment of Streatham, had saved sufficient money for setting up a humble species of hotel, to which this club would be a manifest advantage. It was called, from the name of the honest domestic whom Dr. Johnson wished to serve Sam's Club. It was held in Essex-street, in the Strand. Its rules, &c. are printed by Mr. Boswell.

To enumerate all the coeries to which the doctor, with his new associate, now resorted, would be uninteresting, for almost all are passed away! and nearly all are forgotten; though there was scarcely a name in their several sets that did not, at that time, carry some weight of public opinion. Such of them, nevertheless, that have left lasting memorials of their character, their wit, or their abilities, may not unacceptably be selected for some passing observation.

BAS BLEU SOCIETIES.

To begin with what still is famous in the annals of conversation, the *Bas Bleu* Societies.

The first of these was then in the meridian of its lustre, but had been instituted many years previously at Bath. It owed its name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, of not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Plo, pho," cried she, with her well-known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked, inquisitively at him and his accoutrements; "don't mind dress! Come in your blue stockings!" With which words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission for appearing, according to order. And those words, ever after, were fixed, in playful stigma, upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.*

This original coterie was still headed by Mrs. Vesey, though it was transferred from Bath to London. Dr. Burney and this memorialist were now initiated into the midst of it. And however ridicule, in public, from those who had no taste for this blisum; or envy, in secret, from those who had no admission to it, might seek to depreciate its merit, it afforded to all lovers of intellectual entertainment a variety of amusement, an exemption from form, and a *carte blanche* certainty of good humour from the amiable and artless hostess, that rendered it as agreeable as it was singular: for Mrs. Vesey was as mirth-provoking from her oddities and mistakes, as Falstaff was wit-inspiring from his vaunting cowardice and sportive epicurism.

* Sir William Weller Pepys, when he was eighty-four years of age, told this memorialist that he was the only male member then remaining of the original set; and that Mrs. Hannah More was the only remaining female.

There was something so like the manœuvres of a character in a comedy in the manners and movements of Mrs. Vesey, that the company seemed rather to feel themselves assembled, at their own cost and pleasure, in some public apartment, to saunter or to repose; to talk or to hold their tongues; to gaze around, or to drop asleep, as best might suit their humours; than drawn together to receive and to bestow, the civilities of given and accepted invitations.

Her fears were so great of the horror, as it was styled, of a circle, from the ceremony and awe which it produced, that she pushed all the small sofas, as well as chairs, pell-mell about the apartments, so as not to leave even a zig-zag path of communication free from impediment: and her greatest delight was to place the seats back to back, so that those who occupied them could perceive no more of their nearest neighbour than if the parties had been sent into different rooms: an arrangement that could only be eluded by such a twisting of the neck as to threaten the interlocutors with a spasmodic affection.

But there was never any distress beyond risibility: and the company that was collected was so generally of a superior cast, that talents and conversation soon found—as when do they miss it?—their own level: and all these extraneous whims merely served to give zest and originality to the assemblage.

Mrs. Vesey was of a character to which it is hardly possible to find a parallel, so untrue would it be to brand it with positive folly; yet so glaringly was it marked by almost incredible simplicity.

With really lively parts, a fertile imagination, and a pleasant quickness of remark, she had the unguardedness of childhood, joined to an Ulsterian bewilderment of ideas that cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation; and incited even the most partial, and even the most sensitive of her own countrymen, to relate stories, speeches, and anecdotes of her astonishing self-perplexities, her confusion about times and circumstances, and her inconceivable jumble of recollections between what had happened, or what might have happened; and what had befallen others that she imagined had befallen herself; that made her name, though it could never be pronounced without personal regard, be constantly coupled with something grotesque.

But what most contributed to render the scenes of her social circle nearly dramatic in comic effect, was her deafness; for with all the pity doubly due to that social infirmity; and all the pity due to one who still sought conversation as the first of human delights, it was impossible, with a grave face, to behold her manner of constantly marrying the pleasure of which she was in pursuit.

She had commonly, two or three, or more, ear-trumpets hanging to her wrists, or slung about her neck; or tossed upon the chimney-piece or table; with intention to try them, severally and alternately, upon different speakers, as occasion might arise; and the instant that any earnestness of countenance, or animation of gesture, struck her eye, she darted forward, trumpet in hand, to enquire what was going on; but almost always arrived at the speaker at the moment that he was become, in his turn, the hearer; and eagerly held her brazen instrument to his mouth to catch sounds that were already past and gone. And, after quietly listening some minutes, she would gently utter her disappointment, by crying: "Well! I really thought you were talking of something!"

And then, though a whole group would hold it fitting to flock around her, and recount what had been said; if a smile caught her roving eye from any opposite direction, the fear of losing something more entertaining, would make her beg not to trouble them, and again rush on to the gayer talkers. But as a laugh is excited more commonly by sportive nonsense than by wit, she usually gleaned nothing from her change of place, and hastened therefore back to ask for the rest of what she had interrupted. But generally finding that set dispersing, or dispersed, she would look around her with a forlorn surprise, and cry: "I can't conceive why it is that nobody talks to-night! I can't catch a word!"

Or, if some one of peculiar note were engaging attention; if Sir William Hamilton, for example, were describing Heracleum or Pompeii; or Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Hannah More were discussing some new author, or favourite work; or if the then still beautiful, though old, Duchess of Leinster, was encountering the beautiful and young Duchess of Devonshire; or, if Mr. Burke, having stepped in, and marking no one with whom he wished to exchange ideas, had seized upon the first book or pamphlet he could catch, to soothe his harassed mind by reading—which he not seldom did, and most incom-

parably, a passage or two aloud; circumstances of such a sort would arouse in her so great an earnestness for participation, that she would hasten from one spot to another, in constant hope of better fare; frequently clapping, in her hurry, the broad part of the brazen ear to her temple: but after waiting, with anxious impatience, for the development she expected, but waiting in vain, she would drop her trumpet, and almost dolorously exclaim: "I hope nobody has had any bad news to-night? but as soon as I come near any body, nobody speaks!"

Yet, with all these peculiarities, Mrs. Vesey was eminently amiable, candid, gentle, and even sensible; but she had an ardour to know whatever was going forward, and to see whoever was named, that kept her curiosity constantly in a panic; and almost dangerously increased the singular wanderings of her imagination.

Here, amongst the few remaining men of letters of the preceding literary era, Dr. Burney met Horace Walpole, Owen Cambridge, and Soame Jenyns, who were commonly, then, denominated the old wits; but who rarely, indeed, were surrounded by any new ones who stood much chance of vying with them in readiness of repartee, pith of matter, terseness of expression, or pleasantry in expanding gay ideas.

MRS. MONTAGU.

Yet, while to Mrs. Vesey the *Bas Bleu* Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination; for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which, was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

This majestic title was hers, in fact, from more flattering rights than hang upon mere pre-eminence of riches or station. Her Essay on the Learning and Genius of Shakespeare; and the literary zeal which made her the voluntary champion of our immortal bard, had so national a claim to support and to praise, that her book, on its first coming out, had gained the almost general plaudits that mounted her, thenceforward, to the Parnassian heights of female British literature.

But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur, or their simplicity, their magnitude, or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference: it was far more attributable to the lady presidents than to their abodes: for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties, at their houses.

At Mrs. Montagu's, the semi-circle that faced the retained during the whole evening its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdingnagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank, or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other; or as near to her chair, and her converse, as her favouring eye, and a complacent bow of the head, could invite him to that distinction.*

Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow, and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity—till their success was ascertained by applause.

Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified. Her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of se-

verity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers, who perform the most abject offices of any authorised calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths?

Not to vain glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity, which made its jetties objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from society.

Not all the lyrics of all the rhymsters, nor all the warblings of all the spring-feathered choristers, could hail the opening smiles of May, like the fragrance of that roasted beef and the pulpy softness of those puddings of plums, with which Mrs. Montagu yearly renovated those sooty little agents to the safety of our most blessing luxury.

Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments; splendid in her conduct; open to the calls of charity; forward to precede those of indigent genius; as unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty, and the support of virtue.

In this house, amongst innumerable high personages and renowned conversers, Dr. Burney met the famous Hervey, Bishop of Derry, late Earl of Bristol; who then stood foremost in sustaining the character for wit and originality that had signalled his race, in the preceding century, by the current phrase of the day, that the world was peopled with men, women, and Herveys.

Here, also, the honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, sometimes put forth his quaint, singular, often original, generally sarcastic, and always entertaining powers.

And here the doctor met the antique General Oglethorpe, who was pointed out to him by Mr. Walpole for a man nearly in his hundredth year; an assertion that, though exaggerated, easily gained credit, from his gaunt figure and appearance. The general was pleasing, well bred, and gentle.

Horace Walpole, sportively desirous, as he whispered to Dr. Burney, that the doctor's daughter should see the humours of a man so near to counting his age by a century, insisted, one night at this house, upon forming a little group for that purpose; to which he invited also Mr. and Mrs. Loekie: exhibiting thus the two principal points of his own character, from which he rarely deviated: a thirst of amusement from what was singular; with a taste yet more forcible for elegance from what was excellent.

At the side of General Oglethorpe, Mr. Walpole, though much past seventy, had almost the look, and had quite the air of enjoyment of a man who was yet almost young; and so skeleton-like was the general's meagre form, that, by the same species of comparison, Mr. Walpole almost appeared, and, again, almost seemed to think himself, if not absolutely fat, at least not despoiled of himself; though so lank was his thinness, that every other person who stood in his vicinity, might pass as if accoutred and stuffed for a stage representation of Falstaff.

MRS. THRALE.

But—previously to the late Stratham catastrophe—blither, more bland, and more gleeful still, was the personal celebrity of Mrs. Thrale, than that of either Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Vesey. Mrs. Vesey, indeed, gentle and diffident, dreamed not of any competition: but Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale had long been set up as fair rival candidates for colloquial eminence; and each of them thought the other alone worthy to be her peer. Openly, therefore, when they met, they combated for precedence of admiration; with placid, though high-strained intellectual exertion on one side, and an exuberant pleasantry of classical allusion or quotation on the other, without the smallest malice in either: for so different were their tastes as well as attributes, that neither of them envied, while each did justice to the powers of her opponent.

The blue parties at Mrs. Thrale's, though neither marked with as much splendour as those of Mrs. Montagu, nor with so curious a selection of distinguished individuals as those of Mrs. Vesey, were yet held of equal height with either in general estimation, as Dr. Johnson, "himself a host," was usually at Mrs. Thrale's; or was always, by her company, expected: and as she herself possessed powers of entertainment more vivifying in gaiety than any of her competitors.

* This only treats of the Blue Meetings; not of the general assemblies of Montagu House, which were conducted like all others in the circles of high life.

Various other meetings were formed in imitation of the same plan of dispensing with cards, music, dice, dancing, or the regales of the festive board, to concentrate in intellectual entertainment all the hopes of the guest, and the efforts of the host and hostess. And, with respect to colloquial elegance, such a plan certainly is of the first order for bringing into play the highest energies of our nature; and stimulating their fairest exercise in discussions upon the several subjects that rise with every rising day; and that take and give a fresh colour to thought as well as to expression, from the mind of every fresh discriminator.

And such meetings, when the parties were well assorted, and in good humour, formed, at that time, a coalition of talents, and a brilliancy of exertion, that produced the most interesting dissertations, or the happiest sallies of wit and pleasantry, that could emanate from social intercourse.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But of these coteries, none surpassed, if they equalled, in easy pleasantry, unaffected intelligence, and information free from pedantry or formality, those of the Knight of Plympton. Sir Joshua Reynolds was singularly simple, though never inelegant in his language; and his classical style of painting could not be more pleasing, however more sublimely it might elevate and surprise, than his manners and conversation.

There was little or no play of countenance, beyond cheerfulness or sadness, in the features of Sir Joshua; but in his eyes there was a searching look, that seemed, upon his introduction to any person of whom he had thought before he had seen, to fix, in his painter's mind, the attitude, if it may be so called, of face that would be most striking for a picture. But this was rarely obvious, and never disconcerting; he was eminently unassuming, unpretending, and natural.

Dr. Burney was left amongst his papers a note of an harangue which he had heard from Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the house of Dudley Long, when the Duke of Devonshire, and various other peers, were present, and when happiness was the topic of discussion. Sir Joshua for some time had listened in silence to their several opinions; and then impressively said: "You none of you, my lords, if you will forgive my telling you so, can speak upon this subject, with as much knowledge of it as I can. Dr. Burney perhaps might; but it is not the man who looks around him from the top of a high mountain at a beautiful prospect, on the first moment of opening his eyes, who has the true enjoyment of that noble sight: it is he who ascends the mountain from a miry meadow, or a ploughed field, or a barren waste; and who works his way up to it step by step; scratched and harassed by thorns and briars; with here a hollow, that catches his foot; and there a clump that forces him all the way back to find out a new path;—it is he who attains to it through all that toil and danger; and with the strong contrast on his mind of the miry meadow, or ploughed field, or barren waste, for which it was exchanged,—it is he, my lords, who enjoys the beauties that suddenly blaze upon him. They cause an expansion of ideas in harmony with the expansion of the view. He glories in its glory; and his mind opens to conscious exaltation, such as the man who was born and bred upon that commanding height, with all the loveliness of prospect, and fragrance, and variety, and plenty, and luxury of every sort, around, above, beneath, can never know; can have no idea of;—at least, not till he come near some precipice, in a boisterous wind, that hurls him from the top to the bottom, and gives him some taste of what he had possessed, by its loss; and some pleasure in its recovery, by the pain and difficulty of scrambling back to it."

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds also had her coteries, which were occasionally attended by most of the persons who have been named; equally from consideration to her brother, and personal respect to herself.

MRS. CHAPONE.

Mrs. Chapone, too, had her own coteries, which, though not sought by the young, and, perhaps, fled from by the gay, were rational, instructive, and social; and it was not with self-approbation that they could ever be deserted. But the search of greater gaiety, and higher fashion, rarely awaits that award.

The meetings, in truth, at her dwelling, from her palpable and organic deficiency in health and strength for their sustenance, though they never lacked of sense or taste, always wanted spirit; a want which cast over them a damp that made the same interlocutors, who elsewhere

grouped audiences around them from their fame as discussors, appear to be assembled here merely for the grave purpose of performing a duty.

Yet here were to be seen Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Hannah More, the clever family of the Burroughs, the classically lively Sir William Pepys, and the ingenious and virtuous Mrs. Barbauld.

But though the dignity of her mind demanded, as it deserved, the respect of some return to the visits which her love of society induced her to pay, it was a *tête-à-tête* alone that gave pleasure to the intercourse with Mrs. Chapone: her sound understanding, her sagacious observations, her turn to humour, and the candour of her affectionate nature, all then came into play without effort; and her case of mind, when freed from the trammels of doing the honours of reception, seemed to soften off, even to herself, her corporeal infirmities. It was thus that she struck Dr. Burney with the sense of her worth; and seemed portraying in herself the original example whence the precepts had been drawn, for forming the unsophisticated female character that are displayed in the author's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

SOAME JENYNS.

Amongst the *bouquets*, as Dr. Burney denominated the fragrant flatteries courteously lavished, in its day, on the Memoirs of an Heiress, few were more odorous to him than those offered by the famous old wits, Soame Jenyns and Owen Cambridge.

Soame Jenyns, at the age of seventy-eight, condescended to make interest with Mrs. Ord to arrange an acquaintance for him, at her house in Queen Ann-street, with the father and the daughter.

Pleasant to Dr. Burney was the tide of favour, by which he was exhilarated through this second publication of his daughter, it had not yet reached the climax to which it soon afterwards arose; which was the junction of the two first men of the country, if not of the age, in proclaiming each to the other, at an assembly at Miss Moneton's, where they seated themselves by her side, their kind approbation of this work; and proclaiming it, each animated by the spirit of the other, "in the noblest terms that our language, in its highest glory, is capable of emitting."

Such were the words of Dr. Johnson himself, in speaking afterwards to Dr. Burney of Mr. Burke's share in this flattering dialogue; to which Dr. Burney ever after looked back as to the height of his daughter's literary honours; though he could scarcely then foresee the extent, and the expansion, of that indulgent partiality with which each of them, ever after, invariably distinguished her to the last hour of their lives.

Thus salubriously for Dr. Burney had been cheered the opening winter of 1782, by the celebrated old wits, Owen Cambridge and Soame Jenyns; through the philanthropy and good humour which cheered for themselves and their friends the winter of their own lives; and thus radiant with a warmth which Sol in his summer's glory could not deepen, had gone on the same winter to 1783, through the glowing suffrage of the two first luminaries that brightened the constellation of genius of the reign of George the Third,—Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke.

But not in fair harmony of progression with this commencement proceeded the years 1783: its April had a harshness which its January had escaped. It brought with it no fragrance of happiness to Dr. Burney. With a blight opened this fatal spring, and with a blast it closed!

MRS. THRALLE.

All being now, though in the dark, and unannounced, arranged for the determined alliance, Mrs. Thralle abandoned London as she had forsaken Streatham, and, in the beginning of April, retired with her three eldest daughters to Bath: there to reside, till she could complete a plan, then in agitation, for superseding the maternal protection with all that might yet be attainable of propriety and dignity.

Dr. Burney was deeply hurt by this now palpably threatening event; the virtues of Mrs. Thralle had borne an equal poise in his admiration with her talents; both were of an extraordinary order. He had praised, he had loved, he had sung them. Nor was he by any means so severe a disciplinarian over the claims of taste, or the elections of the heart, as to disallow their unalienable rights of being candidly heard, and favourably listened to, in the disposal of our persons and our fates; her choice, therefore, would have roused no severity, though it might justly have excited surprise, had her birth,

fortune, and rank in life alone been at stake. But Mrs. Thralle had ties that appeared to him to demand precedence over all feelings, all inclinations—in five daughters, who were juvenile heiresses.

To Bath, however, she went; and truly grieved was the prophetic spirit of Dr. Burney at her departure; which he looked upon as the catastrophe of Streatham.

MRS. DELANY.

From circumstances peculiarly fortunate with regard to the time of their operation, some solace opened to Dr. Burney for himself, and still more to his parental kindness for this memorialist, in this season of disappointment and deprivation, from a beginning intercourse which now took place for both, with the *fairest model of female excellence of the days that were passed*, Mrs. Delany.*

Such were the words by which Mrs. Delany had been pictured to this memorialist by Mr. Burke, at Miss Moneton's assembly; and such was the impression of her character under which this connection was begun by Dr. Burney.

The proposition for an acquaintance, and the negotiation for its commencement between the parties had been committed, by Mrs. Delany herself, to Mrs. Chapone; whose literary endowments stood not higher, either in public or in private estimation, than the virtues of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. Both were evinced by her popular writings for the female sex, at a time when its education, whether from timidity or indolence, required a spur, far more certainly than its cynic traducers can prove that now, from ambition or temerity, it calls for a bridle.

As Dr. Burney could not make an early visit, and Mrs. Delany could not receive a late one, Mrs. Chapone was commissioned to engage the daughter to a quiet dinner; and the doctor to join the party in the evening.

This was assented to with the utmost pleasure, both father and daughter being stimulated in curiosity and expectancy by Mr. Crisp, who had formerly known and admired Mrs. Delany, and had been a favorite with her bosom friend, the Dowager Duchess of Portland; and with some other of her elegant associates.

As this venerable lady still lives in the memoirs and correspondence of Dean Swift,† an account of this interview, abridged from a letter to Mr. Crisp, will not, perhaps, be unwillingly received, as a genuine picture of an aged lady of rare accomplishments, and high bred manners, of olden times; who had strikingly been distinguished by Dean Swift, and who was now energetically esteemed by Mr. Burke.

Under the wing of the respectable Mrs. Chapone, this memorialist was first conveyed to the dwelling of Mrs. Delany in St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone; but the moment her guests were announced, with an eagerness that seemed forgetful of her years, and that denoted the most flattering pleasure, she advanced to the door of her apartment to receive them.

Mrs. Chapone presented to her by name the memorialist, whose hands she took with almost youthful vivacity, saying: "Miss Burney must pardon me if I give her an old-fashioned reception for I know nothing new!" And she kindly saluted her.

With a grace of manner the most striking, she then placed Mrs. Chapone on the sofa, and led the memorialist to a chair next to her own, saying: "Can you forgive, Miss Burney, the very great liberty I have taken of asking you to my little dinner? But you could not come in the morning; and I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such very extraordinary pleasure, that I could not bear to put it off to another day: for I have no days, now, to throw away! And if I waited for the evening, I might, perhaps, have company. And I hear so ill in mixt society, that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age, now, is making me more stupid even than I am by nature. And how grieved and mortified I should have been to have known I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to have heard what she said!"

Tone, manner, and look, so impressively marked the sincerity of this humility, as to render it,—her time of life, her high estimation in the world, and her rare acquisitions considered,—as touching as it was unexpected to her new guest.

Mrs. Delany still was tall, though some of her height was probably lost. Not much, however, for she was

* Daughter of John Granville, Esq. and niece of Pope's Granville, the then Lord Lansdowne, "of every Muse the friend."

† See Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

remarkably upright. There were little remains of beauty left in feature; but benevolence, softness, piety, and sense, were all, as conversation brought them into play, depicted in her face, with a sweetness of look and manner, that, notwithstanding her years, were nearly fascinating.

The report generally spread of her being blind, added surprise to pleasure at such active personal civilities in receiving her visitors. Blind, however, she palpably was not. She was neither led about the room, nor afraid of making any false step, or mistake; and the turn of her head to those whom she meant to address, was constantly right. The expression, also, of her still pleasing, though dim eyes, told no sightless tale; but, on the contrary, manifested that she had by no means lost the view of the countenance any more than of the presence of her company.

But the fine perception by which, formerly, she had drawn, painted, cut out, worked, and read, was obscured; and of all those accomplishments in which she had excelled, she was utterly deprived.

Of her former possession, however, there were ample proofs to demonstrate their value; her apartments were hung round with pictures of her own painting, beautifully designed and delightfully coloured; and ornaments of her own execution of striking elegance, in cuttings and variegated stained paper, embellished her chimney-piece; partly copied from antique studies, partly of fanciful invention; but all equally in the chaste style of true and refined good taste.

At the request of Mrs. Chapone, she instantly and unaffectedly brought forth a volume of her newly invented Mosaic flower-work; an art of her own creation; consisting of staining paper of all possible colours; and then cutting it into strips, so finely and delicately, that when pasted on a dark ground, in accordance to the flower it was to produce, it had the appearance of a beautiful painting; except that it rose to the sight with a still richer effect: and this art Mrs. Delany had invented at seventy-five years of age!

It was so long she said, after its suggestion, before she brought her work into any system, that in the first year she finished only two flowers; but in the second she accomplished sixteen; and in the third, one hundred and sixty. And after that, many more. They were all from nature, the fresh gathered, or still growing plant, being placed immediately before her for imitation. Her collection consisted of whatever was most choice and rare in flowers, plants, and weeds, or, more properly speaking, field flowers; for, as Thomson ingeniously says, it is the "dull incursions" alone, who stigmatise these native offsprings of Flora by the degrading title of weeds.

Her plan had been to finish one thousand, for a complete herbal; but its progress had been stopped short, by the feebleness of her sight, when she was within only twenty of her original scheme.

She had always marked the spot whence she took, or received, her model, with the date of the year on the corner of each flower, in different coloured letters; "but the last year," she mockingly said, "when I found my eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail me before my plan could be completed, I cut out my initials, M. D., in white, for I fancied myself nearly working in my winding sheet!"

There was something in her smile at this melancholy speech that blended so much cheerfulness with resignation, as to render it, to the memorialist, extremely affecting.

Mrs. Chapone enquired whether her eyes had been injured by any cold?

Instantly, at the question, recalling her spirits, "No, no!" she replied; "nothing has attacked them but my reigning malady, old age!—Tis, however, only what we all strive to obtain! And I, for one, have found it a very comfortable state. Yesterday, nevertheless, my peculiar infirmity was rather distressing to me. I received a note from young Mr. Montagu, written in the name of his aunt, that required an immediate answer. But how could I give it to what I could not even read? My good Asclepy was, by great chance, gone abroad; and my housemaid can neither write nor read; and my man happened to be in disgrace, so I could not do him such a favour [smiling] as to be obliged to him! I resolved, therefore, to try, once more, to read myself; and I hunted out my old long-laid-by magnifier. But it would not do! it was all in vain! I then ferreted out a larger glass; and with that, I had the great satisfaction to make out the first word—but before I could get at the second, even the first became a blank! My eyes, however, have served me so long and so well, that I should be very ungrateful to quarrel with them. I then, luckily, recol-

lected that my cook is a scholar! So I sent for her, and we made out the billet together—which, indeed, deserved a much better answer than I, or my cook either, scholar as she is, could bestow. But my dear niece will be with me ere long, and then I shall not be quite such a bankrupt to my correspondents."

Bankrupt, indeed, was she not, to gaiety, to good humour, or to polished love of giving pleasure to her social circle, any more than to keeping pace with her correspondents.

When Mrs. Chapone mentioned, with much regret, that a previous evening engagement must force her away at half-past seven o'clock—"Half-past seven?" Mrs. Delany repeated, with an arch smile; "O fie! fie! Mrs. Chapone! why Miss Larolles would not let for the world go any where before eight or nine?"

And when the memorialist, astonished as well as diverted at such a sally from Mrs. Delany, yet desirous, from embarrassment, not to seem to have noticed it, turned to look at some of the pictures, and stopped at a charming portrait of Madame de Savigné, to remark its expressive mixture of sweetness, intelligence, and vivacity, the smile of Mrs. Delany became yet archer, as she sportively said, "Yes!—she looks very—*enjouée*, as Captain Aresby would say."

This was not a speech to lessen, or meant to lessen, either surprise or amusement in the memorialist, who nevertheless, quietly continued her examination of the pictures, till she stopped at a portrait that struck her to have an air of spirit and genius, that induced her to enquire whom it represented.

Mrs. Delany did not mention the name, but only answered, "I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never, of late, look at that picture without thinking of poor Belfield."

This was heard with a real start—though certainly not of pain! But that Mrs. Delany, at her very advanced time of life, eighty-three, should thus have personified to herself the characters of a book so recently published, mingled in its pleasure nearly as much astonishment as gratification.

Mrs. Delany—still clear-sighted to countenance, at least—seemed to read her thoughts, and, kindly taking her hand, smilingly said: "You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not quite a propriety, I own, to talk of these people before you; but we don't know how to speak at all, now, without naming them, they run so in our heads!"

Early in the evening, they were joined by Mrs. Delany's beloved and loving friend, the Duchess Dowager of Portland; a lady who, though not as exquisitely pleasing, any more than as interesting by age as Mrs. Delany,—who, born with the century, was now in her eighty-third year—had yet a physiognomy that when lighted up by any discourse in which she took a part from personal feelings, was singularly expressive of sweetness, sense, and dignity; three words that exactly formed the description of her manners; which were not merely free from pride, but free, also, from its mortifying deputy, affability.

Mrs. Delany, that pattern of the old school in high politeness, was now, it is probable, in the sphere whence Mr. Burke had signalled her by that character; for the reception of the Duchess of Portland, and her conduct to that noble friend, strikingly displayed the self-possession that good taste with good breeding can bestow, even upon the most timid mind, in doing the honours of home to a superior.

She welcomed her grace with as much respectful ceremony as if this had been a first visit; to manifest that, what in its origin she had taken as an honour, she had so much true humility as to hold to be rather more than less so in its continuance; yet she constantly exerted a spirit, in pronouncing her opposing or concurring sentiments, in the conversation that ensued, that showed as dignified an independence of character, as it marked a sincerity as well as happiness of friendship, in the society of her elevated guest.

The memorialist was presented to her grace, who came with the expectation of meeting her, in the most gentle and flattering terms by Mrs. Delany; and she was received with kindness rather than goodness. The watchful regard of the duchess for Mrs. Delany, soon pointed out the marked partiality which that revered lady was already conceiving for her new visitor; and the duchess, pleased to abet, as salutary, every cheering propensity in her beloved friend, immediately disposed herself to second it with the most obliging alacrity.

Mrs. Delany gratified by this apparent approbation, then started the subject of the recent publication, with a glow of pleasure that, though she uttered her favouring opinions with the most unaffected, the chastest sim-

licity, made the "eloquent blood" rush at every flattering sentence into her pale, soft, aged cheeks, as if her years had been as juvenile as her ideas and her kindness.

Animated by the animation of her friend, the duchess gaily increased it by her own; and the warm-hearted Mrs. Chapone still augmented its energy, by her benignant delight that she had brought such a scene to bear for her young companion: while all three sportively united in talking of the characters in the publication, as if speaking of persons and incidents of their own peculiar knowledge.

On the first pause upon a theme which, though unavoidably embarrassing, could not, in hands of such noble courtesy, that knew how to make flattery subservient to elegance, and praise to delicacy, be seriously distressing, the deeply honoured, though confused object of so much condescension, seized the vacant moment for starting the name of Mr. Crisp.

Nothing could better propitiate the introduction which Dr. Burney desired for himself to the correspondent of Dean Swift, and the quondam acquaintance of his early monitor, Mr. Crisp, than bringing this latter upon the scene.

The duchess now took the lead in the discourse, and was charmed to hear tidings of a former friend, who had been missed so long in the world as to be thought lost. She enquired minutely into his actual way of life, his health and his welfare; and whether he retained his fondness and high taste for all the polite arts.

To the memorialist this was a topic to give a flow of spirits, that spontaneously banished the reserve and silence with strangers of which she stood generally accused; and her history of the patriarchal attachment of Mr. Crisp to Dr. Burney, and its benevolent extension to every part of his family, while it revived Mr. Crisp to the memories and regard of the duchess and of Mrs. Delany, stimulated their wishes to know the man—Dr. Burney—who alone, of all the original connections of Mr. Crisp, had preserved such power over his affections, as to be a welcome inmate to his almost hermetically closed retreat.

And the account of Chesington Hall, its insulated and lonely position, its dilapidated state, its nearly inaccessible roads, its quaint old pictures, and straight long garden paths, was as curious and amusing to Mrs. Chapone, who was spiritedly awake to whatever was romantic or uncommon, as the description of the chief of the domain was interesting to those who had known him when he was as eminently a man of the world, as he was now become, singularly, the recluse of a village.

Such was the basis of the intercourse that thenceforward took place between Dr. Burney and the admirable Mrs. Delany; who was not, from her feminine and elegant character, and her skill in the arts, more to the taste of Dr. Burney, than he had the honour to be to hers, from his varied acquirements, and his unstrained readiness to bring them forth in social meetings. While his daughter, who thus, by chance, was the happy instrument of this junction, reaped from it a delight that was soon exalted to even bosom felicity, from the indulgent partiality with which that graceful pattern of olden times met, received and cherished the reverential attachment which she inspired; and which imperceptibly graduated into a mutual, a trusting, a sacred friendship; as soothing, from his share in its formation, to her honoured Mr. Crisp, as it was delightful to Dr. Burney from its seasonable mitigation of the loss, the disappointment, the breaking up of Streatham.

MR. CRISP.

But though this gently cheering, and highly honourable connection, by its kindly operation, offered the first mental solace to that portentous journey to Bath, which with a blight had opened the spring of 1783; that blight was still unhealed in the exhortation of its infliction, when a new incision of anguish, more deeply cutting still, and more permanently incurable, pierced the heart of Dr. Burney, by tidings from Chesington that Mr. Crisp was taken dangerously ill.

The ravages of the gout, which had long laid waste the health, strength, spirits, and life-enjoying nerves of this admirable man, now extended their baleful devastations to the seats of existence, the head and the breast; wavering occasionally in their work, with something of less relentless rigour, but never abating in measure of fatality.

Susanna, now Mrs. Phillips,—was at Chesington at the time of the seizure; and to her gentle bosom, and most reluctant pen, fell the sorrowing task of announcing this quick-reaching calamity to Dr. Burney, and all his house; and in the same union that had been their

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love, was now their grief. Sorrow, save at the dissolution of conjugal or filial ties, could go no deeper. The doctor would have abandoned every call of business or interest,—for pleasure at such a period had no call to make!—in order to embrace and to attend upon his long dearest friend, if his Susanna had not dissuaded him from so mournful an exertion, by representations of the uncertainty of finding even a moment in which it might be safe to risk any agitation to the sufferer; whose pains were so torturing, that he fervently prayed to heaven for the relief of death;—while the prayers for the dying were read to him daily by his pious sister, Mrs. Gast.

And only by the most urgent similar remonstrances, could the elder or the younger of the doctor's daughters be kept away; so completely as a fond father was Mr. Crisp loved by all.

But this memorialist, to whom, for many preceding years, Mr. Crisp had rendered Chesington a second, a tender, an always open, always inviting home, was so wretched while withheld from seeking once more his sight and his benediction, that Dr. Burney could not long oppose her wishes. In some measure, indeed, he sent her as his own representative, by entrusting to her a letter full of tender attachment and poignant grief from himself; which he told her not to deliver, lest it should be oppressive or too affecting; but to keep in hand, for reading more or less of it to him herself, according to the strength, spirits, and wishes of his dying friend.

With this fondly-sad commission, she hastened to Chesington; where she found her Susanna, and all the house, immersed in affliction: and where, in about a week, she endured the heartfelt sorrow of witnessing the departure of the first, the most invaluable, the dearest friend of her mourning father; and the inestimable object of her own chosen confidence, her dearest respect, and, from her earliest youth, almost filial affection.

HAYDN.

With Haydn, Dr. Burney was in correspondence many years before that noble and truly CREATIVE composer visited England; and almost enthusiastic was the admiration with which the musical historian opened upon the subject, and the matchless merits, of that sublime genius, in the fourth volume of the History of Music. "I am now," he says, "happily arrived at that part of my narrative where it is necessary to speak of HAYDN, the incomparable HAYDN; from whose productions I have received more pleasure late in life, when tired of most other music, than I ever enjoyed in the most ignorant and rapturous part of my youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased was undiminished by criticism, or satiety."

METASTASIO.

With Metastasio, who in chaste pathos of sentimental eloquence, and a purity of expression that seems to emanate from purity of feeling, stands nearly unequalled, he assiduously maintained the intercourse which he had happily begun with that laureate-poet at Vienna.

HARRY.

Amongst the many cotemporary tributes paid to the merits of Dr. Burney, there was one from a celebrated and estimable artist, that caused no small diversion to the friends of the doctor; and, perhaps, to the public at large, from the Hibernian tale which it seemed instinctively to unfold of the birth-place of its designer.

The famous painter, Mr. Barry, after a formal declaration that his picture of The Triumph of the Thames, which was painted for the Society of Arts, should be devoted exclusively to immortalising the eminent dead, placed, in the watery groupings of the renowned departed, Dr. Burney, then full of life and vigour.

This whimsical incident produced from the still playful imagination of Mr. Owen Cambridge the following *jeu d'esprit*; to which he was incited by an accident that had just occurred to the celebrated Gibbon; who, in stepping too lightly from, or to a boat of Mr. Cambridge's, had slipped into the Thames; whence, however, he was inextricably and immediately rescued, with no other mischief than a wet jacket, by one of that fearless, water-proof race, denominated, by Mr. Gibbon, the amphibious family of the Cambridges.

NEW SERIES—25

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown," &c.
Prior.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shown, The pleased historian took it for his own; For who, with shoulders dry, and powder'd locks, E'er bath'd but I?" he said, and rapt his box. "Barry replied, 'My lasting colours show What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow; With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures, I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features: But let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye, For there are nymphs enough for you—and Burney."

DR. JOHNSON.

But all that Dr. Burney possessed, either of spirited resistance or acquiescent submission to misfortune, was again to be severely tried in the summer that followed the spring of this unkindly year; for the health of his venerated Dr. Johnson received a blow from which it never wholly recovered; though frequent rays of hope intervened from danger to danger; and though more than a year and a half were still allowed to his honoured existence upon earth.

Mr. Seward first brought to Dr. Burney the alarming tidings, that this great and good man had been afflicted by a paralytic stroke. The doctor hastened to Bolt court, taking with him this memorialist, who had frequently and urgently been desired by Dr. Johnson himself, during the time that they lived so much together at Streatham, to see him often if he should be ill. But he was surrounded by medical people, and could only admit the doctor. He sent down, nevertheless, the kindest message of thanks to the truly sorrowing daughter, for calling upon him; and a request that, "when he should be better, she would come to him again and again."

From Mrs. Williams, with whom she remained, she then received the comfort of an assurance that the physicians had pronounced him not to be in danger; and even that they expected the illness would be speedily overcome. The stroke had been confined to the tongue.

Mrs. Williams related a very touching circumstance that had attended the attack. It had happened about four o'clock in the morning, when, though she knew not how, he had been sensible to the seizure of a paralytic affection. He arose, and composed, in his mind, a prayer in Latin to the Almighty, That however acute might be the pains for which he must best himself, it would please him, through the grace and mediation of our Saviour, to spare his intellects, and to let all his sufferings fall upon his body.

When he had internally conceived this petition, he endeavoured to pronounce it, according to his pious practice, aloud—but his voice was gone!—He was greatly struck, though humbly and resignedly. It was not, however, long, before it returned; but at first with very imperfect articulation.

Dr. Burney, with the zeal of true affection, made time unceasingly for enquiring visits: and no sooner was the invalid restored to the power of reinstating himself in his drawing-room, than the memorialist received from him a summons, which she obeyed the following morning.

She was welcomed with the kindest pleasure; though it was with much difficulty that he endeavoured to rise, and to mark, with wide extended arms, his cordial gladness at her sight; and he was forced to lean back against the wainscot as impressively he uttered, "Ah!—dearest of all dear ladies!—"

She soon, however, recovered more strength, and assumed the force to conduct her herself, and with no small ceremony, to his best chair.

"Can you forgive me, sir," she cried, when she saw that he had not breakfasted, "for coming so soon?"

"I can less forgive your not coming sooner!" he answered, with a smile.

She asked whether she might make his tea, which she had not done since they had left poor Streatham; where it had been her constant and gratifying business to give him that regale, Miss Thrale being yet too young for the office.

He readily, and with pleasure consented.

"But, sir," quoth she, "I am in the wrong chair." For it was on his own sick large arm chair, which was too

heavy for her to move, that he had formally seated her and it was away from the table.

"It is so difficult," cried he, with quickness, "for any thing to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I that am in the wrong chair to keep you from the right one!"

This playful good-humour was so reviving in showing his recovery, that though Dr. Burney could not remain above ten minutes, his daughter, for whom he sent back his carriage, could with difficulty retire at the end of two hours. Dr. Johnson endeavoured most earnestly to engage her to stay and dine with him and Mrs. Williams; but that was not in her power; though so kindly was his heart opened by her true joy at his re-establishment, that he parted from her with a reluctance that was even, and to both, painful. Warm in its affections was the heart of this great and good man; his temper alone was in fault where it appeared to be otherwise.

When his recovery was confirmed, he accepted some few of the many invitations that were made to him, by various friends, to try at their dwellings the air of the country. Dr. Burney mentioned to him, one evening, that he had heard that the first of these essays was to be made at the house of Mr. Bowles; and the memorialist added, that she was extremely glad of that news, because, though she knew not Mr. Bowles, she had been informed that he had a true sense of this distinction, and was delighted by it beyond measure.

"He is so delighted," said the doctor, gravely, and almost with a sigh, "that it is really—shocking!"

"And why so, sir?"

"Why?" he repeated, "because, necessarily, he must be disappointed! For if a man be expected to leap twenty yards, and should really leap ten, which would be so many more than ever he leapt before, still they would not be twenty; and consequently, Mr. Bowles, and Mr. every body else would be disappointed!"

It had happened, through vexatious circumstances, after the return from Chesington, that Dr. Burney, in his visits to Bolt court, had not been able to take-thither his daughter; nor yet to spare her his carriage for a separate enquiry; and incessant bad weather had made walking impracticable. After a week or two of this omission, Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Dr. Burney, enclosed the following billet.

TO MISS BURNAY.

"Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?"

"I have met with a volume of the Philosophical Transactions, which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine."

"Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

"Bolt Court, Nov. 19, 1783."

Inexpressibly shocked to have hurt or displeased her honoured friend, yet conscious from all within of unalterable and affectionate reverence, she took courage to answer him without offering any serious defence.

TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Dear Sir,—May I not say dear?—for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you: but now, that you have condescended to give me a summons, no 'lion shall stand in the way' of my making your tea this afternoon—unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then—I must submit! for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?"

"The book was right."

"Mrs. Chapone lives in Dean street, Soho."

"I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can 'tax the elements only with unkindness,' and to receive with your usual goodness and indulgence,

"Your ever most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,
F. BURNAY.

"19th Nov. 1783, St. Martin's Street."

A latent, but most potent reason, had, in fact, some share in abetting the elements in the failure of the memorialist of paying her respects in Bolt Court at this

period; except when attending thither her father. Dr. Burney feared her seeing Dr. Johnson alone; dreading, for both their sakes, the subject to which the doctor might revert, if they should chance to be *à-tête-à-tête*. Hitherto, in the many meetings of the two doctors and herself that had taken place after the paralytic stroke of Dr. Johnson, as well as during the many that had more immediately followed the retreat of Mrs. Thrale to Bath, the name of that lady had never once been mentioned by any of the three.

Not from difference of opinion was the silence; it was rather from a painful certainty that their opinions must be in union, and, consequently, that in union must be their regrets. Each of them, therefore, having so warmly esteemed one whom each of them, now, so afflictively blamed, they tacitly concurred that, for the immediate moment, to cast a veil over her name, actions, and remembrance, seemed what was most respectful to their past feelings, and to her present situation.

But, after the impressive reproach of Dr. Johnson to the memorialist relative to her absence; and after a seizure which caused a constant anxiety for his health, she could no longer consult her discretion at the expense of her regard; and, upon ceasing to observe her precautions, she was unavoidably drawn into business further on in the city, and was to call for her on her return.

Nothing yet had publicly transpired, with certainty or authority, relative to the projects of Mrs. Thrale, who had now been nearly a year at Bath; though nothing was left unreported, or unasserted, with respect to her proceedings. Nevertheless, how far Dr. Johnson was himself informed, or was ignorant on the subject, neither Dr. Burney nor his daughter could tell; and each equally failed to learn.

Scarcely an instant, however, was the latter left alone in Bolt Court, ere she saw the justice of her long apprehensions; for while she planned speaking on some topic that might have a chance to catch the attention of the doctor, a sudden change from kind tranquillity to strong austerity took place in his altered countenance; and, startled and affrighted, she held her peace.

A silence almost awful succeeded, though, previously to Dr. Burney's absence, the gayest discourse had been reciprocated.

The doctor then, see-sawing violently in his chair, as usual when he was big with any powerful emotion whether of pleasure or of pain, seemed deeply moved; but without looking at her, or speaking, he intently fixed his eyes upon the fire: while his panic struck visitor, filled with dismay at the storm which she saw gathering over the character and conduct of one still dear to her very heart, from the furrowed front, the laborious heaving of the ponderous chest, and the roll of the large, penetrating, wrathful eye of her honoured, but, just then, terrific host, she mute, motionless, and sad; and tremblingly awaiting a mentally demolishing thunderbolt.

Thus passed a few minutes, in which she scarcely dared breathe; while the respiration of the doctor, on the contrary, was of asthmatic force and loudness; then, suddenly turning to her, with an air of mingled wrath and woe, he hoarsely ejaculated: "Piozzi!"

He evidently meant to say more; but the effort with which he articulated that name robbed him of any voice for amplification, and his whole frame grew tremulously convulsed.

His guest, appalled, could not speak; but he soon discerned that it was grief from coincidence, not distrust from opposition of sentiment, that caused her taciturnity.

This perception calmed him, and he then exhibited a face "in sorrow more than anger." His see-sawing abated of its velocity, and, again fixing his looks upon the fire, he fell into pensive rumination.

From time to time, nevertheless, he impressively glanced upon her his full fraught eye, that told, had his expression been developed, whole volumes of his regret, his disappointment, his astonished indignancy: but, now and then, it also spoke so clearly and so kindly, that he found her sight and her stay soothing to his disturbance, that she felt as if confidentially communing with him, although they exchanged not a word.

At length, and with great agitation, he broke forth with: "She cares for no one! You, only—you, she loves still—but no one—and nothing else!—you she still loves!"

A half smile now, though of no very gay character, softened a little the severity of his features, while he tried to resume some cheerfulness in adding: "As she loves her little finger!"

It was plain by this burlesque, or, perhaps, playfully

literal comparison, that he meant now, and tried, to dissipate the solemnity of his concern.

The hint was taken; his guest started another subject; and this he resumed no more. He saw how distressing was the theme to a hearer whom he ever wished to please, not distress; and he named Mrs. Thrale no more! Common topics took place, till they were rejoined by Dr. Burney, whom then, and indeed always, he likewise spared upon this subject.

Very ill again Dr. Johnson grew on the approach of winter; and with equal fear and affection, both father and daughter sought him as often as it was in their power; though by no means as frequently as their zealous attachment, or as his own kind wishes might have prompted. But fulness of affairs, and the distance of his dwelling, impeded such continual intercourse as their mutual regard would otherwise have instigated.

This new failure of health was accompanied by a sorrowing depression of spirits; though unmixt with the smallest deterioration of intellect.

One evening,—the last but one of the sad year 1783,—when Dr. Burney and the memorialist were within him, and some other not remembered visitors, he took an opportunity during a general discourse in which he did not join, to turn suddenly to the ever-favoured daughter, and, fervently grasping her hand, to say: "The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens!—but I will not terrify myself by talking of them.—Ah!—*priez Dieu pour moi!*"

Her promise was as solemn as it was sorrowful; but more humble, if possible, than either. That such a man should condescend to make her such a request, amazed, and almost bewildered her: yet, to a mind so devout as that of Dr. Johnson, prayer, even from the most lowly, never seemed presumptuous; and even—where he believed in its sincerity, soothed him—for a passing moment—with an idea that it might be propitious.

This was the only instance in which Dr. Johnson ever addressed her in French. He did not wish so serious an injunction to reach other ears than her own.

But those who imagine that the fear of death, which, at this period, was the prominent feature of the mind of Dr. Johnson; and which excited not more commiseration than wonder in the observers and commentators of the day; was the effect of conscious criminality; or produced by a latent belief that he had sinned more than his fellow sinners, knew not Dr. Johnson! He thought not ill of himself as compared with his human brethren: but he weighed in the rigid scales of his calculating justice the great talent which he had received, against the uses of it which he had made—

And found himself wanting!

Could it be otherwise, to one who had a conscience poignantly alive to a sense of duty, and religiously submissive to the awards of retributive responsibility? If so, therefore, who ignorantly have marvelled, or who maliciously would triumph at the terror of death in the pious would sincerely and severely bow down to a similar self-examination; the marvel would subside, and the triumph might perhaps turn to blushes! In considering—not the trembling inferiority, but the sublime humility of this ablest and most dauntless of men, but humblest and most orthodox of Christians.

MR. BURKE.

The cordial the most potent to the feelings and the spirits of the doctor, in this hard-trying year, was the exhilarating partiality displayed towards him by Mr. Burke; and which was doubly soothing by warmly and constantly including the memorialist in its urbanity. From the time of the party at Sir Joshua Reynolds' upon Richmond Hill, their intercourse had gone on with increase of regard. They met, and not unfrequently, at various places; but chiefly at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Miss Monton's, and Mrs. Vesey's. Mr. Burke delighted in society as much as of society he was the supreme delight; and perhaps to this social disposition he owed that part of his oratorical excellence that made it so entertainingly varying, and so frequently interspersed with penetrating reflections on human life.

But to the political circle to which Mr. Burke and his powers were principally devoted, Dr. Burney was, accidentally, a stranger. Accidentally may be said, for it was by no means deliberately, as he was not of any public station or rank that demanded any restrictions to his mental connections. He was excursive, therefore, in his intercourse, though fixed in his principles.

But besides the three places above named, Mr. Burke himself, from the period of the assembly at Miss Monton's, had the grace and amiability to drop in occasion-

ally, uninvited and unexpectedly, to the little tea-table of St. Martin's street; where his bright welcome from the enchanted memorialist, for whom he constantly enquired when the doctor was abroad, repaid him—in some measure, perhaps—for almost always missing the chief of whom he came in search.

The doctor, also, when he had half an hour to spare, took the new votary of Mr. Burke to visit him and his pleasing wife, at their apartments at the treasury, where now was their official residence. And here they saw, with wonder and admiration, amidst the whirl of politics Mr. Burke, then in the administration, was incessantly involved, how cheerfully, how agreeably, how vivaciously, he could still be the most winning of domestic men, the kindest of husbands, the fondest of fathers, and the most delightful of friends.

During one of these visits to the treasury, Mr. Burke presented to Miss Palmer a beautiful inkstand, with a joined portfolio, upon some new construction, and finished up with various contrivances, equally useful and embellishing. Miss Palmer accepted it with great pleasure, but not without many conscious glances towards the memorialist, which, at last, broke out into an exclamation: "I am ashamed to take it, Mr. Burke! how much more Miss Burney deserves a writing present!"

"Miss Burney" repeated he, with energy: "fine writing tackle for Miss Burney? No, no; she can bestow value on the most ordinary. A morsel of white tea-paper, and a little blacking from her friend Mr. Briggs, in a broken gallipot, would be converted by Miss Burney into more worth than all the stationery of all the treasury."

This gay and ingenious turn, which made the compliment as gratifying to one, as the present could be to the other, raised a smile of general archness at its address in the company; and of comprehensive delight in Dr. Burney.

The year 1783 was now on its wane; so was the administration in which Mr. Burke was a minister; when one day, after a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Mr. Burke drew Dr. Burney aside, and, with great delicacy, and feeling his way, by the most investigating looks, as he proceeded, said that the organist's place at Chelsea College was then vacant: that it was but twenty pounds a year, but that, to a man of Dr. Burney's eminence, if it should be worth acceptance, it might be raised to fifty. He then lamented that, during the short time in which he had been paymaster general, nothing better, and indeed, nothing else had occurred more worthy of offering.

Trifling as this was in a pecuniary light, and certainly far beneath the age or the rank in his profession of Dr. Burney, to possess any thing through the influence, or rather the friendship of Mr. Burke, had a charm irresistible.

The doctor wished, also, for some retreat from, yet near London; and he had reason to hope for apartments, ere long, in the spacious Chelsea College. He therefore warmly returned his acknowledgments for the proposal, to which he frankly accepted.

And two days after, just as the news was published of a total change of administration, Dr. Burney received from Mr. Burke the following notice of his vigilant kindness:—

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"I had yesterday the pleasure of voting you, my dear sir, a salary of fifty pounds a year, as organist to Chelsea Hospital. But as every increase of salary made at our board is subject to the approbation of the Lords of the treasury, what effect the change now made may have I know not;—but I do not think any treasury will rescind it."

"This was *pour faire la bonne bouche* as parting with office; and I am only sorry that it did not fall in my way to show you a more substantial mark of my high respect for you and Miss Burney."

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"EDM. BURKE."

"Horse Guards, Dec. 9, 1783."

"I really could not do this business at a more early period, else it would have been done infallibly."

The pleasure of Dr. Burney at this event was sensibly damped when he found that *la bonne bouche* so kindly made for himself, and so flatteringly uniting his daughter in its intentions, was unallied to any species of remuneration, or even of consideration, to Mr. Burke himself, for all his own long willing services, his patriotic exertions for the general good, and his noble, even where erroneous, efforts to stimulate public virtue.

A short time afterwards, Mr. Burke called himself in St. Martin's street, and, for the doctor, as usual, was not at home.—Mr. Burke, as usual, had the condescension to enquire for this memorialist; whom he found alone.

He entered the room with that penetrating look, yet open air, that marked his demeanour where his object in giving was, also, to receive pleasure; and in uttering apologies of so much excellence for breaking into her time, as if he could possibly be ignorant of the honour he did her; or blind to the delight with which it was felt.

He was anxious, he said, to make known in person that the business of the Chelsea organ was finally settled at the treasury.

Difficult would it be, from the charm of his manner as well as of his words, to decide whether he conveyed this communication with most friendliness or most politeness: but, having delivered for Dr. Burney all that officially belonged to the business, he thoughtfully, a moment, paused; and then impressively said: "this is my last act of office!"

He pronounced these words with a look that almost affectionately displayed his satisfaction that it should so be bestowed; and with such manly self-command of cheerfulness in the midst of frankly undisguised regret that all his official functions were over, that his hearer was sensibly, though silently touched, by such distinguishing partiality. Her looks, however, she hopes, were not so mute as her voice, for those of Mr. Burke seemed responsively to accept their gratitude. He reiterated, then, his kind messages to the doctor, and took leave.

1784.

The reviving ray of pleasure that gleamed from the kindness of Mr. Burke at the close of the fatal year 1783, still spread its genial warmth over Dr. Burney at the beginning of 1784, by brightening a hope of recovery for Dr. Johnson; a hope which, though frequently dimmed, cast forth, from time to time, a transitory lustre nearly to this year's conclusion.

DR. JOHNSON'S CLUB.

Dr. Burney was now become a member of the Literary Club; in which he found an association so select, yet so various, that there were few things, either of business or pleasure, that he ever permitted to interfere with his attendance. Where, indeed, could taste point out, or genius furnish, a society to meet his wishes, if that could fail which had the decided national superiority of Johnson and Burke at its head? while Banks, Beauderk, Boswell, Colman, Courtney, Eliot (Earl), Fox, Gibbon, Hamilton (Sir William), Hinchcliffe, Jones, McCarty (Earl), Malone, Percy, Reynolds, Scott (Lord Sewd), Sheridan, Spencer (Earl), Windham, and many others of high and acknowledged abilities, successively entering, marked this assemblage as the pride—not of this meeting alone, but of the classical British empire of the day.

It had been the original intention of Dr. Johnson, when this club, of which the idea was conceived by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was in contemplation, to elect amongst its members, some one of noted reputation in every art, science, and profession; to the end that solid information might elucidate every subject that should be started. This profound suggestion, nevertheless, was either passed over, or overruled.

It is probable that those, so much the larger portion of mankind, who love light and desultory discourse, were persuaded they should find more amusement in wandering about the wilds of fanciful conjecture, than in submitting to be disciplined by the barriers of systemised conviction.

HANDEL'S COMMEMORATION.

In the ensuing spring and summer, a new and brilliant professional occupation fell, fortunately, to the task of Dr. Burney, drawing him from his cares, and beguiling him from his sorrows, by notes of sweetest melody, and combinations of the most intricate, yet sound harmony; for this year, which completed a century from the birth of Handel, was allotted for a public commemoration of the great musician and his works.

Dr. Burney, justly proud of the honour paid to the chief of that art of which he was a professor, was soon, and instinctively wound up to his native spirits, by the exertions which were called forth in aid of this noble enterprise. He suggested fresh ideas to the conductors; he was consulted by all the directors; and his advice and experience enlightened every member of the business in whatever walk he moved.

Not content, however, to be merely a counsellor to a celebration of such éclat in his own career, he resolved upon becoming the historian of the transaction; and upon devoting to it his best labours gratuitously, by

presenting them to the fund for the benefit of decayed musicians and their families.

This offer, accordingly, he made to the honourable directors; by whom it was accepted with pleasure and gratitude.

He now delegated all his powers to the furtherance of this grand scheme; and drew up a narrative of the festival, with so much delight in recording the disinterestedness of its voluntary performers: its services to the superannuated or helpless old labourers of his caste; and the splendid success of the undertaking; that his history of the performances in commemoration of Handel, presents a picture so vivid of that superb entertainment, that those who still live to remember it, must seem to witness its stupendous effects anew: and those of later days, who can know of it but by tradition, must bewail their little chance of ever personally hearing such magnificent harmony; or beholding a scene so glorious of royal magnificence and national enthusiasm.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say, with a candour that, though admirable, was irresistibly comic, "I always talk my best!" and with equal singleness of truth it might be said of Dr. Burney, that, undertake what he would, he always did his best.

In writing, therefore, this account, he conceived he should make it more interesting by preceding it with the Memoirs of Handel. And for this purpose, he applied to all his German correspondents, to acquire materials concerning the early life of his hero; and to all to whom Handel had been known, either personally or traditionally, in England and Ireland, for anecdotes of his character and conduct in the British empire. Mrs. Delany here, and by the desire of the king himself, supplied sundry particulars; her brother, Mr. Granville, having been one of the patrons of this immortal composer.

And next, to render the work useful, he inserted a statement of the cash received in consequence of the five musical performances, with the disbursement of the sums to their charitable purposes; and an abstract of the general laws and resolutions of the fund for the support of decayed musicians and their families.

And lastly, he embellished it with several plates, representing Handel, or in honour of Handel; and with two views, from original designs, of the interior of Westminster Abbey during the commemoration; the first representing the galleries prepared for the reception of their majesties, of the royal family, of the directors, archbishops, bishops, dean and chapter of Westminster, heads of the law, &c. &c.

The second view displaying the orchestra and performers, in the costume of the day.

Not small in the scales of justice must be reckoned this gift of the biographical and professional talents of Dr. Burney to the musical fund. A man who held his elevation in his class of life wholly from himself; a father of eight children, who all looked up to him as their prop; a professor who, at fifty-eight years of age, laboured at his calling with the indefatigable diligence of youth; and who had no time, even for his promised history, but what he spared from his repasts or his repose; to make any offering gratuitously, of a work which, though it might have no chance of sale when its éclat of novelty was passed, must yet, while that short éclat shone forth, have a sale of high emolument; manifested, perhaps, as generous a spirit of charity, and as ardent a love of the lyre, as could well, by a person in so private a line of life, be exhibited.

MRS. THRALE.

About the middle of this year, Mrs. Thrale put an end to the alternate hopes and fears of her family and friends, and to her own torturing conflicts, by a change of name that, for the rest of her life, produced nearly a change of existence.

Her station in society, her fortune, her distinguished education, and her conscious sense of its distinction; and yet more, her high origin—a native honour, which had always merited the glory of her self-appreciation; all had contributed to lift her so eminently above the wretchedly impetuous tribe, who immoderate fame, interest, and duty, to the shrine of passion, that the outcry of surprise and censure raised throughout the metropolis by these unexpected nuptials, was almost stunning in its jarring noise of general reprobation; resounding through madrigals, parodies, declamation, epigrams, and irony.

And yet more deeply wounding was the concentrated silence of those faithful friends who, at the period of her

*Hester Lynch Salusbury, Mrs. Thrale, was lineally descended from Adam of Saltsburg, who came over to England with the conqueror.

bright display of talents, virtues, and hospitality, had attached themselves to her person with sincerity and affection.

Dr. Johnson excepted, none amongst the latter were more painfully impressed than Dr. Burney; for none with more true grief had foreseen the mischief in its nature, or dreaded its deteriorating effect on her maternal devotions. Nevertheless, conscious that if he had no weight, he had also no right over her actions, he hardened not his heart, when called upon by an appeal, from her own hand, to give her his congratulations; but, the deed once irreversible, civilly addressed himself to both parties at once, with all of conciliatory kindness in good wishes and regard, that did least violence to his sentiments and principles.

Far harder was the task of his daughter, on receiving from the new bride a still more ardent appeal; written at the very instant of quitting the altar; she had been trusted while the conflict still endured; and her opinions and feelings had unreservedly been acknowledged in all their grief of opposition: and their avowal had been borne, nay, almost bowed down to, with a liberality of mind, a softness of affection, a nearly angelic sweetness of temper, that won more fondly than ever the heart that they rived with pitying anguish,—till the very epoch of the second marriage.

Yet, strange to tell! all this contest of opinion, and dissonance of feeling, seemed, at the altar, to be suddenly, but in totality forgotten! and the bride wrote to demand not alone kind wishes for her peace and welfare—those she had no possibility of doubting—but joy, wishing joy; but cordial felicitations upon her marriage!

These, and so abruptly, to have accorded, must, even in their pleader's eyes, have had the semblance, and more than the semblance, of the most glaring hypocrisy.

A compliance of such inconsistency—such falsehood—the memorialist could not bestow; her answer, therefore, written in deep distress, and with regrets unspeakable, was necessarily disappointing; disappointment is inevitably chilling; and, after a painful letter or two, involving mistake and misapprehension, the correspondence—though not on the side of the memorialist—abruptly dropt.

MR. SMELT.

Fortunately, also, now, Dr. Burney increased the intimacy of his acquaintance with Mr. Smelt, formerly sub-governor to the Prince of Wales; a man who, for displaying human excellence in the three essential points of understanding, character, and conduct, stood upon the same line of acknowledged perfection with Mr. Locke of Norbury Park. And had that virtuous and anxious parent of his people, George III., known them both at the critical instant when he was seeking a model of a true fine gentleman, for the official situation of preceptor to the heir of his sovereignty; he might have had to cope with the most surprising of difficulties, that of seeing before his choice two men, in neither of whom he could spy a blemish that could cast a preference upon the other.

The worth of both these gentlemen was known upon proof: their talents, accomplishments, and taste in the arts and in literature, were singularly similar. Each was soft and winning of speech, but firm and intrepid of conduct; and their manners, their refined high breeding, were unvaried, save each by the other. And while the same, also, was their reputation for integrity and honour, as for learning and philosophy, the first personal delight of both was in the promotion and exercise of those gentle charities of human life, which teach us to solace and to aid our fellow-creatures.

DR. JOHNSON.

Towards the end of this year, 1784, Dr. Johnson began again to nearly monopolise the anxious friendship of Dr. Burney.

On the 16th of November, Dr. Johnson, in the carriage, and under the revering care of Mr. Windham, returned from Litchfield to the metropolis after a fruitless attempt to recover his health by breathing again his natal air.

The very next day, he wrote the following note to St. Martin's street.

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"Mr. Johnson, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney; and to all the dear Burneys, little and great.

"Bolt Court, 17th Nov. 1784."

Dr. Burney hastened to this kind call immediately;

but had the grief to find his honoured friend much weakened, and in great pain; though cheerful and struggling to revive. All of the doctor's family who had the honour of admission, hastened to him also; but chiefly his second daughter, who chiefly and peculiarly was always demanded.

She was received with his wonted, his never failing partiality; and, as well as the doctor, repeated her visits by every opportunity during the ensuing short three weeks of his earthly existence.

She will here copy, from the diary she sent to Boulogne, an account of what, eventually, though unexpectedly, proved to be her last interview with this venerated friend.

TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

25th Nov. 1784.—Our dear father lent me the carriage this morning for Bolt court. You will easily conceive how gladly I seized the opportunity for making a longer visit than usual to my revered Dr. Johnson, whose health, since his return from Litchfield, has been deplorably deteriorated.

He was alone, and I had a more satisfactory and entertaining conversation with him than I have had for many months past. He was in better spirits, too, than I have seen him, except upon our first meeting, since he came back to Bolt Court.

He owned, nevertheless, that his nights were grievously restless and painful; and told me that he was going, by medical advice, to try what sleeping out of town might do for him. And then, with a smile, but a smile of more sadness than mirth!—he added: "I remember that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman!—was also advised to sleep out of town: and when she was carried to the lodging that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in a very bad condition; for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'O!' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing; it's only the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodging.'"

He forced a faint laugh at the man's brutal honesty; but it was a laugh of ill-disguised, though checked secret anguish.

I felt inexpressibly shocked, both by the perspective and retrospective view of this relation; but, desirous to confine my words to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the man's confounding *absurdly* in making so unnecessary a confession.

"True!" he cried; "such a confession, to a person then mounting his stairs for the recovery of her health—or, rather for the preservation of her life, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account to."

We talked then of poor Mrs. Thrale—but only for a moment—for I saw him so greatly moved, and with such severity of displeasure, that I hastened to start another subject; and he solemnly enjoined me to mention that no more!

I gave him concisely the history of the Bristol milk-woman, who is at present zealously patronised by the benevolent Hannah More. I expressed my surprise at the reports generally in circulation, that the first authors that the milk-woman read, if not the only ones, were Milton and Young. "I find it difficult," I added, "to conceive how Milton and Young could be the first authors with any reader. Could a child understand them? And grown persons, who have never read, are, in literature, children still."

"Doubtless," he answered. "But there is nothing so little comprehended as what is genius. They give it to all, when it can be but a part. The milk-woman had surely begun with some ballad—Chevy Chase or the Children in the Wood. Genius is, in fact, *knowing the use of tools*. But there must be tools, or how use them? A man who has spent all his life in this room, will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next."

"Certainly, sir; and yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban?"

"No, but he had seen a man, and knew how to vary him to a monster. A person who would draw a monstrous cow, must know first what a cow is commonly; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head, or an elephant's tusk, will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man, who is a very expert carpenter, and that an admiring stander-by, looking at some of his works, exclaims: 'O! he was born a carpenter!' What would have become of that birth-right, if he had never seen any wood?"

Presently, dwelling on this idea, he went on. "Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look together at an overturned wagon; he who has no genius will think of the wagon only as he then sees it; that is to say, overturned, and walk on: he who has genius will give it a glance of examination, that will paint it to his imagination such as it was previously to its being overturned; and when it was standing still; and when it was in motion; and when it was heavily loaded; and when it was empty; but both alike must see the wagon to think of it at all."

The pleasure with which I listened to his illustration now animated him on; and he talked upon this milk-woman, and upon a once as famous shoe-maker; and then mounted his spirits and his subject to our immortal Shakespeare; flowing and glowing on, with as much wit and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him display; but, alas—a-day, my Susan, I have no power to give you the participation so justly your due. My paper is filling; and I have no franks for doubling letters across the channel! But delightful bright are his faculties, though the poor, infirm, shaken machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way! And soon, exhilarated as he became by the pleasure of bestowing pleasure, I saw a palpable increase of suffering in the midst of his sallies; I offered, therefore, to go into the next room, there to wait for the carriage; an offer which, for the first time! he did not oppose; but taking, and most affectionately pressing, both my hands, "Be not," he said, in a voice of even melting kindness and concern, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now!"

I eagerly assured him that I would come the sooner, and was running off; but he called me back, and in a solemn voice, and a manner the most energetic, said: "Remember me in your prayers!"

How affecting, my dearest Susanna, such an injunction from Dr. Johnson! It almost—as once before—made me tremble, from surprise and emotion—surprise he could so honour me, and emotion that he should think himself so ill. I lunged to ask him so to remember me! but he was too serious for any parleying, and I knew him too well for offering any disqualifying speeches: I merely, in a low voice, and I am sure a troubled accent, uttered an instant, and heart-felt assurance of obedience; and then, very heavily, indeed, in spirits, I left him. Great, good, and surpassing that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! I see he is going. This winter will never glide him on to a more genial season here. Elsewhere, who may hope a fairer? I now wish I had asked for his prayers! and perhaps, so encouraged, I ought: but I had not the presence of mind.

Melancholy was the rest of this year to Dr. Burney; and truly mournful to his daughter, who, from this last recorded meeting, felt redoubled anxiety both for the health and the sight of this illustrious invalid. But all accounts thenceforward discouraged her return to him, his pains daily becoming greater, and his weakness more oppressive: added to which obstacles, he was now, she was informed, almost constantly attended by a group of male friends.

Dr. Burney, however, resorted to Bolt Court every moment that he could tear from the imperious calls of his profession; and was instantly admitted; unless held back by insuperable impediments belonging to the malady. He might, indeed, from the kind regard of the sufferer, have seen him every day, by watching like some other assiduous friends, particularly Messrs. Langton, Strahan, the Hoopes, and Sastres, whole hours in the house to catch a favourable minute; but that, for Dr. Burney, was utterly impossible. His affectionate devoirs could only be received when he arrived at some interval of ease, and then the kind invalid constantly, and with tender pleasure gave him welcome.

The memorialist was soon afterwards engaged on a visit to Nerbury Park; but immediately on her return to town, presented herself, according to her willing premise, at Bolt Court.

Frank Barber, the faithful negro, told her, with great sorrow, that his master was very bad indeed, though he did not keep his bed. The poor man would have shown her up stairs. This she declined, desiring only that he would tell the doctor kindly that she had called to pay her respects to him, but would by no means disturb him, if he were not well enough to see her without inconvenience.

Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, was with him, Frank

said alone; and Mr. Straghan, in a few minutes, descended.

Dr. Johnson, he told her, was very ill indeed, but very much obliged to her for coming to him; and he had sent Mr. Straghan to thank her in his name, but to say that he was so very bad, and very weak, that he hoped she would excuse his not seeing her.

She was greatly disappointed; but, leaving a message of the most affectionate respect, acquiesced, and drove away; painfully certain how extremely ill, or how sorrowfully low he must be, to decline the sight of one whom so constantly, so partially, he had pressed, nay, adjoined, "to come to him again and again."

Fast, however, was approaching the time when he could so adjure her no more!

From her firm conviction of his almost boundless kindness to her, she was fearful now to importune or distress him, and forbore, for the moment, repeating her visits; leaving in Dr. Burney's hands all propositions for their renewal. But Dr. Burney himself, not arriving at the propitious interval, unfortunately lost sight of the sufferer for nearly a week, though he sought it almost daily.

On Friday, the 10th of December, Mr. Seward brought to Dr. Burney the alarming intelligence from Frank Barber, that Dr. Warren had seen his master, and told him that he might take what opium he pleased for the alleviation of his pains.

Dr. Johnson instantly understood, and impressively thanked him, and then gravely took a last leave of him: after which, with the utmost kindness, as well as composure, he formally bid adieu to all his physicians.

Dr. Burney, in much affliction, hurried to Bolt Court; but the invalid seemed to be sleeping, and could not be spoken to till he should open his eyes. Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, gave however the welcome information, that the terror of death had now passed away; and that this excellent man no longer looked forward with dismay to his quick approaching end; but, on the contrary, with what he himself called the irradiation of hope.

This was, indeed, the greatest of consolations, at so awful a crisis, to his grieving friend; nevertheless, Dr. Burney was deeply depressed at the heavy and irreparable loss he was soon to sustain; but he determined to make, at least, one more effort for a parting sight of his so long honoured friend. And, on Saturday, the 11th December, to his unspeakable comfort, he arrived at Bolt Court just as the poor invalid was able to be visible; and he was immediately admitted.

Dr. Burney found him seated on a great chair, propped up by pillows, and perfectly tranquil. He affectionately took the doctor's hand, and kindly inquired after his health, and that of his family; and then, as evermore Dr. Johnson was wont to do, he separately and very particularly named and dwelt upon the doctor's second daughter; gently adding, "I hope Fanny did not take it amiss, that I did not see her that morning?—I was very bad indeed!"

Dr. Burney answered, that the word *amiss* could never be proper to her; and least of all now, when he was so ill.

The doctor ventured to stay about half an hour, which was partly spent in quiet discourse, partly in calm silence; the invalid always perfectly placid in looks and manner.

When the doctor was retiring, Dr. Johnson again took his hand and encouraged him to call yet another time: and afterwards, when again he was departing, Dr. Johnson impressively said, though in a low voice, "Tell Fanny—to pray for me!" And then, still holding, or rather grasping, his hand, he made a prayer for himself, the most pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, Dr. Burney said, that mortal man could compose and utter. He concluded it with an amen! in which Dr. Burney fervently joined; and which was spontaneously echoed by all who were present.

This over, he brightened up, as if with revived spirits, and opened cheerfully into some general conversation; and when Dr. Burney, yet a third time, was taking his reluctant leave, something of his old arch look played upon his countenance as, smilingly he said, "Tell Fanny—I think I shall yet throw the ball at her again!"

A kindness so lively, following an injunction so penetrating, rekindled a hope of admission in the memorialist; and, after church on the ensuing morning, Sunday, the 12th of December, with the fullest appro-

bation of Dr. Burney, she repaired once more to Bolt Court.

But grievously was she overset on hearing, at the door, that the doctor again was worse, and could receive no one.

She summoned Frank Barber, and told him she had understood, from her father, that Dr. Johnson had meant to see her. Frank then, but in silence, conducted her to the parlour. She begged him merely to mention to the doctor, that she had called with most earnest enquiries; but not to hint at any expectation of seeing him till he should be better.

Frank went up stairs; but did not return. A full hour was consumed in anxious waiting. She then saw Mr. Langton pass the parlour door, which she watchfully kept open, and ascend the stairs. She had not courage to stop or speak to him, and another hour lingered on in the same suspense.

But, at about four o'clock, Mr. Langton made his appearance in the parlour.

She took it for granted he came accidentally, but observed that, though he bowed, he forbore to speak; or even to look at her, and seemed in much disturbance.

Extremely alarmed, she durst not venture at any question; but Mrs. Davis, who was there, uneasily asked, "How is Dr. Johnson now, sir?"

"Going on to death very fast!" was the mournful reply.

The memorialist, grievously shocked and overset by so hopeless a sentence, after an invitation so sprightly of only the preceding evening from the dying man himself, turned to the window to recover from so painful a disappointment.

"Has he taken any thing, sir?" said Mrs. Davis. "Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk; he refused it, and said, 'The less the better!'"

Mrs. Davis then asked sundry other questions, from the answers to which it fully appeared that his faculties were perfect, and that his mind was quite composed.

This conversation lasted about a quarter of an hour, before the memorialist had any suspicion that Mr. Langton had entered the parlour, purposely to speak to her, and with a message from Dr. Johnson:

But as soon as she could summon sufficient firmness to turn round, Mr. Langton solemnly said, "This poor man I understand, ma'am, from Frank, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding, or hoping that, sir, brought me hither to day."

"Poor man! 'tis a pity he did not know himself better; and that you should not have been spared this trouble."

"Trouble?" she repeated: "I would come an hundred times to see Dr. Johnson the hundredth and first!"

"He begged me, ma'am, to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him. He is very sorry, indeed, not to see you. But he desired me to come and speak to you for him myself, and to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him; for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

Struck and touched to the very heart by so kind, though sorrowful a message, at a moment that seemed so awful, the memorialist hastily expressed something like thanks to Mr. Langton, who was visibly affected, and, leaving her most affectionate respects, with every warmly kind wish she could half utter, she hurried back to her father's coach.

The very next day, Monday, the 13th of December, Dr. Johnson expired, and without a groan. Expired, it is thought, in his sleep.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and a noble, almost colossal statue of him, in the high and chaste workmanship of Bacon, has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The pall bearers were Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Colman, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Langton.

Dr. Burney, with all who were in London of the literary club, attended the funeral. The Reverend Dr. Charles Burney also joined the procession.

1785.

This year, happily for Dr. Burney, re-opened with a new professional interest, that necessarily called him from the tributary sorrow with which the year 1784 had closed.

The engravings for the commemoration of Handel were now finished; and a splendid copy of the work was prepared for the king. Lord Sandwich, as one of the chief directors of the late festival, obligingly offered

his services for taking the doctor under his wing to present the book at the levee; but his majesty gave Dr. Burney to understand, through Mr. Nicolai, that he would receive it, at a private audience, in his library.

This was an honour most gratifying to Dr. Burney, who returned from his interview at the palace, in an elevation of pleasure that he communicated to his family, with the social confidence that made the charm of his domestic character.

HOUSE-BREAKING.

In this same spring, a very serious misfortune befell Dr. Burney, which, though not of the affecting cast that had lately tainted his happiness, severely attacked his worldly comforts.

Early one morning, and before he was risen, Mrs. Burney's maid, rushing vehemently into the bed-room, screamed out:—"O, sir! robbers! robbers! the house is broke open!"

A wrapping gown and slippers brought the doctor down stairs in a moment; when he found that the bureau of Mrs. Burney, in the dining parlour, had been forced open; and saw upon the table three packets of mingled gold and silver, which seemed to have been put into three divisions for a triple booty; but which were left, it was supposed, upon some sudden alarm, while the robbers were in the act of distribution.

After securing and rejoicing in what so fortunately had been saved from seizure, Dr. Burney repaired to his study; but no abandoned pillage met his gratulations there! His own bureau had been visited with equal rapacity, though left with less precipitancy; and he soon discovered that he had been purloined of upwards of £300.

He sent instantly for an officer of the police, who unhesitatingly pronounced that the leader, at least, of the burglary, must have been a former domestic; this was decided, from remarking that he had gone straight forward to the two bureaus, which were the only depositories of money; while sundry cabinets and commodoes, to the right and to the left, had been passed unransacked.

The entrance into the house had been effected through the area; and a kitchen window was still open, at the foot of which, upon the sand on the floor, the print of a man's shoe was so perfect, that the police-officer drew its circumference with great exactitude; picking up, at the same time, a button that had been squeezed off from a coat, by the forced passage.

Dr. Burney had recently parted with a man servant of whom he had much reason to think ill, though none had occurred to make him believed a house-breaker. This man was immediately enquired for; but he had quitted the lodgings to which he had retired upon losing his place; and had acquainted no one whether he was gone.

The officers of the police, however, with their usual ferreting routine of dexterity, soon traced the suspected runaway to Hastings; where he had arrived to embark in a fishing vessel for France; but he had found none ready, and was waiting for a fair wind.

When the police officer, having intimation that he was gone to an inn for some refreshment, entered the kitchen where he was taking some bread and cheese, he got up so softly, while the officer, not to alarm him, had turned round to give some directions to a waiter, that he slid unheeded out of the kitchen by an opposite door; and, quickly as the officer missed him, he was sought for in vain; not a trace of his footsteps was to be seen; though the inward guilt manifested by such an evasion redoubled the vigilance of pursuit.

The fugitive was soon, however, discerned, on the top of a high brick wall, running along its edge in the midst of the most frightful danger, with a courage that, in any better cause, would have been worthy of admiration.

The policeman, now, composedly left him to his race and his defeat; satisfied that no asylum awaited him at the end of the wall, and that he must thence drop, without further resistance, into captivity.

Cruel for Dr. Burney is what remains of this narration: the runaway was seized, and brought to the public office, where a true bill was found for his trial, as he could give no reason for his flight; and as the button picked up in the area exactly suited a wanting one in a coat discovered to be in his possession. His shoe, also, precisely fitted the drawing on the kitchen floor. But though this circumstantial evidence was so strong as to bring to all the magistrates a conviction of his guilt that they scrupled not to avow, it was only circumstantial; it was not positive. He had taken nothing but cash; a single bank note might have been brought home to him with proof; but to coin, who could swear? The magistrates, therefore, were compelled to discharge, though they would not ut-

ter the word acquit, the prisoner; and the doctor had the mortification to witness in the court the repayment of upwards of fifty guineas to the felon, that had been found upon him at Hastings. The rest of the three hundred pounds must have been secured by the accomplices; or buried in some place of concealment.

But Dr. Burney, however aggrieved and injured by this affair, was always foremost to subscribe to the liberal maxim of the law, that it is better to acquit ten criminals, than to condemn one innocent man. He resigned himself, therefore, submissively, however little pleased, to the laws of his noble country, ever ready to consider, like Pope,

"All partial evil, universal good."

Would it be just, could it be right, to leave unqualified to the grief of his friends, and to the rage of the murderers against destiny, a blight such as this to the industry and the welfare of Dr. Burney; and not seek to soften the concern of the kind, and not aim at mitigating the asperity of the declaimers, by opening a fair point of view for the termination of this event, if fact and fair reality can supply colours for so revivifying a change of scenery?

Surely such a reticence, if not exacted by discretion or delicacy, would be graceless. A secret, therefore, of more than forty-seven years' standing, and known at this moment to no living being but this memorialist, ought now, in honour, in justice, and in gratitude, to be laid open to the surviving friends of Dr. Burney.

About a month after this treacherous depredation had filled the doctor and his house with dismay, a lady of high rank, fortune, and independence, well known in the family, mysteriously summoned this memorialist to a private room, for a *tele-teler*, in St. Martin's street.

As soon as they were alone, she scrutinizingly examined that no one was within hearing on the other side of either of the doors leading into the apartment; and then solemnly said that she came to demand a little secret service.

The memorialist protested herself most ready to meet her request; but that was insufficient: the lady insisted upon a formal and positive promise, that what she should ask should be done; yet that her name in the transaction should never be divulged.

There seemed something so little reasonable in a desire for so unqualified an engagement upon a subject unknown, that the memorialist, disturbed, hesitated and hung back.

The lady was palpably hurt; and, dropping a low courtesy, with a supercilious half smile, and a brief, but civil, "Good morrow, ma'am!" was proudly stalking out of the room; when, shocked to offend her, the memorialist besought her patience; and then frankly asked, how she could promise what she was in the dark whether she could perform?

The lady, unbending her furrowed brow, replied, "I'll tell you how, ma'am: you must either say, I believe you to be an honest woman, and I'll trust you; or, I believe you to be no better than you should be, and I'll have nothing to do with you."

An alternative such as this could hardly be called an alternative: the promise was given.

The smile now of pleasure, almost of triumph, that succeeded to that of satire, which had almost amounted to scorn, nearly recompensed the hazarded trust; which, soon afterwards, was even more than repaid by the sincerest admiration.

The lady, taking a thick letter-case from a capacious and well-furnished part of the female habilitment of other days, except a pocket, produced a small parcel, and said, "Do me the favour, ma'am, to slip this trifle into the doctor's bureau the first time you see him open it; and just say, 'Sir, this is bank notes for three hundred pounds, instead of what that rogue robbed you of. But you must ask no questions; and you must not stare, sir, for it's from a friend that will never be known. So don't be over curious; for it's a friend who will never take it back, if you fret yourself to the bone. So please, sir, to do what you please with it. Either use it, or put it behind the fire, whichever you think the most sensible.' And then, if he should say, 'Pray, miss, who gave you that impertinent message for me?' you will get into no jeopardy, for you can answer that you are bound head and foot to hold your tongue; and then, being a man of honour, he will hold his. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

The memorialist, heartily laughing, but in great perturbation lest the doctor should be hurt or displeased, would fain have resisted this commission; but the lady, peremptorily saying a promise was a promise, which no

person under a vagabond, but more especially a person of honour, writing books, could break, would listen to no appeal.

She had been, she protested, on the point of *non compos* ever since that rogue had played the doctor such a knavish trick, as picking his bureau to get at his cash; in thinking how much richer she, who had neither child nor clerk, nor any particular great talents, was than she ought to be; while a man who was so much a greater scholar, and with such a fry of young ones at his heels, all of them such a set of geniuses, was suddenly made so much poorer, for no offence, only that rogue's knavishness. And she could not get back into her right senses upon the accident, she said, till she had hit upon this scheme: for knowing Dr. Burney to be a very punctilious man, like most of the book-writers, who were always rather odd, she was aware she could not make him accept such a thing in a quiet way, however it might be his due in conscience; only by some cunning device that he could not get the better of.

Expostulation was vain; and the matter was arranged exactly according to her injunctions.

Ultimately, however, when the deed was so confirmed as to be irrevocable, the memorialist obtained her leave to make known its author; though under the most absolute charge of secrecy for all around; which was strictly observed: notwithstanding all the resistance of the astonished doctor, whom she forbade ever to name it, either to herself, she said, or Co., under pain of never speaking to him again.

All peculiar obstacles, however, having now passed away, justice seems to demand the recital of this extraordinary little anecdote in the history of Dr. Burney.

Those who still remember a daughter of the Earl of Thanet, who was widow of Sir William Duncan, will recognise, without difficulty, in this narration, the generosity, spirit, and good humour, with the uncultivated, ungrammatical, and incoherent dialect, and the comic, but arbitrary manner, of the indubitably diverting and grotesque, though munificent and nobly liberal, Lady Mary Duncan.

MRS. VESLEY.

The singular, and, in another way, equally quaint and original, as well as truly Irish, Mrs. Vesey, no sooner heard of Dr. Burney's misfortune, than she sent for an ingenious carpenter, to whom she communicated a desire to have a private drawer constructed in a private apartment, for the concealment and preservation of her cash from any fraudulent servant.

Accordingly, within the waistcoat of her dressing room, this was effected; and, when done, she rang for her principal domestics; and, after recounting to them the great evil that had happened to poor Dr. Burney; and bemoaning that he had not taken a similar precaution, she charged them, in a low voice, never to touch such a part of the wall, lest they should press upon the spring of the private drawer, in which she was going to hide her gold and bank notes.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

In the summer of this year, 1785, came over from France the celebrated *comtesse de Genlis*. Dr. Burney and his second daughter were almost immediately invited, at the express desire of the Countess, to meet, and pass a day with her, at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His niece, Miss Palmer, Sir Abraham and Lady Hume, Lord Palmerston, and some others, were of the party.

Madame de Genlis must then have been about thirty-five years of age; but the whole of her appearance was nearly ten years younger. Her face, without positive beauty, had the most winning agreeableness: her figure was remarkably elegant, her attire was chastely simple: her air was reserved, and her demeanour was dignified. Her language had the same flowing perspicuity, and animated variety, by which it is marked in the best of her works; and her discourse was full of intelligence, yet wholly free from presumption or obtrusion. Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with her, and his daughter was enchanted.

Almost as numerous as her works, and almost as diversified, were the characters which had preceded this celebrated lady to England. None, however, of the euluminous sort had reached the ears of the doctor previously to this meeting; and though some had buzzed about these of the memorialist, they were vague; and she had willingly, from the charm of such superior talents, believed them unfounded; even before the witchery of personal partiality drove them wholly from the field; for from her sight, her manners, and her conversation,

not an idea could elicit that was not instinctively in her favour.

Unconstrained, therefore, was the impulsive regard with which this illustrious foreigner inspired both; and which, gently, but pointedly, it was her evident aim to increase. She made a visit the next day to the memorialist, whose society she sought with a flattering earnestness and a spirited grace that, coupled with her rare attractions, made a straight forward and most animating conquest of her charmed votary.

Madame de Genlis had already been at Windsor, where, through the medium of Madame de la Fite, she had been honoured with a private audience of the queen: and the energetic respect with which she spoke of her majesty, was one of the strongest incentives to the loyal heart of Dr. Burney for encouraging this rising connection.

Madame de Genlis had presented, she said, to the queen the sacred dramas which she had dedicated to her Serene Highness the Duchess of Orleans; adding, that she had brought over only two copies of that work, of which the second was destined for *Mademoiselle Burney*: to whom, with a billet of elegance nearly heightened into expressions of friendship, it was shortly conveyed.

The memorialist was at a loss how to make acknowledgments for this obliging offering, as she would have held any return in kind to savour rather of vanity than of gratitude. Dr. Burney, however, relieved her embarrassment, by permitting her to be the bearer of his own History of Music, as far as it had then been published. This Madame de Genlis received with infinite grace and pleasure; for while capable of treating luminously almost every subject that occurred, she had an air, a look, a smile, that gave consequence, transiently, to every thing she said or did.

She had then by her side, and fondly under her wing, a little girl whom she called Pamela,* who was most attractively lovely, and whom she had imbued with a species of enthusiasm for the memorialist, so potent and so eccentric, that when, during the visit at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Madame de Genlis said, "*Pamela, voilà Mademoiselle Burney!*" the animated little person rushed hastily forward, and prostrated herself upon one knee before the astonished, almost confounded object of her notice; who, though covered with a confusion half distressing, half ridiculous, observed in every motion and attitude of the really enchanting little creature, a picturesque beauty of effect, and a magic allurements in her fine cast up eyes, that she could not but wish to see perpetuated by Sir Joshua.

On the day that Dr. Burney left his card in Portland-place, for a parting visit to Madame de Genlis, previously to her quitting London, he left there, also, the memorialist; who, by appointment, was to pass the morning with that lady. This same wretched little being was then capitally aiding and abetting in a preconcerted manoeuvre, with which Madame de Genlis not a little surprised her guest. This was by detaining her, through a thousand varying contrivances, all for a while unsuspected, in a particular position; while a painter, whom Madame de Genlis mentioned as being with her by chance, and who appeared to be amusing himself with sketching some fancies of his own, was clandestinely taking a portrait of the visitor.

However flattered by the desire of its possession in so celebrated a personage, that visitor had already, and decidedly, refused sitting for it, not alone to Madame de Genlis, but to various other kind demanders, from a rooted dislike of being exhibited. And when she discovered what was going forward, much vexed and discontented, she would have quitted her seat, and fled the premises: but the adroit little charmer had again recourse to her graceful prostration; and, again casting up her beautifully picturesque eyes, pleaded the cause and wishes of Madame de Genlis, whom she called *Maman*, with an eloquence and a pathos so singular and so captivating, that the memorialist, though she would not sit quietly still, nor voluntarily favour the painter's artifice, could only have put in practice a peremptory and determined flight, by trampling upon the urgent, clinging, impassioned little applicant.

This was the last day's intercourse of Madame de Genlis with Dr. Burney and the memorialist. Circumstances, soon afterwards, suddenly parted them; and circumstances never again brought them together.

MRS. DELANY.

The society which assembled at that lady's mansion was elegant and high bred, yet entertaining and diversified. As Mrs. Delany chose to sustain her own house,

* Afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

that she might associate without constraint with her own family, the generous Duchess of Portland would not make a point of persuading her to sojourn at Whitehall; preferring the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, in quitting that noble residence nearly every evening, to lessening those of her tenderly loved companion.

But a lamented, though not personal or family event, which occurred at the end of this summer, must here be recorded, with some detail of circumstance; as it proved, in its consequences, by no means unimportant to the history of Dr. Burney.

The venerable Mrs. Delany was suddenly bereft of the right noble friend who was the delight of her life, the Duchess Dowager of Portland. That honoured and honourable lady had quitted town for her dowry mansion of Bulstrode Park. Thither she had just most courteously invited this memorialist: who had spent with her grace and her beloved friend, at the fine dwelling of the former at Whitehall, nearly the last evening of their sojourn in town, to arrange this intended summer junction. A letter of Mrs. Delany's dictation she afterwards followed to St. Martin's street, fixing a day on which a carriage, consigned by her grace to Mrs. Delany's service, was to fetch the new visitor. But, on the succeeding morning, a far different epistle, written by the amanuensis of Mrs. Delany, brought the mournful counter-tidings of the seizure, illness, and decease, of the valuable, generous, and charming mistress of Bulstrode Park.

Mrs. Delany, as soon as possible, was removed back to St. James' Place; in a grief touchingly profound, though resigned.

This was a loss for which, as Mrs. Delany was fifteen years the senior, no human calculation had prepared; and what other has the human mathematician? Her condition in life, therefore, as well as her heart, was assailed by this privation; and however inferior to the latter was the former consideration, the conflict of afflicted feelings with discomfited affairs, could not but be doubly oppressive: for though from the duchess no pecuniary loan was accepted by Mrs. Delany, unnumbered were the little auxiliaries to domestic economy which her grace found means to convey to St. James' Place.

But now, even the house in that place, though already small for the splendid persons who frequently sought there to pay their respects to the duchess, as well as to Mrs. Delany, became too expensive for her means of supporting its establishment.

The friendship of the high-minded duchess for Mrs. Delany had been an honour to herself and to her sex, in its refinement as well as in its liberality. Her superior rank she held as a bauble, her superior wealth as dross, save as they might be made subservient towards equalising in condition the chosen companion, with whom in affection all was already parallel.

Upon first receiving the melancholy intelligence of the broken-up meeting at Bulstrode Park, Dr. Burney had taken his much-grieved daughter with him to Chesington, where, with all his bereavements, he repaired, to go on with his history; but, with a kindness which always led him to participate in the calls of affection, he no sooner learned, that her presence would be acceptable to Mrs. Delany, than he spared his amanuensis from his side and his work, and instantly lent her his carriage to convey her back to town, and to the house of that afflicted lady; whose tenderly open-armed, though tearful reception, was as gratifying to the feelings of her deeply-attached guest, as the grief that she witnessed was saddening.

The doctor permitted her now to take up her abode in this house of mourning; where she had the heartfelt satisfaction to find herself not only soothing to the admirable friend, by whom so late in life, but so warmly in love, she had been taken to the bosom; but empowered to relieve some of her cares by being intrusted to overlook, examine, and read to her letters and manuscripts of every description; and to select, destroy, or arrange the long-boarded mass. She even began revising and continuing a manuscript memoir of the early days of Mrs. Delany; but, as it could be proceeded with only in moments of unbroken *le-tête*, it never was finished.

Meanwhile, when the tidings of the death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland reached their majesties, their first thought, after their immediate grief at her departure, was of Mrs. Delany; and when they found that the duchess, from a natural expectation of being herself the longest liver, had taken no measures to soften off the worldly part, at least, of this separation, the king, with most benevolent munificence, resolved to supply the deficiency which a failure of foresight alone, he was sure, had occasioned in a friend of such anxious fondness. He completely, therefore, and even minutely fitted up for Mrs. Delany a house at Windsor, near the castle; and

settled a pension of three hundred pounds a-year upon her for life; to enable her to still keep her house in town, that she might repair thither every winter, for the pleasure of enjoying the society of her old friends.

The grateful heart of Mrs. Delany overflowed at her eyes at marks so attentive, as well as beneficent, of kindness and goodness in her sovereigns; for well she felt convinced that the queen had a mental share and influence in these royal offerings.

To Windsor, thus invited, Mrs. Delany now went; and this uncorroborated, lightened of a thousand apprehensions by this cheer to the feelings of her honoured friend, returned to Dr. Burney, in Surrey. A letter speedily followed her, with an account that the good king himself, having issued orders to be apprised when Mrs. Delany entered the town of Windsor, had repaired to her newly allotted house, there, in person, to give her welcome. Overcome by such condescension, she flung herself upon her knees before him, to express a sense of his graciousness for which she could find no words.

Their majesties almost immediately visited her in person; an honour which they frequently repeated; and they condescendingly sent her, alternately, all their royal daughters. And, as soon as she was recovered from her fatigues, they invited her to their evening concerts at the Upper Lodge, in which, at that time, they sojourned.

The time is now come to open upon the circumstances which will lead, ere long, to the cause of a seeming episode in these memoirs.

Dr. Burney was soon informed that the queen had deigned to inquire of Mrs. Delany, why she had not brought her friend, Miss Burney, to her new home? an enquiry that was instantly followed by an invitation that hastened, of course, the person in question to St. Alban's street, Windsor.

Here she found her venerable friend in the full solace of as much contentment as her recent severe personal loss, and her advanced period of life, could well admit. And, oftentimes, far nearer to mortal happiness is such contentment in the aged, than is suspected, or believed, by assuming and presuming youth; who frequently take upon trust—or upon poetry—their capability of superior enjoyment for its possession. She was honoured by all who approached her; she was loved by all with whom she associated. Her very dependance was made independent by the delicacy with which it left her completely mistress of her actions and her abode. Her sovereigns unbent from their state to bestow upon her graciousness and favour: and the youthful object of her dearest affections, Miss Port, was fostered, with their full permission, under her wing.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

In a week or two after the arrival of the new visitant, she was surprised into the presence of the king, by a sudden, unannounced, and unexpected entrance of his majesty, one evening, into the drawing-room of Mrs. Delany; where, however, the confusion occasioned by his unlooked-for appearance speedily, nay, blithely, subsided, from the suavity of his manners, the impressive benevolence of his countenance, and the cheering gaiety of his discourse. Fear could no more exist where goodness of heart was so predominant, than respect could fade where dignity of rank was so pre-eminent: and, ere many minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Delany had the soft satisfaction not only of seeing the first tremours of her favoured friend pass insensibly away, but of observing them to be supplanted by ease, nay, delight, from the mild yet lively graciousness with which she was drawn into conversation by his majesty.

The queen, a few days later, made an entry with almost as little preparation; save that the king, though he had not announced, had preceded her; and that the chairman's knock at the door had excited some suspicion of her approach; while the king, who came on foot, and quite alone, had only rung at the bell; each of them palpably showing a condescending intention to avoid creating a panic in the new guest; as well as to obviate, what repeatedly had happened when they arrived without these precautions, a timid escape.

To describe what the queen was in this interview, would be to portray grace, sprightliness, sweetness, and spirit, embodied in one frame. And each of these sovereigns, while bestowing all their decided attentions upon their venerable and admirable hostess, deigned to display the most favourable disposition towards her new visitor; the whole of their manner, and the whole tenour of their discourse denoting a curious desire to develop, if traceable, the peculiarities which had impelled that

small person, almost whether she would or not, into public notice.

The pleasure with which Dr. Burney received the details now transmitted to him, of the favour with which his daughter was received at Windsor, made a marked period of parental satisfaction in his life: and these accounts, with some others on a similar topic of a more recent date, were placed amongst hoards to which he had the most frequent recourse for recreation in his latter years.

The incidents, indeed, leading to this so honourable distinction were singular almost to romance. This daughter, from a shyness of disposition the most fearful, as well as from her native obscurity, would have been the last, in the common course of things, to have had the smallest chance of attracting royal notice; but the eccentricity of her opening adventure into life had excited the very curiosity which its scheme meant to render abortive; and these august personages beheld her with an evident wish of making some acquaintance with her character. They saw her, also, under the auspices of a lady whom they had almost singled out from amongst womankind as an object worthy of their private friendship; and whose animated regard for her, they knew, had set aloof all distance of years, and all recency of intercourse.

These were circumstances to exile common form and royal disciplinarianism from these great personages; and to give to them the smiling front and unbent brow of their fair native, not majestically acquired, physiognomies. And the impulsive effect of such urbanity was facilitating their purpose to its happy, honoured object; who found herself, as if by enchantment, in this august presence, without the panic of being summoned, or the awe of being presented. Nothing was chilled by ceremonial, nothing was stifened by etiquette, nothing belonging to the *formule* of royalty kept up stately distance. No lady in waiting exhibited the queen; no enquiry pointed out the king; the reverence of the heart sufficed to impede any forgetfulness of their rank; and the courtesy of their own unaffected hilarity diffused ease, spirit, and pleasure all around.

The king, insatiably curious to become still more minutely master of the history of the publication of *Evelina*, was pointed, though sportive, in question to bring forth that result. The queen, still more desirous to develop the author, than the book, was arch and intelligent in converse, to draw out her general sentiments and opinions; and both were so gently, yet so gaily, encouraging, that not to have met their benignant openness with frank vivacity, must rather have been insensibility than timidity.

They appeared themselves to enjoy the novelty of so domestic an evening visit, which, it is believed, was unknown to their practice till they had settled Mrs. Delany in a private house of their own presentation at Windsor. Comfortably here they now took their tea, which was brought to them by Miss Port; Mrs. Delany, to whom that office belonged, being too infirm for its performance; and they stayed on, in lively, easy, and pleasant conversation, abandoning cards, concert, and court circle, for the whole evening. And still, when, very late, they made their exit, they seemed reluctantly to depart.

WARREN HASTINGS.

The far, and but too deeply, widely, and unfortunately famed Warren Hastings was now amongst the persons of high renown, who courteously sought the acquaintance of Dr. Burney.

The tremendous attack upon the character and conduct of Governor Hastings, which terminated, through his own dauntless appeal for justice, in the memorable trial at Westminster Hall, hung then suspended over his head; and, as Mr. Burke was his principal accuser, it would strongly have prejudiced the doctor against the accused, had not some of the most respectable connections of the governor, who had known him through the successive series of his several governments, and through the whole display of his almost unprecedented power, been particularly of the doctor's acquaintance; and these all agreed that the uniform tenour of the actions of Mr. Hastings, while he was governor general of India, spoke humanity, moderation, and liberality.

His demeanour and converse were perfectly corroboratory with this praise; and he appeared to Dr. Burney to be one of the greatest men then living as a public character; while as a private man, his gentleness, candour, and openness of discourse, made him one of the most pleasing. He talked with the utmost frankness upon his situation and affairs; and with a perfect reliance

of victory over his enemies, from a fearless consciousness of probity and honour.

That Mr. Burke, the high-minded Mr. Burke, with a zeal nearly frantic in the belief of popular rumours, could so impetuously, so wildly, so imperiously be his prosecutor, was a true grief to the doctor; and seemed an enigma inexplicable.

But Mr. Burke, with all the depth and sagacity of the rarest wisdom where he had time for consideration, and opportunity for research, had still not only the ardour, but the irreflexion of ingenuous juvenile credulity, where tales of horror, of cruelty, or of woe, were placed before him with a cry for redress.

Dr. Burney was painfully and doubly disturbed at this terrific trial, through his esteem and admiration for both parties; and he kept as aloof from the scene of action during the whole of his Trojan endurance, as he would have done from a bull fight, to which both antagonists had been mercilessly exposed. For though, through his transcendent merit, joined to a longer and more grateful connection, he had an infinitely warmer personal regard for Mr. Burke, he held Mr. Hastings, in this case, to be innocent, and consequently injured: on him, therefore, every wish of victory devolved; yet so high was the reliance of the doctor on the character of intentional integrity in the prosecutor, that he always beheld him as a man under a generous, however fanatical delusion of avenging imputed wrongs; and he forgave what he could not justify.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

Few amongst those who, at this period, honoured Dr. Burney with an increasing desire of intimacy, stood higher in fashionable celebrity than Horace Walpole, and his civilities to the father were evermore accompanied by an at least equal portion of distinction for his daughter; with whom, after numerous invitations that circumstances had rendered ineffective, the doctor, in 1786, had the pleasure of making a visit of some days to Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Walpole paid them the high and well understood compliment of receiving them without other company. No man less needed auxiliaries for the entertainment of his guests, when he was himself in good humour and good spirits. He had a fund of anecdote that could provide food for conversation without any assistance from the news of the day, or the state of the elements; and he had wit and general knowledge to have supplied their place, had his memory been of that volatile description that retained no former occurrence, either of his own or of his neighbour, to relate. He was scrupulously, and even elaborately well-bred; fearing, perhaps, from his conscious turn to sarcasm, that if he suffered himself to be unguarded, he might utter expressions more amusing to be recounted aside, than agreeable to be received in front. He was a witty, sarcastic, ingenious, deeply thinking, highly cultivated, quaint, though evermore gallant and romantic, though very mundane, old bachelor of other days.

But his external obligations to nature were by no means upon a par with those which he owed to her mentally: his eyes were inexpensive; and his countenance, when not worked upon by his elocution, was of the same description; at least in these his latter days.

Strawberry Hill was now exhibited to the utmost advantage. All that was peculiar, especially the most valuable of his pictures, he had the politeness to point out to his guests himself; and not unfrequently, from the deep shade in which some of his antique portraits were placed; and the lone sort of look of the unusually shaped apartments in which they were hung, striking recollections were brought to their minds of his gothic story of the Castle of Otranto.

He showed them, also, with marked pleasure, the very vase immortalised by Gray, into which the pensive, but rapacious Selima had gilded to her own destruction, whilst grasping at that of her golden prey. On the outside of the vase Mr. Walpole had had labelled,

"'Twas on THIS lofty vase's side."

He accompanied them to the picturesque villa already mentioned, which had been graced by the residence of Lady Di. Beauchamp; but which, having lost that fair possessor, was now destined for two successors in the highly talented Miss Berry; of whom he was anticipating with delight the expected arrival from Italy. After displaying the elegant apartments, pictures, decorations, and beautiful grounds and views; all which, to speak in his own manner, had a sort of well-bred as well as gay and recreative appearance, he conducted them to a small but charming octagon room, which was orna-

mented in every panel by designs taken from his own tragedy of the Mysterious Mother, and executed by the accomplished Lady Di.

Dr. Burney held them with the admiration that could not but be excited by the skill, sensibility, and refined expression of that eminent lady artist: and the pleasure of his admiration happily escaped the alloy by which it would have been adulterated, had he previously read the horrible tragedy whence the subject had been chosen; a tragedy that seems written upon a plan as revolting to probability as to nature; and that violates good taste as forcibly as good feeling. It seems written, indeed, as if in epigrammatic scorn of the horrors of the Greek drama, by giving birth to conceptions equally terrific, and yet more appalling.

In the evening, Mr. Walpole favoured them with producing several, and opening some of his numerous repositories of hoarded manuscripts; and he pointed to a peculiar caravan, or strong box, that he meant to leave to his great nephew, Lord Waldegrave; with an injunction that it should not be unlocked for a certain number of years, perhaps thirty, after the death of Mr. Walpole; by which time, he probably calculated, that all then living, who might be hurt by its contents, would be above, — or beneath them.

He read several picked out and extremely clever letters of Madame du Defand, of whom he recounted a multiplicity of pleasant histories; and he introduced to them her favourite little lap dog, which he fondled and cherished, fed by his side, and made his constant companion. There was no appearance of the roughness with which he had treated its mistress, in his treatment of the little animal; to whom, perhaps, he paid his court in secret penitence, as *l'amende honorable* for his harshness to its bequeather.

Horace Walpole was amongst those whose character, as far as it was apparent, had contradictory qualities so difficult to reconcile one with another, as to make its development, from mere general observation, superficial and unsatisfactory. And Strawberry Hill itself, with all its chequered and interesting varieties of detail, had a something in its whole of monotony, that cast, insensibly, over its visitors, an indefinite species of secret constraint; and made cheerfulness rather the effect of effort than the spring of pleasure; by keeping more within bounds than belongs to their buoyant love of liberty, those light, airy, darting, bursts of unsought gaiety, yclept animal spirits.

Nevertheless, the evenings of this visit were spent delightfully — there were given up to literature, and to entertaining, critical, ludicrous, or anecdotal conversation. Dr. Burney was nearly as full fraught as Mr. Walpole with all that could apply materials of this genus; and Mr. Walpole had so much taste for his society, that he was wont to say, when Dr. Burney was running off, after a rapid elixir in Berkeley square, "Are you going already, Dr. Burney? — Very well, sir! but remember you owe me a visit."

The pleasure, however, which his urbanity and unwearied exertions evidently bestowed upon his present guests, seemed to kindle in his mind a reciprocity of sensation that warmed him into an increase of kindness; and urged the most impressive desire of retaining them for a lengthened visit. He left no flattery of persuasion, and no bribery of promised entertainment untried to allure their complacence. The daughter was most willing; and the father was not less so; but his time was irretrievably portioned out, and no change was in his power.

Mr. Walpole looked seriously surprised as well as chagrined at the failure of his eloquence and his temptations: though soon recovering his usual tone, he turned off his vexation with his characteristic pleasantry, by uncovering a large portfolio, and telling them that it contained a collection of all the portraits that were extant, of every person mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevigné; and if you will not stay at least another day," he said, patting the portfolio with an air of menace, "you shan't see one drop of them!"

MR. STANLEY.

In May, 1786, died that wonderful blind musician, and truly worthy man, Mr. Stanley, who had long been in a declining state of health, but who was much lamented by all with whom he had lived in any intimacy.

Once more, a vacancy opened to Dr. Burney of the highest post of honour in his profession, that of master of the King's Band; a post which in earlier life he had been promised, and of which the disappointment had caused him the most cruel chagrin.

He had now to renew his application. But the chamberlain was changed; and he was again defeated.

MR. SMELT.

Very shortly after this most undeserved disappointment, the memorialist — who must still, perforce, mingle, partially, something of her own memoirs with those of her father, with which, at this period, they were indispensably linked — met, by his own immediate request, Mr. Smelt, at the house of Mrs. Delany, who was then at her London dwelling, in St. James's place.

He expressed the most obliging concern at the precipitancy of the Lord Chamberlain, who had disposed, he said, of the place before he knew the king's pleasure; and Mr. Smelt scrupled not to confess that his majesty's own intentions had by no means been fulfilled.

As soon in the evening as all visitors were gone, and only himself and the memorialist remained with Mrs. Delany, Mr. Smelt glided, with a gentleness and delicacy that accompanied all his proceedings, into the subject that led him to demand this interview. And this was no other than the offer of a place to the memorialist in the private establishment of the queen.

Her surprise was considerable; though by no means what she would have felt had such an offer not been preceded by the most singular graciousness. Nevertheless, a mark of personal favour so unsolicited, so unthought of, could not but greatly move her; and the moment of disappointment and chagrin to her father at which it occurred; with the expressive tone and manner in which it was announced by Mr. Smelt, brought it close to her heart, as an intended and benevolent mark of goodness to her father himself, that might publicly manifest how little their majesties had been consulted, when Dr. Burney had again so unfairly been set aside.

But while these were the ideas that on the first moment awakened the most grateful sensations towards their majesties, others, far less exhilarating, broke into their vivacity before they had even found utterance. A morbid stroke of sickly apprehension struck upon her mind with forebodings of separation from her father, her family, her friends; a separation which, when there is neither distress to enforce, nor ambition to stimulate a change, can have one only equivalent, or inducement, for an affectionate female; namely, a home of her own with a chosen partner; and even then, the filial sentiment, where there is filial tenderness, is a pungent drawback to all new scenes of life.

Nevertheless, she was fully sensible that here, though there was not that potent call to bosom feelings, there was honour the most gratifying in a choice so perfectly spontaneous; and favour amounting to kindness, from a quarter whence such condescension could not but elevate with pleasure, as well as charm and penetrate with gratitude and respect.

Still — the separation, — for the residence was to be invariably at the palace; — the total change of life; the relinquishing the brilliant intellectual circle into which she had been so flatteringly invited —

She hesitated — she breathed hard — she could not attempt to speak —

But she was with these to whom speech is not indispensable for discourse; who could reciprocate ideas without uttering or hearing a syllable; and to whose penetrating acumen words are the bonds, but not the revealers of thoughts.

They saw, and understood her conflict; and by their own silence showed that they respected hers, and its latent cause.

And when, after a long pause, ashamed of their patience, she would have expressed her sense of its kindness, they would not hear her apology. "Do not hurry your spirits in your answer, my dear Miss Burney," said Mrs. Delany; "pray take your own time: Mr. Smelt, I am sure, will wait it."

"Certainly he will," said Mr. Smelt; "he can wait it even till to-morrow morning; for he is not to give his answer till to-morrow noon."

"Take then the night, my dear Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Delany, in a tone of the softest sympathy, "for deliberation; that you may think every thing over, and not be hurried; and let us all three meet here again to-morrow morning at breakfast."

"How good you both are!" the memorialist was faintly uttering, when what was her surprise to hear Mr. Smelt, who, with a smile, interrupted her, say: "I have no claim to such a panegyric! I should ill execute the commission with which I have been entrusted, if I embarrassed Miss Burney; for the great personage, from whom I hold it, permitted my speaking first to Miss Burney alone, without consulting even Dr. Burney; that she might form her own unbiased determination."

Where now was the agitation, the incertitude, the

irresolution of the memorialist? Where the severity of her conflict, the pang of her sundering wishes? All were suddenly dissolved by overwhelming astonishment, and melted by respectful gratitude: and to the decision of Dr. Burney all now was willingly, and with resolute and cheerful acquiescence, referred.

Dr. Burney felt honoured, felt elated, felt proud of a mark so gracious, so unexpected, of personal partiality to his daughter; but felt it, perforce, with the same drawbacks to entire happiness that so strongly had balanced its pleasure with herself. Yet his high sense of such singular condescension, and his hope of the worldly advantage to which it might possibly lead; joined to the inherent loyalty that rendered a wish of his sovereign a law to him, checked his disturbance ere it amounted to hesitation. Mutually, therefore, resigned to a parting from so honourable a call, they embraced in tearful union of sentiment; and, with the warmest feelings of heartfelt and most respectful — though not ungrateful — devotion, Dr. Burney hastened to Mr. Smelt, with their united grateful and obedient acceptance of the offer which her majesty had deigned to transmit to them through his kind and liberal medium.

THE QUEEN.

Dr. Burney now became nearly absorbed by this interesting crisis in the life of his second daughter; of which, however, the results, not the details, belong to these Memoirs.

She was summoned almost immediately to Windsor, though only, at first, to the house of Mrs. Delany; in whose presence, as the doctor learned from her letters, this memorialist was called to the honour of an interview of more than two hours with her majesty. Not, however, for the purpose of arranging the particulars of her destination. The penetrating queen, who soon, no doubt, perceived a degree of agitation which could not be quite controlled in so new, so unexpected a position, with a delicacy the most winning put that subject quite aside; and discoursed solely, during the whole long audience, upon general or literary matters.

"I know well," continued the letter to the doctor, "how my kind father will rejoice at so generous an opening; especially when I tell him that, in parting, she condescended, and in the softest manner, to say, 'I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well!' And then, turning to Mrs. Delany, she added, 'I was led to think of Miss Burney first by her books — then by seeing her — and then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends — but chiefly, and over all, by your regard for her.'"

The doctor was then further informed, through Mrs. Delany, that the office of his daughter was to be that of an immediate attendant upon her majesty, designated in the Court Calendar by the name of Keeper of the Robes.

The business thus fixed, though unannounced, as Mrs. Haggerdon, the predecessor, still held her place, the doctor again, for a few weeks, received back his daughter; whom he found, like himself, extremely gratified that her office consisted entirely in attendance upon so kind and generous a queen: though he could not but smile a little, upon learning that its duties exacted constant readiness to assist at her majesty's toilette: not from any pragmatical disdain of dress — on the contrary, dress had its full share of his admiration, when he saw it in harmony with the person, the class, and the time of life of its exhibitor. But its charms and its capabilities, he was well aware, had engaged no part of his daughter's reflections; what she knew of it was accidental, caught and forgotten with the same facility; and concluding, consequently, to no system or knowledge that might lead to any eminence of judgment for inventing or directing ornamental personal drapery. And she was as utterly unacquainted with the value of jewelry, as she was unused to its wear and care.

The queen, however, he considered, as she made no enquiry, and delivered no charge, was probably determined to take her chance; well knowing she had others more initiated about her to supply such deficiencies. It appeared to him, indeed, that far from seeking, she waived all obstacles; anxious, upon this occasion, at least, where the services were to be peculiarly personal, to make and abide by a choice exclusively her own; and in which no common routine of chamberlain etiquette should interfere.

And, ere long, he had the inexpressible comfort to be informed that so changed, through the partial graciousness of the queen to the memorialist, was the place from that which had been Mrs. Haggerdon's; so lightened and so simplified, that, in fact, the nominal new Keeper

of the Robes had no robes in her keeping; that the difficulties with respect to jewelry, laces, and court habiliments, and the other routine business belonging to the dress manufactory, appertained to her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that the manual labours and cares devolved upon the wardrobe-women; while from herself all that officially was required was assiduous attention, unremitting readiness for every summons to the dressing-room, not unfrequently long readings, and perpetual sojourn at the palace.

KEEPER OF THE ROBES.

Not till within a few days of the departure of Mrs. Haggerdon for Germany, there to enjoy, in her own country and family, the fruits of her faithful services, was the vacation of her place made public; when, to avoid troublesome canvassings, Dr. Burney was commissioned to announce in the newspapers her successor.

Open preparations were then made for a removal to Windsor, and a general leave-taking of the memorialist with her family and friends ensued.

Not, indeed, a leave-taking of that mournful cast which belongs to great distance, or decided absence; distance here was trifling, and absence merely precarious; yet was it a leave-taking that could not be gay, though it ought not to be sad. It was a parting from all habitual or voluntary intercourse with natal home, and bosom friends; since she could only at stated hours receive even her nearest of kin in her apartments, and no appointment could be hazarded for abroad, that the duties of office did not make liable to be broken.

These restrictions, nevertheless, as they were official, Dr. Burney was satisfied could cause no offence to her connections; and with regard to her own privations, they were redeemed by so much personal favour and condescension, that they called not for more philosophy than is almost regularly demanded, by the universal equipage of good and evil, in all sublimary changes.

General satisfaction and universal wishing joy ensued from all around to Dr. Burney; who had the great pleasure of seeing that this disposal of his second daughter was spread far and wide through the kingdom, and even beyond its watery bounds, so far as so small an individual could excite any interest, with one accord of approbation.

But the chief notice of this transaction that charmed Dr. Burney, a notice which he hailed with equal pride and delight, was from Mr. Burke; to whom it was no sooner made known, than he hastened in person to St. Martin's street with his warm congratulations; and, upon missing both father and daughter, he entered the parlour, to write upon a card that he picked from a bracket, these flattering words:

"MR. BURKE,

"To congratulate upon the honour done by

"The Queen to Miss BURNEY,—

"And to HERSELF."

WINDSOR.

The 17th of July, 1787, was the day appointed by the queen for the entrance into her majesty's establishment of Dr. Burney's second daughter.

The doctor's correspondence with the new robe-keeper was active, lively, incessant; and he had no greater pleasure than in perusing and answering her letters from Windsor Lodge.

As soon as it was in his power to steal a few days from his business and from London, he accepted an invitation from Mrs. Delany to pass them in her abode, by the express permission, or rather with the lively approbation of the king and queen; without which Mrs. Delany held it utterly unbecoming to receive any guests in the house of private, but royal hospitality, which they had consigned to her use.

The queen, on this occasion, as on others that were similar, gave orders that Dr. Burney should be requested to dine at the Lodge with his daughter; to whom devolved, in the absence of her coadjutrix, Mrs. Schwellenberg, the office of doing the honours of a very magnificent table. And that daughter had the happiness, at this time, to engage for meeting her father, two of the first characters for virtue, purity, and elegance, that she had ever known,—the exemplary Mr. Smelt, and the nearly incomparable Mrs. Delany. There were also some other agreeable people; and the spirited Dr. Burney was the principal object; and he enjoyed himself from the gay feelings of his contentment, as much as by the company he was enjoyed.

In the evening, when the party adjourned from the dining-room to the parlour of the robe-keeper, how high

was the gratification of Dr. Burney to see the king enter the apartment; and to see that, though professedly it was to do honour to years and virtue, in fetching Mrs. Delany himself to the queen, which was very generally his benevolent custom, he now superadded to that goodness the design of according an audience to Dr. Burney: for when Mrs. Delany was preparing to attend his majesty, he, smilingly, made her re-seat herself, with his usual benign consideration for her time of life; and then courteously entered into conversation with the happy Dr. Burney.

He opened upon musical matters, with the most animated wish to hear the sentiments of the doctor, and to commendate his own; and the doctor, enchanted, was more than ready, was eager to meet these condescending advances.

No one at all accustomed to court etiquette could have seen him without smiling: he was so totally unimpressed with the modes which, even in private, and in the royal presence, that he moved, spoke, and walked about the room without constraint; nay, he even debated with the king precisely with the same frankness that he would have used with any other gentleman, whom he had accidentally met in society.

Nevertheless, a certain flutter of spirits which always accompanies royal interviews that are infrequent, even with those who are least awed by them, took from him that self-possession which, in new, or uncommon cases, teaches us how to get through difficulties of form, by watching the manœuvres of our neighbours. Elated by the openness and benignity of his majesty, he seemed in a sort of honest enchantment that drove from his mind all thought of ceremonial; though in his usual commerce with the world, he was scrupulously observant of all customary attentions. But now, on the contrary, he pursued every topic that was started till he had satisfied himself by saying all that belonged to it; and he started any topic that occurred to him, whether the king appeared to be ready for another, or not; and while the rest of the party, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the king, approaching separately and individually those whom he meant to address, was alone wont to move, the doctor, quite unconsciously, came forward into the circle himself; and, wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, either followed the king when he turned away, or came onward to meet his steps when he inclined them towards some other person; with an earnestness irrepressible to go on with his own subject; and to retain to himself the attention and the eyes—which never looked adverse to him—of the sweet-tempered monarch.

This vivacity and this nature evidently amused the king, whose candour and good sense always distinguished an ignorance of the routine of forms, from the ill manners or ill will of disrespect.

The queen, also, with a grace all her own towards those whom she deigned to wish to please, honoured her robe-keeper's apartment with her presence on the following evening, by accompanying thither the king; with the same sweetness of benevolence of seeking Mrs. Delany, in granting an audience to Dr. Burney.

No one better understood conversation than the queen, or appreciated conversers with better judgment; gaily, therefore, she drew out, and truly enjoyed, the flowing, unpractised, yet always informing discourse of Dr. Burney.

DR. HIRSCHSEL.*

One morning about this period was dedicated to the famous Hirschsel, whom Dr. Burney visited at Slough; whither he carried his daughter, to see, and to take a walk through the immense new telescope of Hirschsel's own construction. Already from another very large, though, in comparison with this, very diminutive one, Dr. Hirschsel said he had discovered 1500 universes! The moon, too, which, at that moment, was his favourite object, had afforded him two volcanoes; and his own planet, or the *Georgium Sidus*, had favoured him with two satellites.

Dr. Burney, who had a passionate inclination for astronomy, had a double tie to admiration and regard for Dr. Hirschsel, who, both practically and theoretically, was also an excellent musician. They had much likewise in common of suavity of disposition; and they conversed together with a pleasure that led, eventually, to much after intercourse.

The accomplished and amiable Mr. Smelt joined them here by appointment; as did, afterwards, the erudite, poetical, and elegant Mr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester,

and author of the *Marks of Imitation*; whose fine features, fine expression, and fine manners made him styled by Mr. Smelt "The Beauty of Holiness;" and who was accompanied by the learned Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

Miss Hirschsel, the celebrated comet-searcher, and one of the most truly modest, or rather humble, of human beings, having sat up all night at her eccentric vocation, was now, much to their regret, mocking the day beams in sound repose.

In similar visits to his daughter, Dr. Burney had again and again the high honour and happiness of being indulged with long, lively, and most agreeable conversations with his majesty; who, himself a perfectly natural man, had a true taste for what, in a court—or, in truth, out of one—is so rarely to be met with,—an unsophisticated character.

And thus, congenial with his principles, and flattering to his taste, softly, gaily, salubriously, began for Dr. Burney the new career of his second daughter. It was a stream of happiness, now gliding on gently with the serenity of enjoyment for the present; now rapidly flowing faster with the aspiring velocity of hope for the future.

MRS. DELANY.

What a reverse to this beaming sunshine was floating in the air! A second year was yet incomplete, when a cloud intercepted the bright rays that had almost revived Dr. Burney, by suddenly and for ever closing from his view the inestimable, the exemplary, the venerated friend of his daughter, Mrs. Delany; for sudden was this mortal eclipse, though, at her great age, it could never be unexpected.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

Such was the cloud that obscured the spring horizon of Dr. Burney in 1788; but which, severely as it damped and saddened him, was but as a point in a general mass, save from his kind grief for his heart-afflicted daughter, compared with the effect produced upon him by the appalling hurricane that afterwards ensued; though there, he himself was but as a point, and scarcely that, in the vast mass of general woe and universal disorder, of which that fatal storm was the precursor.

The war of all the elements, when their strife darts with lightnings, and hurls with thunder, that seem threatening destruction all around, is peace, is calm, is tameness and sameness, to that which was caused by the first sudden breaking out of a malady nameless, but tremendous, terrific, but unknown, in the king—that father of his people, that friend of human kind.

This event, then, is foreign to all domestic memoirs; and to such as are political, Dr. Burney's can have no pretensions. It will rapidly, therefore, be passed over, in consonance with the intentions of the doctor, manifested by an entire omission of any intervening memorandums, from his grief at the illness, to his joy at the recovery of his sovereign; a joy which, however diversified by the endless shadings of multitudinous circumstances, was almost universally felt by all ranks, all classes, all ages; and hailed by a chorus of sympathy, that resounded in songs of thanksgiving and triumph throughout the British empire.

WINDSOR.

And yet,—though joy flew to his bosom with such exalting delight, when that joy had spent its first effervescence; when, exhausted by its own eager ebullition, it subsided into quiet thankfulness—did Dr. Burney find himself in the same state of self-gratulation at the position of his daughter, as before that blight which bereaved her of Mrs. Delany? Did he experience the same vivid glow of pleasure in her destination, that he felt previously to that tremendous national tempest that had shaken the palace, and shattered all its dwellers, through terror, wretchedness, and sorrow?

Alas no! the charm was broken, the curtain was dropped! the scene was changed by unlooked for contingencies; and a catastrophe of calamity seemed menacing his peace, that was precisely the reverse of all that the opening of this part of his life's drama had appeared to augur of felicity.

The health of his daughter fell visibly into decay; her looks were alarmingly altered; her strength was daily enfeebling; and the native vivacity of her character and spirits were palpably sinking from premature internal debility.

This indeed, was a blight to close, in sickly mists, the most brilliant avenues of his parental ambition. It was a shock of the deepest disappointment, that the one

* Afterwards Sir William.

amongst his progeny on whom fortune had seemed most to smile, should be threatened with lingering dissolution, through the very channel in which she appeared to be gliding to honour and favour; and that he, her hope-beguiled parent, must now, at all mundane risks, snatch her away from every mundane advantage; or incur the perilous chance of weeping over her precipitated grave.

Yet, where such seemed the alternative, there could be no hesitation: the tender parent took place of the provident friend, and his decision was immediate to recall the invalid from all higher worldly aspirations to her retired natal home.

The gratitude of his daughter at this paternal tenderness rose to her eyes, in her then weakened state, with constant tears every time it occurred to her mind; for well she knew how many a gay hope, and glowing fond idea, must be sacrificed by so retrograde a measure.

Medical aid was, however, called in; but no prescription was efficacious: no further room, therefore, was left for demur, and with the sanction, or rather by the direction of her kind father, she addressed a letter to the queen—having first besought and obtained her majesty's leave for taking so direct a course.

In this letter, the memorialist unreservedly represented the altered state of her health; with the fears of her father that her constitution would be utterly undermined, unless it could be restored by retirement from all official exertions. She supplicated, therefore, her majesty's permission to give in her resignation, with her humblest acknowledgments for all the extraordinary goodness that had been shown to her; the remembrance of which would be ever gratefully and indelibly engraven on her heart.

Scarcely with more reluctance was this letter delivered than it was received; and as painful to Dr. Burney were the conflicting scenes that followed this step, as had been the apprehensions by which it had been produced. The queen was moved even to tears at the prospect of losing a faithful attendant, whom she had considered as consecrated to her for life, and on whose attachment she had the firmest reliance; and the reluctance with which she turned from the separation led to modifying propositions, so condescendingly urgent, that the plan of retreat was soon nearly melted away from grateful devotion.

In no common manner indeed, was Dr. Burney beset to adhere to his purpose; he was invoked, conjured, nay, exhorted, by calls and supplications from the most distinguished of his friends, which, however gratifying to his parental feelings, were distressful to his loyal ideas from his conviction that the gracious wish of detention sprang from a belief that the restoration of the invalid might be effected without relinquishing her place.

MR. BOSWELL.

And while thus poignantly he was disturbed by this conflict, his daughter became accidentally informed of plans that were in secret agitation to goad his resolves. Mr. Boswell, about this time, guided by M. de Gaiffardiere, crossed and intercepted her passage, one Sunday morning, from the Windsor cathedral to the queen's lodge.

Mr. Boswell had visited Windsor to solicit the king's leave, which graciously had been granted, for publishing Dr. Johnson's dialogue with his majesty.

Almost forcibly stopping her in her path, though making her an obsequious, or rather a theatrical, bow, "I am happy," he cried, "to find you, madam, for I was told you were lost! closed in the unscalable walls of a royal convent. But let me tell you, madam!" assuming his highest tone of mock-heroic, "it won't do! You must come forth, madam! You must abscond from your princely monastery, and come forth! You were not born to be immured, like a tabby cat, madam, in your august cell! We want you in the world. And we are told you are very ill. But we can't spare you. Besides, madam, I want your Johnson's letters for my book!"

Then, stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms, in starting suddenly before her, he energetically added, "For THE BOOK, madam! the first book in the universe!"

Swelling then with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half laughing, from good humouredly catching the injection of the impulse which his unrestrained self-complacency excited in his listener, he significantly paused; but the next minute, with double emphasis, and strong, even comic gesticulation, he went on: "I have every thing else! every thing that can be named, of every sort, and class, and description, to show the great man in all his bearings!—every thing, except his letters to you! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you! It is necessary to complete my portrait. It

will be the first book in the whole universe, madam! There's nothing like it!" again half laughing, yet speaking more and more forcibly: "There never was,—and there never will be!—So give me your letters, and I'll place them with the hand of a master!"

She made some sportive reply, to hurry away from his urgency; but he pursued her quite to the lodge; acting the whole way so as to make gazers of all whom they encountered, and a laughing observer of M. de Gaiffardiere. "You must come forth, madam!" he vociferated: "This monastic life won't do! You must come forth! We are resolved to a man,—we, The Club, madam! ay, THE CLUB, madam! are resolved to a man, that Dr. Burney shall have no rest—poor gentleman!—till he scale the walls of your august convent, to burn your veil, and carry you off!"

At the iron gate opening into the lawn, not daring to force his uninvited steps any farther, he seriously and formally again stopped her, and, with a look and voice that indicated—don't imagine I am trifling!—solemnly confirmed to her a rumour which already had reached her ears, that Mr. Windham, whom she knew to be foremost in this chivalrous cabal against the patience of Dr. Burney, was modelling a plan for inducing the members of the Literary Club to address a round-robin to the doctor, to recall his daughter to the world.

"And the whole matter was piously discussed," added Mr. Boswell, "at THE CLUB, madam, at the last meeting—Charles Fox in the chair."

The alarm of this intimation sufficed, however, to save the doctor from so disconcerting an honour; for the next time that the invalid, who, though palpably waning away, was seldom confined to the house, went to Westminster Hall during the trial of Mr. Hastings, and was joined by Mr. Windham, she entreated that liberal friend to relinquish his too kind purpose; assuring him that such a violent measure was unnecessary, since all, however slowly, was progressive towards her making the essay so kindly desired for her health, of change of air and life.

Mr. Windham, at first, persisted that nothing short of a round-robin would decisively re-urge Dr. Burney to his "almost blunted purpose." But when, with equal truth and gratitude, she seriously told him that his own personal influence had already, in this most intricate difficulty, been persuasively powerful, he exclaimed, with the ever animated elegance, "Then I have not lived in vain!" and acquiesced.

WINDSOR.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, and all the Burkes, were potent accomplices in this kind and singular conspiracy; which, at last, was suddenly superseded by so obviously a dilapidated state of health in its object, as to admit of no further procrastination; and this uncommon struggle at length ended by the entrance at Windsor of a successor to the invalid, in July, 1791; when, though with nearly as much regret as eagerness, Dr. Burney fetched his daughter from the palace; to which exactly five days previously, he had conveyed her with unmixt delight.

It is here a duty—a fair and a willing one—to mention, that in an audience of leave-taking to which the memorialist was admitted just before her departure, the queen had the gracious munificence to insist that half the salary annexed to the resigned office should be retained; and when the memorialist, from fulness of heart, and the surprise of gratitude, would have declined, though with the warmest and most respectful acknowledgments, a remuneration to which she had never looked forward, the queen, without listening to her resistance, deigned to express the softest regret that it was not convenient to her to do more.*

All off health, fatigue, or suffering, that had worked the necessity for this parting, was now, at this moment of its final operation, sunk in tender gratitude, or lost in the sorrow of leave-taking; and the memorialist could difficultly articulate, in retiring, a single sentence of her regret or her attachment: while the queen, with weeping eyes, laid her fair hand upon the arm of the memorialist, repeatedly and gently wishing her happy—"well, and happy!" And all the princesses were graciously demonstrative of a concern nearly amounting to emotion, in pronouncing their adieus. Even the king, coming up to her, with an evident intention to wish her well, as he entered the apartment that she was quitting, wore an aspect of so much pity for her broken health, that, utterly

* The memorialist has since been informed that the king himself had deigned to say, "It is but her due. She has given up five years of her pen."

overpowered by the commiserating expression of his benevolent countenance, she was obliged, instead of murmuring her thanks, and entreating her farewell, abruptly to turn from him to an adjoining window, to hide a grateful sensibility of his goodness that she should neither subdue, nor venture to manifest.

1791.

Arrived again at the natal home, Dr. Burney welcomed back his daughter with the most cheering tenderness. All the family hastened to hail and propitiate her return; and congratulatory hopes and wishes for the speedy restoration of her health poured in upon the doctor from all quarters.

But chiefly Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Messrs. Windham, Horace Walpole, and Seward, started forward, by visits or by letters, upon this restitution, with greetings almost tumultuous; so imbued had been their minds with the belief that change of scene and change of life alone could retard a change more fatal.

MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke was at Beaconsfield; and joined not, therefore, in the kind participation which the doctor might else have hoped for, on the re-appearance of his invalid daughter in those enlightening circles of which Mr. Burke, now, was the unrivalled first ornament.

It may here be right, perhaps, as well as interesting, to note, since it can be done upon proof, the kindness of heart and liberality of Mr. Burke, even in politics, when not combated by the turbulence and excitement of public contention. Too noble, indeed, was his genuine character, too great, too grand, for any warp so offensive to mental liberty, as that of seeking to subject the opinions of his friends to his own.

This truth will be amply illustrated by the following letter, written in answer to some apology from Dr. Burney, for withholding his vote, at a Westminster election, from the friend and the party that were canvassed for in person by Mr. Burke.

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"My Dear Sir,—I give you my sincere thanks for your desire to satisfy my mind relative to your conduct in this exigency. I am well acquainted with your principles and sentiments, and know that every thing good is to be expected from both. * * * God forbid that worthy men, situated as you are, should be made sacrifices to the minute part of politics, when we are far from able to assure ourselves that the higher parts can be made to answer the good ends we have in view! You have little or no obligations to me; but if you had as many as I really wish it were in my power—as it is certainly in my desire—to lay upon you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring them, in order to subject your mind, or your affairs, to a painful and mischievous servitude. I know that your sentiments will always outrun the demands of your friends; and that you want rather to be restrained in the excess of what is right, than to be stimulated to a languid and insufficient exertion." * *

Dr. Burney at this time resided entirely at Chelsea College; and he found this sojourn so perfectly to his taste, that, though obliged, some years afterwards, by official arrangements, to remove from the ground floor to nearly the highest range of rooms in that lofty edifice, he never wished to place the change of his abode.

Solaced, nevertheless, as was now his anxiety for his invalid daughter, he was not at rest. She looked ill, weak, and languid; and the danger was clearly not over.

So deplorably, indeed, was her health injured, that successive changes of air were medically advised for her to Dr. Burney; and her maternally zealous friend, Mrs. Ord, most kindly proposed taking charge of the execution of that prescription. A tour to the west was undertaken; the Bath waters were successfully tried; and, after passing nearly four months in gentle travelling, the good Mrs. Ord delivered the invalid to her family, nearly re-established.

The paternal affection which greeted this double restoration, to her health and her home, gave her, then, a happiness which vivified both. The doctor allowed her the indulgence of living almost wholly in his study; they read together, wrote together, compared notes, communicated projects, and diversified each other's employment; and his kindness, enlivened by her late danger and difficulties, was more marked, and more precious to her than ever.

She had no sooner made known that her western tour was finished, than she was summoned to the palace, where her majesty deigned to receive her with the

highest grace of condescension; and to keep her in animated discourse, with the same noble trust in her faithful attachment, that had uniformly marked every confidence during her royal residence. Each of the amiable princesses honoured her with a separate interview; vying with each other in kindly lively expressions upon her restored looks and appearance; and the king, the gracious king himself, vouchsafed, with an air the most benevolent, not alone of goodness, but even of pleasure, to inquire after her health, to rejoice in its improvement, and to declare, condescendingly, repeatedly to declare, how glad he was to see her again. He even made her stand under a lustre, that he might examine her countenance, before he pronounced himself satisfied with her recovery.

And, from that time forward, upon her every subsequent admission, the graciousness of her reception bounded with the blandest joy from her own heart to that of the doctor.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Not to break into the little history which mentally, during the last five years, had almost absorbed Dr. Burney, no mention has been made of a personal event of as much moment to his peace as to his fame; namely, the publication, in 1789, of the third volume of his *History of Music*; nor that, before the end of the same year, he had the brain-relieving satisfaction of completing his long impending work, by bringing out the fourth and last volume.

It seemed to him a sort of regeneration to feel freedom restored to his reflections, and liberty to his use of time, by arriving at the close of this literary labour; which, though in its origin voluntary, had of late become heavily fatiguing, because shackled by an engagement, and therefore obligatory.

1791.

The life of Dr. Burney was now almost equally distributed in literary, professional, and amical divisions.

In literature, his time, ostensibly, was become his own; but never was time less so than when put into his own hands; for his eagerness was without either curb or limit to devote it to some new pursuit. And scarcely had that elastic bound of renovated youth, of which he speaks to Mr. Repton, been capered, than a fresh, yet voluntary occupation, drove his newly-restored leisure away, and opened a course of bookish and critical toil, that soon seized again upon every spare moment. This was constituting himself a member amongst the Monthly Reviewers, under the editorship of the worthy Mr. Griffith.

Of the articles which were Dr. Burney's, no list has been found; and probably none was kept. The ardour of sincerity in pointing out faults and failures, is so apt to lead to a similar ardour of severity in their censure, that, in those days, when the critics were not, wisely, anonymous, the secret and passive war of books and words among authors, menaced the more public and tumultuous one of swords and pistols.

The unfortunate, but truly amiable and high-minded Mr. Beckford was amongst the greatest favourites and most welcome visitors to Dr. Burney; whose remembrance of the friendly zeal of that gentleman in Italy, was a never failing call for every soothing return that could be offered to him in the calamities which, roughly and ruinously, had now changed his whole situation in life—leaving his virtues alone unalterable.

The two Wesleys, Charles and Samuel, those born rather than bred musicians, sought, and were welcomed by the doctor, whenever his leisure agreed with his estimation of their talents. With Samuel he was often in musical correspondence.

Horace Walpole invariably delighted in the society of Dr. Burney; and had himself no admirer who carried from his company and conversation a larger or more zested portion of his lordship's *bon mots*; or who had a higher taste for his peculiar style of entertainment.

MR. GREVILLE.

But Mr. Greville, the old friend and early patron of the doctor, he now never saw, save by accident; and rarely as that occurred, it was oftener than could be wished; so querulous was that gentleman grown, from ill-luck in his perilous pursuits; so irascible within, and so supercilious without; assuming to all around him a sort of dignified distance, that bordered, at least, upon universal disdain.

The world seemed completely in decadence with this fallen gentleman; and the writhings of long suffocated mortification, from sinking his fine spirits and sickening

his gay hopes, began to engender a morbid irritation, that was ready, upon every fancied provocation, to boil into vehemence of passion, or burst into the bitterness of sarcastic reproach.

So torpid was the infatuation of self-security in Mr. Greville, that pertinaciously he frequented the same seductive haunts, and mechanically adhered to the same dangerous society, till the knowledge of his errors and their mischief was forced upon him by his creditors.

Angered and disgusted, he then, in gloomy sullenness, retired from public view; and lived a rambling, unsettled sort of life, as ill at ease with his family as with the world, from the wounds he habitually inflicted, and occasionally suffered, through the irritability of his argumentative commerce.

MR. AND MRS. SHERIDAN.

Another of the doctor's brightest calls to high and animated society was now, also, utterly closed; for she, the loveliest of the lovely, the first Mrs. Sheridan, was fading away—vanishing—from the list of his fair enchantresses.

This paragon of syrens, by almost universal and national consent, had been looked up to, when she sang at oratorios and at concerts, as the star of harmony in England: though so short was that *etel* of supremacy, that, from the date of her marriage, her claim to such pre-eminence was known to the public only by remembrance or by rumour; Mr. Sheridan, her husband, inexorably renouncing all similar engagements, and only at his own house suffering her to sing.

Far happier had it been for that captivating and beautiful creature, for happier for her eminent and highly talented husband, had the appropriate fame that belonged equally to the birth, education, and extraordinary abilities of both, been adequate to their pride of expectation: for then, glowing with rational and modest, not burning with inordinate and eccentric ambition, they would not disdainfully—almost madly—have cast away from their serious and real service the brilliant gifts of favouring nature, which, if seasonably brought forth, would have opened to them, without struggle or difficulty, the golden portals of that splendor to which their passion for grandeur and enjoyment thrillingly aspired.

But from these brilliant gifts, as instruments of advantage, they turned capiously aside; as if the exquisite powers, vocal and dramatic, which were severally intrusted to their charge, had been qualities that, in any view of utility, they ought to shrink from with secrecy and shame.

Yet Dr. Burney always believed Mrs. Sheridan herself to be inherently pure in her mind, and elegantly simple in her taste; though first from the magnetism of affection, and next from the force of circumstances, she was drawn into the same vortex of dissipation and extravagance, in which the desires and pursuits of her husband unresisted rolled.

Every thing, save rank and place, was theirs; every thing, therefore, save rank and place, seemed beneath their aim.

If, in withdrawing his fair partner from public life, the virtues of moderation had bestowed contentment upon their retreat, how dignified had been such a preference, to all the affluence attendant upon a publicity demanding personal exhibition from a delicate and sensitive female!

Such was the light in which this act of Mr. Sheridan, upon its early adoption, had appeared to Dr. Johnson; and as such it obtained the high sanction of his approbation.* But to no such view was the subsequent conduct of this too aspiring and enchanting couple respondent. They assumed the expenses of wealth, while they disclaimed the remuneration of talents; and they indulged in the luxuries of splendor, by resources not their own.

Not such, had he lived to witness the result, had been the sanction of Dr. Johnson. He had regarded the retirement from public exhibition as a measure of primitive temperance and philosophic virtue. The last of men was Dr. Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity, by nullifying the labours of talent.

The unhappy delusion into which this high-wrought and mis-placed self-appreciation betrayed them, finished its fatal fanaticism by dimming their celebrity, mocking their ambition, and hurling into disorder and ruin their fortune, their reputation, their virtues, and their genius.

At the head of the female worthies, who gratified Dr. Burney with eager good wishes on the return of the memorialist, stood Mrs. Montague. And still the he-

nourable corps was upheld by Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More—though, alas, the last-mentioned lady is now the only one of that distinguished set still spared to the world.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But a catastrophe of the most sorrowing sort soon afterwards cast a shade of saddest hue upon this happy and promising period, by the death of the friend to whom, after his many deprivations, Dr. Burney had owed his greatest share of pleasure and animation—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Deeply this loss affected his spirits. Sir Joshua was the last of the new circle with whom his intimacy had melted into positive friendship. And though with many, and indeed with most of the literary club, a connection was gradually increasing which might lead to that heart-expanding interest in life, friendship,—to part with what we possess while what we wish is of uncertain attainment, leaves a chasm in the feelings of a man of taste and selection, that he is long nearly as unwilling as he may be unable to re-occupy.

With Mr. Burke, indeed, with the immortal Edmund Burke, Dr. Burney might have been as closely united in heart as he was charmed in intellect, had circumstances offered time and opportunity for the cultivation of intimacy. Political dissimilarity of sentiment does not necessarily sunder those who, in other points, are drawn together by congeniality of worth; except where their walk in life compels them to confront each other with public rivalry.

But Mr. Burke, in whose composition imagination was the leading feature, had so genuine a love of rural life and rural scenery, that he seldom came voluntarily to the metropolis but upon parliamentary business; and even the noble powers of his ardent mind were absorbed by politics, or political connections: while Sir Joshua, whose equanimity of temper kept his imagination under control, and whose art was as much the happiness as it was the pride of his prosperity, finding London the seat of his glory, judiciously determined to make it that of his contentment. His less, therefore, to Dr. Burney, was not only that of an admired friend, with whom eloquently he might reciprocate and enlighten ideas; but, also, of that charm to current life the most soothing to its cares, a congenial companion always at hand.

And more particularly was he affected at this time by the departure of this valuable friend, from the circumstance of having just brought to bear the return home of the memorialist, for which Sir Joshua, previously to a paralytic attack, had been the most eager and incessant pleader. The doctor, therefore, had looked forward with the gayest gratification to the renewal of those meetings which, alike to himself, to his daughter, and to the knight, had invariably been productive of glee and pleasure.

But gone, ere arrived that renewal, was the power of its enjoyment! A meeting, indeed, took place, and with unalterable friendship on both sides. Immediately after the western tour, Dr. Burney carried the memorialist to Leicester-square; first mounting to the drawing-room himself, to enquire whether Sir Joshua were well enough for her admission. Assent was immediate; and she felt a sprightly renovation of strength in again ascending his stairs.

Miss Palmer came forward to receive her with warm greeting cordiality; but she rapidly hastened onward to shake hands with Sir Joshua. He was now all but quite blind. He had a green bandage over one eye, and the other was shaded by a green half bonnet. He was playing at cards with Mr. William Burke, and some others. He attempted to rise, to welcome a long lost favourite; but found himself too weak. He was even affectingly kind to her, but serious almost to melancholy. "I am very glad, indeed," he emphatically said, though in a weak voice, and with a dejected accent, "to see you again! and I wish I could see you better! But I have only one eye now—and hardly that!"

She was extremely touched; and knew not how to express either her concern for his altered situation since they had last met, or her joy at being with him again; or her gratitude for the earnest exertions he had made to spur Dr. Burney to the step that had been taken.

The doctor, perceiving the emotion she both felt and caused, tried her away. And once more she felt as ever say the English Raphael again. And then he was still more deeply depressed; though, Miss Palmer, good-humouredly drew a smile from him, by gaily exclaiming, "Do pray, now, uncle, ask Miss Burney to write another book directly! for we have almost finished Cecilia again—and this is our sixth reading of it!"

* See Mr. Moore's Life of Sheridan.

The little occupation, Miss Palmer said, of which Sir Joshua was then capable, was carefully dusting the paintings in his picture gallery, and placing them in different points of view.

This passed at the conclusion of 1791; on the February of the following year, this friend, equally amiable and eminent, was no more!

Dr. Burnby, extremely unwell at that period himself, could not attend the funeral; which, under the direction of Mr. Burke, the chief executor, was conducted with the splendour due to the genius, and suitable to the fortune, of the departed. Dr. Charles Burnby was invited in the place of his father, and attended at the obsequies for both.

MR. HAYES.

Another last separation, long menacing, yet truly grievous to the doctor, was now almost momentarily impending. His good, gay-hearted, and talented old friend, Mr. Hayes, had had a new paralytic seizure, which, in the words of Dr. Burnby, "deprived him of the use of one side, and greatly affected his speech, eyes and ears; though his faculties were still as good and as sound as his heart."

This account had been addressed, the preceding year, to George Earl of Orford, by desire of the poor invalid.

Pitiable as was this species of existence, Mr. Hayes long lingered in it, with a patience and cheerfulness that kept him still open to the kind offices, as well as to the compassion of his friends: and Dr. Burnby had a regular correspondence with Lord Orford upon this subject, till it ceased with a calamitous catastrophe; not such as was daily expected to the ancient invalid, though then bedridden, and past eighty years of age, but to the earl himself, from an attack of insanity.

EARL OF ORFORD.

This was a new grief. Lord Orford had been not only an early patron, but a familiar friend of the doctor, during the whole of his sojourn in Norfolk.

This truly liberal, though, as has been acknowledged, not faultless nobleman, attached himself to all that was literary or scientific that came within reach of his kindness at Houghton Hall; yet without suffering this intellectual hospitality to abridge any of the magnificence of the calls of his kindred aristocracy, which belonged to his rank and fortune. His high appreciation of Mr. Bewley has been already mentioned; and his value of the innate, though unvarnished worth of Mr. Hayes, sprang from the same genuine sense of intrinsic merit.

Nearly in the meridian of his life, Lord Orford had been afflicted with a seizure of madness, occasioned by an unreflecting application of some repelling plaster or lotion to an eruption on the forehead, that had broken out just before one of the birth-days of the king, upon which, as his lordship was then first lord of the bedchamber in waiting, his attendance at St. James' had seemed indispensable.

This terrible malady, after repeated partial recoveries, and disappointing relapses, had appeared to be finally cured by the same gifted medical man who blessedly had restored his sovereign to the nation, Dr. Willis. Lord Orford, from that happy lucid interval, resided chiefly at Ereswell, his favorite villa. And here, once more, Dr. Burnby had had the cordial pleasure of passing a few days with this noble friend; who delighted to resort to that retirement from the grandeur and tumult of Houghton Hall.

It had been nineteen years since they had met; and the flow of conversation, from endless reminiscences, kept them up nearly all the first night of this visit. And Dr. Burnby declared that he had then found his lordship's head as clear, his heart as kind, and his converse as pleasing, as at any period of their early intercourse.

The relapse, by which, not three weeks after this meeting, the earl again lost his senses, had two current reports for its cause: the first of which gave it to a fall from his horse; the second to the sudden death of Mrs. Turk, his erst lovely Patty; "to whom," says the doctor in a letter, after his Ereswell visit, that was addressed to Mrs. Phillips, "he was more attached than ever, from her faithful and affectionate attendance upon him during the long season of his insanity; though, at this time, she was become a fat and rather coarse old woman."

MR. BURKE.

Upon the publication of the celebrated treatise of Mr. Burke on the opening of the French revolution, Dr. Burnby had felt re-wakened all his first unqualified admiration of its author, from a full conviction that error, wholly free from malevolence, had impelled alike his

violence in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and his assertions upon the incurability of the malady of the king; while a patriotism, superior to all party feeling, and above all considerations but the love of his country, had inspired every sentence of the immortal orator in his new work.

The doctor had interchanged some billets with Mr. Burke upon this occasion; and once or twice they had met; but only in large companies. This the doctor lamented to Mrs. Crewe; who promised that, if he would spend three or four days at her Hampstead little villa, she would engage for his passing one of them with Mr. Burke; though she should make, she added, her own terms; namely, "that you are accompanied, Mr. Doctor, by Miss Burnby."

Gladly the invitation and the condition were accepted; and the editor hopes to be pardoned, if again she spare herself the toil of recommitting to paper an account of this meeting, by copying one written at the moment to her sister Susanna. Egotistic in part it must inevitably be; yet not, she trusts, offensively; as it contains various genuine traits of Mr. Burke in society, that in no graver manner than in a familiar epistle could have been detailed.

"TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"At length, my Susan, the re-meeting so long suspended, with Mr. Burke, has taken place. Our dearest father was enlivened at the prospect of spending some hours with him; and of pouring forth again and again the rapturous delight with which he reads, and studies, and admires, the sublime new composition of this great statesman.

"But—my satisfaction, my dear Susan, with all my native enthusiasm for Mr. Burke, was not so unmingled. If such a meeting, after my long illness, and long seclusion, joined to my knowledge of his kind interest in them, had taken place speedily after that on Richmond Hill, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; where I beheld him with an admiration that seemed akin to enchantment; and that portrayed him all bright intelligence and gentle amenity;—instead of succeeding to the scenes of Westminster Hall; where I saw him furious to accuse,—inplaceable not to listen—and insane to vanquish! his respiration troubled, his features nearly distorted, and his countenance haggard with baneful animosity; while his voice, echoing up to the vaulted roof in tremendous execrations, poisoned the heated air with unheard-of crimes!—Oh! but for that more recent recollection, his sight, and the expectation of his kindness, would have given me once again a joy almost ecstatic."

"But now, from this double reminiscence, my mind, my ideas—disturbed as much as delighted—were in a sort of chaos; they could coalesce neither with pleasure nor with pain.

"Our dear father was saved all such conflicting perplexity, as he never attended the trial; and how faint are the impressions of report, compared with those that are produced by what we experience or witness! He was not, therefore, like me, harassed by the continual inward question: 'shall I see once more that noble physiognomy that, erst, so fascinated my fancy? or, am I doomed to behold how completely it is expression, not feature, that stamps the human countenance upon human view?'

"The little villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with great kindness, which you will easily believe was the last thing to surprise us. Her son was with her; a silent and reserved, but, I think, sensible young man, though looking—so blooming is she still—rather like her brother than her son. He is preparing to go to China with Lord Macartney. Her daughter we had ourselves brought from town, where she had been on a visit to the lovely Emily Ogilvie, at the Duchess Dowager of Leinster's. She, Miss Crewe, is become an intelligent and amiable adolescent; but so modest, that I never heard her uncourteous voice.

"Mr. Burke was not yet arrived; but young Burke,

"The editor cannot here refuse herself the satisfaction of inserting a remarkable speech, that was made to her by a professionally experienced physiognomist, the Rev. Thomas Willis, upon observing Mr. Burke, after he had spoken to her one day in Westminster Hall: 'Give me leave to ask—who was that you were conversing with just now?' 'Mr. Burke?' 'Is that possible?—Can a man who seeks by every means, not only the obvious and the fair, but the most obscure and irrelevant, to prosecute to infamy and persecute to death—a have a countenance of such marked honesty? Every line of his face denotes honour and probity!'

who, when I lived in the midst of things, was almost always at my side, like my shadow, wherever we met, though never obtrusively, was the first person I saw. I felt very glad to renew our old acquaintance; but I soon perceived a strangeness in his bow, that marked a decided change from fervent amity to cold civility.

"This hurt me much for this very estimable young man; but alarmed me ten thousand times more for his father, whose benevolent personal partiality—blame him as I may for one or two public acts—I could not forfeit without the acutest mortification, pain, and sorrow.

"But it now oppressively occurred to me, that perhaps young Mr. Burke, studiously as in whatever is political I always keep in the back ground, had discovered my antipathy to the state trial; for though I felt satisfied that Mr. Windham, to whom so openly I had revealed it, had held sacred, as he had promised, my secret—for how could honour and Mr. Windham be separated?—young Burke, who was always in the managers' box, must unavoidably have observed how frequently Mr. Windham came to converse with me from the great chamberlain's; and might even, perhaps, have so been placed, at times, in the House of Commons' partition, as to overhear my unrestrained wishes for the failure of the prosecution, from my belief in its injustice—and if so, how greatly must he have been offended for his revered father! to whom, also, he might, perhaps, have made known my sentiments!

"This idea demolished in a moment all my hope of pleasure in the visit; and I became more uncomfortable than I can describe.

"Our dear father did not perceive my disturbance. Always wisely alive to the present moment, he was occupied exclusively with young Mr. Crewe, at the motion of our fair hostess; who, after naming Lord Macartney's embassy, said: 'Come, Dr. Burnby, you, who know every thing, come and tell us all about China.'

"Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, who revived in me some better hopes; for she was just the same as I have always seen her; soft, serene, reasonable, sensible, and obliging; and we met, I think upon just as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

"Next appeared—for all the family inhabit, at present, some spot at Hampstead—Mr. Richard Burke, that original, humorous, flashing, and entertaining brother of the Burke, whom we have so often met, but whom we have never liked, or, at least, understood well enough to associate with for himself: nor yet liked ill enough to shirk when we have met him with others. From him I could develop nothing of my great point of inquietude, i. e. how I stood with his great brother; for I had put myself into a place, in my old way, in the back ground, with Miss Crewe, Miss French, a lively niece of Mr. Burke's, and a very pleasing Miss Townsend; and Mr. R. Burke did not recollect, or, probably, see me. But my father, immediately leaving young Crewe, and Lord Macartney, and the whole empire of China in the lurch, darted forward to expatiate with Mr. Richard upon his brother's noble essay.

"At length—Mr. Burke himself was announced, and made his appearance; accompanied by the tall, keen-eyed Mr. Elliot, one of the twelve managers of the impeachment; and a favourite friend of Mr. Windham's.

"The moment Mr. Burke had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, he turned round to shake hands, with an air the most cordial, with my father; who, proud of his alacrity, accepted the greeting with evident delight.

"I thought this the happiest chance for obtaining his notice, and I arose, though with a strong inward tremor, and ventured to make him a courtesy; but where was I, my dear Susan, when he returned me the most distant bow, without speaking or advancing?—though never yet had I seen him, that he had not made up to me with eager, nay, kind vivacity! nor been any where seated, that he had not taken a place next mine!

"Grieved I felt—O how grieved and mortified! not only at the loss of so noble a friend, but at the thought of having given pain and offence to one from whom I had received so much favour, and to whom I owed so much honour! and who, till those two deadly blights to his fair fame, the unsubstantiated charges against Mr. Hastings, and the baneful denunciation of the king's incurability, had appeared to me of a nature as exalted in purity of feeling as in energy of genius.

"While I hesitated,—all sad within—whether to retire to my retreat in the back ground, or to abide where I stood, obviously seeking to move his returning kindness, Mrs. Crewe suddenly said, 'I don't think I have introduced Mr. Elliot to Miss Burnby!'

"Mr. Elliot and I were certainly no strangers to each other's faces, so often had I seen him in the managers'

box, whence so often he must have seen me in the great chamberlain's but a slight bow and courtesy had hardly time to be exchanged between us—for the moment I was named, imagine my joy, my Susan, my infinite joy, to find that Mr. Burke had not recollected me! He is more near-sighted, considerably, even than my father or myself. "Miss Burney" in a tone of vivacity and surprise, he now exclaimed, coming instantly, courteously, and smilingly forward, and taking my willing hand, "and I did not see—did not know you!" And then, again, imagine my increasing joy, after this false alarm, to hear him utter words that were all sweetness and amiability, upon his pleasure on our re-meeting!

"I had so mournfully given up all hope of such sounds, that I was almost re-organised by the sudden transition from dejection to delight: and I felt a glow the most vivid tingle in my cheeks and my whole face. Mr. Burke, not aware of the emotion he himself had caused, from not having distinguished me before its operation, took the colour for re-established health, and the air of gaiety for regenerated vigour; and began to pour forth the most fervent expressions of satisfaction at my restoration. "You look," cried he, "still affectionately holding my hand, while benignly he fixed his investigating eyes upon my face, 'quite renewed!—revised!—in short, disengaged.' You seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite—" He paused for a word, and then finished with, "quite altered!" I never saw such a change for the better!"

"Ah, Mr. Burke, thought I, this is simply a mistake from judging by your own feelings. I seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly from distaste and disapprobation; and I here look changed for the better, because I here meet you with the rekindling animation of my first devotion to your incomparable genius. For never, my dear Susan, can I believe Mr. Burke to be either wilfully or consciously wrong. I am persuaded, on the contrary that his intentions are always pure; and that the two fatal transgressions which dispeled him of his supremacy of perfection, were both the wayward produce of that unaccountable and inexplicable occasional warp, which, in some or other unexpected instance, is sure, sooner or later, to betray an Hibernian origin; even in the most transcendent geniuses that spring from the land of Erin.

"Mrs. Crewe now made me take a seat by her side on the sofa; but, perceiving the earnestness with which Mr. Burke was talking to me—and the gratification he was giving to his hearer,—she smilingly rose, and left him her own place; which, with a little bow, he very composedly took. He then entered into a most animated conversation, of which while I had the chief address, young Mr. Crewe was the chief object; as it was upon Lord Macartney, the Chinese expedition, and two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These he described with a most amusing minuteness of detail; and then spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful terms; but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, as happily to enchain again my charmed attention into a return of my first enthusiasm—and with it a sensation of pleasure, that made the rest of the day delicious.

"My father soon afterwards joined us, and politics took the lead. Mr. Burke then spoke eloquently indeed; but with a vehemence that banished the graces, though it redoubled his energies. The French revolution, he said, which began by legalising injustice, and which, by rapid steps, had proceeded to every species of despotism, except owning a despot, was now menacing all mankind, and all the universe, with a diabolical concussion of all principle and order.

"My father, you will be very sure, heartily concurred in his opinions, and participated in his terrors. I assented tacitly to all that he addressed to me against the revolutionary horrors; but I was tacit without assent to his fears for stout old England. Surely with such a warning before us, we cannot fall into similar atrocities. We have, besides, so little comparatively, to redress! One speech he then made, that I though he meant to be explanatory of his own conduct, and apparent change in cutting Mr. Fox; as well as in the sentiments he has divulged in his late book in disfavour of democracy; or rather, perhaps, I ought to say of republicanism.

"After expatiating copiously and energetically upon the present pending dangers to even English liberty and property, and to all organised government, from so neighbouring a contagion of havoc and novelty, he abruptly exclaimed: 'This it is,—the hovering in the air of this tremendous mischief, that has made me an abettor and supporter of courts and kings! Monarchs are necessary! If we would preserve peace and prosperity, we

must preserve monarchs! We must all put our shoulders to the work; ay, and stoutly, too!—'

"Then, rising, somewhat moved, he turned suddenly towards me, and repeated—'Tis this,—and this alone, could have made me lend my shoulders to courts and to kings!' Here he hastily broke up the subject, and joined Mrs. Crewe, as every body else had already done, except Mr. Elliott; who had stood silent and fixed and tall, looking all the time in one hard stare at Mr. Burke and a certain sister of yours, with a sort of dry, but insatiable curiosity. I attribute it to his so often seeing Mr. Windham, with whom he is very intimate, converse with me at the trial. But whether he was pleased or displeased is all in his own bosom, as he never either smiled or frowned. He only stood erect and attentive. It was so odd, I could sometimes hardly keep my countenance; for there was nothing bold nor rude in his look: it was merely clever and curious.

"My dear father immediately followed Mr. Burke; as I, if I had not been ashamed, should have done too! for when Mr. Burke is himself—that is, in spirits, but not in a rage, there is no turning from him to any thing or any one else! and my father, who goes all lengths with him on the French revolution, was here, what I was at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, a 'rapt enthusiast!'

"The dinner, and, far more, when the servants were dismissed, the dessert, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Freddy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even then, and even on his own side, must always be excluded! His irritability is so terrible upon politics, that they are no sooner the topic of discourse, than they cast upon his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself against murderers!

"I must now give you such little detached traits as I can recollect.

"Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that lately, upon his being shown a passage upon some subject that, erst, he had warmly opposed, in Mr. Burke's book, but which, in the event, had made its own justification, very candidly said: 'Well, Burke is right!—but Burke is often right—only he is right too soon!'

"Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, 'as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country!'

"What!" cried Mrs. Crewe, 'with Pitt? No, no!—Pitt won't go out; and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt!'

"And why not?" said Mr. Burke, drily, almost severely; 'why not that coalition, as well as other coalitions?'

"Nobody tried to answer this! The remembrance of Mr. Fox with Lord North, Mr. Pitt with Lord Rockingham, &c., rose too forcibly to every mind; and Mrs. Crewe looked abashed."

"Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke, after this pause, 'can never, internally, like this French revolution. He is!—he stopped for a word, and then added, 'entangled!—but, in himself, if he could find no other objection to it, he has, at least, too much taste for such a revolution!'

"Mr. Elliott then related that he had recently been in company with some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions concerning the new French ministry; but they had answered that they knew not one of them, even by name! 'Think,' said he, 'what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration were formed here of English men, of whom we had never before heard the names? What statesmen must they be! How prepared and fitted for government? To begin being known by being at the helm!'

"Mr. Richard Burke then narrated, very comically, various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work; accusing him of being the *Abettor of Despots*, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the king of France! and the *Friend of Slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished!

"Mr. Burke had looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, not knowing, I presume, whether his odd fancy might lead him; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—*The Burke*—good humouredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, cried: 'Come, then, Miss Burney! here's slavery for ever!'

* Mr. Burke, in one of his unpublished letters, says, 'Coalition is the condition of mankind!'

"Th's was well understood, and (choed round the table.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Furke,' cried Mrs. Crewe, laughing, 'if it could but get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now *spoken out!* The truth has come to light *over a little of wine!* and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged! I should like,' added she, laughing quite heartily, 'to draw up the paragraph myself!'

"Pray then," said Mr. Burke, 'complete it by putting in, that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney!—in order to pay my court to the queen!'

"This sport went on, till, upon Mr. Elliott again mentioning France, and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke, filling himself a bumper, and flourishing his left hand, whilst preparing with his right to toss it off, cried, 'come! here's confusion to confusion!'

"When the party broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Burke joined in giving my dear father and me a most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield. How I should delight in its acceptance!"

1793.

This happy summer excursion may be said to have charmed away, for awhile, from Dr. Burney, a species of evil which for some time had been hovering over him, and which was as new as it was inimical to his health; and as unwelcome as, hitherto, it had been unknown to his disposition; namely, a slow, unfixed, and nervous feverishness, which had infested his whole system; and which, in defiance of this salubrious episode, soon ruthlessly returned; robbing his spirits, as well as his frame, of elasticity; and casting him into a state, the least natural to his vigorous character, of wasteful depression.

This recent mental trials had been grievous and severely felt. The loss of his old and much valued friend, Mr. Hayes, and of his far more admired, and almost equally prized favourite, Sir Joshua Reynolds, joined to that of his early and constantly attached patron, the earl of Orford, had all been indicted, or been menacing, at the same time; and a continual anxious watchfulness over the gradual deterioration of health, and decay of life, of three such cherished friends, now nearly the last of early associations—had been all adapted for impeding the mischief of the long and deeper disturbance caused by the precarious health, and singular situation, of his second daughter; and the accumulation of the whole had, slowly and underminingly, brought him into the state that has been described.

The sole employment to which, during this morbid interval, he could turn himself, was the difficult, the laborious work of composing the most learned and recondite canons and fugues; to which study and exposition of his art, he committed all the activity that he could command from his fatigued faculties.

This distressing state lasted, without relief or remittance, till it was suddenly and rudely superseded by a violent assault of acute rheumatism; which drove away all minor or subservient maladies, by the predominance of a torturing pain that nearly nullified every thing but itself.

He was now ordered to Bath, where the waters, the change of scene, the casually meeting with old friends, and incidentally forming new ones, so recruited his health and his nerves, by chasing away what he called the foul fiend that had subjugated his animal spirits, that he was soon imperceptibly restored to his fair genial existence.

One circumstance, more potent, perhaps, in effect, than the concurrence of every other, contributed to this revivifying termination, by a power that acted as a spell upon his mind and happiness; namely, the enlightening society of the incomparable Mr. Burke; who, most fortunately for the invalid, was then at Bath, with his amiable wife, his beloved son, and his admiring brother; and whose own good taste led him to claim the chief portion of Dr. Burney's recreative leisure. And with Mr. Burke Dr. Burney had every feeling, every thought, nay, every emotion in common, with regard to that sole topic of the times, the French Revolution.

GENERAL D'ARLWAY.

The deep public interest which Doctor Burney, whether as a citizen of the world, or a sound patriot, took in the disastrous situation of France, was ere long destined to goad yet more pungently his private feelings, from becoming, in some measure, personal.

At the elegant mansion of the friend whose sight she never met but with mingled tenderness and reverence, Mr. Locke, the doctor's second daughter began an acquaintance that, imperceptibly, led to a connection

of high esteem and genial sympathy, that no opposition could spirit, no danger intimidate, and no time—that impelling underminer of nearly all things—could wither.

But though to the strong hold of an attachment of which the basis is a believed congeniality of character, no difficulties are ultimately unconquerable, the obstacles to this were more than commonly formidable. M. d'Arbly was at that time so situated, that he must perform accompany the friend with whom he acted, Count Louis de Narbonne, to Switzerland; or decide to fix his own abode permanently in England, in the only manner which appeared desirable to him, a home connection with a chosen object.

Not a ray of hope opened then to point to any restoration in France of order and monarchy, with liberty, to which M. d'Arbly inviolably adhered; and exile from his country, his family, and his friends, seemed to him a lot of blessedness, in comparison to joining the murderous and regicidal republic.

Dr. Burney, it may well be believed, was startled, was afflicted, when a proposition was made to him for the union of his daughter with a ruined gentleman—a foreigner—an emigrant; but the proposition came under the sanction of the wisest as well as kindest of that daughter's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, of Norbury Park; and with the fullest sympathies of his cherished Susanna, who already had demonstrated the affection, and adopted the conduct, of a sister to M. d'Arbly. The doctor could not, therefore, turn from the application implacably; he only hesitated, and demanded time for consideration.

The dread of pecuniary embarrassment, secretly stimulated and heightened by a latent hope and belief in a far more advantageous connection, strongly opposed a free and happy consent to an alliance which otherwise, from all he heard or could gather of the merits, the character, and rank in life of M. d'Arbly, he would have thought to use his own words, "an honour to his daughter, to himself, and to his family."

Fortunately, about this time, the Prince de Poix and the Comte de Lally Tolendahl, wrote some letters, in which were interspersed their personal attestations of the favour in which they knew M. d'Arbly to have stood with Louis XVI.; mingled with their intimate conviction of the spotless honour, the stainless character, and the singularly amiable disposition for which, in his own country, M. d'Arbly had been distinguished.

These letters with their writers' permission, were shown to Dr. Burney; whom they so touched, were charmed, as to conquer his prudence of resistance; and at the village of Nickelham, in the vicinity of Norbury Park, the marriage took place.

Mr. Locke, whose unerring judgment foresaw what would make both parties happy, and whose exquisite sensibility made all virtuous felicity a bosom joy to himself, took the responsible part of father to M. d'Arbly, at the altar, where, in the absence of the doctor, Captain Burney gave his sister to that gentleman: who quickly, or rather immediately, won from his honoured new relation, an esteem, a kindness, and an affection, that never afterwards failed or faded.

Of sterner stuff than entered into the composition of Dr. Burney must that heart have been moulded, that could have witnessed the noble conduct of that truly loyal sufferer in the calamities of his king and country, General d'Arbly; and could have seen the cheerful self-denial with which he devoted his expenditures to his wants, and his wants to the mere calls of necessity; save where he feared involving his partner in his privations—in one word, who could have beheld him, at the opening of his married career, in the village of Bookham, turn instantly from the uncontrolled restlessness, and careless scorn of foresight, of the roving military life, into a domestic character of the most sage description; renouncing all foreign pleasures; retiring from even martial ambition, though it had been the glory of his hopes, and the bent of his genius, without a murmur, since he no longer thought it coalesced with honour; for home occupations, for family economies, for fire-side enjoyments,—and not be struck by such manly self-command, such active, such practical virtue.

And while stilled by this generous prudence were the inward fears of Dr. Burney with regard to this union, his outward and more public solitudes were equally removed, by a letter which his daughter d'Arbly had the high honour and joy to receive, written by royal order, in answer to her respectful information of her marriage to the queen: containing, most benignly by his own command, the gracious good wishes of the king

himself, joined to those of the queen and all the princesses, for her health and happiness.

MR. BURKE.

And, next only to this deeply gratifying condescension, must be ranked for Dr. Burney, the glowing pleasure with which he welcomed, and copied for Bookham, the cordial kindness upon this occasion of Mr. Burke. The letter conveying its energetic and most singular expression, was written to Dr. Burney by the great orator himself; and speaks first of a plan that had his fullest approbation and most liberal aid, suggested by Mrs. Crewe, in favour of the French emigrant priests; from which Mr. Burke proceeds to treat of the taking of 'Toulon' by Lord Hood; and his, Mr. Burke's, hope of ultimate success, from the possession of that great port and arsenal of France in the Mediterranean; after which he adds:

"Besides my general wishes, the establishment of Madame d'Arbly is a matter in which I take no slight interest; if I had not the greatest affection to her virtues, my admiration of her incomparable talents would make me desirous of an order of things which would bring forward a gentleman of whose merits, by being the object of her choice, I have no doubt: his choice of her too would give me the best possible opinion of his judgment."

"I am, with Mrs. Burke's best regards, and all our best wishes for you, and M. and Madame d'Arbly, my dear sir,

Yours, &c.

EDMD. BURKE."

The zeal of Mrs. Crewe to propitiate the cause of the emigrant French clergy, mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke, induced her now to enlist as a principal aid-camp to her scheme, Dr. Burney; who, having never acquired that power of negation, which the world at large seems so generally to possess, of shirking all personal applications that lead to no avenue, whether straight or oblique, of personal advantage, immediately listened to her call; and thus mentions the subject in a letter to Bookham.

"Mrs. Crewe, having seen at East Bourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy, suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has, for some time, had in meditation a plan for procuring an addition to the small allowance that the committee at the Freemason's Hall is able to spare from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour."

Dr. Burney lost not a moment in assisting this liberal project; in which he had the happiness of engaging the powerful energies of Mr. Windham. And, soon afterwards, growing warmer in the business, from seeing more of the pious sufferers, he consented to become honorary secretary himself to the private society of the ladies who were at the head of this charitable exertion; of which the Marchioness of Buckingham was nominated chief, at the desire of Mrs. Crewe.

GENERAL D'ARBLY.

Such were the exertions of Dr. Burney, such the concurrent occupations of the happy new recluse, when suddenly a whirlwind encompassed the cottage of the latter, that involved its tenants in tremulous disorder.

It was raised by the taking of Toulon, just mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke; and began its workings upon the female hermit on the evening of a day which had brightly dawned upon her, in bringing the junction of the sullage of her father upon her pamphlet to that of her life's partner.

Her own account of this shock, written to Dr. Burney, will be here inserted, because it was preserved by the doctor as characteristic of the principles and conduct of his new son-in-law.

"Bookham, 1794.

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"When I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of human beings; I make no exception. I think none possible. Not a wish remained for me—not a thought of forming one!

"This was just the period—in it not always so?—for a stroke of sorrow to reverse the whole scene! That very evening, M. d'Arbly communicated to me his desire of re-entering the army, and—of going to Toulon!

"He had intended, upon our marriage, to retire wholly from public life. His services and his sufferings, in his severe military career,—repaid by exile and con-

fiscation, and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his sovereign, had fulfilled, though not satisfied the claims of his conscience and his honour, and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society: but—the second declaration of Lord Hood no sooner reached this obscure little dwelling; no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution, to which he had sworn, united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of monarchical patriotism now carries him back to war and public service.

"I dare not speak of myself!—except to say that I have forborne to distress him by a single solicitation. All the felicity that our own chosen and loved retirement, would effectually be annulled, by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any public duty.

"He is now writing an offer for entering as a volunteer into the army destined for Toulon; together with a list of his past services up to his becoming commandant of Longwy; and the dates of his various promotions to the last recorded of marshal de camp, which was yet unsigned and unsealed, when the captivity of Louis XVI. forced the emigration which brought M. d'Arbly to England.

"This memorial he addresses, and means to convey in person to Mr. Pitt."

"To Dr. Burney, with all his consideration for his daughter, this enterprise appeared not to be inauspicious; and its spirit and loyalty warmly endeared to him his new relative: who could not, however, give proof of the noble verity of his sentiments and intentions, till many years later; for before the answer of Mr. Pitt to the memorial could be returned, the attempt upon Toulon proved abortive.

"The doctor continued in his benevolent post of private secretary to the charitable ladies of the emigrant clergy contribution, so long as the committee lasted; though with so expert a distribution of time, that his new office robbed him not of the pleasure to yet enlarge the elegance of his literary circles, by being initiated into the blue parties of Lady Lucan, supported by her accomplished daughter, Lady Spencer.

MR. MASON.

He now, also, renewed into long and social meetings, at his own apartments at Chelsea College, an acquaintance of forty-six years' standing with Mason, the poet; by whom he was often consulted upon schemes of church psalmody, with respect both to its composition and execution; as well as upon other desirable improvements in our sacred harmony; which Mr. Mason, from practical knowledge both of music and poetry, was peculiarly fitted to investigate and refine.

Of this formation of intimacy, rather than renewal of acquaintance, Dr. Burney, in his letters to the hermits, spoke with great pleasure; though, while always admiring the talents, and esteeming the private character of that charming poet, he never lost either his regret or his blame for the truly clerical use made of his powers of wit and humour, by the insidious, yet biting sarcasms, levelled against his virtuous sovereign in the poetical epistle to Sir William Chambers.

MRS. THIRALE PIOZZI.

Chiefly cheering, however, and agreeable to the doctor, was an unexpected re-meeting with a long favourite friend, from whom he had unavoidably, and most unpleasantly, been separated,—Mrs. Thrale; whom now, for the first time, he saw as Mrs. Piozzi.

It was at one of the charming concerts of the charming musician, Salomon, that this occurred. Dr. Burney knew not that she was returned from Italy, whither she had gone speedily after her marriage; till here, with much surprise, he perceived amongst the audience, *Il Signor Piozzi*.

Approaching him, with an aspect of cordiality, which was met with one of welcoming pleasure, they entered into talk upon the performers and the instruments, and the enchanting compositions of Haydn. Dr. Burney then engaged, with all the interest he most sincerely felt, after *la sua consorte*. Piozzi, turning round, pointed to a sofa, on which, to his infinite joy, Dr. Burney beheld Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, seated in the midst of her daughters, the four Miss Thrales.

His pleasure seemed reciprocated by Mrs. Piozzi, who, sportively ejaculating, "Here's Dr. Burney as young as ever!" held out to him her hand with lively amity.

His satisfaction now expanded into a conversational gaiety, that opened from them both those fertile sources of entertainment, that originally had rendered them most

agreeable to each other; the younger branches, with amiable good-humour, contributing to the spirit of this unexpected junction.

The Bookhamite Recluse, to whom this occurrence was immediately communicated, received it with true and tender delight. Most joyfully would she, also, have held out her hand to that once so dear friend, from whom she could never sever her heart, had she happily been of this Salomonic party.

Twice only this lady and the memorialist had yet met, since the Italian marriage; once at a large assemblage at Mrs. Locke's; and afterwards at Windsor, on the way to St. George's chapel; but neither of these meetings, from circumstantial obstacles, led to any further intercourse; though each of them offered indications to both parties of always subsisting kindness.

METASTASIO.

Dr. Burney still, as he had done nearly from the hour that his History was finished, composed various articles for the Monthly Review. But so precarious and irregular a call upon his fertile abilities, sufficed not for his occupation; and he soon started a new work, on a subject peculiar and appropriate, that came singularly home to his business and bosom; though it was offered to him only by that fatal power which daily and unfailingly lavishes before us subjects for our discussions—and for our tears!—Death; which, some time previously to the liberation of the doctor's mind from the arcanæ of musical history, had cast the Life and Writings of the Abate Metastasio upon posterity.

No poet could be more congenial to Dr. Burney than Metastasio, the purity of whose numbers was mellifluous in concord with the purity of his sentiments; while both were in perfect unison with the taste of the doctor. He considered it, professionally, to be even a duty, for the historian of the art of music, to raise, as far as in him lay, a biographical monument to the glory of the man whose poetry, after that which is sacred, is best adapted to inspire the lyric muse with strains of genial harmony, in all the impassioned varieties that the choral shell is capable of generate for the musical enthusiast.

The first object of Dr. Burney in his visit to Vienna, at the period of his German tour, had been to see and to converse with Metastasio; whose resplendent lyrical fame had raised him, in his own dramatic career, to a height unequalled throughout Europe.

The beauteous reception given to the doctor by this amiable and venerable bard; the charm of his converse; the meekly borne honours by which he was distinguished and surrounded; and the delightful performances, and graceful attractions of his niece, Mademoiselle Martinez, are fully and feelingly set forth in the third volume of the Musical Tours.

When decided, therefore, upon this subject for his pen and his powers, he employed himself without delay in preparatory measures for his new undertaking; and procured every edition of the poet's works, to gleam from each all that might incidentally be interspersed of anecdote, in letters, advertisements, prefaces, or notes.

BOOKHAM.

In the first of the domestic and amical tours that were made after the marriage of his second daughter, he suddenly turned out of his direct road to take a view of the dwelling of the hermits of Bookham; in which rural village they were temporarily settled, in a small but pleasant cottage.

It was not, perhaps, without the spur of some latent solicitude, some anxious incertitude, that Dr. Burney made this first visit to them abruptly, at an early hour, and when believed far distant; and if so, never were kind doubts more kindly solved: he found all that most tenderly he could wish—concord and content; gray concord, and grateful content.

CAMILLA; OR A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

The Memoirs of Metastasio, with all their interest to a man whose love of literary composition was so eminently his ruling passion, surmounted not—for nothing could surmount—the parental benevolence that welcomed with encouragement, and bailed with hope, a project now communicated to him of a new work, the third in succession, from the author of *Evclina* and *Cecilia*.

That author, however, now a mother as well as a wife, was induced to print this, her third literary essay, by a hazardous mode of publicity, from which her nervously retired temperament had made her, in former days, recoil, even when it was eloquently suggested for her by

Mr. Burke to Dr. Burney; namely, the mode of subscription.

But, at this period, she felt a call against her distaste at once conjugal and maternal. Her noble-minded partner, though the most ardent of men to be himself what he thought belonged to the dignity of his sex, the efficient purveyor of his own small home and family, was despoiled, by events over which he had no control, of that post of honour.

This scheme, therefore, was adopted. Its history, however, would be here a matter of supererogation, save as far as it includes Dr. Burney in its influence and effect; for neither the author, nor her partner in all, could feel greater delight than was experienced by Dr. Burney, from the three principal circumstances which emanated from this undertaking.

The first of these was the honour graciously accorded by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, of suffering her august name to stand at the head of the book, by deigning to accept its dedication.

The second was the feminine approbation marked for the author by three ladies, equally conspicuous for their virtues and their understanding; the honourable and sagacious Mrs. Boscawen, the beautiful and zealous Mrs. Crewe, and the exemplary and captivating Mrs. Locke; who each kept books for the subscription, which the kindness of their friendship raised as highly in honour as in advantage.

And the third circumstance, to the doctor the most touching, because now the least expected, was the energetic interest, to which the prospect of seeing this meretricious feeling again from obscurity, re-animating the still generous feelings of the now nearly sinking, altered, gone, Mr. Burke! who, on finding that his charges against Mr. Hastings were adjudged in Westminster Hall to be unfounded, though he was still persuaded himself that they were just, had retired from parliament, wearied and disgusted; and who, on the following year, had lost his deeply attached brother; and, almost immediately afterwards, his nearly idolised son, who was "the pride of his heart, and the joy of his existence," to use his own words in a paragraph of a letter written to the mutually respected and faithful friend of himself and of Dr. Burney, Mrs. Crewe.

That lady, well acquainted with the reverence of Dr. Burney for Mr. Burke, and the attachment with which Mr. Burke returned it, generally communicated her letters from Beaconsfield to Chelsea College; and not unfrequently with a desire that they might be forwarded on to Bookham; well knowing that the extraordinary partiality of Mr. Burke for its female recluse, would make him more than pardon the kind pleasure of Mrs. Crewe in granting that recluse such an indulgence.

The letter, whence is taken the fond sad phrase just quoted, was written in answer to the first letter of Mrs. Crewe to Mr. Burke, after his irreparable bereavement; and the whole of the paragraph in which it occurs will now be copied, to elucidate the interesting circumstance for Dr. Burney to which it led. Beautiful is the paragraph in the pathetic resignation of its submission. No flowery orator here expands his imagination; nothing finds vent but the touching simplicity of a tender parent's heart-breaking sorrow.

"TO MRS. CREWE.

"We are thoroughly sensible of your humanity and compassion to this desolate house.

"We are as well as people can be, who have nothing further to hope or fear in this world. We are in a state of quiet: but it is the tranquillity of the grave—in which all that could make life interesting to us is laid—and to which we are hastening as fast as God pleases. This place is no longer pleasant to us! and yet we have more satisfaction, if it may be so called, here than any where else. We go in and out, without any of those sentiments of conviviality and joy which alone can create an attachment to any spot. We have had a loss which time and reflection rather increase the sense of. I declare to you that I feel more this day, than on the dreadful day in which I was deprived of the comfort and support, the pride and ornament of my existence!"

Mrs. Crewe, extremely affected by this distress, and as eager to draw her illustrious friend from his consuming grief, as to save and to gratify the new recluse, sent to Beaconsfield the next year, 1795, the plan, in which she took so prominent a part, for bringing forth *Camilla*, or a Picture of Youth; in the hope of re-exciting his interest for its author.

The following is the answer which, almost with exult-

ation of kindness, Mrs. Crewe transmitted to the hermits.

"TO MRS. CREWE.

"As to *Miss Burney*—the subscription ought to be, for certain persons, five guineas: and to take but a single copy each. The rest as it is. I am sure that it is a disgrace to the age and nation, if this be not a great thing for her. If every person in England who has received pleasure and instruction from *Cecilia*, were to rate its value at the hundredth part of their satisfaction, Madame d'Arbly would be one of the richest women in the kingdom.

"Her scheme was known before she lost two of her most respectful admirers from this house;" and this, with Mrs. Burke's subscription and mine, make the paper I send you.† One book is as good as a thousand: one of hers is certainly as good as a thousand others."

METASTASIO.

In 1795 the memoirs of Metastasio made their appearance in the republic of letters. They were received with interest and pleasure by all readers of taste, and lovers of the lyric muse. They had not, indeed, that brightness of popular success which had flourished into the world the previous works of the doctor; for though the name of Metastasio was familiar to all who had any pretensions to an acquaintance with the classical muse, whether ancient or modern, it was only the chosen few who had any enjoyment of his merit, or who understood the motives to his fame. The Italian language was by no means then in its present general cultivation; and the feeling, exalted dramas of this tenderly touching poet, were only brought forward, in England, by the miserable, mawkish, no-meaning translations of the opera-house hired scribes! And all that was most elegant and most refined, in thought as well as in language, of this classical bard, was frequently so ill rendered into English, as to become mere matter of risibility, held up for mockery and ridicule.

The translations, or, more properly speaking, imitations, occasionally interspersed in this work, of some of the poetry of Metastasio, were the most approved by the best critics: as so breathing the sentiments and the style of the author, that they read, said Horace Lord Orford, like two originals.

The kindly predilection of Mr. Burke, brought forward with such previous and decided partiality for this new enterprise, never reached its intent. Mr. Burke received it at Bath, on the bed of sickness, in the anguish of his lingering and ceaseless depression for the loss of his son; and when he was too ill and weak to have spirits even to open its leaves; withheld, perhaps, the more poignantly, from internal recurrence to the happy family parties to which repeatedly he had read its two predecessors, in the hearing of him by whom his voice now could be heard no more!

Visited by Mrs. Crewe, soon after the appearance of *Camilla* in the world, he said, "How ill I am you will easily believe, when a new work of Madame d'Arbly's lies on my table, unread!"

To Dr. Burney the result of this publication was fondly pleasing, in realising a project formed by the willing hermits, immediately upon their marriage, of constructing a slight and economical, but pretty and convenient cottage, for their residence and property.

Most welcome, indeed, to the doctor was a scheme that had their settlement in England for its basis; and most consoling to the harassed mind and fortunes of M. d'Arbly was the prospect of creating for himself a new home; since his native one, at that time, seemed lost even to his wishes, in appearing lost to religion, to monarchy, and to humanity.

Almost instantly, therefore, after the return of the hermits from the honoured presentation of *Camilla* at Windsor, a plan previously drawn up by M. d'Arbly was brought forward for execution; and a small dwelling was erected as near as possible to the Norbury mansion, on a field adjoining to its park, and rented by the hermits from the incomparable Mr. Locke.

EARL MACARTNEY.

The celebrated embassy of Lord Macartney to China, which had taken place in the year 1792, had led her lordship to consult with Dr. Burney upon whatever be-

* Beaconsfield.

† A £20 Bank Note.

‡ The translations of Mr. Hoole were not yet in circulation.

longed to musical matters, whether instruments, compositions, band, or decorations, that might contribute, in that line, to its magnificence.

The reputation of Dr. Burney, in his own art, might fully have sufficed to draw to him for counsel, in that point, this sagacious ambassador; but, added to this obvious stimulus, Lord Macartney was a near relation of Mrs. Crewe, through whom he had become intimately acquainted with the doctor's merits; which his own high attainments and intelligence well befitted him to note and to value.

Always interested in whatever was brought forward to promote general knowledge, and to facilitate our intercourse with our distant fellow creatures, Dr. Burney, even with eagerness, bestowed a considerable portion of his time, as well as of his thoughts, in meditating upon musical plans relative to this expedition; animated, not alone by the spirit of the embassy, but by his admiration of the ambassador; who, with unlimited trust in his taste and general skill, as well as in his perfect knowledge upon the subject, gave *carte blanche* to his discretion for whatever he could either select or project. And so pleased was his lordship both with the doctor's collection and suggestions, and so sensible to the time and the pains bestowed upon the requisite researches, that, on the eve of departure, his lordship, while uttering a kind farewell, brought forth a striking memorial of his regard, in a superb and very costly silver inkstand, of the most beautiful workmanship; upon which he had had engraven a Latin motto, flatteringly expressive of his esteem and friendship for Dr. Burney.

At this present period, 1796, this accomplished nobleman was again preparing to set sail, upon a new and splendid appointment, of governor and captain-general of the Cape of Good Hope; and again, upon the leave-taking visit of the doctor, he manifested the same spirit of kindness that he had displayed when parting for China.

In a room full of company, to which he had been exhibiting the various treasures prepared as presents for his approaching enterprise, he gently drew the doctor apart, and whispered, "To you, Dr. Burney, I must show the greatest personal indulgence, and private recreation, that I have selected for my voyage." He then took from a highly finished travelling bookcase, a volume of Camilla, which had been published four or five months; and smilingly said, "This I have not yet opened! nor will I suffer any one to anticipate a word of it to me; and, still less, suffer myself to take a glimpse of even a single sentence—till I am many leagues out at sea; that then, without hindrance of business, or any impediment whatever, I may read the work throughout with uninterrupted enjoyment."

The peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart; whose presence always exhilarated, or whose absence saddened every branch of it, his daughter Susanna, was called, by inevitable circumstances, from his paternal embraces and fond society, to accompany her husband and children upon indispensable business, to Ireland; then teeming with every evil that invasion, rebellion, civil war, and famine, could unite to inflict.

But not here ended the sharp reverse of this altered year; scarcely had this harrowing filial separation taken place, ere an assault was made upon his conjugal feelings, by the sudden death of Mrs. Burney, his second wife.

She had been for many years a valetudinarian; but her spirits, though natively unequal, had quick and animated returns to their pristine gaiety; which, joined to an uncommon muscular force that endured to the last, led all but herself to believe in her still retained powers of revival.

Extremely shocked by this fatal event, the doctor sent the tidings by express to Bookham; whence the female recluse, speeded by her kind partner, instantly set off for Chelsea College. There she found the doctor encircled by most of his family, but in the lowest spirits, and in a weak and shattered state of nerves; and there she spent with him, and his youngest daughter, Sarah Harriot, the whole of the first melancholy period of this great change.

It was at this time, during their many and long *tête à têtes*, that he communicated to her almost all the desultory documents, which up to the year 1796, form these memoirs.

His sole occupation, when they were alone, was searching for, and committing to her examination, the whole collection of letters, and other manuscripts relative to his life and affairs, which, up to that period, had been written, or hoarded. These, which she read aloud to him in succession, he either placed alphabetically in the

pigeon holes of his bureau, or cast at once into the flames.

In his letters, after the return of the memorialist to her cottage, the sadness of his mind is touchingly portrayed.

MR. BURKE.

A deeply mourned and widely mournful loss tried again, with poignant sorrow, his kindest affections.

On the 10th of July, 1797, he received the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—I am grieved to tell you that your late friend, Mr. Burke, is no more. He expired last night, at half-past twelve o'clock.

"The long, steady, and unshaken friendship which had subsisted between you and him, renders this a painful communication; but it is a duty I owe to such friendship.

I am, dear sir, &c.,

EDW. NAGLE.

"Beaconsfield, 9th July, 1797."

Hard, indeed, was this blow to Dr. Burney. He lamented this high character in all possible ways, as a friend, a patriot, a statesman, an orator, and a man of the most exalted genius.

"He was certainly," says his letter to Bookham upon this event, "one of the greatest men of the present century; and, I think I might say, the best orator and statesman of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices, to which I did not subscribe; but I always ardently admired his great abilities, his warmth of friendship, his constitutional urbanity."

MRS. CREWE.

The unwearied Mrs. Crewe, grieved at the fresh dejection into which these reiterated misfortunes cast the doctor, now started a scheme that had more of promise than any other that could have been devised of affording him some exhilaration. This was arranging an excursion that would lead him to visit the scene of his birth, that of his boyhood, and that of his education; namely Shrewsbury, Condover, and Chester; by prevailing with him to accompany her to Mr. Crewe's noble ancient mansion of Crewe Hall; a proposal so truly grateful to his feelings, that he found it resistless.

HERSHEL.

Upon the return of Dr. Burney to Chelsea, his astronomical project became his great amusement as well as occupation.

An account of the first visit to Dr. Herschel, at Slough, upon this astronomical pilgrimage, written by Dr. Burney, to Bookham, in September, 1797, displays, though unintentionally, the characters of both these men of science, with a genuine simplicity that can hardly fail of giving pleasure to every unsophisticated reader.

After mentioning a call upon Lord Chesterfield, at Baillies, in the neighbourhood of Slough, he says:

"I went thence to Dr. Herschel, with whom I had arranged a meeting by letter; but being, through a mistake, before my time, I stopped at the door, to make enquiry whether my visit would be the least inconvenient to Herschel that night, or the next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the carriage himself, to press me to alight immediately, and partake of his family repast; and this he did so heartily, that I could not resist. I was introduced to the company at table; four ladies, and a little boy. I was quite shocked at intruding upon so many females. I knew not that Dr. Herschel was married, and expected only to have found his sister. One of these females was a very old lady, and mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who sat at the head of the table. Another was a daughter of Dr. Wilson, an eminent astronomer, of Glasgow; the fourth was Miss Herschel. I apologised for coming at so uncouth an hour, by telling my story of missing Lord Chesterfield, through a blunder; at which they were all so cruel as to join in rejoicing; and then in soliciting me to send away my carriage, and stay and sleep there. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*; but, in spite of my blushes, I was obliged to submit to having my trunk taken in, and my carriage sent. We soon grew acquainted; I mean the ladies and I; for Herschel I have known very many years; and before dinner was over, we all seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good humoured, unpretending, and obliging; Miss Herschel is all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensible and harmless; and the little boy entertaining, comical, and promising.* Herschel, you know, and

every body knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer. Your health was immediately given and drunk after dinner, by Dr. Herschel; and, after much social conversation, and some hearty laughs, the ladies proposed taking a walk by themselves, in order to leave Herschel and me together. We two, therefore, walked, and talked over my subject, *tête à tête*, round his great telescope, till it grew dark and dusk; and then we retreated into his study to philosophise. I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea. After which, we retired again to the study; where, having now paved the way, we began to enter more fully into my poetical plan; and he pressed me to read to him what I had done. Lord help his head! he little thought I had eight books, or cantos, of from four hundred to eight hundred and twenty lines, which to read through would require two or three days! He made me, however, unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book; or the character of any great astronomer that he pleased. 'O,' cried he, 'let us have the beginning.' I read then the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium; and then told him I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus. I began, therefore, my eighth chapter.

"He gave me the greatest encouragement; repeatedly saying that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and he only stopped me at two places; one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe; and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, &c. &c.; but he made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overcast me, and prevented my reading to him any part of my work! This was, that he had almost always had an aversion to poetry; which he had generally regarded as an arrangement of fine words, without any adherence to truth; but he presently added that, when truth and science were united to those fine words, he then liked poetry very well.

"The next morning, he made me read as much, from another chapter, on Descartes, as the time would allow; for I had ordered my carriage at twelve. But I stayed on, reading, talking, asking questions, and looking at books and instruments, at least another hour, before I could leave this excellent man."

1798.

The spring of the following year, 1798, opened to Dr. Burney with pupils, operas, concerts, conversations, and assemblies in their usual round. All that is marked as peculiar, in his memorandums, is the intimate view which he had opportunity to take of the triumphant elevation of commercial splendour over even the highest aristocratic, in the entertainments of this season.

His late new acquaintance, Mr. Walker, of Liverpool, and his charming wife, not only, the doctor says, in their balls, concerts, suppers, and masquerades, rivalled all the nobles in expense, but in elegance. And that with an *éclat* so indisputable, as to make those overpowered great ones "hide their diminished heads;" or raise them only in a tribute of patriotic admiration, at a proof so brilliant of the true national ascendancy of all-conquering commerce.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

Not the least, nor least prized honour, in the life of Dr. Burney, occurred in the June of this year, 1798, in seconding the motion of Mr. Windham for the election of Mr. Canning as a member of the literary club; "though, strange to say," he relates, "I had already honoured myself by seconding the same motion once before, when Mr. Canning was put up, I believe, by Lord Spencer; but was rejected by one abominable party black-ball, though there were ten or eleven balls all white."

The election this time, however, was honourable to the club, for it was successful to Mr. Canning. And Mr. Marsden, author of the curious and spirited account of Sumatra, was happily white-balled at the same time; which Dr. Burney called, in his next letter to the *Hermits*, a revival of the true spirit of the institution.

CAMILLA COTTAGE.

In the ensuing September, the doctor writes, in a manuscript memoir:

"This autumn, September, 1798, after spending a week at Hampton, at the house of Lady Mary Duncan, who

* The present celebrated mathematician and author.

did the honours of that charming neighbourhood, by carrying me to all the fine places in its circle, Hampton Court, Mrs. Garrick's, Richmond Hill and Park, Outlands, Kew Gardens, &c.; I went to Mrs. and Miss Crewe at Tunbridge; where I enjoyed, for more than a fortnight, all the honours of the place in the most honourable and pleasant manner.

"And thence I went to Camilla Cottage at West Hamble; a cottage built on a slice of Norbury Park, by M. d'Arbly and my daughter, from the production of Camilla, her third work; where, and at Mr. and Mrs. Locke's, I passed my time most pleasantly, in reading, in rural quiet, or in charming conversation."

This small residence, here mentioned by Dr. Burney, of which the structure was just now completed, had, playfully received from himself the name of Camilla Cottage; which name was afterwards adopted by all the friends of the hermits.

Its architect, who was also its principal, its most efficient, and even its most laborious workman, had so skillfully arranged its apartments for use and for pleasure, by investing them with imperceptible closets, cupboards, and adroit recesses; and contriving to make every window offer a freshly beautiful view from the surrounding beautiful prospects, that while its numerous, though invisible, conveniences gave it comforts which many dwellings on a much larger scale do not possess, its pleasing form, and picturesque situation, made it a point, though in miniature, of beauty and ornament, from every spot in the neighbourhood whence it could be discerned.

Dr. Burney promised to gratify, from that time, these happy hermits once a year with his presence. He could not without admiration, as well as pleasure, witness the fertile resources with which his son-in-law, though till then a stranger to a country or to private life, could fill up a rainy day without a murmur; and pass through a retired evening without one moment of ennui, either felt or given. Yet the longest day of sunshine was always too short for the vigorous exertions, and manly projects that called him to plant in his garden, to graft and crop in his orchard, to work in his hay-field, or to invent and execute new paths, and to construct new seats and bowers in his wood. From which useful and virtuous toils, when corporally he required rest and refreshment, his mental powers rose in full force to the exercise of their equal share in his composition, through his love of science, poetry, and general literature. And Dr. Burney, through the wide extent of his varied connections, could no where find taste more congenial, principles more strictly in unison, or a temper more harmoniously in accord with his own, than here, in the happy little dwelling which he named Camilla Cottage.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

At the close of this second year of Dr. Burney's astronomical operations, their efficacy upon his health and spirits grew more and more apparent. They chased away his sorrows, by leading to meditations beyond the reach of their annoyance; and they gave to him a new earthly connection that served somewhat to brighten even the regions below, in an intimacy with Dr. Herschel.

The modest and true philosopher, who, not long afterwards, receiving the honour of the Guelphic order from the king, became Sir William, opened again his hospitable dwelling to hear the continuation of the doctor's poem; to which he afforded his valuable remarks with as much pleasure as acumen. And from that time, the intercourse was kept up by Sir William's returning, occasionally, the visits of the doctor at Chelsea College, when called to town for reading, or for presenting his astronomical discoveries to the royal society.

The doctor thus fully speaks in his next letter:

"10th December, 1793, Chelsea College.

"Well, but Herschel has been in town, for short spirits and back again, two or three times, and I have had him here two whole days. * * * I read to him the first five books without any objection, except a little hesitation, at my saying, upon Bayly's authority, that if the sun were to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of near 100,000 miles. * Stop a

little! cries he; 'I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required; but I will calculate it at home.' And, on his second visit, he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as he, I suppose, had dictated. 'Here we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light.' This is all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books! And he was so humble as to protest that I knew more of the history of astronomy than he did himself; and that I had surprised him by the mass of information that I had gotten together."

MR. SEWARD.

But before this year terminated, Dr. Burney had yet another, and a very sensible loss, through the death of Mr. Seward; who was truly a loss, also, to all by whom he was known. He was a man of sound worthiness of character, of a disposition the most amiable, and invested with a zeal to serve his friends, nay, to serve even strangers, that knew no bounds which his time or his trouble could remove.

He was pleasing and piquant in society; and, though always showing an alacrity to sarcasm in discourse, in action he was all benevolence.

Yet he was eccentric, even wilfully; and wilfully, also, inconsistent; if not capricious; but he was constantly in a state of suffering, from some internal and unfathomable destructions, which generally at night robbed him of rest; and frequently, in the day, divested him of self command."

He was author of a very agreeable and amusing, though desultory, collection of anecdotes, entitled *Biographiana*.

In the ensuing autumn, when the expedition against Holland was in preparation, Mrs. Crewe prevailed with the doctor to accompany her and her large party to Dover, to see the embarkation; well knowing the animated interest which his patriotic spirit would take in that transaction. His own lively and spirited, yet unaffected and unpretending account of this excursion, will bring him immediately before those by whom he may yet be remembered.

"Dover, 9th Sept. 1799.

"Why you Fanny!—I did not intend to write you my adventures, but to keep them for *rive voiz* on coming to Camilla Cottage; but the nasty east wind is arrived, to the great inconvenience of our expedition, and of my lungs—all which circumstances put it out of my power to visit Camilla Cottage at present, as I wished, and had settled in my own mind to do. But let me see—where did leave off? I believe I have told you of my arrival here, where, at first, I found Mr. Crewe, as you might observe by the frank. But two days after he went to Hythe, where he is now quartered with the Cheshire Militia corps of which he is colonel.

"You may be sure that I hastened to visit the harbour and town which I had not seen for near thirty years * * * Did I tell you Mr. Rider, our Chelsea joint paymaster, is here, and that we all dined on Wednesday with him and his spouse, Lady Susan? a most sweet creature, handsome, accomplished, and perfectly well-bred, with condescending good-humour; and who sings and plays well, and in true taste. Thursday, bad weather; but Canning came to Longchou to brighten it: and at night I read astronomy to Mrs. Crewe, and her fair, intelligent daughter.

"On Friday, I visited with them Lady Grey, wife of the commander in chief, at the Barham Down Camp. I like Lady Grey extremely, notwithstanding she is mother of the vehement parliamentary democrat, Sir Grey, who is as pleasing, they pretend, as he is violent, which makes him doubly dangerous. She is, indeed, a charming woman, and by every body honoured and admired; and as she is aunt to our ardent friend *Spotty*, the Dean of Winchester's daughter, I was sure to be much flattered and flattered by all her family. Sir Charles's mother, old Mrs. Grey, now eighty-five, is a great and scientific reader

and studier; and is even yet in correspondence with Sir Charles Blagden; who communicates to her all the new philosophical discoveries made throughout Europe. What a distinguished rake! The democrat himself,—but for his democracy,—strikingly at their head! Mrs. Grey took to me nightly, and would hardly let me speak to any body else. Saturday we visited Mr. and Lady Mary Churchill, our close neighbours here, an old acquaintance of mine of fifty years' standing or more. Next day, after church, I went with Miss Crewe and Canning—[I serving for chaperon—to visit the Shakspeare Cliff, which is a mile and more beyond the town; and a most fatiguing clamber to it I found! We took different roads, as our eye pointed out the easiest paths; and, in so doing, on my being all at once missed, Canning and Miss Crewe were so frightened 'you can't think!' as Miss Larolles would say. They concluded I had tumbled headlong down the Cliff! It has furnished a story to every one we have seen ever since; and that arch clever rogue, Canning, makes ample use of it, at Walmer Castle, and elsewhere. 'Is there any news?' if he be asked, his ready answer is, 'only Dr. Burney is lost again!'

"This day, 5th September, pray mind! I went to Walmer Castle with Mrs. and Miss Crewe, to dine with Lady Jane Dundas—another charming creature, and one of my new flirtations, and Mr. Pitt dined at home. And Mr. Dundas, Mr. Ryder, Lady Susan, Miss Scott, the sister of the Marchioness of Titchfield, and Canning, were of the party; with the Hon. Colonel Hope, Lady Jane's brother. What do you think of that, ma'am? Mr. Pitt—I liked this cabinet dinner prodigiously. Mr. Pitt was all politeness and pleasantry. He has won Mrs. Crewe's, and even Miss Crewe's heart, by his attentions and good humour. My translation of the hymn, 'Long live the Emperor Francis!' was very well sung in *duo* by Lady Susan Rider and Miss Crewe; I joining in the chorus. Lady Jane Dundas is a good musician, and has very good taste. I not only played this hymn of Haydn's setting, but Suwarrow's March to the great minister: and though Mr. Pitt neither knows nor cares one farthing for flutes and fiddles, he was very attentive; and before, and at dinner, his civility to me was as obliging as if I had had a dozen boroughs at my devotion: offering to me, though a great way off home, of every dish and wine; and entering heartily into Canning's merry stories of my having been lost; and Mrs. Crewe's relation of my dolorous three sea voyages instead of one, when I came back from Germany; all with very civil pleasantry."

"15th September, 1799.

"The Duke and Lady Mary left us two days after my last, but a dinner was fixed for Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, Ryder, and Canning, with us at Dover. Now I must give you a little episode. Canning told me that Mr. Pitt had gotten a telescope, constructed under the superintendence of Herschel, which cost one hundred guineas; but that they could make no use of it, as no one of the party had knowledge enough that way to put it together; and, knowing that my astronomical poem, Canning took it for granted that I could help them. The first day I went to Walmer Castle, I saw the instrument, and Canning put a paper in my hand of instructions; or rather, a book, for it consisted of twelve or fourteen pages; but before I had read six lines, company poured in; and I re-placed it in the drawer whence Canning had taken it; and, to say the truth, without much reluctance; for I doubted my competence. I therefore was very cautious not to start the subject! but when I got to Dover, I wrote upon it to Herschel, and received his answer just in time to meet the Dover visit of Mr. Pitt. It was very friendly and satisfactory, as is every thing that comes from Herschel; I showed it to Mr. Pitt, who read it with great attention, and I doubt not, intelligence.

"After discussing all the particulars concerning the telescope, Herschel says: 'When I learn that you are returned to Chelsea, I shall write again on the subject of memorandums that I made when I had the pleasure of hearing your beautiful poetical work.' This I did not let Mr. Pitt see; but withdrew the letter from him after Herschel had done speaking of the telescope, lest it should seem that I more wished Mr. Pitt should see Herschel's civilities to me, than his telesteopical instructions. But Mrs. Crewe, in the course of the evening, borrowed the

* To the editor he once avowed, that to pass twenty-four hours without one piercing pang of pain would be new to him.

† Generally, from the name of the author, attributed, but erroneously, to Anna Seward, of Litchfield.

‡ Now Prime Minister.

letter from me, and showed it to Lady Jane Dundas; who read it all, and asked what the poetical work meant. Miss Crewe smilingly explained.

"The dinner was very cheerful, you may imagine, for these Messieurs had brought with them the important news of the taking of Seringapatam; truly gratifying to Mr. Pitt; but doubly so to Mr. Dundas, who plans and directs all India affairs.

"No one can be more cheerful, attentive, and polite to ladies than Mr. Pitt; which astonishes all those who, without seeing him, have been granted that he is *no woman's man*, but a surly churl, from the accounts of his sarcastic enemies.

"The major of Mr. Crewe being ill, Mr. Crewe himself could not dine at home, being obliged to remain at Hythe with his regiment; and, after the ladies left the dining room, it having been perceived that none drank but Mr. Pitt and I—the rest all taking claret, which made the passing and repassing the bottle rather awkward, I was voted into the chair at the head of the table, to put the bottle about! and that between the first ministers, Pitt and Dundas! what *only think*, and *no notions*, would Miss Larolles have exclaimed! I, so notorious for always stopping the bottle!

"When we went to the ladies, music and cheerfulness finished the evening. The hymn and the march were not forgotten. In talking over Pizarro, Mr. Pitt related very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal house-keeper of Kensington Palace: 'being in company,' he said, 'with Mr. Sheridan, without recollecting him, while Pizarro was the topic of discussion, she said to him, "And so this fine Pizarro is printed?" "Yes, so I hear," said Sherry. "And did you ever in your life read such stuff?" cried she. "Why, I believe its bad enough!" quoth Sherry; "but at least, madam, you must allow its very loyal." "Ah!" cried she, shaking her head, "loyal? You don't know its author so well as I do?"

"In speaking, afterwards, of the great number of young men who were just embarked for Holland, Miss Crewe, half jocosely, but no doubt half seriously, said it would ruin all the balls! for where could the poor females find partners? 'O,' said Mr. Pitt, with a pretended air of condolence, 'you'll have partners plenty—both houses of parliament!'

"'Besides,' said Canning, 'you'll have the whole bench of bishops!'

"To be sure nobody laughed! Mr. Pitt, by the way, is a great and loud laughter at the jokes of others; but this was so half his own, that he only made *la petite bouche*.

"Two days after all this, Mrs. and Miss Crewe brought me on in my way home as was at Canterbury.

"Now what say you? Is this not *la belle histoire*?"

MRS. PHILLIPS.

Early in October, 1799, the desolating intelligence reached West Hamble, that the lingering sufferings of the inestimable Susanna, from long latently undermining her delicate frame, began openly to menace its destruction.

What scenes were those which followed! how deep the tragedy! How wide from their promised joys were the family meetings! Yet all his family impressively hastened to the doctor, and all were kindly received.

Of the rest of this melancholy year no vestige remains, either from the doctor or his biographer. The beginning of the new century to them was the closing of hope, not the opening of joy! and the pocket-book memorandums of both are sterile and blank.

In 1801, also, there was but a single event that the doctor thought worth committing to paper; and that, indeed, was of a kind that no one who knew him could read, first without trembling, and next without rejecting; for, in the summer of 1801, and in his seventy-sixth year, he had an escape the most providential from sudden and violent destruction.

He had accompanied Mrs. Crewe, and some of her friends, to a review on Ascot heath, when, in returning home by water, as the boat was dismasting its crew at Staines, feeling himself light and well, and equal to a small leap, he jumped incautiously from the boat on what he believed to be a tuft of grass; but what proved to be a moss covered stone, or hillock, which, far from bending, as he had expected, to the touch of his foot, struck him backwards into the boat with frightful violence, and a risk the most imminent of breaking his neck, if not of fracturing his skull. Happily, no such dreadful evil ensued! and every species of care and kindness

were vigilantly exerted to keep aloof further mischief than accrued from a few bruises.

CYCLOPEDIA.

Nevertheless, though no further episodic event occurred in 1801, that year must by no means be passed over without record in the memoirs of Dr. Burney; for it was marked by such extraordinary intellectual exertion as may also be called unparalleled, when considered as springing from volition, not necessity; and from efforts the most virtuously philosophical, to while away enervating sadness upon those changes and chances that hang upon the very nature of mortal existence; for now, to tie his activity to his labours, he entered into a formal agreement with the editors of the then new Encyclopedia, to furnish all its musical articles at stated periods.

He thus, in a letter of which he has left a copy, though not the address, speaks of this enterprise to some friend:

"I have entered now into concerns that leave me not a minute, or a thought, to bestow on other matters. Besides professional avocations, I have deeply engaged in a work that can admit of no delay; and which occupies every instant which I can steal from business friends or sleep. A new edition, on a very enlarged plan, of the *Cyclopedia of Chambers*, is now printing in two double volumes 4to, for which I have agreed to furnish the musical articles, on a very large scale, including whatever is connected with the subject; not only definitions of the musical technica, but reflections, discussions, criticism, history, and biography. The first volume is printed, and does not finish the letter A. And in *nine months hard labour*, I have not brought forth two letters. I am more and more frightened every day at the undertaking, so long after the usual allowance of three score years and ten have expired. And the shortest calculation for the termination of this work is still ten years."

And in his letters to West Hamble on the same subject, he mentions, that to fulfil his engagement, he generally rises at five or six o'clock every morning!—in his seventy-sixth year.

1802.

This year partook not of any lack of incident; it commenced during the operation and incertitude of a public transaction so big, in its consequences, with deep importance to the domestic life of Dr. Burney, that it seems requisite for all that will follow, to enter into such parts of its details as affected the doctors feelings, through their influence over those of his son-in-law, General d'Arbly.

At the period of the peace of Amiens, in the preceding year, the minister plenipotentiary who was sent over by Bonaparte, then only First Consul, to sign its preliminaries, changed to be an artillery officer, General de Lauriston, who had been *an garrison*, and in great personal friendship, with General d'Arbly, during their mutual youth; and with whom, as with all the *etat major* of the regiment of Toul, a connection of warm esteem and intimacy had faithfully been kept alive, till the dreadful catastrophe of the 10th of August dispersed every officer who survived it, into the wanderings of emigration, or the mystery of concealment.

When the name of Lauriston reached West Hamble, its obscured, but not enervated, chief rushed eagerly from his hermitage to the metropolis, where he hastily wrote a few impressive lines to the new minister plenipotentiary, briefly demanding whether or not, in his present splendid situation, he would avoid an old *camarade*, whose life now was principally spent in cultivating cabbages in his own garden, for his own family and table?

Of this note he was fain to be his own bearer; and in some hotel in, or near St. James's street, he discovered the minister's abode.

Unaccounted, dressed only in his common garden coat, and wearing no military appendage, or mark of military rank, he found it very difficult to gain admission into the hotel, even as a messenger; for such only, he called himself.

The street was crowded so as to be almost impassable, as it was known to the public that the French minister was going forth to an audience for signing the preliminaries of peace with Lord Hawkesbury.

But M. d'Arbly was not a man to be easily baffled. He resolutely forced his way to the corridor leading to the minister's dressing apartment. There, however, he was arbitrarily stopped; but would not retire; and compelled the lacquey, who endeavoured to dismiss him, to take, and to promise the immediate delivery of his note.

With a very wry face, and an indignant shrug, the lacquey almost perforce complied; carefully, however, leaving another valet at the outside of the door, to prevent further intrud.

M. de Lauriston was under the hands of his frizcur, and reading a newspaper. But the gazette gave place to the billet, which, probably recollecting the hand-writing, he rapidly ran over, and then eagerly, and in a voice of emotion, emphatically demanded who had been its bearer.

A small ante-room alone separated him from its writer, who, hearing the question, energetically called out: "*C'est moi!*"

Up rose the minister, who opened one door himself, as M. d'Arbly broke through the other, and in the midst of the little ante-room, they rushed into one another's arms.

If M. d'Arbly was joyfully affected by this generous reception, M. de Lauriston was yet more moved in embracing his early friend, whom report had mingled with the slaughtered of the 10th of August.

The meeting, indeed, was so peculiar, from the high station of M. de Lauriston; the superb equipage waiting at his door to carry him, for the most popular of purposes, to an appointed audience with a British minister; and the glare, the parade, the cost, the attendants, and the attentions by which he was encompassed, contrasted with the worn, as well as plain habiliments of the reclusé of West Hamble, that it gave a singularity to the equality of their manners to each other, and the mutuality of the joy and affection of their embraces, that from first exciting the astonishment, next moved the admiration of the domestics of the minister plenipotentiary; and particularly of his frizcur, who, probably, was his first valet-de-chambre; and who, while they were yet in each other's arms, exclaimed aloud, with that familiarity in which the French indulge their favourite servants, "*Ma foi! voilà qui est beau!*"

This characteristic flood of approbation broke into the pathos of the interview by causing a hearty laugh; and M. de Lauriston, who then had not another instant to spare, cordially invited his recovered friend to breakfast with him the next morning.

At that breakfast, M. de Lauriston recorded the circumstances that had led to his present situation, with all the trust and openness of their early intercourse. And sacred General d'Arbly held that confidence; which should have sunk into oblivion, but for the after circumstances, and present state of things, which render all that, then, was prudentially secret, now desirably public.

No change, he said, of sentiment, no dereliction of principle, had influenced his entering into the service of the republic. Personal gratitude alone had brought about that event. Whilst fighting, under the banners of Austria, against Bonaparte, in one of the campaigns of Italy, he had been taken prisoner, with an Austrian troop. His companions in arms were immediately conveyed to captivity, there to stand the chances of confinement or exchange; but he, as a Frenchman, had been singled out by the conquerors, and stigmatised as a deserter, by the party into whose hands he had fallen, and who condemned him to be instantly shot; though, as he had never served Bonaparte, no laws of equity could brand as a traitor the man who had but constantly adhered to his first allegiance. Bonaparte himself, either struck by this idea, or with a desire to obtain a distinguished officer of artillery, of which alone his army wanted a supply, felt induced to start forward in person, to stop the execution at the very instant it was going to take place. And to save M. de Lauriston, at the same time, from the ill will or vengeance of the soldiers, Bonaparte concealed him, till the troop by which he had been taken was elsewhere occupied; conducting himself, in the meanwhile, with so much consideration and kindness, that the gentle heart of Lauriston was gained over by grateful feelings, and he accepted the post afterwards offered to him of aid-de-camp to the First Consul; with whom, in a short time, he rose to so much trust and favour, as to become the colleague of Duroc, as a chosen and military,—though not, as Duroc, a confidential secretary.

Bonaparte, Lauriston said, had named him for this important embassy to England from two motives: one of which was, that he thought such a nomination might be agreeable to the English, as Lauriston, who was great grandson or grand-aunt of the famous Law, of South Sea notoriety, was of British extraction; and the other was from personal regard to Lauriston, that he might open a negotiation, during his mission, for the recovery of some part of his Scottish inheritance.

At this, and a subsequent breakfast with M. de Lau-

rison, M. d'Arbly discussed the most probable means for claiming his *réforme*, or half-pay, as some remuneration for his past services and deprivations. And M. de Lauriston warmly undertook to carry a letter on this subject to Bonaparte's minister at war, Berthier; with whom, under Louis the Sixteenth, M. d'Arbly had formerly transacted military business.

It was found, however, that nothing could be effected without the presence of M. d'Arbly in France; and therefore, peace between the two nations being signed, he deemed it right to set sail for the long-lost land of his birth.

Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, a representation of his claims was presented to the First Consul himself, accompanied with words of kindest interest in its success, by the faithful General de Lauriston.

Bonaparte inquired minutely into the merits of the case, and into the military character of the claimant; and, having patiently heard the first account, and eagerly interrogated upon the second, he paused a few minutes, and then said: "Let him serve in the army, if only for one year. Let him go to St. Domingo, and join Le Cler; and, at the end of the year, he shall be allowed to retire, with rank and promotion."

This was the last purpose that had entered into the projects of M. d'Arbly; yet, to a military spirit, jealous of his honour, and passionately fond of his profession, it was a proposition impossible to be declined. It was not to combat for Bonaparte, nor to fight against his original allegiance: it was to bear arms in the current cause of his country, in resisting the insurgents of St. Domingo, against whom he might equally have been employed by the monarch in whose service he had risked, and through whose misfortunes he had lost his all. He merely, therefore, stipulated to re-enter the army simply as a volunteer; with an agreed permission to quit it at the close of the campaign, whatever might be its issue: and he then accepted from Berthier a commission for St. Domingo, which, in the republican language adopted by Bonaparte on his first accession to dictatorial power, was addressed to *le Citoyen General-in-chief, le Cler*; and which recommended to that general that *le Citoyen Darbly* should be employed as a distinguished artillery officer.

M. d'Arbly next obtained leave to come over to England to settle his private affairs; to make innumerable purchases relative to the expedition to St. Domingo; and to bid adieu to his wife and son.

1802.

Dr. Burnby received him with open arms, but tearful eyes. He had too much candour to misjudge the nature and the principles of a military character, so as to censure his non-refusal of an offered restoration to his profession, since, at that moment, the peace between the two countries paralysed any possible movement in favour of the royalists; yet his grief at the circumstance, and his compassion for his dejected daughter, gave a gloom to the transaction that was deeply depressing.

The purchases were soon made, for the re-instated man of arms sunk a considerable sum to be expeditiously accounted; after which, repelling every drawback of internal reluctance, he was eager not to exceed his furlough; and, pronouncing an agitated farewell, hurried back to Paris; purposing thence to proceed to Brest, whence he was to embark for his destination.

But, inexpressibly anxious not to be misunderstood, nor drawn into the service of Bonaparte beyond the contracted engagement, the day before he left London, M. d'Arbly, with a singleness of integrity that never calculated consequences where he thought his honour and his interest might pull different ways, determined to be unequivocally explicit, and addressed, therefore, a letter directly to Bonaparte.

This letter he hurried off by an official express, through Bonaparte's then minister here, M. Otto; who, after reading, forwarded it under cover to *Le Citoyen Ministre de la Guerre, Berthier*; to whom, as a former military friend, M. d'Arbly recommended its delivery to *Le Premier Consul*. This done, M. d'Arbly pursued his own route.

A faithful chasm of all intelligence to Dr. Burnby ensued after this critical departure of M. d'Arbly; no tidings came over of his arrival at Brest, his embarka-

tion, or even of his safety, after crossing the channel in the remarkably tempestuous month of February, in 1802.

The causes of this mysterious silence would be too circumstantial for these Memoirs, to which it belongs only to state their result. The First Consul, upon reading the letter of M. d'Arbly, immediately withdrew his military commission; and Berthier, in an official reply, desired that *le Citoyen Darbly* would consider that commission, and the letter to General Le Cler, as *non avenues*.

Berthier, nevertheless, in the document which annulled the St. Domingo commission, and which must have been written by the personal command of Bonaparte, since it was in answer to a letter that had been directed immediately to himself, calmly, and without rancour, harshness, or satire, developed the reason of the recall, in simply saying, that since *le Citoyen Darbly* would not bear arms against the country of his wife, which might always, eventually, bear arms against France, he could not be engaged in the service of the republic.

Bonaparte, stimulated, it is probable, by M. de Lauriston's account of the frank and honourable character of M. d'Arbly, contented himself with this simple annulling act; without embittering it by any stigma, or demonstrating any suspicious resentment.

This event, as has been hinted, produced important consequences to Dr. Burnby; consequences the most ungenial to his parental affections; though happily, at that period, not foreseen in their melancholy extent, of a ten years' complete and desperate separation from his daughter d'Arbly.

Unsuspecting, therefore, of that appendent effect of the letter of M. d'Arbly to Bonaparte, the satisfaction of Dr. Burnby, at this first moment, that no son-in-law of his would bear arms, through any means, however innocent, and with any intentions, however pure, under the banners of Bonaparte, largely contributed to make the unexpected tidings of this sudden change of situation an epoch of ecstasy, rather than of joy.

But far different were the sensations to which this turn of affairs gave birth in M. d'Arbly. Consternation seems to tame a word for the bewildered confusion of his feelings, at so abrupt a breaking up of an enterprise, which, though unsolicited and unwished for in its origin, had by degrees, from its recurrence to early habits, become glowingly animated to his ideas and his prospects. Bonaparte had not then blackened his glory by the seizure and sacrifice of the Comte d'Enghien; and M. d'Arbly, in common with several other admirers of the military fame of the First Consul, had conceived a hope, to which he meant honestly to allude in his letter, that the final campaign of that great warrior would be a voluntary initiation of the final campaign of General Monk.

Little, therefore, as he had intended to constitute Bonaparte, in any way, his chief, a breach such as this in his own professional career, nearly mastered his faculties with excess of perturbation. To seem dismissed the service—he could not brook the idea; he was confounded by his own position.

He applied to a generous friend,* high in military reputation, to represent his disturbance to the First Consul.

Bonaparte consented to grant an audience on the subject; but almost instantly interrupted the application, by saying, with vivacity, "I know that business! However, let him be tranquil. It shall not hurt him any further. There was a time I might have been capable of acting so myself!"

And then, after a little pause, and with a look somewhat ironical, but by no means ill-humoured or unpleasant, he added: "*Il m'a écrit un double de lettre!*"—He stopt again, after which, with a smile half gay, half cynical, he said: "However, I ought only to regard in it the husband of Cecilia;" and then abruptly he broke up the conference.

Of the author of Cecilia, of course, he meant†.

This certainly was a trait of candour and liberality worthy of a more gentle mind; and which, till the ever unpardonable massacre of the Duke d'Enghien, softened, in some measure, the endurance of the compulsory stay in France that afterwards ensued to M. d'Arbly.

Dr. Burnby, meanwhile, from the time that the St. Domingo commission was annulled, was in daily expectation of the return of his son-in-law, and the re-establishment of the little cottage of West Hamble;—but

mournfully, alas, was he disappointed! The painful news arrived from M. d'Arbly, that, from the strangeness of the circumstances in which he was involved, he could not quit France without seeming to have gained his wish in losing his appointment. He determined, therefore, to remain a twelvemonth in Paris, to show himself at hand in case of any change of orders. And he desired, of course, to be joined there by his wife and son.

M. d'Arbly, however, wrote to that wife, to Dr. Burnby, and to his dearly revered friend, Mr. Locke, the most comforting assurance, that, one single year revolved, he would return, with his little family, to the unambitious enjoyment of friendship, repose, and West Hamble.

By no means gaily did Dr. Burnby receive the account of this arrangement. Gloomy forebodings clouded his brow; though his daughter, exalted by joy and thankfulness that the pestilential climate of St. Domingo was relinquished, and happily persuaded that another year would re-unite her with her honoured father, her brethren, and friends, assented with alacrity to the scheme. Almost immediately, therefore, it took place; though not before the loyal heart of Dr. Burnby had the soothing consolation of finding, that the step she was taking was honoured with the entire approbation of her benevolent late royal mistress; who openly held that to follow the fortune of the man to whom she had given her hand, was now her first duty in life.

No further narrative, of which the detail can be personal or reciprocal with the editor, can now be given of Dr. Burnby. What follows will be collected from fragments of memoirs, and innumerable memorandums in his own hand writing; from his letters, and those of his family and friends; and from various accidental, incidental, and miscellaneous circumstances.

By the president of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, the doctor, from his own universal thirst of knowledge, and uncommon capacity for receiving, retaining and naturalising its gifts, was welcomed on public days as a worthy brother of the learned and studious; and in the hours of private conviviality was courted yet more from the gaiety of his humour and the entertainment of his anecdotes: Sir Joseph, when unbent from the state of Newton's chair, being ever merrily charmed, to reciprocate sportive nonsense; various remnants of which, laughingly amusing, but too ludicrous from the president of a scientific society for the press, are amongst the posthumous collections of the doctor.

In all, however, that was most efficient in good, most solid, most serious, most essential in comfort as well as elegance, the noble kindness of the Duke of Portland took the lead. His magnificent hospitality was nearly without parallel. The select invitations upon select occasions to Burlington House, with which his favour to the doctor had begun, were succeeded by general ones for all times and all seasons; and with injunctions that the doctor would not choose his own days, and adjust their frequency completely by his own convenience.

This *carte blanche* of admission at will was next extended from Burlington House to Bulstrode Park; where he was found so agreeable by the noble host, and so pleasing to the noble family, that, in a short time, the duke urged him to take possession of an unappropriated apartment, and to consider himself to be completely at home in that sumptuous dwelling; where he had his mornings with undisturbed liberty, wholly at his own disposal; where he even dined, according to the state of his health and spirits, at the duke's table or in his own parlour; and where, though welcomed in any part of the day to every part of the house, he was never troubled with any enquiry for non-appearance, except at the evening's assemblage; though not unfrequently the duke made him personal visits of such affectionate freedom, as signally to endear to him this splendid habitation.

So impressive, indeed, was the regard of his grace for Dr. Burnby, and so animated was the gratitude of its return, that the enjoyments of Bulstrode Park, with all their refined luxuries, and their cultivated scenery, soon became less than secondary; they were nearly as nothing in the calculation of the doctor, compared with what he experienced from the cordial conversation and kindness of the Duke.

Such, added to his family circle, were the auspices under which, to her great consolation, his daughter d'Arbly left Dr. Burnby in April, 1802.

Dr. Burnby, upon this separation, redoubled the vigilance of his self exertions for turning to account every moment of his existence. And his spirits appear to be

* First husband of Bonaparte's sister, Paulina, afterwards La Princesse Borghese.

† Of this singular and hazardous letter, declining to bear arms against England, M. d'Arbly, who wrote it on a sudden impulse, never gave nor showed one copy in England, except to M. Otto.

* General de La Fayette; who then, with his virtuous wife and family, resided at his old chateau of La Grange; exclusively occupied by useful agricultural experiments, and exemplary domestic duties.

† Vanity, vanity, thy name is D'Arbly!—Ed.

equal to every demand upon their efforts. In his first letter to Paris, May 20, 1802, he says:

"I hope, now, the two nations will heartily shake hands, and not be quiet only themselves, but keep the rest of the world quiet. My hurries are such at present, as to oblige me to draw deeper than ever upon my sinking food. [His sleep.] Business, and more numerous engagements than I have ever yet had, swallow all my time; and this enormous Cyclopædia fills up all my thoughts. I have been long an ABC derian; and now am become so for life.

In another letter of the same year, written a few months later, the Cyclopædia is no longer proclaimed to be the principal, but the exclusive occupation of the doctor. "The indefatigable eagerness of its pursuit, will best appear from my own account:

"July 1st, 1802.—I have this day taken leave for this year, of my town business, which broke into three precious mornings of my week, shivered the lord knows how many links of the chain of my Cyclopædia, and lost me even the interval of time from the trouble of collecting the broken fragments of my materials, and re-patching them together.

"In order to form some idea of the total absorption of my present life, by this herculean labour, added to my usual hurries during the town season, a delightful letter of Twining himself, which I received some weeks ago, remains unanswered! I had a mind to see what I could really do in twelve months, by driving the quill at every possible moment that I could steal from business or repose, by day and by night, in bed and up; and, with all this stir and toil, I have found it impracticable to finish three letters of the alphabet!"

Dr. Burney had now the shock of hearing that war was again declared with France! And dire, more dire and afflictive to his daughter, was the similar information, of learning that Bonaparte had peremptorily ordered Lord Whitworth to quit Paris in a specified number of hours; and that a brief term was dictatorially fixed for either following that ambassador, or immovably remaining in France till the contest should be over.

The very peculiar position, in a military point of view, in which M. d'Arblay now stood in his native country, made it impossible for him to leave it, at so critical a juncture, in the hurried manner that the imperious decree of the French dictator commanded. It might seem deserting his post! He felt, therefore, compelled, by claims of professional observance, to abide the uncertain storm where its lightning raged; and, to risk, at its centre, the hazards of its circulation, and the chances of its course.

The unhappiness caused by this decision was wholly unmix'd with murmurs from Dr. Burney, whose justice and candour acknowledged it, in such a situation, to be indispensable.

In 1803, one short record alone has been found. That he wrote no more journal anecdotes that year, may be chiefly attributed to his then intense application to his Cyclopædia.

1804 turned out far more copious in events and recitals; though saddening, however philosophical and consonant to the common laws of nature, are the reflections and avowals of Dr. Burney upon his this year's birth-day.

From the Doctor's Journal.

"In 1804, in the month of April, I completed my 78th year, and decided to relinquish teaching and my musical patients; for both my ears and my eyes were beginning to fail me. I could still hear the most minute musical tone; but in conversation I lost the articulation, and was forced to make people at the least distance from me repeat every thing that they said. Sometimes the mere tone of voice, and the countenance of the speaker, told me whether I was to smile or to frown; but never so explicitly as to allow me to venture at any reply to what was said! Yet I never, seemingly, have been more in fashion at any period of my life than this spring; never invited to more conversations, assemblies, dinners, and concerts. But I feel myself less and less able to bear a part in general conversation every day, from the failure of memory, particularly in names; and I am become fearful of beginning any story that occurs to me, lest I should be stopped short by hunting for Mr. How d'ye call him's style and titles.

"I was very near-sighted from about my 30th year; but though it is usually thought that that sort of sight improves with age, I have not discovered that the notion was well founded. My sight became not only more short, but more feeble. Instead of a concave glass, I

was forced to have recourse to one that was convex, and that magnified highly, for pale ink and small types."

In the month of the following May, a similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so difficultly had been conquered for Mr. Canning, fanned over the ballot box of the Literary Club to the exclusion of Mr. Rogers; by whom it was the less deserved, from its contrast to that poet's own widely opposite liberality, in never suffering political opinions to shut out, either from his hospitality or his friendships, those who invite them by congenial sentiments on other points.

The ensuing is copied from Dr. Burney's own manuscript observations upon this occurrence:

"May 1st. I was at the Club, at which Rogers, put up by Courtney, and seconded by me, was balloted for, and blackballed; I believe on account of his politics. There can, indeed, be nothing else against him. He is a good poet, has a refined taste in all the arts; has a select library of the best editions of the best authors in most languages; has very fine pictures; very fine drawings; and the finest collection I ever saw of the best Etruscan vases; and moreover, he gives the best dinners to the best company of men of talents and genius of any man I know; the best served and with the best wines, *liquors*, &c. He is not fond of talking politics, for he is no *Jacobin-enné*, though I believe him to be a principled republican, and therefore in high favour with Mr. Fox and his adherents. But he is never obtrusive; and neither shuns nor dislikes a man for being of a different political creed to himself: it is therefore, that he and I, however we may dissent upon that point, converse so completely on almost every other, that we always meet with pleasure. And, in fact, he is much esteemed by many persons belonging to the government, and about the court. His books of prints of the greatest engravers from the greatest masters, in history, architecture, and antiquities, are of the first class. His house in St. James' Place, looking into the Green Park, is deliciously situated, and furnished with great taste. He seemed very desirous of being elected a member of the Club, to which, in fact, his talents would have done honour; few men are more fitted to contribute to its entertainments."

The doctor, long afterwards, in talking over this anecdote, said:

"There is no accounting for such gross injustice in the Club; except by acknowledging that there are demerits against them who enjoy as the highest privilege of an old member, the power of excluding, with or without reason, a new one."

Here stop all journals, all notes, all memorandums of Dr. Burney for the rest of this year. Not another word remains bearing its date.

"The severest tax upon longevity that, apart from his parental ties, could be inflicted, was levied upon him at this time, by the heart-harrowing stroke of the death of Mr. Twining.

It was not merely now, in the full tide of sorrow, that Dr. Burney could neither speak nor write upon the loss of that last-esteemed bosom friend; it was a subject from which he shrunk ever after, both in conversation and by letter; it was a grief too concentrated for complaint: it demanded not a vent by which, with time, it might be soothed; but a crush by which, though only morbidly, it might be subdued: religion and philosophy might then lead, conjointly, to calm endurance.

And not alone, though from superior sorrow aloof, stood this deprivation. It was followed by other strokes of similar fatality, each of which, but for this pre-eminent calamity, would have proved of tragic effect: for he had successively to mourn, First, the favourite, he most highly prized by his departed early partner, as well as by her successor; and who came nearest to his own feelings from the tender ties in which she had been entwined—Dolly Young; for so, to the last hour, she was called by those who had early known and loved her, from a certain caressing pleasure annexed to that youthful appellation, that seemed in unison with the genuine simplicity of her character.

Second, Mr. Cox, the oldest and most attached of his associates from early life.

Third, Lord Macartney, a far newer connection, but one whose lively intelligence, and generous kindness, cut off all necessity for the usual routine of time to fasten attachment. And with Lord Macartney, from the retired life which his lordship generally led after his embassy to China, the doctor's intercourse had become more than ever anxious. This, therefore, was a loss to his spirits and exertions, as well as to his affections, which he felt with strong regret.

Fourth, that distinguished lady whose solid worth and

faithful friendship compensated for manners the most uncouth, and language the most unpolished,—Lady Mary Duncan.

Fifth, the celebrated Elizabeth Carter; in whom he missed an admiring as well as an admired friend, the honour of whose attachment both for him and for his daughter, is recorded by her nephew, Mr. Pennington, in her memoirs.

The doctor truly revered in Mrs. Carter the rare union of humility with learning, and of piety with cheerfulness. He frequently, and always with pleasure, conveyed her to or from her home, when they visited the same parties; and always enjoyed those opportunities in comparing notes with her, on such topics as were not light enough for the large or mixed companies which they were just seeking, or had just left: topics, however, which they always treated with simplicity; for Mrs. Carter, though naturally more serious, and habitually more studious than Dr. Burney, was as free from pedantry as himself.

By temperance of life and conduct, activity of body, and equanimity of mind, she nearly reached her 90th year in such health and strength as to be able to make morning calls upon her favourite friends, without carriage, companion or servant. And with all her modest humility upon her personal acquirements, she had a dignified pride of independence, that invested her with the good sense to feel rather exalted than ashamed, at owing her powers of going forth to her own unaided self-exertion.

And sixth, the man who, once the most accomplished of his race, had for half his life loved the doctor with even passionate regard—Mr. Greville.

All these sad, and truly saddening, catastrophes were unknown, in their succession, to the memorialist; whom they only reached in the aggregate of their loss, when, after a long, unexplained, and ill-boding silence, Dr. Burney imposed upon himself the hard task of announcing the irredeemable affliction he had sustained through these reiterated and awful visitations of death. And then, to spare his worn and harassed sensibility any development of his feelings, he thus summed up the melancholy list in one short paragraph:

"Time," he says, "has made sad havoc amongst my dearest friends of late—Twining!—Dolly Young; Mr. Cox; Lord Macartney; Lady Mary Duncan;—poor Elizabeth Carter a few months ago;—Mr. Greville only a few weeks!"

He then permits himself to go back to one parting phrase:

"But though, in spite of age and infirmities, I have lately more than doubled the number of friends I have lost—the niches of those above-mentioned can never be filled!"

Of his ancient and long-attached friend, Mr. Greville, little and merely melancholy is what now can be added. His death was rather a shock than a loss; but it considerably disturbed the doctor. Mr. Greville had gone on in his metaphysical career, fatiguing his spirits, harassing his understanding, and consuming the time of his friends nearly as much as his own, till, one by one, each of them eluded him as a foe. How could it be otherwise, when the least dissonance upon any point upon which he opened a controversial disquisition, so disordered his nervous system, that he could take no rest till he had re-stated all his arguments in an elaborate, and commonly sarcastic epistle? which necessarily provoked a paper war, so prolific of dispute, that, if the adversary did not regularly brook up the correspondence after the first week or two, it must have terminated by consuming the stores of every stationer in London.

His wrath upon such desertions was too scornful for any appeal. Yet so powerful was still the remembrance of his brilliant opening into life, and of his many fine qualities, that his loss to society was never mentioned without regret, either by those who abandoned him, or by those whom he discarded.

Dr. Burney was one of the last, from the peculiarity of their intercourse, to have given it up, had it not been, he declared, necessary to have had two lives for sustaining it without hostility; one of them for himself, his family, and his life's purposes; the other wholly for Mr. Greville;—who never could be content with any competition against his personal claims to the monopoly of the time and the thoughts of his friends.

Yet whatever may have disturbed, nothing seems to have shortened his existence, since, though nearly alienated from his family, estranged from his connections, and morbidly at war with the world, the closing scene of all his gaieties and all his failures did not shut in till some time after his 90th year.

Lady Mary Duncan bequeathed to Dr. Burney the whole of her great and curious collection of music, printed and manuscript, with £600.

1805.

Fortunately for Dr. Burney, another year was not permitted wholly to wane away, ere circumstances occurred of so much moment and interest, that they operated like a species of amnesty upon the sufferings of the year just gone by; and enabled him to pass over subserviently his heavy privations; and, once again, to go cheerfully on in life with what yet remained for contentment.

The chief mover to this practical philosophy was the indefatigable Mrs. Crewe; who by degrees, skilful and kind, so lured him from mourning and retirement to gratitude and society, that his seclusion insensibly ended by enlisting him in more diffuse social entertainments, than any in which he had heretofore mixed.

What will now follow, will be copied from the memoir book of Dr. Burney of this month of May; which, after a dreary winter of sorrow, seemed to have been hailed as genially by the historian of music, as by the minstrelsy of the woods.

"1805.—In May, at a concert at Lady Salisbury's, I was extremely pleased, both with the music and the performance. The former was chiefly selected by the Prince of Wales. * * * I had not been five minutes in the concert room, before a messenger, sent to me by his royal highness, gave me a command to join him, which I did eagerly enough; when his royal highness graciously condescended to order me to sit down by him, and kept me to that high honour the whole evening. Our ideas, by his engaging invitation, were reciprocated upon every piece, and its execution. After the concert, Lady Melbourne, who, when Miss Milbanke, had been one of my first scholars on my return to London from Lynn, obligingly complained that she had often vainly tried to tempt me to dine with her, but would make one effort more now, by his royal highness's permission, that I might meet, at Lord Melbourne's table, with the Prince of Wales.

"Of course I expressed as well as I could, my sense of so high and unexpected an honour; and the prince, with a smile of unequalled courtesy, said, 'Aye, do come, Dr. Burney, and bring your son with you.' And then, turning to Lady Melbourne, he added, 'It is singular that the father should be the best, and almost the only good judge of music in the kingdom; and his son the best scholar.'

"Nothing, however, for the present, came of this: but, early in July, at a concert at Lady Newark's I first saw, to my knowledge, their royal highnesses, the dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge. 'These princes had lived so much abroad, that I thought I had never before beheld them; till I found my mistake, by their both speaking to me, when I stood near them, not only familiarly, but with distinction; which I attribute to their respect to the noble graciousness they might have observed in their august brothers; whose notice had something in it so engaging as always to brighten as well as honour me.

"But I heard nothing more of the projected dinner, till I met Lady Melbourne at an assembly at the Dowager Lady Sefton's; when I ventured to tell her ladyship that I feared the dinner which my son and I were most ambitious should take place, was relinquished. 'By no means,' she answered, 'for the prince really desired it.' And, after a note or two of the best bred civility from her ladyship, the day was settled by his royal highness, for—

"July 9th.—The prince did not make the company wait at Whitehall (Lord Melbourne's); he was not five minutes beyond the appointed time, a quarter past six o'clock; though he is said never to dine at Carlton House before eight. The company consisted, besides the prince and the lord and lady of the house, with their two sons and two daughters, of Earls Egremont and Cowper, Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Horner, and Mr. Windham.

"The dinner was sumptuous, of course, &c.

"I had almost made a solemn vow, early in life, to quit the world without ever drinking a dry dram; but the heroic virtue of a long life was overcast by his royal highness, through the irresistible temptation to hobnobbing and nobbling with such a partner in a glass of cherry brandy. The spirit of it, however, was so finely subdued, that it was not more potent than a dose of peppermint water; which I have always called a dram.

"The conversation was lively and general the chief part of the evening; but about midnight it turned upon music, on which subject his royal highness deigned so wholly to address himself to me, that we kept it up a full

half hour, without any one else offering a word. We were, generally, in perfect time in our opinions; though once or twice I ventured to dissent from his royal highness; and once he condescended to come over to my argument; and he had the skill, as well as nobleness, to put me as perfectly at my ease in expressing my notions, as I should have been with any other perfectly well-bred man.

"The subject was then changed to classical lore; and here his royal highness, with similar condescension, addressed himself to my son, as to a man of erudition, whose ideas, on learned topics, he respected; and a full discussion followed, of several literary matters.

"When the prince rose to go to another room, we met Lady Melbourne and her daughter, just returned from the opera; to which they had been while we sat over the wine, (and eke the cherry brandy); and from which they came back in exact time for coffee! The prince here, coming up to me, most graciously took my hand, and said, 'I am glad we got, at last, to our favourite subject.' He then made me sit down by him, close to the keys of a piano-forte; where, in a low voice, but face to face, we talked again upon music, and uttered our sentiments with, I may safely say, equal ease and freedom; so politely he encouraged my openness and sincerity.

"I then ventured to mention that I had a book in my possession that I regarded as the property of his royal highness. It was a set of my Commemoration of Handel, which I had had splendidly bound for permitted presentation through the medium of Lord St. Asaph; but which had not been received, from public casualties. His royal highness answered me with the most engaging good humour, saying that he was now building a library, and that, when it was finished, mine should be the first book placed in his collection. Nobody is so prompt at polite and gratifying compliments as this gracious prince. I had no conception of his accomplishments. He quite astonished me by his learning, in conversing with my son, after my own musical *fele-d-te* dialogue with him. He quoted Homer in Greek as readily as if quoting Dryden or Pope in English; and, in general conversation during the dinner, he discovered a fund of wit and humour such as demonstrated him a man of reading and parts, who knew how to discriminate characters. He is, besides, an incomparable mimic. He counterfeited Dr. Parr's list, language, and manner, and Kemble's voice and accent, both on and off the stage, so accurately, so nicely, so free from caricature, that, had I been in another room, I should have sworn they had been speaking themselves. Upon the whole, I cannot terminate my account of this prince better than by asserting it as my opinion, from the knowledge I acquired by my observations of this night, that he has as much conversational talent, and far more learning than Charles the Second; who knew no more, even of orthography, than Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*."

The severe disappointments, with their aggravating circumstances, that repeatedly had deprived Dr. Burney of the first post of nominal honour in his profession, which the whole musical world, not only of his own country, but of Europe, would have voted to be his due, were now, from his advanced stage in life, closing, without further struggle, into inevitable submission.

Yet his many friends to whom this history was familiar, and who knew that the approbation of the king, from the earliest time that the doctor had been made known to his majesty, had invariably been in his favour, could not acquiesce in this resignation; and suggested amongst themselves the propriety of presenting Dr. Burney to the king, as a fit object for the next vacancy that might occur, in the literary line, for a pension to a man of letters. And, upon the death of Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Crewe endeavoured to begin a canvass.

But an audience with the king, at that moment, from various illnesses and calamities, was so little attainable, that no application had been found feasible: weeks, months, again rolled away without the effort; and nothing, certainly, could be so unexpected, so utterly unlooked for, in the course of things, as that Dr. Burney, the most zealous adherent to government principles, and the most decided enemy to democratic doctrines, should finally receive all the remuneration he ever attained for his elaborate workings in that art, which, of all others, was the avowed favourite of his king, under the administration of the great chief of opposition, Charles Fox."

* A mark of genuine liberality this in Mr. Fox, who, like Mr. Burke, in the affairs of Chelsea College, clearly held that men of science and letters should, in all great

So, however it was; for when, in the year 1806, that renowned orator of liberty, found himself suddenly, and, by the premature death of Mr. Pitt, almost unavoidably raised to the head of the state, Mrs. Crewe started a claim for Dr. Burney.

Mr. Windham was instant and animated in supporting it. Mr. Fox, with his accustomed grace, where he had a favour to bestow, gave it his ready countenance; the king's sign manual was granted with alacrity of approbation; and the faithful, invaluable LADY CREWE, while her own new honours were freshly ornamenting her brow, had the cordial happiness of announcing to her unsolicited and no longer expecting old friend, his participation in the new turn of the tide.

It was Lord Grenville, however, who was the immediately apparent agent in this gift of the crown; though Charles Fox, there can be no doubt, had a real share of pleasure in propitiating such a reward to a friend and favourite of Lord and Lady Crewe; to settle whose long withheld title was amongst the first official acts of his friendship upon coming into power.

The pension accorded was £300 per annum, and the pleasure caused by this benevolent royal act amongst the innumerable friends of the man of four-score—for such, now, was Dr. Burney—was great almost to exultation. And, in truth, so little had his financial address kept pace with his mental abilities, that, previously to this grant, he had found it necessary, in relinquishing the practice of his profession, to relinquish his carriage.

The health and spirits of Dr. Burney were now so good, that he seized an opportunity for writing in the same month, to his truly grateful daughter:

"13th October.

"My Dear Fanny,—Do you remember a letter of thanks which I received from Rousseau for a present of music which I sent him, with a printed copy of 'The Cunning Man, that I had Englished from his *Dieu du Village*? I thought myself the most fortunate of beings, in 1770, to have obtained an hour's conversation with him; for he was then more difficult of access than ever, especially to the English, being out of humour with the whole nation, from resentment of Horace Walpole's forged letter from the King of Prussia; and he had determined, he said, never to read or write again! Gny, the famous bookseller, was the only person he then admitted; and it was through the sagacious good offices of this truly eminent book-man, urged by my friends, Count d'Holbach, Diderot, &c., that the interview I so ardently aspired at was procured for me. Well, this letter from the great Jean Jacques, which I had not seen these twenty years, I have lately found in a cover from Lord Harcourt, to whom I had lent it, when his lordship was preparing a list of all Rousseau's works, for the benefit of his widow; which, however, he left to find another editor, when Madame Rousseau relinquished her celebrated name, to become the wife of some ordinary man. Lord Harcourt then returned my letter, and, upon a recent review of it, I was quite struck with the politeness and condescension with which Jean Jacques had accepted my little offering, at a time when he refused all assistance, nay, all courtesy, from the first persons both of England and France. I am now writing in bed, and have not the original to quote; but, as far as I can remember, he concludes his letter with the following flattering lines:

"The works, sir, which you have presented to me, will often call to my remembrance the pleasure I had in seeing and hearing you; and will augment my regret at my not being able sometimes to renew that pleasure. I entreat you, sir, to accept my humble salutations.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU."

"I give you this in English, not daring, by memory, to quote J. J. Rousseau. It was directed to M. Burney, in London; and, I believe, under cover to Lord Harcourt, who always was his open protector. But is it not extraordinary, my dear Fanny, that the most flattering letters I have received should be from Dr. Johnson and J. J. Rousseau? I can account for it in no other way than from my always treating them with openness and frankness, yet with that regard and reverence which their great literary powers inspired. Much as I loved and respected the good and great Dr. Johnson, I saw his prejudices and severity of character. Nor was I blind to Rousseau's eccentricities, principles, and paradoxes in all things but music; in which his taste and views, particularly in dramatic music, were admirable; and supported with more wit, reason, and refinement, than by

states, be publicly encouraged, without wounding their feelings by shacking their opinions.

any writer on the subject, in any language which I am able to read. But as I had no means to correct the prejudices of the one, nor the principles of the other of these extraordinary persons, was I to shun and detest the whole man because of his peccant parts? Ancient and modern poets and sages, philosophers and moralists, subscribe to the axiom, *humanum est errare*, and yet, every individual, whatever be his virtues, science, or talents, is treated, if his frailties are discovered, as if the characteristic of human nature were perfection, and the least diminution from it were unnatural and unpardonable! God bless you, my dear Fanny. Write soon, and long, I entreat."

In this same, to Dr. Burney, memorable year, 1806, he had the agreeable surprise of a first invitation from Mr. West, president of the Royal Academy, to the annual dinner given by its directors to the most magnificent patrons, capital artists, distinguished judges, or eminent men of letters of the day, for the purpose of assembling them to a private and undisturbed view of the works prepared for forming the exhibition of the current year.

By that grand painter, and delightful man of letters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, from the time of their first happy intimacy, had regularly been included in the annual invitations; but Mr. West was unacquainted, personally, with the doctor, and had, of course, his own set and friends to oblige. What led to this late complicity, after a chasm of fourteen years, does not appear; but the remembrance occurred at a moment of revived exertion, and the doctor accepted it with exceeding satisfaction.

Towards the close of this year, 1807, Dr. Burney had an infliction which nearly robbed him of his long-tried, and hitherto almost invulnerable force of mind, for bearing the rude assaults of misfortune: this was a paralytic stroke, which, in casting his left hand into a state of torpor, threw his heart, head, and nerves into one of ceaseless agitation, from an unrelenting expectance of abrupt dissolution.

His own account of this trying event, written in the following year, in answer to his daughter's alarm at his silence, will show the full and surprising return of his spirits and health upon his recovery:

"TO MADAME D'ARELAY.

"Nov. 12th, 1808.

"My dear Fanny,—The complaints made, in one of the two short notes which I have received, of letters never answered, Old Charles returns—as his account of family affairs he finds has never reached you. Indeed, for these last two or three years, I have had nothing good to say of *own self*; and I promptly charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health: for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant friends with accounts of severe illness,—as we may be either recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

"I wrote you an account of my excursion to Bristol Hotwells: but I had not been returned to Chelsea more than three days, before I had an alarming seizure in my left hand, which neither heat, friction, nor medicines could subdue. It felt perfectly asleep; in a state of immoveable torpor. My medical friends would not tell me what this obstinate numbness was; but I discovered by their prescriptions, and advice as to regimen, that it was neither more nor less than a paralytic affection; and, near Christmas, it was pronounced to be a Bath case. On Christmas eve, I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited: the roads terrible, and almost incessant torrents of rain all the way. I was five days on the journey; I took Fanny Phillips with me, and we had excellent apartments on the South Parade, which is always warm when any sun shines. I put myself under the care of Dr. Parry, who, having resided, and practised physic at Bath more than forty years, must, *ceteris paribus*, know the virtues and vices of Bath waters better than the most renowned physicians in London. To give them fair play, I remained three months in this city; and I found my hand much more alive, and my general health very considerably amended. But, I caught so violent a fresh cold in my journey home, that it was called what the French style a *Fluxion de poitrine*, and I was immediately confined to my bed at Chelsea, and unable to eat, sleep, or speak. Strict starvation was then ordered; but softened off into fish and asparagus as soon as possible, by our wise and good Esculapius, Sir Walter Farquhar: and now I am allowed poultry and game, under certain restrictions, and find myself tolerably well again. All this tedious account of *own self* should still have been suppressed, but that I feared it might reach

you by some other means, and give you greater alarm; I determined, therefore, to tell you the truth, the whole truth, &c., with my own paw: being able, at the same time, to write you that, though excepted, which returns with cold weather, I passed last summer more free from complaint than I have passed any for many preceding years. And now it is time to say something of your other kindred, whose names you languish, you say, to see.

"I have forgotten to mention that, during my invalidity at Bath, I had an unexpected visit from your *ci-derant* Stratham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. When her name was sent in, I was much surprised, but desired she might be asked to follow it: and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave and seems to be turned into candour itself: though she still says good things, and writes admirable notes, and, I am told, letters. We shook hands very cordially; and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause. Her *caro sposo* still lives; but is such an object, from the gout, that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely. He wished, she told me, to see his old friend; and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with this wish. I found him in great pain, but very glad to see me. The old rancour, or ill-will, excited by our desire to impede the marriage, is totally worn away. Indeed, it never could have existed, but from her imprudence in betraying to him that proof of our friendship for *her*, which ought never to have been regarded as spleen against *him*, who, certainly, nobody could blame for accepting a gay rich widow. What could a man do better?"

It is well worthy of notice, and greatly in favour of the Bath waters for paralytic affections, that Dr. Burney never had a return of his alarming seizure of the hand; and never to the end of his life, which was yet prolonged several years, had any other paralytic attack.

It was during this residence at Bath that Dr. Burney made his last will; in which, after settling his various legacies, he left his two eldest daughters, Esther and Frances, his residuary legacies; and nominated his sons, Captain James Burney and Dr. Charles Burney, his executors.

DR. BURNEY'S MEMOIRS.

It was here, also, after a cessation of twenty-four years, that the doctor recurred to his long dormant scheme of writing his own memoirs.

If, at the date of its design and commencement, in 1782, his plan had been put into execution, according to the nobly independent ideas, and widely liberal intention of its projection, few are the individual narratives of a private life in the last century, that could have exhibited a more expansive, informing, general, or philosophical view of society than those of Dr. Burney.

But, in 1807, though the uncommon powers of his fine mind were still unimpaired for conversation or enjoyment, his frame had received a blow, and his spirits a suspensive shock, that caused a marked diminution of his resources for composition.

His imagination, hitherto the most vivid, even amidst sorrow, calamity, nay care, nay sickness, nay age, was now no longer, as heretofore, rambling abroad and at will for support and renovation. A fixed object, as he expressed himself in various letters of that date, had seized, occupied, absorbed it. The alarm excited by a paralytic attack is far more baneful than its suffering; for every rising dawn, and every darkening eve look tremblingly for its successor; and the sword of Damocles, as he mournfully declared, seemed eternally waving over his head.

The spirit, therefore, of composition was now, though not lost, enervated; and the whole force of his faculties was cast exclusively upon his memory, in the research of past incidents that might soothe his affections, or recreate his fancy; but bereft of those exhilarating ideas, which, previously to this alarm, had given attraction to whatever had fallen from his pen.

Hence arose, in that vast compilation for which, from this time, he began collecting materials and reminiscences,

* At Bath, also, many years afterwards, an intercourse, both personal and epistolary, between Mrs. Piozzi and this memorialist, was renewed; and was gliding on to returning feelings of the early cordiality, that, gaily and delightfully, had been endearing to both—when calamitous circumstances caused a new separation, that soon afterwards became final by the death of Mrs. Piozzi.

a nerveless laxity of expression, a monotonous prolixity of detail, that, upon the maturest examination, decided this memorialist to abridge, to simplify, or to destroy so immense a mass of morbid leisure, and minute personality, with the fullest conviction, as has been stated, that it never would have seen the public light, had it been revised by its composer in his healthier days of chastening criticism; so little does it resemble the flowing harmony, yet unaffected energy of his every production up to that diseased period.

Nor even can it be compared with any remaining penmanship, though of a much later date, written after his recovery; as appears by sundry letters, occasional essays, and biographical fragments, sketched from the time of that restoration to the very end of his existence.

And hence, consequently, or rather unavoidably, have arisen in their present state those abridged, or recollected, not copied memoirs; which, though on one hand largely curtailed from their massive original, are occasionally lengthened on the other, from confidential communications; joined to a whole life's recollections of the history, opinions, disposition, and character of Dr. Burney.

A dire interval again, from political restrictions and prudential difficulties, took place between all communication, all correspondence of Dr. Burney with Paris. But in June, 1810, it was happily broken up, through the active kind offices of a liberal friend,* who found means by some returning prisoner, to get a letter conveyed to Chelsea College; and to procure thence the following indescribably welcomed answer:

June, 1810.

"My dear Fanny,—I never was so surprised and delighted at the sight of your well known autograph, as on the envelop of your last letter: but when I saw, after the melancholy account of your past sufferings, and of the more slight disposition of your *caro sposo*, with what openness you spoke of your affairs; and, above all, that your dear Alexander was still with you, and had escaped the terrific *code de conscription*, it occasioned me an exultation which I cannot describe. And that you should be begging so hard of me for a line, a word, in my own handwriting, at the time that I was, in prudence, imploring all your living old correspondents and my friends, not to venture a letter to you, even by a private hand, lest it should accidentally miscarry, and, being observed, and misconstrued, as coming from this country, should injure M. d'Arbly in the eyes of zealous Frenchmen!—But the detail you have given me of the worthy and accomplished persons who honour you with their friendship; and of the lofty apartments you have procured, Rue d'Anjou, for the sake of more air, more room, more cleanliness, and more *bookeries*, diverts me much. With regard to my own health, I shall say nothing of past sufferings of various kinds since my last ample family letter; except that 'Here I am,' in spite of the old gentleman and his scythe. And the few people I am able to see, ere the warm weather, tell me I look better, speak better, and walk better than I did 'ever so long ago.' God knows how handsome I shall be by-and-by!—but you will allow it behoves the fair ladies who make me a visit now and then, to take care of themselves!—That's all.

"People wonder, secluded as I am for ever from the world and its joys, how I can cut a *joke* and be *silly*; but when I have no serious sufferings, a book, or a pen, makes me forget all the world, and even myself; the best of all objects."

Then follow sundry confidential family details. How merely an amanuensis had been the editor of these memoirs, had all the personal manuscripts of Dr. Burney been written at this healthy, though so much later period of his existence; instead of having fallen under his melancholy pen, to while away nerveless languor when paralysis, through the vision of his imagination, appeared to be unrelentingly suspended over his head! the last given pages of his letters to Paris, though composed from his 80th to his 85th year, are all run off in the flowing and lively style of his early penmanship.

But disastrous indeed to Dr. Burney was an after event, of the year 1810, that is now to be recorded; grievously, essentially, permanently disastrous. Misfortune, with all her feverish arrows of hoarded ill, retained no longer the materials that could so deeply

* General La Fayette, who was then still living in his agricultural retirement, surrounded by a branching family, almost constituting a tribe; and, at that time, utterly a stranger to all politics or public life.

empoison another dart, for striking at the root of what life could yet accord him of elegant enjoyment. Lady Crewe alone remained, apart from his family, whose personal loss could more afflictively have wounded him, than that which he now experienced by the death of the Duke of Portland.

Fatal to all future zest for worldly exertion in Dr. Burney, proved this blow; from which, though he survived it some years, he never mentally recovered; so deeply had he felt and reciprocated the extraordinary partiality conceived for him by his grace.

It was the duke alone who, for a long time previously, had been able to prevail with him to come forth from his already begun seclusion, to be domiciled at Balstrode Park; where he could animate with society, recreate in rural scenery, or meditate in solitude without difficulty or preparation; that superb country villa being as essentially, and at will, his own, as his apartments at Chelsea College.

A loss such as this, was in all ways irreparable.

The last sentence which he wrote upon the duke, in his journal, is mournfully impressive:

"My loss by the decease of my most affectionate and liberal friend and patron, the Duke of Portland, and my grief for his dreadful sufferings, will lower my spirits to the last hour of sensibility! The loss to my heart is indescribable!"

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Yet, in the midst of this total and voluntary retreat from public life, a new honour, as little expected by Dr. Burney as, from concomitant circumstances, it was little wished, sought, in 1810, to enircle his brow.

M. Le Breton, *Secrétaire perpétuel de la classe des Beaux Arts* de l'Institut National de France, had, some years previously, put up the name of Dr. Burney as a candidate to be elected an honorary foreign member of the Institute; but the interrupted intercourse between the two countries caused a considerable time to elapse, before it was known whether this compliment was accepted or declined.

These preliminary measures, with all that belonged to the honour of the offer, passed in the year 1806; but it was not till the year 1810 that Dr. Burney received the official notification of his election; which he has thus briefly marked in his last volume of Journal:—

Nov. 23, 1810.

"Received from the National Institute at Paris, with a letter from Madame Greenwood Solvyns, my diploma, or patent, as a member of the Institute, *Classe des Beaux Arts*."

And three weeks afterwards:—

Jan. 14, 1811.

"I received a packet from M. Le Breton, &c., addressed,

'A Monsieur le Docteur Burney.

Correspondant de l'Institut de France."

"This packet found its way to my apartment at Chelsea College, by means of Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy. Its contents were—

Notices historiques sur la vie, et les ouvrages de M. Pajon. Par M. Joachim Le Breton. Du 6. Otto. 1810.

Notices historiques sur la vie, et les ouvrages, de Jos. Haydn. Par le même.

This memoir sur la vie de Haydn, sent by M. Le Breton, drew from the doctor, nearly at the close of his own annals, the following paragraph upon that great musician, who, for equal excellence in science and invention, he held to be at the head of his compeers:

HAYDN, 1810.

"It has been well observed, by Haydn's excellent biographer, at Paris, M. Le Breton, that the public every where, by whom his works were so enthusiastically admired, took more care of his fame than of his fortune. He, however, himself, always modest, upright, and prudent, supposed it possible that he might survive his talents; and wished, by rigid economy and self-denial, to accumulate a sufficiently independent income for old age and infirmities, when he might no longer be able to entertain the public with new productions. This humble and most rational wish he was unable, in his own country, from the smallness of remuneration, to accomplish.

"I began an intimate intercourse with him immediately on his arrival in England; and was as much pleased with his mild, unassuming, yet cheerful conversation and countenance, as with his stupendous musical merit. And I procured him more subscribers to that sublime effort of genius—the Creation, than all his other friends, whether at home or abroad, put together."

NAPOLÉON.

On the opening of April, 1812, ten years of hard borne absence were completed between Dr. Burney and his second daughter; after a parting which, in idea, and by agreement, had foreseen both a twelve-month's separation. Grievously dejecting in that long epoch, had been, at times, the breach of intercourse: not alone they never met; that, in a season of war, however afflictive, was but the ordinary result of hostile policy; not alone the foreign post office was closed, and all regular and authentic communication was annihilated; that, again, was but the common lot of belligerent nations while under arms, and was sustained, therefore, with that fortitude which all, save fools and madmen, must, sooner or later, perforce acquire, the fortitude of necessity.

But these prohibitions, however severe upon every national or kindred feeling that binds the affections and the interests of man to man, were inefficient to baffle the portentous vengeance of Napoleon, who suddenly, in one of his explosions of rage against Great Britain, issued a decree that not a letter, a note, an address, or any written document whatsoever, should pass from France to England, or arrive from England to France, under pain of death.

It was then that this dire position became nearly insupportable; for, by this fierce stroke of fiery despotism, all mitigation of private agony to public calamity was hopelessly destroyed; all the softening palliatives of billets, or memorandums, trusted to incidental opportunities, which hitherto had glided through these formidable obstacles, and found their way to the continental captive with a solace utterly indescribable, were now denied; the obscure anxiety of total ignorance of the proceedings, nay, even of the life or death, of those ties by which life and death held their first charm, was without alloy; and hope had not a resting place!

The perversion of hatred or revenge which urged Napoleon to this harsh rigidity, passed, indeed, after a while, it may be presumed, away, like most other of his unbridled manifestations of unbounded authority; since its effect, after a certain time, seemed over; and things appeared to go on as they had done before that tremendous decree. But that decree was never annulled! what, then, was the security that its penalty might not be exacted from the first object, who, in disobeying it, should incur his suspicion or ill-will? or of whom, for whatever cause, he might wish to get rid?

Dr. Burney, on this subject, entertained apprehensions so affrighting, that he entirely abstained from writing himself to France; and charged all his family and friends to practise the same forbearance. The example was followed, if not set, by his nearly exiled daughter; and, at one sad time, no intelligence whatever traversed the forbidden route; and two whole, dread, endless years lingered on, in the darkest mystery, whether or not she had still the blessing of a remaining parent.

This was a doubt too cruel to support, where to endure it was not inevitable; though hard was the condition by which alone it could be obviated; namely, submission to another basom laceration! But all seemed preferable to relinquishing one final effort for obtaining at least one final benediction.

Her noble minded partner, who participated in all her filial aspirations, but to whom quitting France was utterly impossible, consented to her spending a few months in her native land: and when the rumour of a war with Russia gave hope of the absence of Napoleon from Paris, worked assiduously himself at procuring her a passport; for, while the emperor inhabited the capital, the police discipline was so impetrate, that a madman alone could have planned eluding its vigilance.

When, however, it was ascertained that the Czar of all the Russias disclaimed making any concessions, that Napoleon had left Dresden to take the field; and that his yet unconquerable and matchless army, in actual sight of the enemy, was bordering the frontiers of all European Russia; whence two letters, written at that breathless crisis, reached M. d'Arbly himself, from an aide-de-camp, and from the first surgeon of Napoleon; the singular moment was energetically seized by the most generous of husbands and fathers; his applications, from fresh courage, became more vigorous; the impediments, from an involuntary relaxation of municipal rigidity, grew more feeble; and, liberally seconded by the most zealous, disinterested, and feeling of friends, he finally obtained a passport not only for his wife, but, though through a difficulties that had seemed insurmountable, for his son; for whom, during the imperial presence in the French metropolis, even to have solicited one, notwithstanding he was yet much too young to be

amenable to the conscription, would have produced incarceration.

THE RETURN.

A reluctant however eagerly sought parting then abruptly took place in the faubourg, or suburbs of Paris; and, after various other, but minor difficulties, and a detention of six weeks at Dunkirk, the mother and the son reached the long lost land of their desires.

It was at Deal they were disembarked, where their American vessel, the *Marianne*, was immediately captured, though they, as English, were of course set at liberty; and, to their first ecstasy in touching British ground, they had the added delight of being almost instantly recognised by the lady of the commander of the port; and the honour of taking their first British repast at the hospitable table of the commander himself.

After a separation so bordering upon banishment, from a parent so loved and so aged, some preparation seemed requisite, previous to a meeting, to avoid asking a surprise that might mar all its happiness. At Deal, therefore, and under this delectable protection, they remained three or four days, to give time for the passage of letters to Dr. Burney; first, to let him know their hopes of revisiting England, of which they had had no power to give him any intimation; and next, to announce their approach to his honoured presence.

Fully, therefore, they were expected, when, on the evening of the 20th of August, 1812, they alighted at the apartment of Dr. Burney, at Chelsea College, which they had quitted in the beginning of April, 1802.

The joy of this memorialist at the arrival of this long sighed-for moment, was almost disorder; she knew none of the servants, though they were the same that she had left; she could not recollect whether the apartment to which she was hurrying was on the ground floor or the attic, the door having inhabited both; her head was confused; her feelings were intense; her heart almost swelled from her bosom.

And so well was her kind parent aware of the throbbing sensations with which an instant yearned for so eagerly, and despaired of so frequently, would fill her whole being—would take possession of all its faculties, that he almost feared the excess of her emotion; and, while repeatedly, in the course of the day, he exclaimed, in the hearing of his housekeeper: "Shall I live to see her honest face again?" he had the precaution, kindly, almost comically, to give orders to his immediate attendants, Rebecca and George, to move all the chairs and tables close to the wall; and to see that nothing whatsoever should remain between the door and his sofa, which stood at the farther end of a large room, that could interfere with her rapid approach.

And, indeed, the ecstatic delight with which she sprang to his arms, was utterly indescribable. It was a rush that nothing could have checked; a joy quite speechless—an emotion almost overwhelming!

But, alas! the joy quickly abated, though the emotion long remained!—remained when bereft of its gay transport, to be worked upon only by grief.

The total dearth of familiar intercourse between Paris and London, had kept all detailed family accounts so completely out of view, that she returned to her parental home without the smallest suspicion of the melancholy change she was to witness; and though she did not, and could not expect, that ten years should have passed by unmarked in his physiognomy—still there is nothing so little paint to ourselves at a distance, as the phenomenon of the living metamorphoses that we are destined to exhibit, one to another, upon re-unions after long absences. When, therefore, she became calm enough to look at the honoured figure before which she stood, what a revulsion was produced in her mind!

She had left him, cheerful and cheering; communicating knowledge, imparting ideas; the delight of every house that he entered.

She had left him, with his elegantly formed person still unbroken by his years; his face still susceptible of manifesting the varying associations of his vivid character; his motions alert; his voice clear and pleasing; his spirits, when called forth by social enjoyment, gay, animating, and inspiring animation.

She found him—alas! how altered! in looks, strength, complexion, voice, and spirits!

But that which was most affecting was the change in his carriage and person; his revered head was not merely by age and weakness bowed down; it was completely bent, and hung helplessly upon his breast; his voice, though still distinct, sunk almost to a whisper; his feeble frame reclined upon a sofa; his air and look forlorn; and

his whole appearance manifesting a species of self-description.

His eyes, indeed, still kept a considerable portion of their native spirit; they were large, and, from his thinness, looked more prominent than ever; and they exhibited a strong, nay, eloquent power of expression, which still could graduate from pathos to gaiety; and from investigating intelligence to playfulness; with energies truly wonderful, because beyond, rather than within, their original force; though every other feature marked the writer of decay; but, at this moment, from conscious alteration, their disturbed look depicted only dejection or enquiry; dejection, that mournfully said: "How am I changed since we parted?" or enquiry, anxiously demanding: "Do you not perceive it?"

This melancholy, though mute interrogatory with which his "asking eye explored her secret thoughts," quickly impelled her to stifle her dismay under an apparent disorder of general perturbation: and, when his apprehension of the shock which he might cause, and the shock which the sight of his impression might bring back to him, was abated, a gentle smile began to find its way through the earnestness of his brow, and to restore to him his serene air of native benignity: while, on her part, the more severely she perceived his change, the more grateful she felt to the Providence that had propitiated her return, ere that change,—still changed on,—should have become, to her, invisible.

In consequence of her letters from Deal, he had prepared for her and his grandson, whose sight he most kindly hailed, apartments near his own: and he had charmed all his family to abstain from breaking in upon their first interview.

The turbulence of this trying scene once past, the rest of the evening glided on so smoothly, yet so rapidly, that when the closing night forced their reluctant separation, they almost felt as if they had but recognised one another in a dream.

The next morning, the next, and the next, as soon as he could be visible, they met again; and for some short and happy, though, from another absence, most anxious weeks, she delightedly devoted to him every moment he could accept.

The obscurity of the brief and ambiguous letters that rarely and irregularly had passed between them, had left subjects for discussion so innumerable, and so entangled, that they almost seemed to demand a new life for reciprocating.

Endless, indeed, were the histories they had to unfold; the projects to announce or develop; the domestic tales to hear and to relate; and the tombs of departed friends to mourn over.

THE BURNEY FAMILY.

It was as singular as it was fortunate, that, in this long space of ten years, the doctor had lost, in England, but one part of his family, Mrs. Rebecca Burney, an ancient and very amiable sister. In India he was less happy, for there died, in the prime of life, Richard Thomas, his only son by his second marriage; who left a large and prosperous family.

His eldest son, Captain James Burney, who had twice circumnavigated the globe with Captain Cooke, and who had always been marked for depth of knowledge in his profession as a naval officer, had now distinguished himself also as a writer upon naval subjects; and, after various slighter works, had recently completed an elaborate, scientific, yet entertaining and well written, *General History of Voyages to the South Sea*, in five volumes quarto.

His second son, Dr. Charles, had sustained more than unimpaired the high character in Greek erudition which he had acquired early in life, and in which he was generally held, after Porson and Parr, to be the third scholar in the kingdom. The fourth, who now, therefore, is probably the first, was esteemed by Dr. Charles to be Dr. Blomfield, the present Bishop of London. Dr. Charles still toiled on in the same walk with unwearied perseverance; and was, at that time, engaged in collating a newly found manuscript Greek Testament; by the express request of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Manners Sutton.

His daughters, Esther and Charlotte, were well and lively; and each was surrounded by a sprightly and amiable progeny.

His youngest daughter, by his second marriage, Sarah Harriet, had produced, and was still producing, some works in the novel path of literature, that the doctor had the satisfaction of hearing praised, and of knowing to be well received and favoured in the best society.

And the whole of his generation in all its branches,

children, grand-children, and great grand-children, all studied, with profound affection, to cherish the much-loved trunk whence they sprang; and to which they, and their successors, must ever look up as to the honoured chief of their race.

THE DOCTOR'S WAY OF LIFE.

His general health was still tolerably good, save from occasional or local sufferings; of which, however, he never spoke; bearing them with such silent fortitude, that even the memorialist only knew of them through a correspondence which fell to her examination, that he had held with a medical friend, Mr. Rumsey.

The height of his apartments, which were but just beneath the attic of the tall and noble Chelsea College, had been an evil when he grew into years, from the fatigue of mounting and descending; but from the time of his dejected resolve to go forth no more, that height became a blessing, from the greater purity of the air that he inhaled, and the wider prospect that, from some of his windows, he surveyed.

To his bedchamber, however, which he chiefly inhabited, this good did not extend: its principal window faced the burying-ground in which the remains of the second Mrs. Burney were interred; and that melancholy sight was the first that every morning met his eyes. And, however his strength of mind might ward off its depressing effect, while still he went abroad, and mingled with the world; from the time that it became his sole prospect, that no change of scene created a change of ideas, must inevitably, however silently, have given a gloom to his mind, from that of his position.

Not dense, perhaps, was that gloom to those who seldom lost sight of him; but doubly, and truly was it afflicting to her who, without any graduating interval, abruptly beheld it, in place of a sunshine that had, erst, been the most radiant.

From the fatal period of the loss of the Duke of Portland, and of the delicious retreat of the appropriated villa residence of Bultrede Park, the doctor had become inflexible to every invitation for quitting his own dwelling. The surprise of the shock he had then sustained from his disappointment in out-living a friend and patron so dear to him, and so much younger than himself, had cast him into so forlorn a turn of meditation, that even with the most intimate of his former associates, all spontaneous intercourse was nearly cut off; he never, indeed, refused their solicitations for admission, but rare was the unbidden approach that was hailed with cheering smiles! Solitary reading, and lonely contemplation, were all that, by custom, absorbed the current day: except in moments of renovated animation from the presence of some one of influence over his feelings; or upon the arrival of national good tidings; or upon the starting of any political theme that was fleetingly soothing to his own political principles and credence.

In books, however, he had still the great happiness of retaining a strong portion of his original pleasure: and the table that was placed before his sofa was commonly covered with chosen authors from his excellent library; though latterly, when deep attention fatigued his nerves, he interspersed his classical collection by works lighter of entertainment, and quicker of comprehension, from the circulating libraries.

THE DOCTOR'S WRITINGS.

With regard to his writings, he had now, for many years, ceased furnishing any articles for the *Monthly Review*, having broken up his critic-intercourse with Mr. Griffith, that he might devote himself exclusively to the *Cyclopædia*.

But for the *Cyclopædia*, also, about the year 1805, he had closed his labours: labours which must ever remain memorials of the clearness, fulness, and spirit of his faculties up to the seventy-eighth year of his age; for more profound knowledge of his subject, or a more natural flow of pleasing language, or more lively elucidations of his theme, appear not in any of even his most favoured productions.

The list, numbered alphabetically, that he drew up of his plan for this work, might almost have staggered the courage of a man of twenty-five years of age for its completion; but fifty years older than that was Dr. Burney when it was formed! There is not a book upon music, which it was possible he could consult, that he has not ransacked; nor a subject, that could afford information for the work, that he has not fathomed. And so excellent are his articles, both in manner and matter, that, to equal him upon the subjects he has selected, another writer must await a future period; when new musical genius, composition, and combinations in the powers of

harmony, and the varieties of melody, by creating new tastes, may kindle sensations that may call for a new historian.

Less pleasing, or rather, extremely painful, is what remains to relate of the last efforts of his genius, and last, and perhaps most cherished of his literary exercises, namely, his *Poem on Astronomy*; which the memorialist had now the chagrin, almost the consternation, to learn had been renounced, nay, committed to the flames!

What new view, either of the occupation, or its execution, had determined its total relinquishment, was never to its instigator revealed; the solemn look with which he announced that *it was over*, had an expression that she had not courage to explore.

Enough, however, remains of the original work, scattered amongst his manuscripts, to shew his project to have been skillfully conceived, while its plan of execution was modestly and sensibly circumscribed to his bounded knowledge of the subject. And its idea with its general sketch, drawn up at so advanced a period of life—verging upon eighty—that had been spent in another and absorbing study, must needs remain a monument of wonder for the general herd of mankind; and a stimulus to courage and enterprise for the gifted few, with whom longevity is united with genius.

From the time of this happy return, the memorialist passed at Chelsea College every moment that she could tear from personal calls that, most inopportunist yet imperiously, then demanded her attention.

Shut up nevertheless, as the doctor was now from the general world and its commerce, the seclusion of his person was by no means attended with any exclusion of kindness; or any exemption from what he deemed a parental devoir.

When, on the 12th day of the following year, 1813, his returned daughter, though her first enjoyment was the restoration to his society, excused herself from accompanying her son to the college; and the doctor gathered that that day, the 6th of January, and the anniversary of the lamented loss of their mutual darling, Susanna, had been yearly devoted, since that privation, to meditative commemoration; he sent his confidential housekeeper to the memorialist's apartment with the following lines:

"Few individuals have lost more valuable friends than myself.—Twining, Crisp, poor Bewley, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds.—If I were to keep an anniversary for all these severally, I should not have time allowed me for diminishing the first excess of my affliction for each."

It may, perhaps, be superfluous, and yet seems unavoidable to mention, that again, as after the death of Mr. Crisp, she hastened to him with her grateful acknowledgments for this exhortation; and that she has ever since refused herself that stated sad indulgence.

Nothing new, either of event or incident, occurred thereafter that can be offered to the public reader; though not a day passed that teemed not with circumstance, or discourse, of tender import, or bosom interest, to the family of the doctor, and to his still surviving and admitted friends.

That Dr. Burney would have approved the destruction, or suppression of the voluminous records begun under his sickly paralytic depression, and kept in hand for occasional additions to the last years of his life, his biographer has the happy conviction upon her mind, from the following paragraph, left loose amongst his manuscript hoards.

It is without date, but was evidently written after some late perusal of the materials which he had amassed for his memoirs; and which, from their opposing extremes of amplitude and deficiency, had probably, upon this accidental examination, struck his returning judgment with a consciousness, that he had rather disburthened his memory for his own ease and pastime, than prepared or selected matter from his stores for public interest.

The following is the paragraph:

"These records of the numerous invitations with which I have been honoured, entered, at the time, into my pocket-books, which served as ledgers, must be very dry and uninteresting, without relating the conversations, *bon mots*, or characteristic stories, told by individuals, who struck fire out of each other, producing mirth and good humour: but when these *entrées* were made, I had not leisure for details—and now—memory cannot recall them!"

What next—and last—follows, is copied from the final page of Dr. Burney's manuscript journal: and closes all there is to offer of his written composition.

Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last name he should pronounce in public should be that of Michael

Angelo; and Dr. Burney seems to suppose that the last name he should transmit—if so allowed—through his annals, to posterity, should be that of Haydn.

* Finding a blank leaf at the end of my journal, it may be used in the way of postscriptum, in speaking of the prologue, or opening of Haydn's Creation, to observe, that though the generality of the subscribers were unable to disentangle the studied confusion in delineating chaos, yet, when dissonance was tuned, when order was established, and God said,

"Let there be light!—and there was light!"

Que la lumière soit!—et la lumière fut!

the composer's meaning was felt by the whole audience, who instantly broke in upon the performers with rapturous applause before the musical period was closed."

1814.

Little or no change was perceptible in the health of Dr. Burney, save some small diminution of strength, at the beginning of this memorable year; which brought to a crisis a state of things that, by analogy, might challenge belief for the most improbable legends of other times; a state of things in which history seemed to make a mockery of fiction, by giving events to the world, and assorting destinies to mankind, that imagination would have feared to create, and that good taste would have resisted, as a mass of wonders fit only for the wand of the magician, when waved in the fancied precincts of chivalrous old romance—all brought to bear by the unimaginable manœuvre of the starting of an unknown individual from Corsica to Paris; who, in the course of a few years, without any native influence, or interest, or means whatsoever, *but of his own devising*, made kings over foreign dominions of three of his brothers; a queen of one of his sisters; a cardinal of an uncle; took a daughter of the Cæsars for his wife; proclaimed his infant son King of Rome; and ordered the Pope to Paris, to consecrate and crown him an emperor!"

An epoch such as this, unparalleled, perhaps, in hope, dread, danger, and sharp vicissitude, could even still call forth the energies of Dr. Burney through his love of his country; his enthusiasm for those who served it; the warmth of his patriotism for his friends, and the fire of his antipathy for its foes, could still animate him into spirited discourse; bring back the tint of life into his pallid cheek; dart into his eyes a gleam of almost lush intelligence; and chase the nervous hoarseness from his voice, to restore it to the native clearness of his younger days.

The apprehension of a long death-bed agony had frequently disturbed the peace of Dr. Burney; but that, at least, he was spared. It was only three days previous to his final dissolution, that any fears were excited of a fast approaching end.

To avoid going over again the same melancholy ground, since nothing fresh recurs to give any advantage to a new statement, the memorialist will venture to finish this narration, by copying the account of the closing scene which she drew up for General d'Arblay, who was then in Paris. Omitting, of course, all extraneous circumstances.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

TO GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

"Not a week before the last fatal seizure, my dear father had cheerfully said to me: 'I have gone through so rough a winter, and such severity of bodily pain; and I have held up against such intensity of cold, that I think now, I can stand any thing!'

"Joyfully I had joined in this belief, which enabled me—most acutely to my sincere regret!—to occupy myself in the business I have mentioned to you; which detained me three or four days from the College. But I bore the unusual separation the less unwillingly, as public affairs were just then taking that happy turn in favour of England and her allies, that I could not but hope would once more, at least for a while, reanimate his classic spirits to almost their pristine vivacity.

"When I was nearly at liberty, I sent Alexander to the College, to pay his duty to his grandfather; with a promise that I would pay mine before night, to participate in his joy at the auspicious news from the continent.

"I was surprised by the early return of my messenger; his air of pensive absorption, and the disturbance, or rather taciturnity with which he heard my interrogatories. Too soon, however, I gathered that his

grandfather had passed an alarming night; that both my brothers had been sent for, and that Dr. Mosely had been summoned.

"I need not, I am sure, tell you that I was in the sick room the next instant.

"I found the beloved invalid seated, in his customary manner, on his sofa. My sister Sarah was with him, and his two faithful and favourite attendants, George and Rebecca. In the same customary manner, also, a small table before him was covered with books. But he was not reading. His revered head, as usual, hung upon his breast—and I, as usual, knelt before him, to catch a view of his face, while I enquired after his health.

"But alas!—no longer as usual was my reception! He made no sort of answer; his look was fixed; his posture immovable; and not a muscle of his face gave any indication that I was either heard or perceived!

"Struck with awe, I had not courage to press for his notice, and hurried into the next room not to startle him with my alarm.

"But when I was informed that he had changed his so fearfully fixed posture, I hastened back; reviving to the happy hope that again I might experience the balm of his benediction.

"He was now standing, and unusually upright; and, apparently, with unusual muscular firmness. I was advancing to embrace him, but his air spoke a rooted concentration of solemn ideas that repelled intrusion.

"Whether or not he recognised, or distinguished me, I know not! I had no command of voice to attempt any enquiry, and would not risk betraying my emotion at this great change since my last and happier admittance to his presence.

"His eyes were intently bent on a window that faced the college burial-ground, where reposed the ashes of my mother-in-law, and where, he had more than once said, would repose his own.

"He bestowed at least five or six minutes on this absorbed and melancholy contemplation of the upper regions of that sacred spot, that so soon were to enclose for ever his mortal clay.

"No one presumed to interrupt his reverie.

"He next opened his arms wide, extending them with a waving motion, that seemed indicative of an internally pronounced farewell! to all he looked at; and shortly afterwards, he uttered to himself, distinctly, though in a low, but deeply-impressive voice, 'All this will soon pass away as a dream!'

"This extension of his arms offered to his attendants an opportunity, which they immediately seized, of taking off his wrapping gown.

"He made no resistance: I again retreated; and he was put to bed. My sister Sarah watched, with his housekeeper, by his side all night; and, at an early hour in the morning, I took her place.

"My other sisters were also summoned; and my brothers came continually. But he spoke to no one! and seldom opened his eyes: yet his looks, though altered, invariably manifested his possession of his faculties and senses. Deep seemed his ruminations; deep and religious, though silent and concentrated.

"I would fain have passed this night in the sick room; but my dear father, perceiving my design, and remembering, probably, how recently I was recovered from a dangerous malady, strenuously, though by look and gesture, not words, opposed what he thought, too kindly, might be an exertion beyond my strength. Grieved and reluctant was my retreat; but this was no epoch for expostulation, nor even for entreaty.

"The next morning I found him so palpably weaker, and more emaciated, that, secretly, I resolved I would quit him no more.

"What a moment was this for so great an affliction! a moment almost throbbing with the promise of that reunion which he has sighed for, almost—*mon ami*, as I have sighed for it myself! This very day, the eleventh of April, opened by public announcement, that a general illumination would take place in the evening, to blazon the glorious victory of England and her allies, in wresting the dominion of the whole of Europe—save our own invulnerable island, from the grasp and the power of the Emperor Napoleon!

"This great catastrophe, which filled my mind, as you can well conceive! with the most buoyant emotion; and which, at any less inauspicious period, would have enchanted me almost to rapture in being the first to reveal it to my ardent and patriotic father, whose love of his country was nearly his predominant feeling, hung now

* The dream of human existence, from which death would awaken him to immortal life!

trembly, gasping on my lips—but there was icicles, and could not pass them!—for where now was the vivacious eagerness that would have caught the tale? where the enraptured intelligence that would have developed its circumstances? where the ecstatic enthusiasm that would have hailed it with songs of triumph?

"The whole day was spent in monotonous watchfulness and humble prayers. At night he grew worse—how grievous was that night; I could offer him no comfort; I durst not even make known my stay. The long habits of obedience of olden times robbed me of any courage for trying so dangerous an experiment as acting contrary to orders. I remained but to share, or to spare, some fatigue to others; and personally to watch and pray by his honoured side.

"Yet sometimes, when the brilliancy of mounting rockets and distant fire-works caught my eyes, to perceive, from the window, the whole apartment sky illuminated to commemorate our splendid success, you will easily imagine what opposing sensations of joy and sorrow struggled for ascendancy! While all I beheld without shone thus refulgent with the promise of peace, prosperity, and—your return!—I could only contemplate all within to mourn over the wreck of lost final happiness! the extinction of all the earliest sweet incitements to pleasure, hope, tenderness, and reverence, in the fast approaching dissolution of the most revered of parents!

"When I was liberated by day-light from the fear of being recognised, I earnestly coveted the cordial of some notice; and fixed myself by the side of his bed, where most frequently I could press his paternal hand, or fasten upon it my lips.

"I languished, also, to bring you, *mon ami*, back to his remembrance. It is not, it cannot—I humbly trust! be impious to covet the last breathings, the gentle sympathies of those who are most dear to our hearts, when they are visibly preceding us to the regions of eternity! We are no where bidden to concentrate our feelings and our aspirations in ourselves! to forget, or to beg to be forgotten by our friends. Even our Redeemer in quitting mortal life, pityingly takes worldly care of his worldly mother; and, consigning her to his favourite disciple, says: 'Woman, behold thy son!'

"Intensely, therefore, I watched to catch a moment for addressing him; and, at last, it came, for at last, I had the joy to feel his loved hand return a pressure from mine. I ventured then, in a low, but distinct whisper, to utter a brief account of the recent events; thankfully adding, when I saw by his countenance and the air of his head, that his attention was undoubtedly engaged, that they would bring over again to England his long-lost son-in-law.

"At these words, he turned towards me, with a quickness, and a look of vivacious and kind surprise, such as, with closed eyes, I should have thought it impossible to have been expressed, had I not been its grateful witness.

"My delight at such a mark of sensibility at the sound of your name, succeeding to so many hours, or rather days, of taciturn immovability, gave me courage to continue my recital, which I could perceive more and more palpably make the most vivid impression. But when I entered into the marvellous details of the Wellington victories, by which the immortal contest had been brought to its crisis; and told him that Bonaparte was dethroned, was in captivity, and was a prisoner on board an English man-of-war; a raised motion of his under lip displayed incredulity; and he turned away his head with an air that showed him persuaded that I was the simple and sanguine dupe of some delusive exaggeration. I did not dare risk the excitement of convincing him of his mistake!

"And nothing more of converse passed between us then—or, alas!—ever!—Though still I have the consolation to know that he frequently, and with tender kindness, felt my lips upon his hand, from soft undulation thus, from time to time, acknowledged their pressure.

"But alas! I have nothing—nothing more that is personal to relate.

"The direction of all spiritual matters fell, of course, as I have mentioned, to my brother, Dr. Charles.

"From about three o'clock in the afternoon he seemed to become quite easy; and his looks were perfectly tranquil; but, as the evening advanced, this quietness subsided into sleep—a sleep so composed that, by tacit consent, every one was silent and motionless, from the fear of giving him disturbance.

"An awful stillness thence pervaded the apartment, and so soft became his breathing, that I dropped my head by the side of his pillow, to be sure that he breathed at all! There, anxiously, I remained, and such was my position,

* The editor resided at Paris during the astonishing period of all these events.

when his faithful man-servant, George, after watchfully looking at him from the foot of his bed, suddenly burst into an audible sob, crying out, "My master!—my dear master!"

"I started and rose, making agitated signs for forbearance, lest the precious rest, from which I still hoped he might awake recruited, should prematurely be broken."

"The poor young man hid his face, and all again was still."

"For a moment, however, only; an alarm from his outcry had been raised, and the servants, full of sorrow, hurried into the chamber, which none of the family, that could assemble, ever quitted, and a general lamentation broke forth."

"Yet could I not believe that all had ceased thus suddenly, without a movement—without even a sigh! and, conjuring that no one would speak or interfere, I solemnly and steadily persisted in passing a full hour or more, in listening to catch again a breath I could so reluctantly lose: but all of life—of earthly life, was gone for ever!"

—And here, *mon ami*, I drop the curtain!—"

On the 20th of the month of April, 1814, the solemn funeral marks of religious respect were paid to the remains of DOCTORA BRUNY; which were then committed to the spot on which his eye had last been fixed, in the burying ground of Chelsea College, immediately next to the ashes of his second wife. The funeral, according to his own direction, was plain and simple.

His sons, Captain James Burney, and Doctor Charles Burney, walked as chief mourners; and every male part of his family, that illness or distance did not impede from attendance, reverentially accompanied the procession to the grave: while foremost among the pall-bearers walked that distinguished lover of merit, the Hon. Frederic North, since Earl of Guildford; and Mr. Salomon, the first professional votary of the doctor's art then within call. A tablet was soon afterwards erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, by a part of his family; the inscription for which was drawn up by his present inadequate, but faithful biographer.

When a narrative account is concluded, to delineate the character of him whom it has brought to view, with its FAILINGS as well as its EXCELLENCES, is the proper, and therefore the common task for the finishing pencil of the biographer. Impartiality demands this contrast; and the mind will not accompany a narrative of real life of which truth, frank and unequivocal, is not the dictator.

And here, to give that contrast, truth is not wanting, but, strange to say, vice and frailty! The editor, however, trusts that she shall find pardon from all lovers of veracity, if she seek not to bestow piquancy upon her portrait through artificial light and shade.

The events and circumstances, with their commentary, that are here presented to the reader, are conscientiously derived from sources of indisputable authenticity; aided by a well-stored memory of the minutest points of the character, conduct, disposition, and opinions of Dr. Burney. And in the picture, which is here endeavoured to be portrayed, the virtues are so simple, that they cannot excite disgust from their exaggeration; though no conflicting qualities give relief to their panegyric.

But with regard to the monumental lines, unmixed praise, there, is universally practised, and calls for no apology. Its object is widely drawn, alike from friends and from foes, from partiality and from envy; and mankind at large, through that the funeral record of departed virtue is most stimulating to posterity when uncommenced by the levelling weight of human defects. Not from any belief so impossible as that he who had been mortal could have been perfect; but from the consciousness that no accusation can darken the marble of death, ere he whom it consigns to the tomb, is not already condemned—or acquitted.

The biographer, therefore, ventures to close these memoirs with the following sepulchral character:

Sacred to the memory of CHARLES BURNAY, M.D., who, full of days, and full of virtues; of the pride of his family; the delight of society; the unrivalled chief and scientific historian of his tuneful art, beloved, revered, regretted, in his 87th year, April 12th, 1814, breathed, in Chelsea College, his last sigh: leaving to posterity a fame unblemished, built on the noble fabric of self-acquired accomplishments, high principles, and pure benevolence; goodness with talents, gaiety with taste, were of his gifted mind the blended attributes: while the genial hilarity of his airy spirits, flowing from a conscience without reproach, prepared, through the noble tenor of his earthly life, with the mediation of our blessed Saviour, his soul for heaven.—Amen!

THE END.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

We devote a small space to a notice of one of Victor Hugo's remarkable novels, taken from a recent number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, a work of great merit now republished in this city.

Since the novel of *Notre-Dame de Paris*, which has reached six editions, the author has produced a new drama, entitled *Le Roi S'Amuse*, and a novel called *Quiquengrogne*, for which last he received 15,000 francs from the booksellers Gosselin & Renduel. He explains the meaning of this singular title thus—" *La Quiquengrogne* is the vulgar name of one of the towers of *Bourbon L'Archambault*. This novel is intended as the completion of my views on the arts of the middle ages, of which *Notre-Dame de Paris* gave the first part. *Notre-Dame de Paris* is the cathedral or ecclesiastical architecture; *Quiquengrogne* is the donjon, or military architecture which succeeded it. In *Notre-Dame* it was my particular object to depict the priestly middle age; in *Quiquengrogne* I have attempted the same for the feudal middle age; the whole, be it well understood, according to my own ideas, which, whether good or bad, are my own."

From the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

The author of *Hon d'Islande* and *Bug Jargal* has invented another being as extraordinary as the heroes of either of these celebrated romances. To Hans and Habbrah is now to be added Quasimodo. *Notre-Dame de Paris* has already, within a few months of its publication, run through several editions; and as long as a taste remains for the extraordinary, or perhaps it should be called the tremendous, such works must be popular. They appeal to an appetite which is shared by the peer with the peasant. Victor Hugo is not a writer in whose hands the power of moulding the human sympathies is likely to lie idle. He is eloquent, his fancy is active, his imagination fertile; and passion, which gives life and energy to the conceptions of a writer, and which, acting upon ideas as fire does upon the parched woods of America, sets the whole scene in a flame, is in his hands ready, a roused. Hugo may be called an affected writer, a mannerist, or a horrorist, but he never has been accused of the great vice, in modern times, an active stimulant.

A volume of Hugo is an active stimulant. Some books, as critics above all men know, act upon the senses and of the heart; some may be compared to tonics, and some unhappily to cuncties; but the writings of our author are never deficient in the true *sal volatile*, prepared according to the best directions of the Parisian pharmacopœia, amongst the ingredients of which is never forgotten a decided dash of horror. *The Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France*. When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty, we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, and a monk or a soothsayer. But it is not of much consequence, as regards at least the effect, what are the materials of romance, provided genius presides at the disposition of them.

In the novel before us, for instance, we can trace the greater part, both of the personages and the incidents which occur, to very obvious sources; and the likeness to the inventions of many English authors is so strong, that it will tempt some critics to accuse the author of imitation. Some men's ideas, and those not otherwise limited. Some men of genius, fall somewhat too readily into the mould prepared by others. They are gifted with only partial originality. Fancy is sedulous in the conception of characteristic qualities; while the memory, active in the business of comparison, associates the new creation with remembered ideas, and thus kneads the compound into a form which bears a general resemblance to the productions of other men. Such similarities constantly present themselves in those of our own Bolwer. It is very often called copying; it is conception under the lively impression of a very powerful parent mind. We have no doubt that Hugo, in both his poetry and his romance, is greatly indebted to English literature. In

common with his countrymen, he has adopted the English plan of reanimating the dry bones of antiquity, and by an assiduous study of the records of history, infusing into a modern production the very spirit and language of a former age. But he has also particular obligations; he has adopted the gloom and mystery of *Moby-Dick*, the supernatural effects of *Maturin*, and the wild and unearthly personages which Walter Scott has given various examples of in such characters as *Filibertigibbet* and *Fendla*. Descriptive scenery is common to the whole of the modern school of English romance, and it is no less characteristic of the writings of our author. In this respect, however, he has, in the story before us, introduced a novelty of a striking kind: its scenes lie chiefly in a cathedral, and all its incidents pass either in, or about it. His landscapes are of stone, his fields pavement, his figures carved heads and sculptured monsters.

Notre-Dame de Paris is the history of a foundling exposed under the roof of the cathedral of that name, at the place appropriated for the reception of the illegitimate of the metropolis. The infant is an incipient monster whom every charitably disposed person eschews. He is, however, at length adopted by a character of extraordinary sanctity, the archdeacon of Jossas, Claude Frollo by name—a personage who performs a very principal part in the work. He is versed in all the learning of the times, and having soon exhausted the confined knowledge of his age, he is driven to the dark studies of alchemy and astrology, in which he of course loses himself. He manages, however, to combine great devotion with the black art; but fasting and praying, and the habits of the anchorite, cannot keep down the passions of the man. He by accident sees in the streets a gypsy girl, pursuing her vocation in dancing and performing tricks for the gratification of the mob, and he becomes enamoured of her charms. But *La Esmeralda* is no common gypsy; grace is in all her movements, fascination in her manners; she is a fairy, a muse, a miracle of beauty, a beggar, a zingari—despised, defiled, adored and defiled—the queen of her tribe, and the enchantress of the multitude. It is this personage we have compared to the *Fendla* of Scott. As for the priest and alchemist, he is something between Dr. Faustus and the Father Ambrosio of Monk Lewis: he has the learning and the voluptuousness of both these heroes. Of this Claude Frollo, the adopted son is Quasimodo, who is the very antipodes of *La Esmeralda*, his ugliness and awkwardness being as her grace and beauty. He is of gigantic form, herculean strength, bow-legged, blind of one eye, his face frightfully seamed with the small-pox, a huge tooth sticks from his mouth, which mouth is laid by no means horizontally in his face; his hair was composed of red bristles, and on the right of his face, over his eye, grew an enormous wen. One thing alone was wanting to complete the picture, and it was supplied: he was deaf. He had been brought up in the cathedral, and had succeeded to the office of bell-ringer, in the discharge of which duty he took a most vehement pleasure. The noise of his bells was almost the only sound he could hear; their music to him was consequently sweeter than the violin of Paganini. A being of this sort was not born to be admired: the disgust, which the world took but little pains to disguise, produced its natural effect on his temper. Quasimodo did not feel much, but what he did was in spite: the monster is malicious.

The main spring of the novel is the passion of the priest for *La Esmeralda*, his jealousy of his rivals, his hatred of the object, his mixture of persecution and adoration. At one time he betrays her into the hands of justice, at another he risks his life, and what is more, his reputation for sanctity, in her defence. A very extraordinary rival springs up; it is no other than his own slave Quasimodo. An act of kindness and sympathy bestowed on the monster converts him into the humblest and most delicate, as well as the most ardent of the admirers of the *Esmeralda*; he exploits her performs in her service do not yield to the twelve labours of Hercules. *Esmeralda* is alike indifferent to the fervent passion of the arch-priest, and the faithful services of the giant slave. She has fixed her simple affection upon a captain of gendarmery. Caught by a brilliant uniform and a handsome person, she throws herself, with all the headlong ardour of a southern beauty, into a violent attachment for a Captain Phœbus Chateaupers. Her passion is faithful and inextinguishable: she loves even to death. Trials attend her, and a melancholy fate closes her story. She, the heroine, the lovely gypsy, is executed by Tristan l'Hermite, the provost-marshal of Louis XI., of whom we hear in Quentin Durward, for the murder of the very man she would have died to save, and who, such was the

justice of the times, is so far from dead that he is himself married about the time his gipsy is hanged. The priest and his scalding love end in destroying its object; for it is he who in a most critical moment plunges a poniard into his rival's side, an act for which the poor gipsy is tortured, persecuted and gibbeted.

A number of scenes, in which these and many other incidents are developed, are certainly drawn with very considerable power. They are also, to use a phrase applied to the stage, exceedingly well got up; the costume of the time is preserved, and the antiquities of ancient Paris have been carefully studied, but the work is not, as in the writings of our Horace Smith, overwhelmed with masses of crude and undigested lore. A romance which springs from the brain of a man of genius may be compared to Adam in Paradise—all grace, animation, and power; if there be power in such works as these we have just alluded to, it is the power of such a being as Frankenstein created—a living lump of clumsy machinery.

The passages in which the author has produced the greatest impression are those in which Quasimodo figures as a principal actor, some of which we shall translate for the benefit of those who do not possess the original. But besides these, there are many others which display great vigour of painting, and forcibly move the sympathies of the reader. Such are the descriptions of the trial and torture of poor Esmeralda—of the *cour des miracles*, a sort of Alsatia, the sacred resort of all the rogues and vagabonds of the metropolis of France, one of those retreats and asylums for iniquity encouraged under the wretched police of the cities of Europe during the middle ages—the character and description of the reclusé Gudule—and the conversations of Louis XI. in the Bastille. But Quasimodo is, as we have said, the ornament (*lucius non lucendo*) of the romance, and to him we shall turn our attention.

All the population of Paris had assembled in the cathedral of Notre Dame on occasion of some public ceremony, when it was proposed, by way of sport among the multitude, that they should elect a *pape des fous*, a functionary who appears to answer pretty closely to our *lord of misrule*. Over the door of the chapel of Louis XI. was an ornamental window of a stone frame; a pane of this was broken, and an opening appeared just the size of a human face, the stone mullions forming an appropriate frame. The proprietor of the ugliest face that presented himself was elected pope for the day, and as the honour was coveted, the candidates were numerous. The moment of trial was when the face, placed in the broken pane, shone forth in all its monstrousness on the rolling mass of judges below. All who proposed to run the gauntlet valued their virgin charms, and only unfolded the full horrors of their countenances at the instant of presentation: they were mounted upon a couple of barrels placed one upon the other, and then they protruded their enormities through the mullions.

"The grimaces began. The first face that showed itself at the window, with its red eyes and mouth like that of a wild beast, and a forehead all puckered up like the wrinkles of a pair of busser boots in the time of the emperor, caused such convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, that had Homer heard them he would have taken the ruffians for immortal gods. A second and a third grimace succeeded each other, then another and another, all followed by shouts of laughter, and the stampings and clatterings of joy. A sort of frantic intoxication, a wild and supernatural kind of fascination, seemed to seize upon the mob, which it would be vain to give an idea of to the reader of our own days. Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every species of geometric form, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every expression of the human countenance, from rage down to gluttony—all ages, from the shrivels of the infant to the wrinkles of half-dead age—all sorts of religious phantasmagories, from Faunus to Beelzebub—all profiles resembling beasts, from the snout to the beak, from the head of the bear to the muzzle of a bull. Imagine all the masks of the Pont Neuf, all the night-mares petrified under the hand of the German Pilon, suddenly animated with life and motion, and coming in turns to thrust their ugly features and flaming eyes into your face—all the masking figures of the carnival fitting over the glass of your telescope—in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

"The orgies increased in coarseness and confusion. Teniers could have given but a very imperfect idea of the scene. Suppose Salvator Rosa to have painted a bacchanalian battle. There was no longer any distinction of ranks and persons—no longer scholars, ambassa-

dors, citizens, men and women—no more Clopin Trouilleu the beggar, Gilles Leconrou, Mary Quatre-livres, or Robin Poussepain—all were lost in the general license. The great hall was one vast furnace of effrontery and jollity; every mouth was a cry, every eye a flash, every face a contortion, every individual a posture, all was howling and roaring. The strange visages which from time to time presented themselves at the window were like brands thrown on the blazing fire, and from all this effervescent crowd escaped, like smoke from a furnace, a sharp, shrill, hissing, steely rumour, like the buzz of a gigantic blue-bottle fly."

At length, a thunder of applause, mixed with prodigious acclamation far beyond any uproar that had yet been raised, indicated that something peculiarly monstrous had made its appearance. The fools' pope was elected!

"It was in fact a face of miraculous ugliness which at this moment blazed forth from the whole of the window. After all the countenances, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclitic, which had succeeded at the window without realising the idea of the grotesque which the crowd had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required something sublimely monstrous to dazzle the multitude and to earn their suffrages by acclamation. Master Coppenole actually applauded, and Clopin Trouilleu, who had been himself a candidate, confessed himself conquered, and God knows to what intensity of ugliness his features reached. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of the tetrahedron nose of the new pope—of his horse-shoe shaped jaw—or of the little red eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles, while the right one was utterly overwhelmed and buried under an enormous wen—of his irregular teeth, broken and nipped in all directions like the crenelled battlements of a ruined fortress—of his horny lip over which one of his teeth stretched out like the tusk of an elephant—of his forked chin—but, above all, of the expression spread over these beautiful features, that mixture of spite, of wonder, and melancholy. Dream, if you can, of such an object."

"The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky fools' pope was brought out in triumph, and it was only then that surprise and admiration were at its height. His monstrous head was stuck over with red hairs; between his shoulders arose an enormous bump, which had a corresponding projection in front; his legs and thighs were built upon a system of such extreme irregularity, that they touched in no one point but the knees, and, seen in front, resembled a pair of sickles joined together at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, forming a strange exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force as well as beauty should result from harmony.

"He looked like a giant that had been broken and ill soldered together.

"When this sort of Cyclops appeared on the threshold of the chapel, immovable, lofty, squat, and almost as broad as high, the 'square of his base,' as is said by a great man, the populace instantly recognised him by his coat half red and half blue, spotted with silver bells, and more especially the extraordinariness of his ugliness, and cried out with one voice, 'It is Quasimodo the bell-ringer, it is Quasimodo the hump-backed, of Notre Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the knocked-knee! Hurrah! Hurrah!' The poor devil, it seems, had names to choose among."—pp. 96—107.

Quasimodo was the bell-ringer of Notre Dame; he had been exposed an infant on its pavement, and he gained a livelihood by its towers; he was the child of the cathedral, lived in it, and was of it, differing in little from its images of stone and the carved capitals of its pillars, except in the gift of locomotion.

"In the progress of time, between the bell-ringer and the church a union was formed of the most intimate description. Separated for ever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his misshapen nature—imprisoned from his childhood within these impassable boundaries—the unhappy wretch was accustomed to see no other object in the world beyond the religious walls which had gathered him in their shades. Notre Dame had been successively, according as he grew and expanded, his egg, his nest, his house, his country, and the universe."

"A sort of mysterious and pre-existent harmony had grown up between this creature and the edifice. While he was still quite a child, and dragged himself along, twisting and jumping under its shady arches, he appeared with his human face, and his limbs scarcely human, among the grotesque shadows thrown down by the

capitals of the gothic pillars, the native reptile of the dark and humid pavement.

"As he grew up, the first time that he mechanically laid hold of the rope hanging from the tower, clung to it and put the bell in motion, the effect upon its patron and protector was that produced upon a parent by the first articulate sounds of his child.

"Thus by little and little his spirit expanded in harmony with his cathedral; there he lived, there he slept, and under the perpetual influence of its presence he came at last to resemble it, to be incrustated with it, to be as it were an integral part of it. His salient angles seemed to fit into the corners of the edifice, so that he appeared not only the inhabitant, but as if nature had intended it for his shell, and that, like the snail, he had taken its form. Between him and the church the sympathy was so profound, there were so many magnetic affinities, that he stuck to it as the tortoise adheres to its shell."—ii. p. 28.

Quasimodo was as familiarly acquainted with every turn and corner, recess and stair of the cathedral, as other men are with the house they are born in; there was not a depth he had not fathomed, not a height he had not scaled. He had even climbed up the façade by means of the little projections that are always to be found in Gothic architecture. He might sometimes have been seen creeping up the sides of the lofty towers like a lizard gliding up a perpendicular wall; he could stand upon their dizzy heights as another would stand upon the solid floor; vertigo, fright, and the sudden seizure with giddiness, which attack others, were unknown to him. He had, as it were, tamed his two giant towers, so mild and manageable did they appear under his hands. The natural result of this struggling, and climbing, and jumping, and sliding among these tremendous artificial precipices was, that he had become something between a monkey and a mountain goat; he could climb before he could walk, just as the child of the South Sea islands swims before it can stand, and plays with the wave while it is unable to move a step on the earth. So much for the person of the bell-ringer; we must permit his author to describe his mind in his own words:

"Not only did the person but also the mind of Quasimodo appear to be moulded by the cathedral. It is difficult to describe the state of this being's more ethereal portion—to say what form or folds it had been contracted into under its knotty cowering and during its wild and savage life. Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, hump-backed, and limping. Claude Frolo had taught him to articulate with trouble and difficulty, and a fatality seemed attached to the unhappy creature. For having become ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the early age of fourteen, the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear; so that the only gate which nature had left wide open was thus shut and for ever. In closing that she had intercepted the only ray of joy and light which still penetrated into the dark recesses of Quasimodo's soul; profound night consequently settled upon it. Deep melancholy supervened and completed the catalogue of his miseries. His deafness rendered him in a great measure mute. The moment he perceived himself deaf, he resolved to escape ridicule by an inexorable silence, which he never broke but when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily the tongue which his master Claude had taken such vast pains to loosen; so that when it became necessary to speak, his tongue was benumbed and his speech thick; the hinges were rusty, and moved with labour.

"If now we were to endeavour to penetrate into the interior of the soul of Quasimodo, through the hard and obdurate rind; if we were to sound the depths of this bungling piece of organisation; if we were enabled to hold a torch behind these untransparent organs, to explore the shadowy interior of this opaque being, to light up its obscure corners, its unmeaning cul-de-sacs, and to turn a lamp upon the wretched spirit enchained at the bottom of this cavern, we should find, doubtless, the poor creature in some miserable attitude, stunted and sickly, like the prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grow old, doubled and rolled up in a box of stone, too low to stand up in, and too narrow to lay down upon.

"The spirit assuredly pines in a decrepit form. Quasimodo scarcely felt the blind movements of the soul within him. The impressions of objects were subjected to a considerable refraction before they arrived at the seat of thought. His brain was a sort of special medium. The ideas which entered his mind straight came out all twisted. The reflection resulting from this refraction was necessarily divergent and devious. Hence a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a

thousand byways down which his sometimes idiotic, sometimes lunatic fancies would wander.

"The first result of this fatal organisation was the confusing his vision. He scarcely received a single direct perception. The exterior world appeared to him at a greater distance than it does to us. The second result of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage; he was savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as well as there is in ours. His strength, developed in so extraordinary a manner, was another cause of his mischievousness. *Malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes. However, we must do him justice; malice was not inborn in him. First he felt, and then he saw, even from his earliest youth, that he was rejected, despised, cast off. Human speech had been to him nothing beyond a jeer or a curse. As he grew up he had seen nothing about him but hatred. He had adopted it. He had acquired the general spirit. He had picked up the word by which he had been wounded.

"After all, he turned towards mankind with reluctance; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with heads of marble, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh in his face, and looked upon him only with an air of tranquillity and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not visit him, Quasimodo, with their spite. They were too like him for that. Their rallery was levelled against a very different class of men. The saints were his friends and blessed him; the monsters were his friends and guarded him; so his feelings towards them were, therefore, strong and affectionate. He would pass whole hours crouching down before one of these statues, holding a sort of solitary dialogue with it. If any one came past he would flit away like a lover surprised in a serenade.

"The cathedral was not only his society but his universe, in short, all nature to him. He thought of no other trees than the painted ones on his cathedral windows, which were always in bloom; of no other shades than those of stone, adorned with birds in the groins of the arches; of no other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; of no other ocean than Paris, which roared at his feet.

"But that which he loved most of all, that which chiefly animated his poor fluttering soul in its prison, and sometimes even gave him a sensation of happiness, was the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he spoke to them, understood them—from the chimings of the steeple of the cross-aisle to the great bell above the gateway. The belfry of the cross-aisle and the two towers were like three gigantic caves in which he kept his favorite birds. It was these same birds, however, which had deafened him; but mothers are often fond of the children that have caused them the greatest pain. It is true that their voices were pretty nearly the only ones which he could hear. On this score the great bell was his best beloved. She was preferred before all the noisy sisters of this boisterous family, which fluttered about him on each day of fête or festival. This great bell he called *Mary*. She was placed in the southern tower along with her sister *Jacqueline*, a bell of slender pretensions, inclosed in a cage of less magnitude, by the side of her own. This *Jacqueline* was so named from the name of the wife of John Montague, who had presented her to the church, a gift which, nevertheless, did not prevent him from cutting a figure without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest bells dwelt in the belfry over the cross-aisle, with the wooden bell, which is only rung between Holy Thursday and the morning of the eve of Easter Sunday. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bellies in his seraglio, but the big *Mary* was his favourite.

"It is impossible to form an idea of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon had let him off, and said 'go,' he mounted the corkscrew staircase of the belfry quicker than any body else could have come down, and rushed all out of breath into the aerial chamber of the great bell: he considered her a moment with passionate attention, then he began to address her kindly: he patted her with his hand, as one would a good horse that has just completed a brilliant gallop. He would pity her for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses he gave the signal to his helpers, placed on a lower stage of the tower, to begin. They flew to the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous cone of metal was put slowly and heavily into motion. Quasimodo watched the movements with a heaving breast. The first shock of the tongue against the wall of brass made the whole scaffolding of the tower on which it was placed to shudder. Quasimodo trembled

with the bell. Vah! he would cry, with a burst of idiot laughter. As the great clapper began to move more rapidly, and presented a greater and greater angle, the eye of Quasimodo would open wider and wider, and shine out with a more phosphoric and torch-like light. At last the grand peal would begin, the whole tower trembled, beams, rafters, leads, stones, all groaned together, from the piles of the foundation to the club-knots of the roof. Quasimodo then boiled over with delight, his mouth foamed, he ran backwards and forwards, he trebled from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. The great bell let loose, and as it were, furious with rage, presented its enormous brazen maw now on one side of the tower and now at the other, from which roared the volume of sound that might be heard four leagues round. Quasimodo placed himself before the open mouth, he crouched down and got up as the bell went to and fro, breathed its boisterous breath, and looked down by turns the two hundred feet below him and then at the enormous tongue of copper, which arrived second after second to howl in his ear. This was the only language which he could comprehend, the only sound which troubled his universal silence. He spread himself out like a bird in the sun. All of a sudden he would be seized by the phrenzy of the bell: his lock became wild; he would wait the coming of the engine as a spider watches a fly, and would suddenly throw himself upon it with all his force. Thus suspended over the abyss, agitated by the formidable oscillation of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by its carlets, strained it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, and with the shock of his body and the weight of his blows redoubled the fury of the peal. The tower itself would begin to rock, then he began to cry and grind his teeth, his red hair to stand on end, and his lungs to pant and blow like the bellows of a forge, his eye to dart fire, and the monstrous bell to neigh under him. It was then no longer the bell of Notre Dame nor yet Quasimodo: it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit shackled upon a winged beast; a strange centaur, half-man half-bell; a species of horrible Astolpho, carried off by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

"The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to inspire the whole cathedral. A kind of mysterious emanation, at least so the superstitious multitude imagined, appeared to escape from him, and to animate the ancient stones of Notre Dame, and make the very carvings of the old church pant with the breath of life. When he was there it was easy to fancy that the thousand figures in stone were moving, and that the galleries and the gateways were instinct with life. In fact, the cathedral seemed a docile thing in his hands, she possessed only his will to raise her great voice, she was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar genius. He might have been said to make the old building breathe. There he was every where; he multiplied himself at all points of the edifice. At one time the eye was struck with alacrity at beholding at the top of one of the loftiest towers, a strange dwarf, climbing, twining, creeping, descending into this abyss, leaping from angle to angle, or flung in the hollows of some sculptured Gorgon—it was Quasimodo unroofing the eaves. At another time the spectator stumbled, in some dark corner of the church, upon a crouching grinnified creature, a sort of living chimeria—it was Quasimodo musing. At another time might be seen under a bell an enormous head and a bundle of ill-packed members, swinging itself with an air of desperation at the end of a cord: this was Quasimodo ringing the vespers or the angelus. Frequently in the night a hideous form might be seen wandering on the frail balustrade which runs round the towers and the periphery of the apses: it was still the hump-backed bell-ringer of Notre Dame. When he appeared, the old women of the neighborhood imagined that the building began to assume a magical and supernatural look, eyes and mouths were said to open and shut: the dogs and the serpents and the griffins of stone, which watch day and night with outstretched necks and open jaws about the monstrous cathedral, were heard to howl. If it happened to be Christmas, the great bell, which called the faithful to the midnight mass, seemed to rattle in the throat, there was a strange and ominous look about the façade of the cathedral, the gates seemed to devour the crowd as they entered, and the rose-knot windows over them to eye the people with a glance of evil omen. All this sprang from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple: the middle age believed him to be the demon; he was the soul of it. To such a point was he so, that for those who are acquainted with

the fact of Quasimodo's existence, Notre Dame appears deserted, inanimate, dead. One perceives that something is wanting, is gone. This immense body is void; the spirit has departed; we see the place and that is all. It is like a skull: the holes to look through are there, but the sight is gone."—Vol. ii. pp. 26—42.

Such is the power of genius: if our translation have conveyed any of the effect of the original, the reader may learn what spirit the fancy of a poet may infuse into the idea of a lame old bell-ringer and the walls of an ancient church.

The charms of the heroine Esmeralda are of so fascinating a description that the ecclesiastical authorities of the time are willing to attribute their effects to sorcery. The results of a fit of jealousy on the part of the priest, who has conceived a wild and frantic passion for her, involve her in a charge of murder, and she is brought under the hands of justice, as it was most abominably miscalled. Torture is applied, and the poor creature is condemned to death. One friend, one disinterested faithful friend, alone exists in the world, and who does the reader suppose it is? It is no other than Quasimodo the preposterous. A solitary act of benevolence bestowed upon the creature, who during his life had met with nothing in human nature but hatred and contempt, won his affections for ever. Saving the being he worships with the humility and veneration of a slave on the point of suffering death, he employs his gigantic strength and miraculous activity in effecting her rescue. By a contrivance, for the details of which we must refer to the author, Quasimodo snatches the wretched Esmeralda from the scaffold, hoists her upon the walls of his beloved Notre Dame, which overhung it, and procures her the asylum of its altar. In this retreat she remains some time, the officers of the bloody and tyrannical tribunal that had condemned her watching and prowling about the cathedral for their prey. Quasimodo is however not only a host to defend, but a genius to attend; guarding her in a small apartment on the roof, he contrives to anticipate all her wants, and waits upon her with the devotion of a slave. Esmeralda, however, possesses a host of partisans, of whom Quasimodo is utterly ignorant. A quarter of Paris was at that time the villains' general home: it was inhabited by all those who made war upon the city. Here Esmeralda, in her quality of public dancer and trickster, necessarily resided, and by her supposed gipsy parentage owned a large troop of clansmen and defenders. The whole of this Parisian Alsatia resolves upon delivering Esmeralda, who was their favourite, from the hazardous refuge to which she had been taken. Quasimodo unluckily mistakes their intentions, and under the idea of protecting his charge, makes a resistance from the old walls of the cathedral, which they are quite justified in looking upon as miraculous. The description of the attack of the whole nation of rascals and rogues upon the church, and its defence by Quasimodo, is among the most striking pictures in the book. We shall endeavour to translate a portion of it, counting upon a very considerable loss of vigour, more especially as the French of M. Hugo is particularly rich and forcible in every thing that relates to ragamuffinism.

"This same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last rounds in the church. He had not remarked the ill-temper of the arch-deacon as he passed, who looked in no benevolent manner on the care and activity he employed in bolting and padlocking the immense iron bars which gave to the great gates all the solidity of a wall. After having given a glance to the bells, to Jacqueline, to Mary and Thibault, whom he had lately so miserably neglected, he had mounted to the summit of the northern tower, and there placing his dark and well closed lantern on the leads, he sat himself down to contemplate Paris. Paris, which was scarcely lighted at this period, presented to the eye a confused mass of sombre images, traversed here and there by the white surface of the Seine. No light was to be seen except in the lofty window of a far removed building, the outlines of which were clearly defined on the sky in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine. There was also some one else who watched. (This was the apartment of Louis XI.)

"Whilst he allowed his eye to wander over this vague mass of mist and darkness, an emotion of anxiety and uneasiness gained upon him. For several days past he had been upon his guard, having remarked a number of sinister looking individuals continually prowling about the church, and who appeared to be peering about for the poor girl's asylum. He had an idea that some plot against the unhappy refugee was afoot, and he

imagined that the hatred of the people was directed as well against the supposed sorcerer as against himself. So he kept himself on his tower, on the watch, *réveillé dans son rocher*, as Rabelais says, gazing sometimes upon the cell (Esméralda's abode), sometimes on Paris, making sure guard, like a good dog, and with a heart full of distrust.

"All of a sudden, while he was scrutinising the great city with the eye which nature by way of compensation had made so piercing that it almost supplied the want of his other organs, it appeared to him that the profile of the quay of La Vieille-Pelleterie assumed a singular appearance. There appeared to be motion about it; the black outline of the parapet, clearly defined on the whitening waters, seemed to him as no longer either straight or motionless like that of the other quays, but that it undulated to the eye like the waves of a river or the heads of a multitude marching onwards. This struck him as strange. He redoubled his attention. The movement appeared to be extending towards the city; it existed but a short time on the quay; it then subsided by little and little as if he were entering into the interior of the isle, it then suddenly ceased and the outlines of the quay became once more straight and motionless.

"At the moment that Quasimodo had exhausted himself in conjecture, the movement re-appeared in the Rue du Parvis, which extends perpendicularly into the city from the façade of Notre Dame. At last, so intense was the obscurity, that no sooner did he see the head of a column debouch by this street, than the crowd spread itself over the precincts, where nothing could be distinguished but that it was a crowd. The sight was alarming. This singular procession could not approach without some noise or murmur, whatever silence might be kept: the trampling of the feet alone of so great a crowd must necessarily have sounded through the stillness of the streets. But no sound reached the brain of the deaf Quasimodo, and the vast multitude of which he could only catch glimpses, and which seemed to him noiseless, had the effect of an army of the dead, who had risen from their graves at midnight, mute, impassable, and ready to vanish into thin air. It seemed to him as if a mist full of human beings was approaching, and that what he saw in motion were the shadows of the shades.

"Then the fears of an attempt against the Egyptian returned to his apprehension. A confused notion presented itself to his mind that a crisis was approaching, and he began to reason on the danger of her situation with more method than might have been expected from a brain so imperfectly organised. Ought he to wake the Egyptian? Should he contrive her evasion? Where? how? the streets were invested: the church was washed by the river. No boat was to be had, and there was no outlet. There was but one alternative; he would die on the threshold of the cathedral, after making every resistance in his power until succour arrived. He resolved not to disturb the repose of his protégée; the unhappy creature would wake time enough to die. His resolution being taken, he set himself to examine the enemy with greater tranquillity.

"The crowd appeared to increase every instant in the precincts. Quasimodo, however, conjectured that the noise they made must be very slight, for the windows of the street and the place remained closed. All of a sudden a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches appeared above the heads of the men, brandishing their tufts of flame against the thick darkness. Then were disclosed the rambling cye of Quasimodo whole troops of men and women in rags, armed with sickles, pikes, hedgebills, and halberds with their glancing heads. Here and there black forks stuck over hideous faces like horns. He seemed to have some vague remembrance of this multitude, and fancied that he had seen the same fashion of heads before (when he was elected fools' pope). A man, who held a torch in one hand and a weapon in the other, got upon a post and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time this strange army made some evolutions, as if it were being placed in stations round the church. Quasimodo picked up his lantern, and went down upon the platform between the towers, in order to be able to see more distinctly and arrange his means of defence.

"Clopin Trouillefou, on his arrival before the lofty portals of Notre Dame, had, in fact, ranged his troops in order of battle. Although he expected no sort of resistance, he resolved, like a prudent general, to preserve such order as would enable him to face about in case of need, against any sudden attack of the watch or of the

Onze-vingts. Accordingly he drew up his brigade in such a way, that, seeing it from above, you would have sworn it the Roman triangle of Eneasius, the boat's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle rested upon the bottom of the place so as to block up the *Rue du Parvis*, one of the sides looked upon the Hotel Dieu, the other on the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou was placed at the apex with the duke of Egypt, our friend John, and the boldest of the vagabonds. — Vol. iv. p. 61.

An attack of this kind may seem improbable to a modern reader; but in point of fact such popular movements were not even rare in the cities of the middle ages. "Police," as we understand the term, did not exist. The rights of lordship were inconsistent with any common protection. There was no centre of force. The ancient cities were simply a collection of seigneuries; a thousand different polices existed, which is as much as to say, none were effective. At Paris, for instance, independently of the one hundred and forty-one seigneurs who pretended to manorial rights, there were twenty-five who claimed as well the privilege of dispensing justice. Of these the bishop of Paris had five streets, and the prior of Notre Dame des Champs had four. All these justiciars only recognised the right of the king as suzerain nominally. Louis XI. commenced the demolition of this absurd and inconsistent edifice of feudal times, and Mirabeau completed it. There existed a vast confusion of watches, under watches, and counter watches, in defiance of which robbery and plunder were carried on with open violence and by main force. It was not unfrequent for a part of the populace to make a set at a particular palace, hotel, or mansion, in the most frequented quarters of the city. The neighbours took care not to interfere in the affair unless the pillage extended to their own property; they shut their ears to the firing, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle take its course, with or without the interference of the watch; and the next morning the talk in Paris would be, Stephen Barbette was broken open last night, or the Marechal de Clermont was seized, &c. So that not only the royal habitations, the Louvre, the Palace, the Bastille, Les Tonneliers, but the mere seigniorial residences, the Petit Bourbon, the Hotel de Sens, and the Hotel d'Angoulême, had their battlements and their walls, their portcullises, and their gates. The churches were in general protected by their sanctity; some of them, however, were fortified. The abbey of Saint Germain des Pres was built up like a baron, and it was said that the abbé spent more metal in balls than in bells. We may now resume our extract:—

"As soon as the first arrangements were terminated, (and we ought to say, for the honour of the vagabond discipline, that the orders of Clopin were executed in silence and with admirable precision,) the worthy chief of the band mounted on the parapet of the Parvis, and raised his hoarse and husky voice, turning constantly towards Notre Dame, and at the same time waving his torch, the flames of which were sometimes nearly blown out by the wind, at others nearly drowned in its own smoke, now disclosed the reddened façade of the church, and now left it buried in darkness.

"To thee, Louis de Beaumont, bishop of Paris, counsellor to the court of parliament, I speak, I, Clopin Trouillefou, king of Thunes, grand coëre, prince of slang, bishop of jesters! Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken shelter in thy church. Thou owest her safeguard and asylum. Now the court of parliament wishes to lay hold of her again, and thou consentest thereto, so that she would be taken and hung to-morrow in the place of the Grève, if God and the vagabonds were not there to stop them. Now we are come to thee, bishop. If thy church is sacred, then is our sister also; if our sister is not sacred, then is not thy church. Here then we are to summon thee to surrender our child if thou wishest to save thy church, or we will take the girl ourselves and pillage the church. And this will be well. In testimony I plant here my banner. God keep thee in his guard, bishop of Paris."

"These words, which unluckily Quasimodo could not hear, were pronounced with a sort of wild and sombre majesty. One of the vagabonds presented his banner to Clopin, who planted it solemnly between two paving stones. It was a pitchfork, on the teeth of which hung a huge bunch of bleeding carrion.

"The King of Thunes then turned upon the wild forms assembled round him in the guise of an army, and after regarding their savage looks with complacency, he gave the word of onset, the order to charge— to your business, blackguards," was the cry of Clopin de Trouillefou.

"Thirty men sprung from the ranks, fellows with athletic limbs and the faces of blacksmiths, with mallets in their hands, clubs, pincers and bars of iron on their shoulders. They made for the great gate of the church, mounted the steps, and in an instant were crouched down under the arch at work with their pincers and levers. A crowd of the vagabonds followed to assist or look on. The eleven steps of the portal were crowded. However, the gates held firm. "Devil!" said one, "they are hard and stiff." "They are old and their joints are of horn," said another. "Courage, comrades," replied Clopin, "I will wager my head against an old shoe, that you will have opened the door, taken the girl, and stripped the chief altar, before there is a beadle awake. Ho! ho! I think the lock is picked." Clopin was interrupted by a tremendous noise, which at this instant sounded behind him. He turned round. An enormous beam had just fallen from the skies; it had crushed about a dozen of the vagabond army on the steps of the church, and rebounded on the pavement with the noise of a piece of cannon, breaking here and there a score or two of legs among the beggars, who sprang away in every direction. The blacksmiths, although themselves protected by the depth of the porch, abandoned the gates, and Clopin himself retired to a respectful distance from the church. "I have had a nice escape," cried John, "I was in the wind of it by Jove, but I see Peter the butcher is butchered."

"It is impossible to describe the fright which fell upon the mob with the fall of the beam. For some instants they stood motionless, staring in the air, more confounded than by the arrival of a thousand of the king's archers. "Devil!" exclaimed the King of Egypt, "this does look like magic. It must surely be the moon that has thrown us this faggot," cried Audry-the-Red. "Why then the moon is own sister to Notre Dame, the Virgin, I think." "Thousand popes!" exclaimed Clopin, "you are all a parcel of fools, but he did not know how to explain the fall of the beam."

"Nothing was visible on the façade, the light of the torches did not reach high enough to show any thing, and all was silent except the groans of the wretches who had been mangled on the steps. The King of Thunes at length fancied he had made a discovery. "Maw of God!" cried he, "are the canons defending themselves? if so, sack! sack!" "Sack! sack!" repeated the whole crew, and sack resounded in the court, bawled by hundreds of husky voices, and a furious discharge of cross-bows and other missiles was let fly upon the façade.

"This thundering noise at last awakened the people of the neighbourhood, and in sundry quarters might be seen windows opening, and night-caps popped out, and hands holding candles. "Fire at the windows," roared out Clopin. The windows were all shut in an instant, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a hasty and frightened glance upon the scene of flesh and tumult, returned back to perspire in terror by the sides of their wives; asking themselves if the devils kept their sabbath now in the Parvis, or whether there was another attack of the Burgundians as in '61. The men dreamed of robbery, the women of rape, and all trembled.

"Sack! sack!" repeated the men of slang, but no one made a step towards the cathedral, they looked at the beam. The beam did not move, and the building preserved its calm and lonely air, but something had frozen the courage of the vagabond army.

"To the work then, smiths!" cried Trouillefou; "let us force the door." Not a soul moved. "Here are fellows," said he, "now, who are frightened out of their lives by a block of wood." An old smith came forward and said, "Captain, it is not the block of wood that frightens us, the gate is all bestitched with bars of iron, the pincers are of no use." "What want you then to knock it in?" "We want a battering ram." "Here is one then," said the King of Thunes, standing upon the beam, "the canons themselves have sent you one. Thank you, priests," said he, making a mock obeisance to the church. This bravado had the desired effect; the charm of the beam was broken, and presently it was picked up like a feather by the vigorous arms of a hundred of the vagabonds, and hurled with fury against the doors which they had in vain endeavoured to force. The sight was an extraordinary one, and in the dusky and imperfect light of the torches, the beam and its supporters might have been taken for an immense beast with its hundreds of legs butting against a giant of stone.

"The shock of the beam resounded upon the half-metallic door like a bell; it did not give way, but the

church trembled to its foundations, and in its very innermost caverns. The same instant a shower of stones began to descend. 'Hell and the devil!' roared out John, 'are the towers shaking their battlements upon us?' But the impulse was on them; it was decided that the bishop defended his citadel, and the siege was continued with fury, in spite of the skulls that were cracked in all directions. The stones descended one at a time, but they came down pretty thick after each other; the vagabonds always perceived two at a time, one at their feet and the other on their heads. Already a large heap of killed and wounded were heaped on the pavement; the assailants, however, were nothing daunted; the long beam continued to be swung against the gates, the stones to rain down, and the door to groan."

Of course the reader divines the source of this opposition. The workmen, who had been repairing the walls of the southern tower during the day, had left their materials behind, and they consisted of immense beams for the roof, lead and stone. A sudden thought occurred to Quasimodo that they would make admirable means of defence. With a force which he alone could boast, he hoisted the largest and longest beam to be found and launched it fairly out of a small window upon the heads of the vagabonds at work on the steps. The enormous beam in descending one hundred and sixty feet acquired no small accelerated velocity, and hitting and bounding from pinnacle to corner and corner to wall as it fell, and again rebounding on the pavement among the besiegers, it seemed, to the eye of Quasimodo, like a hideous serpent writhing and leaping upon its prey.

"Quasimodo saw the vagabonds scattered by the fall of the beam, like ashes before the wind. He took advantage of this affright, and whilst they fixed a superstitious stare upon the block, fallen from the sky as they thought, Quasimodo set to work in silence to heap together rubbish, stones, herbs and gravel, even to the sacks of tools belonging to the masons, upon the edge of the parapet; so that as soon as they began to batter the great gates, the hailstorm of stoneblocks commenced, and the vagabonds to think the church was demolishing itself upon their heads. If any eye could have seen Quasimodo at his work, it would have been a sight of dread. Independently of all the projectiles he had accumulated on the balustrade, he had heaps of stones on the platform itself; so that as soon as the blocks on the outer edge were exhausted, he gathered from the heaps. He then might be seen lowering and rising, dipping and plunging with an activity altogether inconceivable. His great head, more like that of a gnomie than of a human being, was to be seen inclining over the balustrade, then a block would fall, then another enormous stone, then another. From time to time he would follow a fine stone with his eye, and when it killed well be grunted 'hum!'—p. 76.

However, the vagabonds did not flinch. The thick gates were trembling under the weight of the battering engine, the panels were cracking, the carving sprang off in shivers, the hinges at each blow jumped up from the pivots, the boards began to separate, and the timber was ground to powder between the claspings and bindings of iron; luckily for Quasimodo there was more iron than wood. He perceived, however, that the door could not hold long, and as his ammunition declined, he began to despond. However, another bright idea struck him: the experiment he hit upon we shall describe in the author's words.

"At this moment of anguish he remarked a little lower than the balustrade whence he crushed the men of slange, two long spouts of stone, which disgorged immediately over the great gates. The interior orifice of the gutters opened on the level of the platform. He ran to fetch a faggot from his bell-ringer's lodge, and placing it over the hole of the two spouts he covered it with a multitude of laths and rolls of lead, ammunition which he had not yet resorted to. As soon as all was arranged, he set fire to the mass with his lantern.

"In this interval, the vagabonds, perceiving the stones had ceased to fall, no longer looked up, and the whole cavalcade, like a pack of hounds that have driven the boar to bay, now crowded round the gates, which, though all shattered by the battering engine, were still standing. They were all in expectation of the last grand blow, the blow that was to send the whole in shivers. Each was striving to get nearest to the door that he might be the first to dart into this rich reservoir of treasures that had been accumulating for three centuries. They roared with joy as they banded about from one to another the maces of silver crosses, copes of brocade, the gilded monuments, the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling fetes, and the christmasses sparkling with torches, the easter

brilliant with the sun, and all the splendid solemnities of chalices, chandeliers, pyxes, tabernacles, reliquaries, which embossed the altars with a crust of gold and diamonds. Assuredly, at this moment of bliss, the canters and whiners, the limpers and tremblers and tumbler, thought much less of the rescue of the Egyptian, than they did of the pillage of Notre Dame.

"All of a sudden, while by a last effort, they were grouping themselves about the engine, holding their breath and stiffening their muscles as for a final stroke, a howling, more hideous than that which followed the fall of the beam arose in the middle of them all. Those who were not yelling and yet alive, looked round. Two streams of boiling lead were pouring from the top of the building on the thickest part of the crowd. This stormy sea of men had subsided under the boiling metal: on the two points where it had chiefly fallen, two black and smoking holes were made in the crowd, such as hot water would cause in a drift of snow. The dying were writhing in them, half-calced and roaring with pain. All about these jets of lead, the shower had sprinkled upon the besiegers and entered into their skulls like ramrods of flame. It was heavy fire, which riddled the wretches with a thousand hailstones. The clamour was horrid. The vagabonds fell pell-mell, throwing the beam upon the dead, the bold and the timid together, and the court was cleared a second time. All eyes were raised to the roof of the church. They beheld a sight of an extraordinary kind. From the top of the loftiest gallery, above the central rose-window, huge flames, crowned with sparkles of fire, mounted between the towers, the fury of which was increased by the wind, which every now and then carried off a tongue of flame along with the smoke. Below this fire, below the sombre balustrade, two large spouts fashioned in the shape of monsters' jaws vomited forth without cessation a silver shower of burning rain. As they approached the pavement the streams scattered like water poured through the thousand holes of the rose of a watering-pot. Above the flames were the two gigantic towers, the two fronts of which visible, the one black the other red, appeared still greater when viewed against the sky. The numberless sculptures of devils and dragons had an aspect of woe. The unsettled brilliancy of the fire gave them the appearance of life. The serpents seemed to be laughing, the water-spouts to be barking, the salamanders to be puffing the fire, the griffins to sneeze in the smoke. And amongst the monsters thus as it were awakened out of their slumbers by the noise and confusion, there was one in motion who was seen to pass from time to time in front of the fire like a bat before a candle."—p. 83.

"A silence of terror fell upon the army of Vagabonds, during which might be heard the cries of the canons shut up in their cloister, more uneasy than horses in a stable on fire, together with the stealthy-opened noise of windows, the bustle of the interior of the houses, and of the Hotel Dieu, the wind in the flame, the last rattle in the throats of the dying, and the pattering of the lead-rain on the pavement.

"This formidable mode of resistance rendered a council of war necessary, at which the vagabonds resolved upon an escalade—it failed; the prowess of Quasimodo was again successful, he shook the besiegers off the ladder and hurled them into the depths below. The contempt was protracted till the arrival of a very considerable troop of gendarmes and archers, acting under the immediate orders of the king. The unlucky vagabonds were utterly routed, and either driven from the field or left upon it. The description of the siege is continued at great length; it is utterly impossible for us to carry on our report of it on the same scale as the preceding scenes, the spirit and animation of which have induced us to enter upon the translation of some considerable passages.

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We are tempted to add another scene to the foregoing, which has few equals in any language. Esmeralda having been condemned, Quasimodo, and the priest witness the execution from the roof of Notre-Dame.—Ed.

"Outside the balustrade of the tower, precisely under the spot where the priest had stopped, projected one of those fantastically carved spouts of stone, which jut out along the sides of Gothic edifices; and from a crevice of this gutter, two beautiful wall-flowers in full bloom, shaken, and rendered, as it were, living by the breath of the wind, were wantonly bowing one to the other. From aloft above the towers, far towards the sky, was heard the chirping of little birds; but the priest neither heard nor saw any thing of all this. He was one of those men for whom there are no morn-

ings, no birds, no flowers; in that immense horizon, which opened so many aspects around him, his contemplation was concentrated on one single point. Quasimodo turned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy; but the Archdeacon seemed at that moment to be out of the world; he was visibly in one of those violent moments of life, when the earth might have given way under his feet, and he would not have felt it. His eyes invariably fixed on a certain spot, he remained silent and motionless, and this silence and this immobility had a something in them so fearful, that the savage ringer shuddered before, and dared not encounter them. He only followed (and this was still a mode of questioning the archdeacon) the direction of his looks; and in this manner the eye of the unhappy deaf man fell on the *place de la Grève*. He thus beheld what the priest was looking upon. The ladder was raised near the stationary gibbet; there was an attendance of the populace in the square, and a great number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the pavement something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet; here something passed that Quasimodo could not see clearly, nor that his single eye had lost its keenness of sight, but there was a knot of soldiers that prevented him from distinguishing every thing. Besides, at that moment the sun shone forth, and such a flood of light burst above the horizon, that it seemed as if all the points of all the buildings in Paris, steeples, chimneys, and gable tops, had taken fire at once.

"Meanwhile, the man set about mounting the ladder; Quasimodo then saw him again distinctly—he carried a woman on his shoulder, a young girl dressed in white; this young girl had a halter about her neck. Quasimodo recognised her; it was herself. The man arrived at the top of the ladder, and arranged the knot of the halter. Here the priest, in order to see better, placed himself on his knees, on the balustrade. On a sudden, the man abruptly pushed away the ladder with his foot, and Quasimodo, who for some moments past had not drawn a breath, saw the unfortunate girl dangle at the end of a rope, two fathoms above the pavement, with the man crouching down upon her, his feet on her shoulders. The cord twisted round several times, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions all down the gipsy girl's body. The priest, on his part, with outstretched neck, and eyes starting from their sockets, watched the frightful group of the man and the girl—of the spider and the fly. At the moment when the whole was most dreadful to behold, a demon's laugh, such a laugh as can only come from one who has ceased to be a man, burst forth on his livid face. Quasimodo did not hear this laugh, but he saw it. The ringer drew back a few steps behind the archdeacon, and suddenly rushing with fury upon him, with his two huge hands he pushed him into the abyss over which he was leaning.

"The priest cried out 'damnation!' and fell. "The spout beneath him stopped him in his fall; in desperation, he clung to it with his hands, and just as he opened his mouth to utter a second cry, he saw the fearful and avenging figure of Quasimodo pass on the brink of the balustrade above his head; seeing this he remained silent. The abyss was beneath him; a fall of more than two hundred feet, and the pavement. In this terrible situation the archdeacon said not a word, gave not a groan; he only writhed on the spout, with surprising efforts to raise himself up, but his hands had no hold on the granite, his feet scratched against the blackened wall, without making good their footing. Those persons who have ascended the towers of Notre Dame, are aware that there is a projection of the wall immediately underneath the balustrade; it was on the inward inclination of this projection, that the wretched archdeacon exhausted himself. He had not to do with a perpendicular wall, but with a wall that receded from him.

"Quasimodo would only have had to stretch forward his hand to save him from the precipice; but Quasimodo did not even look at him, he looked at *la Grève*—he looked at the gibbet—he looked at the gipsy girl. The deaf ringer had placed his elbows on the balustrade at the spot where the archdeacon had stood the moment before; and there, not lifting his eye from the only object he had any consciousness of, he remained mute and motionless, as if thunderstruck, and a lone torrent of tears fell silently from that eye, whence, till then, but one single tear had ever flowed. The archdeacon panted, his body forward streamed with perspiration, his limbs bled upon the stone, his knees were grazed bare against the wall; he could hear his cascock, which had caught to the spout, crackle and give way at every shock he gave. To crown all, this spout was terminated by a leaden pipe, which bent under the weight of his

body, and he felt it slowly yielding to his weight. The unfortunate man could not but be certain that when his cascooek had been broken with fatigue, his cascooek completely torn, and the lead bent down, he must fall, and terror chilled him to the heart. Sometimes he cast his eyes wildly upon a sort of platform, made by the sculpture, about ten feet lower down, and from the depth of his agonised soul, he demanded of heaven that he might be suffered to finish his life, were it to last a hundred years, on this space of two feet square. Once he looked down upon the abyss beneath him; when he raised his head, his eyes were closed, and his hair stood bristling erect.

"There was something awful in the silence of these two men. Quasimodo continued weeping and looking towards *la Grece*, while a few feet under him, the arch-deacon was in this frightful state of agony. Finding that all his efforts did nothing but weaken the frail support which remained for him, he had made up his mind to struggle no more. There he was, clinging to the spout, scarcely drawing his breath, not stirring, not moving, but with that mechanical convulsion of the body which we feel in a dream, when we think we are falling; his fixed eyes opened wide, with a diseased, a terrified glare. Little by little, meanwhile, he was losing ground; his fingers slipped upon the stone; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending of the lead that supported him inclined every moment still further in the direction of the abyss beneath him: he could see, and a fearful sight it was for him, the roof of *Saint Jean le Rond*, as small as a card bent in two. He looked upon the motionless statues of the tower one after the other, all suspended, like him, over the yawning depth, but without fear for themselves or pity for him. Every thing was of stone around him; before his eyes the gaping monsters, beneath, at the foot of the cathedral, the pavement; above his head, the weeping figure of Quasimodo. In the close, stood a few groups of idlers, who were coolly trying to guess what madman could be amusing himself in so strange a manner. The priest heard them say, for their voices came up clear and sharp to his ear, "Why, he must break his neck." Foaming in a complete delirium of terror, he at length became conscious that all was useless. Nevertheless, he gathered together whatever strength he was still master of, for a last effort. He stiffened himself upon the spout, pushed against the wall with his two knees, fastened both his hands in a slit of the stone and was just on the point of getting a hold for one foot, when the struggle he was making caused the end of the leaden pipe he was supported by, to bend abruptly down, and with the same motion his cascooek was ripped up. Finding, therefore every thing gave way under him, and having no longer a hold but by his two stiffened and failing hands, the wretched man shut his eyes, and let go the spout. He fell!—Quasimodo looked at him as he was falling.

"A fall from so great a height is seldom perpendicular; he first launched into the air, his head was undermost, and his hands were stretched forth; he afterwards, turned several times round, and, finally, the wind drove him on the roof of a house; here began the fracturing of the unfortunate priest's body, but he was not dead when he landed there. The ringer beheld him still trying to clutch the coping with his nails, but the plane was too much inclined, and he had no strength left; he slid rapidly along the shelving roof, like a loosened tile, and fell with a bound upon the pavement. There he stirred no more."

THE BLACK VELVET BAG.

BY MISS NITFORD.

Have any of my readers ever found great convenience in the loss, the real loss, of actual tangible property, and been exceedingly provoked and annoyed when such property was restored to them? If so, they can sympathise with a late unfortunate recovery, which has brought me to great shame and disgrace. There is no way of explaining my calamity but by telling the whole story.

Last Friday fortnight was one of those anomalies in weather with which we English people are visited for our sins; a day of intolerable wind, and insupportable dust; an equinoctial gale out of season; a piece of March unaccountably foisted into the very heart of May; just as, in the almost parallel mis-arrangement of the English counties, one sees (perhaps out of compliment to this peculiarity of climate, to keep the weather in countenance as it were) a bit of Wiltshire plumped down in the very middle of Berkshire, whilst a great island of the county palatine of Durham figures in the

centre of canny Northumberland. Be this as it may, on that remarkably windy day did I set forth to the good town of B., on the feminine errand called shopping. Every lady who lives far in the country, and seldom visits great towns, will understand the full force of that comprehensive word; and I had not been shopping for a long time: I had a dread of the operation, arising from a consciousness of weakness. I am a true daughter of Eve, a dear lover of bargains and bright colours; and knowing this, have generally been wise enough to keep, as much as I can, out of the way of temptation. At last a sort of necessity arose for some slight purchases, in the shape of two new gowns from London, which cried aloud for making. Trimmings, ribands, sewing silk, and lining, all were called for. The shopping was inevitable, and I undertook the whole concern at once, most heroically resolving to spend just so much, and no more; and half comforting myself that I had a full morning's work of indispensable business, and should have no time for extraneous extravagance.

There was, to be sure, a prodigious accumulation of crands and wants. The evening before, they had been set down in great form, on a slip of paper, headed thus—"things wanted."—To how many and various catalogues that title would apply, from the red bench of the peer, to the oaken settle of the cottager—from him who wants a blue riband, to him who wants bread and cheese! My list was astounding. It was written in double columns, in an invisible hand; the long intractable words were brought into the ranks by the Procures-modes—abbreviation; and, as we approached the bottom, two or three were crammed into one lot, clumped, as the bean-setters say, and designated by a sort of short hand, a hieroglyphic of my own invention. In good open printing, my list would have cut a respectable figure as a catalogue too; for, as I had a given sum to carry to market, I amused myself with calculating the proper and probable cost of every article; in which process I most egregiously cheated the shop-keeper and myself, by copying, with the credulity of hope, from the puffs in newspapers, and expecting to buy fine solid wearable goods at advertising prices. In this way I stretched my money a great deal farther than it would go, and swelled my catalogue; so that, at last in spite of compression and short-hand, I had no room for another word, and was obliged to crowd several small but important articles, such as cotton, lace, pins, needles, shoe-strings, &c. into that very irregular and disorderly storehouse—that place where most things deposited are lost—my memory, by courtesy so called.

The written list was safely consigned, with a well filled purse, to my usual repository, a black velvet bag; and, the next morning, I and my bag, with its nicely balanced contents of wants and money, were safely conveyed in a little open carriage to the good town of B. There I dismounted, and began to bargain most vigorously, visiting the cheapest shops, cheapening the cheapest articles, yet wisely buying the strongest and the best; a little astonished at first, to find every thing so much dearer than I had set it down, yet soon reconciled to this misfortune by the magical influence which shopping possesses over a woman's fancy—all the sooner reconciled, as the monetary list lay unlooked at, and unthought of, in its grave receptacle, the black velvet bag. On I went, with an air of cheerful business, of happy importance, till my money began to wax small. Certain small aberrations had occurred, too, in my economy. One article that had happened, by rare accident, to be below my calculation, and, indeed, below any calculation, calico at nineteen, fine, thick, strong, wide calico, at nineteen, (did ever man hear of any thing so cheap!) absolutely enchanted me, and I took the whole piece; then after buying for M. a gown, according to order, I saw one that I liked better, and bought that too. Then I fell in love, was actually captivated by a sky blue sash and handkerchief,—not the poor, thin, greeny colour which usually passes under that dishonoured name, but the rich full tint of the noon-day sky: and a cap-riband, really pink, that might have vied with the inside leaves of a moss-rose. Then, in hunting after cheapness, I got into obscure shops, where, not finding what I asked for, I was fain to take something that they had, purely to make a proper compensation for the trouble of logging out drawers, and answering questions. Lastly, I was fairly coaxed into some articles by the irresistibility of the sellers,—by the demure and truth telling look of a pretty quaker, who could almost have persuaded the head off one's shoulders, and who did persuade me that ell-wide muslin would go as far as yard and a half; and by the fluent impudence of a lying shopman,

who under cover of a well darkened window, affirmed, on his honour, that his brown satin was a perfect match to my green pattern, and forced the said satin down my throat accordingly. With these helps, my money melted all too fast; at half past five my purse was entirely empty; and, as shopping with an empty purse has by no means the relish and savour of shopping with a full one, I was quite willing and ready to go home to dinner, pleased as a child with my purchases, and wholly unsuspecting the sins of omission, the errands unperformed, which were the natural result of my unconsulted *memoranda* and my treacherous memory.

Home I returned, a happy and proud woman, wise in my own conceit, a thrifty fashion-monger, laden, like a pedler, with huge packages in stout brown holland, tied up with whippers, and gented little parcels, papered and packthreaded in shopmanlike style. At last we were safely stowed in the pony-chaise, which had much ado to hold us, my little black bag lying, as usual, in my lap; when, as we ascended the steep hill out of B., a sudden puff of wind took at once my cottage-bonnet and my head, blew the bonnet off my head, so that it hung behind me, suspended by the riband, and fairly snapped the string of the cloak, which flew away, much in the style of John Gilpin's, renowned in story. My companion pitying my plight, exerted himself manfully to regain the fly-away garments, shoved the head into the bonnet, or the bonnet over the head (I do not know which phrase best describes the manoeuvre), with one hand, and recovered the refractory cloak with the other. This last exploit was certainly the most difficult. It is wonderful what a tug he was forced to give, before that obstinate cloak could be brought round: it was swelled with the wind like a bladder, animated, so to say, like a living thing, and threatened to carry pony and chaise, and riders, and packages, backward down the hill, as if it had been a sail, and we a ship. At last the contumacious garment was mastered. We righted; and, by dint of sitting sideways, and turning my back on my kind comrade, I got home without any farther damage than the loss of my bag, which, though not missed before the chaise had been unladen, had undoubtedly gone by the board in the gale; and I lamented my old and trusty companion, without in the least foreseeing the use it would probably be of to my reputation.

Immediately after dinner (for in all cases, even when one has bargains to show, dinner must be discussed) I produced my purchases. They were much admired; and the quantity, when spread out in our little room, being altogether dazzling, and the quality satisfactory, the cheapness was never doubted. Every body thought the bargains were exactly such as I meant to get, for nobody calculated; and the bills being really less in the lost bag, and the particular prices just as my memory (the ninetynine calicoes was the only article whose cost occurred to me,) I passed, without telling any thing like a fib, merely by a discreet silence, for the best and thickest bargain that ever went shopping. After some time spent very pleasantly, in admiration on one side, and display on the other, we were interrupted by the demand for some of the little articles which I had forgotten. "The sewing-silk, please ma'am, for my mistress's gown." "Sewing-silk! I don't know—look about." Ah, she might look long enough! no sewing-silk was there. "Very strange!"—Presently came other enquiries—"Where's the tape, Mary?"—"The tape!"—"Yes, my dear; and the needles, pins, cotton, stay-laces, boot laces!"—"the hobbin, the ferret, shirt-buttons, shoe-strings!"—quoth she of the sewing-silk, taking up the cry; and forthwith began a search as bustling, as active, and as vain, as that of our old spaniel, Brush, after a hare that has stolen away from her form. At last she suddenly desisted from her rummage—"Without doubt, ma'am, they are in the reticule, and all lost," said she, in a very pathetic tone. "Really," cried I, a little conscience-stricken, "I don't recollect; perhaps I might forget." "Depend on it, my love, that Harriet's right," interrupted one whose interruptions are always kind; "those are just the little articles that people put in reticules, and you never could forget so many things; besides you wrote them down." "I don't know—I am not sure"—But I was not listened to; Harriet's conjecture had been metamorphosed into a certainty; all my sins of omission were stowed in the reticule; and before bed-time, the little black bag held forgotten things enough to fill a sack.

Never was reticule so lamented by all but its owner; a boy was immediately despatched to look for it, and his returning empty-handed, there was ever a talk of having it cried. My care, on the other hand, was all directed to prevent its being found. I had had the good luck to lose it in a suburb of B. renowned for filching,

and I remembered that the street was, at that moment, full of people: the bag did actually contain more than enough to tempt those who were naturally disposed to steal for stealings sake; so I went to bed in the comfortable assurance that it was gone for ever. But there is nothing certain in this world—not even a thief's dishonesty. Two old women who had pounced at once on my valuable property, quarrelled about the plunder, and one of them, in a fit of resentment at being cheated in her share, went to the mayor of Bk and informed against her companion. The mayor, an intelligent and active magistrate, immediately took the disputed bag, and all its contents into his own possession; and as he is also a man of great politeness, he restored it as soon as possible to the right owner. The very first thing that saluted my eyes, when I awoke in the morning, was a note from Mr. Mayor, with a sealed packet. The fatal truth was visible; I had recovered my reticule, and lost my reputation. There it lay, that identical black bag, with its name-tickets, its cambric handkerchief, its empty purse, its unconsulted list, its thirteen bills, and its two letters; one from a good sort of lady-farmer, enquiring the character of a cook, with half a sonnet written on the blank pages; the other from a literary friend, containing a critique on the plot of a play, advising me not to kill the king too soon, with other good counsel, such as night, if our mayor had not been a man of sagacity, have sent a poor authoress, in a Mademoiselle-Sunderi-mistake to the tower. That catastrophe would hardly have been worse than the real one. All my omissions have been found out. My price list has been compared with the bills. I have forfeited my credit for haggaining. I am become a by-word for forgetting. Nobody trusts me to purchase a paper of pins, or to remember the cost of a penny riband. I am a lost woman. My bag is come back, but my fame is gone.

MADEMOISELLE THERESE.

BY THE SAME.

One of the prettiest dwellings in our neighbourhood, is the Lime Cottage at Burley-Hatch. It consists of a small low-browed habitation, so entirely covered with jessamine, hoppy-suckle, passion-flowers, and china roses, as to resemble a bower, and is placed in the centre of a large garden,—turf and flowers before, vegetables and fruit trees behind, backed by a superb orchard, and surrounded by a quickest hedge, so thick, and close, and regular, as to form an impregnable defence to the territory which it encloses—a thorny rampart, a living and growing *chevaux-de-frise*. On either side of the neat gravel walk, which leads from the outer gate to the door of the cottage, stand the large and beautiful trees to which it owes its name; spreading their strong, broad shadow over their turf beneath, and sending, on a summer afternoon, their rich, spicy, fragrance half across the irregular village green, dappled with wood and water, and gay with sheep, cattle, and children, which divides them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, from the little hamlet of Burley, its venerable church and handsome rectory, and its short straggling street of cottages and country shops.

Such is the habitation of Theresé de G., an émigrée of distinction, whose aunt having married an English officer, was luckily able to afford her niece an asylum during the horrors of the revolution, and to secure to her a small annuity, and the Lime Cottage after her death. There she has lived for these five-and-thirty years, gradually losing the sight of her few and distant foreign connections, and finding all her happiness in her pleasant home and her kind neighbours—a standing lesson of cheerfulness and contentment.

A very popular person is Mademoiselle Theresé—popular both with high and low; for the prejudice which the country people almost universally entertain against foreigners, vanished directly before the charm of her manners, the gaiety of her heart, and the sunshine of a temper that never knows a cloud. She is so kind to them too, so liberal of the produce of her orchard and garden, so full of resource in their difficulties, and so sure to afford sympathy if she have nothing else to give, that the poor all idolise Mademoiselle. Among the rich, she is equally beloved. No party is complete without the pleasant Frenchwoman, whose amicity and cheerfulness, her perfect general politeness, her attention to the old, the poor, the stupid, and the neglected, are felt to be invaluable in society. Her conversation is not very powerful either, nor very brilliant; she never says anything remarkable—but then it is so good-natured, so genuine, so unpretending, so constantly up and alive, that one would feel its absence far more than that of a more showy and ambitious talker; to say nothing of the

charm which it derives from her language, which is alternately the most graceful and purest French, and the most diverting and absurd broken English;—a dialect in which, whilst contriving to make herself perfectly understood both by gentle and simple, she does also contrive, in the course of an hour, to commit more blunders, than all the other foreigners in England make in a month.

Her appearance betrays her country almost as much as her speech. She is a French-looking little personage, with a slight, active figure, exceedingly nimble and alert in every movement; a round and darkly-complexioned face, somewhat faded and *passée*, but still striking from the laughing eyes, the bland and brilliant smile, and the great mobility of expression. Her features, pretty as they are, want the repose of an English countenance; and her air, gesture, and dress, are decidedly foreign, all alike deficient in the English charm of quietness. Nevertheless, in her youth she must have been pretty; so pretty that some of our young ladies, scandalised at the idea of finding their favourite an old maid, have invented sundry legends to excuse the solecism, and talk of duels fought *pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux*, and of a betrothed lover guillotined in the revolution. And the thing may have been so; although one meets every where with old maids who have been pretty, and whose lovers have not been guillotined; and although Mademoiselle Theresé has not, to do her justice, the least in the world the air of a heroine crossed in love. The thing may be so; but I doubt it much. I rather suspect our fair demoiselle of having been in her youth a little of a flirt. Even during her residence at Burley-Hatch, hath not she indulged in divers very distant, very discreet, very decorous, but still very elegant flirtations? Did not Dr. Abdy, the portly, ruddy schoolmaster of B., dangle after her for three mortal years, holidays excepted? And did she not refuse him at last? And Mr. Forcose, the thin, withered, wrinkled, city solicitor, a man, so to say, smoke-dried, who comes down every year to Burley for the air, did not he do so, and service to her during four long vacations, with the same ill success. Was not Sir Thomas himself a little smitten? Nay, even now, does not the good major, a halting veteran of seventy—but really it is too bad to tell tales out of the parish—all that is certain is, that Mademoiselle Theresé might have changed her name long before now, had she so chosen; and that it is most probable that she will never change it at all.

Her household consists of her little maid Betsy, a cherry-checked, blue-eyed country lass, brought up by herself, who with a full-crowned figure, and a fair, innocent, unmeaning countenance, copies, as closely as these obstacles will permit, the looks and gestures of her alert and vivacious mistress, and has even caught her broken English;—of a fat lap dog, called Fido, silky, sleepy, and sedate;—and of a beautiful white Spanish ass, called Donabella, an animal docile and spirited, far beyond the generality of that despised race, who draws her little donkey-chaise half the country over, runs to her the moment she sees her, and cats roses, bread and apples from her hand; but who, accustomed to be fed and groomed, harnessed and driven only by females, resists and rebels the moment she is approached by the rougher sex; has overturned more boys, and kicked more men, than any donkey in the kingdom; and has acquired such a character for restiveness among the groans in the neighbourhood, that when Mademoiselle Theresé goes out to dinner, Betsy is fain to go with her to drive Donabella home again, and to return to fetch her mistress in the evening.

If every body is delighted to receive this most welcome visitor, so is every body delighted to accept her graceful invitations, and meet to eat strawberries at Burley Hatch. Oh, how pleasant are those summer afternoons, sitting under the blossomed boughs, with the sun shedding a golden light through the broad branches, the bees murmuring over head, roses and lilies all about us, and the choicest fruit served up in wicker baskets of her own making—itsself a picture! the guests looking so pleased and happy, and the kind hostess the gayest and happiest of all. Those are pleasant meetings; nor are her little winter parties less agreeable, when two or three female friends assembled round their coffee, she will tell thrilling stories of that terrible revolution, so fertile in great crimes and great virtues; or gayer anecdotes or the brilliant days preceding that convulsion, the days which Madame de Genlis has described so well, when Paris was the capital of pleasure, and amusement the business of life; illustrating her descriptions by a series of spirited drawings of costumes and characters done by herself, and always finishing by producing a group of Louis-Seize, Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin and Madame

Elizabeth, as she had last seen them at Versailles—the only recollection that ever brings tears into her smiling eyes.

Mademoiselle Theresé's loyalty to the Bourbons was in truth a very real feeling. Her family had been about the court, and she had imbibed an enthusiasm for the royal sufferers natural to a young and a warm heart—she loved the Bourbons, and hated Napoleon with like ardour. All her other French feelings had for some time been a little modified. She was not quite so sure as she had been, that France was the only country, and Paris the only city of the world; that the perfume of English limes, was nothing compared to French orange trees; that the sun never shone in England; and that sea-coal fires were bad things. She still, indeed, would occasionally make these assertions, especially if dared to make them; but her faith in them was shaken. Her loyalty to her legitimate king, was, however, as strong as ever, and that loyalty had nearly cost us our dear Mademoiselle. After the restoration, she hastened as fast as a steam-boat and diligence could carry her, to enjoy the delight of seeing once more the Bourbons at the Tuilleries; took leave, between sobs and tears, of her friends, and of Burley Hatch, carrying with her a branch of the lime tree, then in blossom, and commissioning her old lover, Mr. Forcose, to dispose of the cottage; but in less than three months, luckily before Mr. Forcose had found a purchaser, Mademoiselle Theresé came home again. She complained of nobody; but times were altered. The house in which she was born was pulled down; her friends were scattered; her kindred dead; madame did not remember her (she had probably never heard of her in her life); the king did not know her again (poor man! he had not seen her for these thirty years); Paris was a new city; the French were a new people; she missed the sea-coal fires; and for the stunted orange trees at the Tuilleries, what were they compared with the blossomed limbs of Burley Hatch!

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BY CHARLES BOLLEAU ELLIOTT, ESQ.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

One striking evidence of the rapid progress we are making in civilisation is the constant and increasing demand for travels and Voyages. We are no longer contented to live within ourselves. The whole world is our theatre. We explore all its regions; nor is there a spot visited by the sun that is wholly unknown to us. Our enterprising countrymen go forth to collect their intellectual treasures, and return home to enrich us with their stores. Every month adds something valuable to the general stock. We enjoy the benefit without encountering the peril. We sympathise with danger, while we feel that it is past, and luxuriate in pleasurable emotions, while our hearts thrill with the interest which the daring adventurer has thrown round himself. This species of writing has also a charm for every reader. The man of science and the rustic, the scholar and the mechanic, sit down with equal zest to participate in the mental feast; and thus knowledge is widely diffused—knowledge which invigorates the inward man, enlarging his capacity, and extending the sphere of his enjoyments, and which prepares a whole nation for liberal institutions, which invests them with political and commercial importance, and thus raises them in the scale of nations. The success of works of this description stimulates enterprise, and opens the largest field for the useful employment of energies which might otherwise be wasted.

Mr. Elliott justly ranks among the most enlightened and intelligent of his class. His unpretending volume discovers an enthusiastic love of nature, and the most liberal views of man in all his diversified conditions. We scarcely ever read a work in which there is so little to censure and so much to approve. Unlike many of his brethren, he is a good writer: his style is pure and classical. He is likewise a philosopher and a Christian. We first become his willing associates, and our intercourse soon ripens into friendship. We close the book with reluctance, and take leave of him with a sigh of regret.

The above interesting work will appear in the next number of the "Library."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

